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ERRATA.

Page 130, col. 1, line 68, should read *Henry R. Poore.*
Page 135, col. 1, line 3, for *Miss* read *Mr.*
Page 173, col. 3, line 36, for *Even* read *Ever.*
Page 178, col. 3, line 34, for *founder* read *patron.*
Page 357, col. 2, line 48, for *Zangmeister* read *Zangemeister.*
Page 463, col. 3, line 37, for *this building* read *this little building.*
Page 486, col. 1, line 14, for *bird of evening* read *bird of the evening.*
Page 499, col. 2, line 42, for *term* read *team.*
Page 558, col. 3, lines 20 and 52, for *Mackaye* read *MacKaye.*
Page 558, col. 3, line 24, for *flows* read *flowed.*
Page 590, col. 1, line 37, for *The Valley of the Shadows* read *The Valley of Shadows.*
Page 590, col. 2, lines 17, 19, 23, for *Stackpoole* read *Stacpoole.*

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 3, 1913.

The Week

Mr. Bryce was once heard to say that Washington is, from June to September, the worst capital in the world for residence and public business. He could scarcely have forgotten Madrid, with its proverbial "tres meses de infierno"; but there at least an occasional breeze comes from the Guadárramas, whereas Washington is without either near-by hills or bodies of cooling water. One might offer Calcutta as a rival, but the capital of India has now been transferred to Delhi. A despairing Congressman proposes that a "summer capital" be built. Apparently resigning himself to the necessity of summer sessions indefinitely, he suggests that Congress and the Executive be provided with temporary quarters somewhere in the Blue Ridge, three or four hours away. He would have the needful buildings erected, and the seat of government transferred to them at least during July and August. But one almost suspects that such a counsel could come only from a man whose head had been affected by the heat. There is no likelihood of any such plan being adopted. Relief, if any is to be had, must be found in other ways.

From October till the middle of May the Washington climate is as fine as could be wished. If it is true that Congress is to be condemned to nine months of forced labor at Washington every year, it is obvious that the nine months ought to be the ones in which the labor can best be done. But the case is, no doubt, overdrawn. The House possesses legislative machinery which can grind with celerity. In the Senate the wheels often turn aimlessly for weary weeks. It has absolutely no rule for putting an end to interminable and perhaps purely dilatory debate. It is desirable to retain the deliberative quality of the Senate and even, on just occasion, the power of obstruction. But there is no sound reason why this should be pushed to such absurd and intolerable lengths as are now permitted. The suggestion has been made of a rule that a two-thirds vote of the Senate may end discussion and bring the matter to a vote. This seems reasonable. Possibly, if the Senate is held at Washington long enough, and the weather is hot enough, it may be induced to consider a cure for its time-wasting habits.

We cannot tell the motive of the Democratic members of the Senate committee in making the particular modification on which they have agreed as to the income-tax exemption. But, like the gallant Irishman who told the lady that he didn't know her age, but whatever it was she didn't look it, we feel tempted to say that, whatever object these gentlemen had in view, they have not attained it. Certainly, if they imagined that they were removing from the bill, in any degree, the reproach of its making the exemption too high, they are entirely mistaken. The exemption is lowered to $3,000 only in the case of a man having neither wife nor children to support; it will still come to $4,000 for any married man unless his wife has an income of her own large enough to be taxable; and a man with a wife and two children enjoys an exemption of $5,000. Now the total number of single men above the age of thirty is about one-seventh of the whole number of men of those ages. Hence it is probable that the number of persons cut out from the tax by the exemptions for children will exceed the number brought under it by the reduction of the basis for men without wives or children; and it is quite certain that, if this is not the case, at all events the net increase in the number of taxable persons will not be large enough to be significant.

The case for the proposed change is no better if it be regarded from the standpoint of social rather than political purpose. The effect of this trifling change in the tax as an encouragement to the rearing of families can but be insignificant. This might be different if the exemption were a low one; if persons whose income was $1,000 were subject to the tax, for example, then the relief given by a further exemption of $1,000 for the wife and $500 for each child would be somewhat considerable. To a man with $2,000 income, the $10 a year might mean a good deal; by a man with $3,000 and a wife and two children, the lifting of a $20 tax would be felt as something of a help. But what this proposal does, as compared with the original bill, is to relieve a man with $5,000 income, and a wife and two children, of the trifling tax of $10. In the case of a larger family, it is true, the effect is greater; and very possibly this may be a good thing. But if it is, manifestly the thing to do is to begin lower down with your primary exemption, and make the difference greater. If this sort of thing is worth doing at all, it is worth doing in such a way as to bring about a result not altogether insignificant.

Gov. Goldsborough, of Maryland, has named the first coming regular election day as the time for the election of a United States Senator to fill the chair made vacant by the death of Senator Rayner and now temporarily filled by Senator Jackson, a Republican appointee by the Governor. This means, virtually without doubt, the increase of the Democratic majority in the Senate by two, for the election is almost sure to result in the substitution of a Democrat for a Republican; and this in time for the whole of the regular session of Congress. But the election is of special interest as the first to be ordered under the Seventeenth Amendment, and it will take place in a State in which the evils of the indirect method of election of Senators had long been illustrated in almost their worst form and in a most conspicuous way. It is true that the Senatorial preference primaries of recent years had gone far towards changing all this; but the days of the full-fledged old-time system are not far back in the past. Throughout the long Gorman domination, the alliance between rotten politics in the nation and flagrant misrule in the State of Maryland and the city of Baltimore was complete and seemed unshakable; and no State furnished a stronger argument for the freeing of both national and State affairs from the vicious influences of the indirect method of election.

Burlingame Public Library

President Wilson's selection of Judge Gerard for the German Embassy will rouse no such enthusiasm as would the choice of a man intellectually eminent, or of high public distinction, but will generally be regarded as satisfactory. The post at Berlin is of great importance, and will become more so. The need of an Ambassador to replace Leishman was urgent even before Mr. Wilson became President, and it is to be presumed that diligent search was made for a fit man. Judge Gerard has admittedly some of the qualities required. He is cultivated, has social tact, and possesses ample means. This last fact will please the Kaiser, who has never ceased to regret the loss to Berlin of Mrs. Tower, whom he called "the Moltke of society." Such a glittering social campaign as she carried on will scarcely be imitated by the Gerards, but there is every reason to expect that the new Ambassador will be welcome in Berlin and will adequately represent his country.

Secretary McAdoo's reorganization of the customs by abolishing 113 collectorships will be approved by friends of efficient and economical administration. The simplification of the service involved may be seen in the fact that only forty-nine collectors or surveyors remain. The offices of others are now under the jurisdiction of larger ports. The chief reformation is, of course, in the "interior ports of entry," such, for example, as Albany, whose tiny trickle of half a million in revenues now goes to swell New York city's annual total of nearly 200 millions. The district of New York includes five ports besides the headquarters here; that of St. Lawrence fourteen, besides Ogdensburg. In salaries the new step will save half a million yearly. In administrative complexities it will save far more. But its chief merit is that it is a slashing attack on a number of fat political plums, and is itself not dictated by political motives. In the districts remaining the present collectors will uniformly be retained. In the appointment of the new deputy collectors the Secretary has designated officers old in the service. All this indicates governmental ideals that the late Tom Reed would find it difficult to understand. When the Maine statesman was Speaker he once protested violently that to abolish the useless customs houses that sprinkled the Maine coast would break down the government—meaning, of course, the party machine.

The story put out by the lobbyist Mulhall is of a familiar type. Just how significant are its revelations can be determined only after they have been subjected to adequate scrutiny. Some of them appear to be absurd or incredible on their face; others have a *prima-facie* probability, and some are supported by documentary evidence. The one thing that is most salient in the case at first sight is the folly of the head men of the National Association of Manufacturers in carrying on such operations as, even upon the most favorable view of the case, Mulhall was entrusted with, through the agency of such a man and by means of such written correspondence as has now come to light. But, so far at least as Mr. Kirby is concerned, there ought to be nothing very surprising in this. The indiscretions now revealed can hardly give evidence of greater lack of judgment than some of the public utterances by the late president of the National Association of Manufacturers. If his secret plottings were not better managed than his open appeals to public opinion, they certainly constituted no serious danger to the republic.

The Senate last week passed the Newlands bill amending the Erdman act so as to enlarge the board of arbitration for railway labor disputes from three to six, and also to provide for the appointment by the President of an official mediator, a permanent salaried officer independent of all Government bureaus. Even as it is, the Erdman act has been of vital help in averting danger of strikes of the most serious character upon at least two occasions. But upon both those occasions, the composition of the board provided for in the act—causing, as it did, the outcome of the whole dispute to seem to turn upon the vote of one man—was so strongly objected to as to render very doubtful the reference of the dispute to any arbitration at all. In the one instance, the objection came from the railways, in the other from the men. It is a particularly gratifying feature of the present move to amend the act that it appears to have the hearty support both of the companies and of the employees. It is perhaps not too favorable a view to regard this as an illustration of the broader and better spirit that has been manifesting itself in so many ways in recent years between capital and labor.

The agreement between the Attorney-General and the Union Pacific management over the disposal of the Southern Pacific stock held by the railway company, and the acceptance of their plan by the Court, bring the solution of an unusually perplexing problem. The Union Pacific had bought about $126,000,000 of that stock—about 47 per cent. of the total amount outstanding, and therefore sufficient to control the Southern Pacific absolutely. Under the Roosevelt Administration, this virtual merger of two parallel transcontinental lines was attacked as restraint of trade. The Federal Circuit Court decided that it was not such restraint, because Harriman's primary purpose, in the operation, was to get control of the Central Pacific property. That railway did not parallel Union Pacific; it was a natural connecting line from Union Pacific's main Western terminus to the Pacific Coast; but it was owned by the Southern Pacific. The Supreme Court overruled the Circuit Court's opinion; and, though declaring the acquisition of the Central Pacific property *per se* to be entirely legal, nevertheless pronounced the purchase of the main Southern Pacific line to be contrary to the law, and ordered Union Pacific to submit to the Circuit Court, before May 10, a satisfactory plan for disposing of its $126,000,000 Southern Pacific holdings. The date was afterward extended to July 1.

The plan accepted provides for exchanging $38,000,000 of the company's Southern Pacific holdings for a nearly equal amount of Baltimore & Ohio shares, owned by the Pennsylvania, and for the lodging of the rest with a trust company, which shall have no power to vote the stock, but may sell it at intervals, between now and 1916, to buyers not identified with Union Pacific. This is a term long enough to warrant the sellers in awaiting recovery of investment markets from their present depression. Whether, in the meantime, the project of exchanging part of the

shares for another company's holdings of another railway's stock—in which each party to the exchange gave up ownership in a parallel line for ownership in a line not subject to that objection—will be carried further, remains for events to settle. The main consideration is that a dangerous possibility in a troubled financial market has been averted.

In the course of the warmed-over sermons which Col. Roosevelt prints in last week's *Outlook* as the latest instalment of his biography, he falls foul of certain wicked editors whom he does not name. Their chief offending was that they did not agree with his view of the exalted virtues of Boss Quay. Some curiosity has been expressed as to who these mysterious editors could have been. We think we can tell. The Colonel does not name names, but he gives certain "marks," as the logicians say, by which they can be identified. For example, "they delivered malignant judgment on a dead man," meaning Quay. Now, the *Outlook* of June 11, 1904, said of Quay that he thought of politics only as a "game," and that to it he "brought the audacity of a soldier of fortune and the conscience of a gambler." It continued that Quay "was as ready to sacrifice a principle as a chessplayer is to sacrifice a pawn"; that he "believed that every man had his price," and that "the only dishonesty in politics his conscience recognized was refusal to pay the price that had been promised." This, we are confident, must have been the "malignant judgment on a dead man" which made Mr. Roosevelt so indignant.

This inference is borne out by the description of the offending editors which Mr. Roosevelt gives. He declares that he knew them, and knew that they "had led lives of bodily ease and the avoidance of bodily risk." Does not this fit the editors of the *Outlook* to a T? There is no record that Dr. Lyman Abbott ever challenged Henry Ward Beecher to put on the gloves for six rounds, or to jump off the Brooklyn Bridge, or to swim the East River with his boots on. Who ever heard of Lawrence Abbott drinking up Esel or eating crocodiles? And Mr. Mabie, instead of rushing to Africa to shoot lions, goes off tamely to Japan to give lectures. The conclusion is irresistible that these are the "bodily ease" editors whom Mr. Roosevelt had in mind. Too high praise cannot be given him for the Roman firmness with which he exposes his own associates and employers, when truth and justice demand it.

An instructive, though temporary, phase of magazine development of recent years is called to mind by the court proceedings in the case of one defunct monthly muckraking publication which carried the art of plain thinking and high living to something like perfection; with the result that millions of dollars of stock of a value approximating the price of ice at the North Pole is now held by sorrowing investors to whom the opportunity to make this a much better place to live in, and incidentally to earn 12 per cent., proved irresistible. It was as if Peter the Hermit had supplemented his enunciation of God's will with the offer of gilt-edged first mortgage securities on choice business lots in Jerusalem when that city should be taken from the Paynim. Those were mad, glad days only a few years ago when the iniquities of Wall Street were scourged in the front pages and more than imitated in the editor's confidential chats with his readers. It was one kind of manifestation of the power of the press of which all decent members of the profession felt ashamed, and whose passing seems now like the going of a nightmare.

The Latin or Crewe oration at Oxford, delivered alternately by the public orator and the professor of poetry, is usually thought of as a dry and formal piece of pedantry. In reality, although its chief purpose is the commemoration of the founders of the University, it often touches on the events of the academic year, and so is made impressive and timely. Witticisms and even puns have been known to creep into it. This year, as pronounced by the president of Magdalen, its references to the achievements of Oxford graduates during the twelvemonth just past made it a noteworthy academic document. President Warren began by mentioning the war in the Balkans, and said that peace had again and again wavered in the balance but for one man, an Oxford and a Balliol man, the glory of the house of Grey. "Ecce iterum Edvardus alter apud Pacificos audit, et beatam regis memoriam minister secutus est." Other statesmen were mentioned, with distinguished scientists and investigators; and the speaker closed with a peroration upon polar exploration, and the work of another Oxford man, whose work was ended—Captain Scott. "Percurrisse polum membris morituris ebeu quid prodest? Ave atque vale, flos exploratorum, heros intrepide!" Such names as these would illuminate any oration, in English or Latin.

An unpleasant sort of international *tu quoque*, on the subject of political corruption, is making itself heard in various quarters. If an Englishman mentions the word Krupp, he instantly has Marconi hurled back at him. Hungary can throw no stone at Italy without smashing her own glass house. And all the European criminators and recriminators are taking great comfort in President Wilson's denunciation of the tariff lobby! This is not exactly done by the Italian ex-Minister, Luigi Luzzatti, writing in the *Corriere della Sera*, but he does take a little patriotic pride in affirming that a radical change in the tax laws, affecting many in Italy, was made by the Chamber, in the face of many protests from private interests, without any suspicion of corrupt methods having been even attempted. That there were gross official frauds in connection with the building of the Palace of Justice, Luzzatti does not in the least deny; but he asserts that it is hypocritical for foreign nations to point a finger of scorn at Italy on this account, or to intimate that the incident is typical of the state of her political morality. This, he declares, is not so black as it is painted by even some Italians. On one point he speaks with special knowledge. The Italian Treasury, over which he himself has presided, has been, he asserts, ever since the unification of the kingdom, absolutely free from so much as the suspicion of corruption. Finance Ministers have come and gone, superintending great fiscal operations, including several conversions of national bonds, yet no one has ever asserted that a *centesimo* stuck to the fingers of one of them. Most of them retired from office poorer than they took it.

GROPING FOR A BUDGET.

No little confusion of thought is shown in some of the comments on the defeat, in the House Democratic caucus, of a plan for making an annual budget. This was only one plan, and it was open to several forcible objections. The proposal was that a sort of general budget committee should be formed, and that it should, at the beginning of the session, determine what the amount of the annual appropriations should be. To this sum the various spending committees would then be rigidly held. The idea was, obviously, to make some approach to the practice of other countries. But this was more in form than substance. The root of the matter in England, for example, is Ministerial responsibility. The budget is framed by the Cabinet, but if it is beaten or substantially amended by the Commons, the Cabinet resigns. Nothing of the kind could be thought of in connection with a budget committee of the House of Representatives. It would have the name but neither the power nor the perils of financial control. Moreover, as Congressman Fitzgerald argued, the practical effect of such a committee, particularly at the short session of Congress, would be so to delay the preparation of appropriation bills that some of them would be in danger of failing, or of being passed virtually without scrutiny or debate.

These and other considerations influenced the majority in the caucus to oppose the plan. It would be at best but an experiment and a makeshift. It would deal only with the debit side of the ledger; and any scheme that limits itself to outlay, with no control of tax-levying and income, it would be absurd to call a complete form of budget-framing. That we have nowhere in our system any one authority, or set of authorities, to decide both what money shall be taken from the taxpayers and what shall be appropriated for carrying on the government, has often been pointed out as a standing weakness in our public finance. Radically to cure the trouble seems impossible, with our irresponsible Ministry, but there are many ways of ameliorating it. Of these, the plan just rejected was only one; from others help may be got.

The point that President Taft drove at most strongly, in his praiseworthy efforts to introduce something like order into our chaotic budget-making, was the need of preparing full and accurate estimates for Congress. This is naturally the work of the various Cabinet officers. It has, in fact, been much more carefully done in recent years. If the House would make it a rule never to exceed these estimates, it would approximate the oldest standing order of the House of Commons, that it "will receive no petition for any sum relating to public service nor proceed upon any motion for a grant or charge upon the public revenue . . . unless recommended by the Crown"—that is, nowadays, by the Ministry. But it is one thing to lead the House of Representatives to the water, and another to make it drink. There must be within that body itself some hand or hands with the power to refuse to loosen the purse-strings, or else the most earnest efforts of the Executive to make the government economical will be in vain.

The United States once had such a power of control in the House, but we have allowed it to be dissipated. We refer to the Committee on Appropriations. Both students of public finance and men versed in the actual spending of money by Congress have agreed that the break-up of the powers of that committee, which occurred in 1885, when the right to report appropriation bills was given to eight other committees of the House, was a direct incentive to extravagance, if not an efficient cause of it. Speaker Cannon was for many years Chairman of the Appropriations Committee. As such he once uttered the profound truth: "You think my business is to make appropriations, but it is not. It is to prevent their being made." It was a similar conception of duty which Samuel J. Randall cherished; and it was by the exercise of his great power as Chairman of the Appropriations Committee that he enabled his party to make a record for economy in public expenditures never since equalled. There was ample warning against depriving the committee of its sole control. Mr. Randall protested that if the appropriations were divided up among several committees, "you will enter upon a path of extravagance you cannot foresee the length of." Mr. Cannon declared that it would by itself mean the addition of $50,000,000 a year to Government expenditures; and in his farewell speech to the House last March, he referred to what he regarded as the almost fatal change, and said that in his deliberate judgment, "based upon intimate knowledge and observation, it has cost the country many, many millions of dollars in needless appropriations and expenditures." It would be easy to multiply testimony of this sort from men of long experience in both House and Senate.

Now, there are pending in the House amendments to the rules which would restore to the Committee on Appropriations its old exclusive control over the great money bills. Their acceptance will, of course, be difficult. The other committees have tasted blood and will not meekly surrender the power they have had. The cry will be raised that such great power as it is proposed to restore to the Committee on Appropriations would be dangerous. This could partly be met by the proposal to make the Committee larger, with the chairmen of other committees serving on it, and so dovetailing the business of the House. But real authority to control expenditures must be vested somewhere. The happy-go-lucky method stands condemned. Expenditures have been running wild with the reins on their neck. To some man or committee must be given the right to apply the curb-bit; and if the House does not approve the plan of a general budget committee, it might well consider going back to the old form of control through a single Appropriations Committee.

SOBERNESS AND PROGRESS.

A statement was issued the other day by a notable committee of social workers in relation to the agitation which flared up so violently two or three months ago over the relation between low wages and vice. They do not undertake to dispose of the question; indeed, the statement is rather in the nature of an expression of general attitude. But that attitude is highly significant; and, moreover, it is the attitude which has been taken by sober and wise persons generally. The committee are of the opinion that the actual form taken by the agitation has been such that "grave evils are likely to result" from it and that these have "in many cases already resulted." They do not deny—as indeed no sensible person can deny—that economic causes are

in many instances an important factor in causing girls to yield to temptation, but they regard as vastly more important causes those moral, educational, and social influences, and those defects of character, which have always been held chiefly accountable for the evil. So far as formal investigations of a statistical character throw light on the subject, they support the view thus expressed broadly by the members of this committee, whose judgment was formed either on wide experience in investigation or on long-standing personal contact with the problem.

Now it may always be urged in behalf of the violent, or extravagant, or hysterical methods of reform agitation that after all it makes no practical difference whether the statements it goes upon are anywhere near the truth or not, provided only that the object aimed at is a good one. If, in order to rouse the public, it is necessary to go about shouting wildly and making extravagant assertions, why should any one seriously object? The noise of the campaign will soon be forgotten, while its substantial result will abide; to be squeamish about the means is to sacrifice the end. Now there may be some plausibility in this view. But one has not to go far in order to find fatal objections to it. In this particular instance, an objection of the most vital nature is indicated in the remarks of the committee. They speak of serious evils that have resulted from the agitation; what they had in mind is not difficult to conjecture. The agitators were so possessed with the idea that low wages are the one great cause of vice, that not a few of them deliberately encouraged and propagated the notion that comfortable wages were the only possible safeguard of a working girl's virtue; some men went so far as to declare that the want of them was in itself as great an evil as a life of shame. This monstrous view, as absurd as it is pernicious, would never have been entertained, even by the light-minded persons who took it, but for the previous undermining of their judgment through gross exaggeration and distortion of the facts.

But it is not only, and not chiefly, on account of evils which may incidentally attend it that the hysterical method of attacking public questions is to be condemned. There are few public policies so supremely essential that questions of degree are of no consequence in connection with them; few measures whose benefit is so clear and so overwhelming that all considerations of countervailing evil become insignificant or impertinent. At the present time there are many great questions of politics in which the judgment of any reasonable man must turn upon a balancing of the evils for which a remedy is proposed against the evils to which the remedy itself may expose us. In every such case, the difference between looking soberly at the facts and running wild among them is just the difference between political sanity and political insanity. If, for instance, corruption on the bench were a prevailing and incurable condition, the recall of judges might be a proposal that we ought all to go in for unreservedly; if, on the other hand, it is a rare thing, and has been becoming rarer through the growing tendency to divorce judicial elections from party politics, then the fact that the recall would tend to diminish judicial independence and to make the bench less attractive to a high type of lawyer becomes the predominant consideration. Or, again, in regard to the banking and currency bill now about to become the chief subject of Congressional discussion. It may be that we must resort to extreme measures of Government control, must confer upon a board of Presidential appointees powers such as are not exercised by any similar body in any country in the world; but if we are to arrive at a reasonable judgment in this matter, we have to begin by thinking soberly and exactly of the facts in our own and other countries, and not be carried away by vague generalities that will not bear examination.

A phrase that used to figure prominently in American political discussion was "the sober second thought." It became tiresome, and has now been long out of fashion. The need itself, however, has not, we are convinced, been outgrown. We are much quicker than in the past to adopt measures plainly dictated by considerations of the general welfare; and this, so far, is good. But there are things which in their nature demand grave and cautious consideration, and here the sober second thought must still be counted on to assert itself. As for its justification in the past, a single instance may suffice to show it in a most striking way. At the time of the great silver agitation, everything turned on the ability of great multitudes of Americans to keep their heads. If they had been carried away by the appearances of the moment; if they had thought that the experience of a few years was everything, and that the principles of sound monetary policy, taught by ages of experience, were nothing, they would have made the mad dash which was urged upon them so plausibly and which for a time the nation seemed bent upon. The firmness of a few strong men, above all of President Cleveland, stemmed the rush, and thus the indispensable thing was gained—time for the nation to find itself. In matters even more vital than that, the same need will continue to exist in all those times that try the stuff of which a republic is made.

SOME NATIONAL SHORTCOMINGS.

There are several standing confessions of weakness or guilt that we Americans make as a nation. Every great conflagration gives rise to a full crop of editorial lamentations over the enormous waste caused by fires in this country; and when there is no great conflagration, the annual figures of the fire loss suffice to remind us that we so far outtop the leading nations of Europe in this respect as to be in a class by ourselves. Our annual number of homicides is equally distinguished above that of any other country standing beside us in general civilization and humanity. There are certain classes of accidents concerning which something of the same sort is true; notably as to the number of persons killed while trespassing on railway tracks. The death of 5,449 persons in this way in the United States last year must seem astonishing to any inhabitant of Germany or England.

In recent years attention has been earnestly directed to quite another kind of shortcoming. Throughout the movement for the systematic provision of indemnity to workingmen for industrial accidents, special point has been given to the agitation by reference to the fact that we are only now beginning to do what Germany has long done in scientific ways and on a comprehensive scale. Western and Southern farmers have

been bewailing for half a century the lack of credit facilities which would greatly promote the possibilities of agricultural enterprise; yet little has thus far come of the agitation, and it is only within the last year or two that the movement has acquired real body and momentum. And this has come about through insistence on the great benefits and the vast extent of agricultural credit institutions in several European countries; as a result of the impetus given by President Taft, and by various State associations and State governments, a large and representative commission is now on a tour of examination into the question in Europe, and will doubtless, upon its return, put the movement into shape for real achievement. To mention only one more instance, but one in some respects more remarkable than any of the others, the scheme of cooperative retail stores, which has had so enormous a development in England, and the idea of which has been familiar here almost as long as there, has never been able to get beyond the most rudimentary stage in this country. "The 'effete' monarchies across the water," says Mr. H. W. Lanier, in an article in the *World's Work* for July, "are a generation ahead of us in true democratic coöperation"; and this is undeniably a fact, at least so far as coöperative buying and selling is concerned.

As to some of these things it has been largely the fashion, in these latter years, to lay the blame on the supremacy of money, or of factors in the population that are dominated by money. If we do not guard against fires in which working people's lives are endangered as well as other nations do; if we have more mine explosions; if we are twenty years behind the times in compulsory workingmen's insurance provisions—all this is because our government has been under the thumb of capital in a greater degree than elsewhere. There may be an element of truth in this charge; but it is not the only factor in the case, and indeed we are inclined to think that it is among the least essential of the factors. Nor does that other explanation, that with us government effectiveness in these matters has been made impossible by our system of division of powers between the States and the nation, to our mind go much further. Within the past few years, we have been making rapid headway in all these things—child labor, workmen's compensation, sanitary regulation, industrial inspection—and neither the opposition of capitalistic interests nor the division of political jurisdiction has offered any formidable obstacle to the process. Given the one thing needful, the awakening of genuine and general interest in the questions, the rest has been easy.

The main cause, we are convinced, is a certain characteristic of the American temperament—what the French would call a defect of its quality. It is difficult to get Americans to take very seriously a great many things that people in other countries take very seriously indeed. Diverse as are the various matters we have instanced—and many more might be cited—there is one thing they have in common. Americans are no more indifferent about their own lives than other people, but they *will* walk along a railway track if it happens to be handy; they *will* crowd on the running-board of a trolley car rather than wait a quarter of an hour, and the only way to keep them from leaping from the dock onto a departing ferry-boat is to shut them off with gates. They are willing to take chances where other people are not, and they are not so willing to take a lot of trouble to gain comparatively small or remote benefits or to prevent comparatively rare or improbable evils, as other people are. It takes a deal of keen interest, and devotion to troublesome details, to build up a great coöperative retail-store system, and the 5 or 10 per cent. saving does not appeal strongly to the American nature. We should have had workmen's compensation laws long ago if the workmen themselves had felt very keenly about it. The very energy of the American nature, the masterful spirit of its achievement, result in a slighting of what does not present itself to the general mind as part of the main stream of activity. That proverbial good nature which causes us to suffer without a murmur a thousand little nuisances which in other countries are resented and repressed is in part a sign of our strength and our prosperity, in part a manifestation of our unwillingness to take trouble about anything outside our daily business. To good-nature, to indifference, and to a certain slothfulness in outlying matters which is perhaps the correlative of our tremendous energy in what we regard as our main business, may safely be ascribed a great part of whatever shortcomings we have exhibited as a people.

THE HEYDAY OF LIBRARIANS.

Any one who has followed the meetings of the American Library Association, which ended last Saturday, after a week's session at Kaaterskill, N. Y., must have been set reflecting seriously in several directions. The public library, with a lifetime in this country of scarcely more than sixty years, has already reached that highly specialized development which characterizes the public school The old-fashioned browsing which used to unearth many a delightful book that one wasn't looking for is largely a thing of the past. Books must be classified in reference rooms according to the divisions of knowledge which now form the plan of public instruction. This serves a purpose which should not be hastily minimized. The library is attempting to-day as never before to meet the needs of a most heterogeneous public. Particular attention is given to those who cannot readily help themselves. Experts are employed to pick out books best suited to immigrants, to ambitious farm-hands and factory workers, to children, legislators, and business men. Volumes are also lent by one community to another. No better illustration of the contrast of former conditions with modern could be found than that furnished by one who took part in the Conference. She visited a library in England where the tradition was still maintained of chaining the books to the shelves; yet the same day she saw books in trucks on the way to the provinces. So greatly has the spirit changed that the up-to-date librarian, she said, had to restrain himself from running out into the highway and chaining books to the passer-by!

With the minute organization which is now the rule in public libraries goes a sense of power and responsibility which has given even those possessed of it some pause. Mingled with much talk about highly specialized efficiency was frequently heard a note of warning lest the library should have a disintegrating effect. As President Legler put it, the public is tending towards a "rag-time" habit of mind which the library can

help to correct only by installing a director and assistants with proper personalities. However detailed its system, an institution should strive to allure its readers to its best possessions in general fields of knowledge. Mr. Legler would probably not go so far as one of several outsiders whose criticism was invited by the Conference. According to this very zealous gentleman, the head of a public library should be the mayor of thoughts in his community, and above all should be personally acquainted with the interests of the young people. Find the boy and connect him with the right book, that is the first duty. But in the case at least of children the library has virtually been doing this. The space and thought given to juveniles in institutions of New York, Boston, and Chicago makes the task of parents easy and delightful. And librarians are now hoping to render other departments equally inviting. The necessity is clear, the problem is how to meet it. Much could be accomplished, it is felt, if heads and attendants had leisure for daily reading. Then we might hope for more of such outstanding figures as Winsor, and especially certain Englishmen who, while carrying on their duties in the British Museum or the Bodleian, have shown by their publications how wide-ranging were their minds.

Closely connected with this, though it received but brief discussion by the Association, is the amount of attention which any large public library should devote to scholars. What with all the thought bestowed upon those who have to be driven to the shelves, it is a question whether the natural bookman is not somewhat neglected. To compare the New York Public Library with the British Museum is not altogether fair, yet the mere physical conveniences in London might be reproduced. The scholar is not so easily distracted as the poet, but to sit at a great flat table with no division into desks, and to be obliged to walk into a distant room to consult the card catalogue, is distracting to even prosaic moods. If more warmth of personality is really desired for the public library, and if it is to be an intellectual centre, there is no better way to begin than to heed the comfort of those who by their equipment are intellectual leaders.

One other important problem which confronted the Association was that of selecting new books. The general public hardly appreciates how much is involved. Here the power exercised affects not only readers, but the very life of a large class of publications. For to the discerning it is well known that unless publishers could count on the public library patronage, they would not dare to issue certain volumes at all. Works selling at three or five dollars may be highly important, even though they cannot expect large private sales. But other works got out at these prices in attractive bindings are utterly worthless, and here librarians might do much more than they have done to keep them off the market. The case of fiction is very different. The demand for stories being what it is, librarians have no such power of veto; but they have begun to see that every best seller need not be acquired. Yet if fiction is in their province, where shall they draw the line? Mr. Robert Herrick, to whom the question was put, complicated the matter still further by insisting that "The Kreutzer Sonata" was much less harmful to young readers than, say, "The Rosary." And other writers urged great caution in instituting censorship; they would set up truth to life as the proper standard of selection. Unanimity is not to be expected from the Council, with whom the subject was left. But it would appear that some thoroughgoing policy ought to be adopted. The function of a good library should be not only to acquire but quite as much to reject; and just now fiction is sorely in need of weeding.

VOCATIONAL EDUCATION.

A strong current in present-day American life, felt in the industrial world, and even in the most sheltered bays of education, is the growing belief in the relation between industrial efficiency and education. Vocational training is becoming a great popular demand. A complex population, called upon to defend its economic position against the world's competition, is requiring public provision for teaching its masses of artisans and technicians. The complaint is that the common schools have insisted upon preparation for life without insisting as well upon preparation for livelihood. The progress of the movement in recent years, with many in the colleges crying it down, and more in the high schools urging it on, is impressive. The first State subsidy for agricultural or trade training is younger than the century. Yet now twenty-nine States have passed laws concerning industrial education. The national Government has established vocational training in the island possessions, and the recent Page bill would have extended some features of the system over the country. Ohio and Wisconsin have virtually compelled working children to attend public trade schools, which industrial communities must support. Many large cities have carried manual-training and business schools farther than the State. And this is in the face of assertions that vocational education will not merely ruin the liberal school system, but will institute a modified class-division along European lines.

A study of the recent pamphlet of the United States Bureau of Education on "German Industrial Education" leaves no doubt of the value of the system in building up the commercial and mechanical fabric in Europe. Even in England, where education broadens very slowly from precedent to precedent, the polytechnic movement has spread, and the higher technical schools have become central schools, with a definite aim in preparing boys for office and shop. But it is in Germany that an alliance of trade guilds and educators shows the Empire's alertness to a monumental scheme of practical education. Institutions like the Charlottenburg Royal Technical High School, and the Leipzig High School of Commerce, with thousands of students from all over the world, take university rank, and combine valuable researches with the highest industrial training. The "improvement schools" of Munich, which Dr. Kerchensteiner originated for youths who entered trades at the earliest legal age, have been imitated, until there are now several thousand, attendance upon which is compulsory for hundreds of thousands of apprentices. The trade guilds have partial direction of these schools, and contracting employers must see that their boys and girls attend classes. Guild schools, state trade schools, and state commercial schools abound everywhere. Every boy must choose, according to his means and aptitudes, among the preparations

offered by classical, semi-classical, liberal, technical, commercial, or trade schools, or must enter a shop with the privilege of going to improvement schools. His life thus gets its permanent direction. The plan crowns with glory the brave efforts of Fichte to start the nation in the paths of scientific experimentation and labor. It has given its point to the Kaiser's watchword that "the future of Germany is on the seas." But it emphasizes the *Stand*, the idea of position and plane of endeavor. And it makes a failure of the boy who chooses wrong at the outset.

Most of the demand for vocational education here is from wage-earning citizens, with children in school. Some of it is from men who, like one of the heads of the Curtis Publishing Company in Philadelphia a few days ago, complain that to find one well-trained man they must examine fifty applicants. Minimum wage laws have given it an impetus, for the State cannot force employers to pay men high wages without first guaranteeing, by its system of education, that they are worth it. Finally, the high-school teachers who translate the artisan's desire to have his children made as practically useful as possible, see in their educational reforms an economical millennium. It is in the haste and narrowness of this last attitude that there lurks danger.

Dr. Kerchensteiner's object in the improvement schools of Germany was to train citizens by connecting "a built-up readiness for service, action, and ethical devotion with an insight into the purposes of the state." That, as he remarked in a recent lecture in America, the German trade training makes for "conscientiousness, diligence, self-restraint, and devotion to a strenuous life," the character of the expanding German people testifies. The Wisconsin law of 1911, compelling the weekly instruction of apprentices in English and citizenship, is a reflection of this spirit, and there should be more of it in vocational circles.

But the most dismaying aspect of the movement is that some of its shorter-sighted promoters express a jealousy of liberal education, which they believe no working community should be forced to maintain. It has always been hard to keep alive in the business and laboring classes full faith in the finer fruits of education. The great State universities are already protesting that the genius of vocational instruction is inimical to intellectual ideals. So long as those who advocate public trade schools and technical schools urge a drastic "scrapping" in industrial communities of the older system, with its Latin and Greek, its literatures and pure mathematics, there must remain this bitterness; the result in the end would be an unnatural cleavage between endowed schools and State schools, and the closing of the higher privileges of education to all but the well-to-do. To avoid this harsh discrimination, we should not require a general hardening of occupational lines, leaving the topmost stratum of society alone to cultivate the liberal studies. It must be realized that education everywhere is primarily for life and not livelihood, and that new forms and new institutions must have plenty of time to grow, even in this impatient age.

RECENT GERMAN NOVELS AND "NOVELLEN."

The influence of psychological research upon modern German fiction and drama is assuming amazing proportions. The frequent occurrence in recent books of a profound and unexpected change in the character of men of mature years seems curiously to agree with the theory of a climacteric which was discussed in the reviews a few months ago.

The new story of Jacob Wassermann, 'Der Mann von vierzig Jahren" (Berlin: S. Fischer), is an absorbing narrative which deals with a country gentleman of irreproachable character, a happy husband and father, who suddenly conceives an irresistible desire for freedom from matrimonial ties, and with the valet of his youth starts upon a quest of adventure. After two years' absence upon an Odyssey of emotional experiences, he returns, infatuated with a singer and determined upon divorce. But his child is ill, his estate mismanaged, and the country on the eve of the war with France. He joins his battalion, is wounded, and, during the long weeks at the hospital, finds himself. Nursed back to health by his wife, he resumes his previous life, accepting the fact that it is beautiful to be, more beautiful to work—all of which is recounted with an admirable objectivity and in a style of rare charm.

"Die Hirtenflöte" in Arthur Schnitzler's remarkable volume, "Masken und Wunder" (S. Fischer), deals with a critical turning-point in the life of an elderly man of scholarly tastes who suddenly becomes aware that the young wife with whom he has so far been happy is more of a stranger to him than the stars he studies in his observatory. He sends her out into the world to be free to follow the lure of life and "realize" herself, and on her return, to-morrow or in ten years, her home and her husband shall be ready to welcome her. After futile protests the woman leaves upon her pilgrimage, drifts along the line of least resistance, has love affairs, idyllic, romantic, and tragic, and returns to the husband who rejoices that now she may know herself and he be sure of her. But she tells him that, while in her previous ignorance and dependence she had never been able to find herself, thrust into independence and temptation, she had completely lost herself—and she turns from him and disappears forever.

Thomas Mann, whose "Buddenbrooks" placed him in the foremost rank of German novelists, also handles in his latest work a fatal crisis in a man's life. But his masterly Novelle, "Der Tod in Venedig" (S. Fischer), appeals to a much smaller circle of readers than the famous novel which is now in its sixtieth edition, because its strength lies in the subtleties of its psychology and the distinction of its style. The story begins with an intimate record of the morbid moods and the paralyzed energies of a famous writer and widower of fifty, who suffers from overwork. By the sight of an uncanny stranger, whose appearance suggests a wanderer in many lands, he is suddenly roused from his indecision and goes to Venice for a rest. But Venice is hot and stuffy, there is an air of mystery about it, and his sole enjoyment is to watch the singularly beautiful boy of a Polish family stopping at the same hotel on the Lido. The reappearance of the uncanny stranger is fraught with symbolical meaning. An odor of disinfectants mingles with the ordinary atmosphere of the city: inquiries whether there is an epidemic meet with emphatic denial, but the foreign papers disappear from the reading-room. When the hero at last learns the truth, watching the fascinating child has become an obsession, and he has not the energy to leave. There is an extraordinary working up of the narrative to the day when the Polish family prepares to depart and the hero, who has watched the boy wade far out into the surf, fancies that he sees him beckon, tries to rise from his chair, and falls unconscious.

Another noteworthy story also owes its inception to the plague. The hero of Anselm Heine's "Die Erscheinung" (Berlin: Egon Fleischel) is a German engineer who on his homeward voyage from years of work on the Marshall Islands succumbs to a wave of sentiment, and, half-awake, dreams of a fair woman. Opening his eyes, he sees the object of his vision coming towards his steamer, and on leaving port discovers

her among the passengers. They become acquainted and engaged, and go to Paris, where he has business at the Exposition. The lady is ill the morning after their arrival; he leaves her in the care of a chambermaid and goes about his business. When he returns at night, he goes to her room to inquire, and finds it open and empty. For fear of compromising her, he awaits the morning, asks for his companion, and is told that no lady of that name had been at the hotel. Ranting and raving, appealing to the police and the consulate, are of no avail; he is treated like a lunatic, and finally is forced to leave town. Years of research fail to find a trace of her who had come and gone like a vision, but the secret annals of the Paris police contain the clue to the mystery.

The devious paths by which people arrive at the goal of their desire or the fulfilment of their fate is the theme of "Umwege," a volume of stories by Hermann Hesse, the author of "Peter Camenzind," which is now in its sixtieth edition. They deal with no unusual types of humanity, and are told simply and convincingly. The revolt of a priest against monastic seclusion, a well-worn topic usually invested with a sickly sentimentalism, receives a distinctly new note in the story of Pater Mathias. The priest's trespass against the vows of his calling occurs also in one of the strangely fascinating stories by Carl Hauptmann, "Nächte" (Leipzig: Kurt Wolff). But the ripest work that has come so far from the pen of that interesting writer is his new novel, "Ismael Friedmann" (Kurt Wolff), in which he has reached a formal mastery barely suggested in his earlier works. The structure of this story is solid, the portrayal of the characters direct and logical. Even the style is more forcible and lucid. The hero is the son of a Jewish prince of industry and a Protestant pastor's daughter, and combines the keen analytical spirit of the father's race with the imaginative dreamy soul of the mother. He looks like the Nazarene, but he is a Nietzschean individualist. He has a disregard for the material sources of his father's wealth; he would intellectualize and spiritualize life, but he could not do without the luxury and the comfort into which he has been born and the sensuous æstheticism which has enslaved him. He has flashes of genius, and is expected some day to startle the world with a great work, but, undisciplined by necessity, he does not know what real work is. He is morbidly self-conscious, and will not yield to the desire of woman at an age when he might love spontaneously. When he returns to the sweetheart of his early youth, the only daughter of an aristocratic neighbor, she, too, has changed, become too introspective and self-centred in her isolation, and is unable to share her inner life with another. A striking contrast is furnished by the other couple in the story, Ismael's sister Isot, and his friend Johannes, who cheerfully accept the fundamental facts of life, have numerous offspring, and live as happily as any fairy-tale lovers. Although of such frequent occurrence as to be a commonplace, such inter-marriage is much discussed in Germany, since race physiologists are concerned about the purity of the Teutonic race; and the dignified handling of the problem in "Ismael Friedmann" has received very favorable comment. The book is ranked as the most remarkable novelty of the season.

That form of fiction which offers a forecast of the future without being exactly Utopian, has of late been profoundly affected by industrial progress. The perspectives opened by American achievements have proved so rich in suggestion to the Germans that they have begun to feel the poetry of matter and of sheer material power. Such a "Zukunftsroman" is Bernhard Kellermann's "Der Tunnel" (S. Fischer), which deals with the stupendous problem of a submarine tunnel connecting America and Europe. Mac Allan, the discoverer of Allanite, the diamond steel which revolutionizes the work of excavation; his wife, Maud; his friend, the architect æsthete, Hobby; Lloyd, the prince of finance, and his daughter Ethel, are living and just impersonations. There is even a suggestion of insight into their inner life, as in the chapter succeeding the death of Maud and the child, when the mask is lifted from the undemonstrative Allan, and the man who seems all brains and grit is revealed as a man of tender and profound sentiment. But the interest of the foreign readers will undoubtedly centre in the pictures of the feverish activity of New York and Tunnel City, which vibrate with the rhythmical motion of monster machines and the dramatic intensity of a life which runs along at an even more rapid pace than that of to-day. The story is altogether extraordinary.

Jacob Schaffner, the young Swiss writer whose "Konrad Pilater" and "Irrfahrten" proclaimed him a worthy successor of Gottfried Keller, has also a story of modern industrial life in his collection, "Die goldene Fratze" (S. Fischer). Its title, "Der eiserne Götze," suggests the symbolical power of the great dynamo that governs the activities of the town. The atmosphere is alive with the thump of levers and the whirr of wheels, the glint of steel, the fumes of engine fires, and the exhalations of a mass of men toiling in the sweat of their brows. The *dramatis personæ* stand out effectively against this background: a middle-aged foreman who, engrossed in his work and his labor union, neglects his young wife, a sister of Shaw's Candida in the rough, who in her innocent way flirts with a young mechanic of impetuous temperament and dashing manners, admitted into the house as boarder. The youth with the Garibaldi tie becomes enamored of her, and when he realizes that she has no thought of surrendering to him, sulks and harbors hatred against the husband. Strikes and sabotage enter into the action of the story, and a fist-to-fist fight between the two men on the gallery surrounding the mechanical colossus. But no touch of sensationalism spoils the well-tempered colors of this picture of modern labor.

A book of Lothringian stories inevitably suggests comparison with the work of French writers, like Maurice Barrès. But Bernd Isemann's "Lothringische Novellen" (S. Fischer) do not touch the rankling problem of the lost province. They deal with the past of a family of Lothringian farmers of peasant stock, but enjoying the economic ease which insures comfort and culture. With the true story-teller's gift, Isemann pictures their life, sowing, planting, and reaping, with a genuine joy of activity, and drinking, laughing, and loving with a robust appetite and an untroubled conscience.

Marie Vaërting is another new writer whose work merits attention. In her first book, "Haskamps Anna" (Munich: Albert Langen), she portrayed a young girl incapable of correlating the traditional sentiments of girlhood with the new idea of intellectual development. The heroine of her second book, "Max Treumanns erste Liebe" (Albert Langen), is a fair representative of the new woman in whom vague aspirations have matured into practical realities, who has grown into a personality, has found her vocation, and is esteemed for her work by her professional colleagues. The attitude of the ordinary woman of the old type towards the new variety is suggested by that of her boarding-house neighbor towards Toni, and is not without humor.

The latest work of Emmy von Egidy, "Mathias Werner" (S. Fischer), is a fair specimen of that author's dignity and distinction. In other hands the plot of the story might have become a sensational serial: she has handled it with refinement and depth. The hero who gives his name to the story is the illegitimate son of an aristocratic father and a peasant mother, neither of whom can he remember. He grows up in the care of a village schoolmaster, who would adopt him, but the stern guardian withholds his consent. The mystery of his birth hangs heavy over the youth with the sensitive Hamlet soul, who longs for a home and a purpose in life, but whose initiative is at every step restricted. During a sojourn in Rome with some college friends—chapters

which give most fascinating glimpses of a group of ardent young souls—Mathias succumbs to the lure of the Roman Catholic Church; but when he decides to embrace its faith, he is disowned, left to shift for himself without means, and cannot cast anchor in the harbor he had dreamed of. The world that had known him loses sight of Mathias in the years of struggle, spiritual and material, that follow. Not until long after obtaining his majority does he find a home with the widow of his father, who had been prevented by a clause of the will from adopting him before. Absorbing as this plot may be to the ordinary fiction reader, the paramount interest of the book lies in the development of the hero's character and the portrayal of the men and women that enter into his life.

Clara Viebig, who is probably to-day the most popular of German woman novelists, has in her latest novel, "Das Eisen im Feuer" (Egon Fleischel), reconstructed the life of Berlin people during the period between the revolution of 1848 and the war of 1866. The book suggests comparison with "Die Wacht am Rhein," of which the scene was Düsseldorf. But the author has certainly not lost any of the qualities that characterized the earlier work: her firm grasp upon the realities of life, her amazing faculty of reflecting the spirit of a place and its people, and the gift of throwing upon the canvas in broad, sure strokes the living types of plain folk.

A. von Ende.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

In such a work as the Oxford English Dictionary, which is made "on historical principles," and which embodies the best work of the most eminent British scholars in English, we may be sure that it is the intention of its editors to live up to the ideal of that work by invariably verifying deliberate statements of fact. A continued use of that work, however, discloses a number of unaccountable lapses in accuracy.

For example, why is it said that the word *sepal* is "formed after *petalum* petal by substitution of the syllable of Latin *separatus* separate"? This etymology agrees with the statements of other dictionaries made prior to the year 1900, but it is a statement that plainly needs verification, and is easily verifiable, for it is also stated that the term was proposed by Necker in 1790. This date is not given in any of the standard English dictionaries prior to 1900, and the fact that it is given lends to the whole etymology an air of historical accuracy that is entirely assuring. It appears, however, that *sepal* is not from L. *separatus*, but was coined by Necker, in 1790, from the Greek word *σκέπη*, covering; for he himself states this to be the origin of the term, as is mentioned in the New International Dictionary, published in 1909, three years before the publication of this part of the Oxford work. Besides this, Benjamin Daydon Jackson, secretary of the British Linnæan Society, in his "Glossary of Botanical Terms," published in 1900, gives this same Greek word as the source of Necker's term. This glossary was known to the Oxford editors, for they quote from it their definition of the word *selereid*.

This is not a unique instance of what appear to be mistakes arising from failure to verify statements of fact where verification was clearly necessary, and could readily be made. If we go back to the first section published, we find Lindley, the British botanist, cited as authority for the statement that an *anonad* is a plant "allied to the pineapple," though the anonads, in fact, are dicotyledonous trees of the custard-apple family, and the pineapple is a monocotyledonous herb; the two plants are not even remotely related. Besides this, Lindley, in his latest edition, at least, says nothing that would justify such a statement. Whether he does in the earliest one is a matter of indifference, so far as the definition of the word is concerned. Under *anonaceous* it is stated that the word is from the "New Latin *anona*, a pineapple," and this meaning for the New Latin word seems as unsupportable as the definition of *anonad*.

So under the word *molasses*, the comment is made that: "In the Western U. S. (according to Bartlett *Dict. Americanisms*, 275) it is treated as a plural." The note to this effect first appears in Bartlett in the edition of 1859, and is retained in the edition of 1877, with the addition that: "When England condescends to use this word instead of treacle, she generally makes it plural." This incorrect statement, together with the fact that none of the standard American dictionaries of English mention such a peculiarity of Western U. S. usage, and the fact that the later dictionary of Americanisms by Sylvia Clapin (which has been quoted by the Oxford work) makes no mention of it, was enough to have made it clear that reliance could not be placed upon Bartlett's unsupported statement.

Whatever be the explanation of these shortcomings, they illustrate a defect, perhaps the most serious one, of the Oxford work—the failure to make an adequate use of standard works of reference; for in each of these cases a casual reference to the appropriate reference books would have given us history instead of erroneous statements. It is a source of real distress to see in its beautiful pages, beautiful in typography as well as in learning, the repeated discrepancies which arise from this lack of sufficient verification, in vocabulary, definitions, and citations.

For instance, medical and mineralogical terms are often included though of the most trivial importance, apparently merely because there happened to be a note or memorandum of the terms, with the definitions, as given in such and such dictionaries or textbooks. But often in these cases, a cursory reference to the works referred to, or to other contemporaneous works, discloses that there are other words of more importance that are not included in the Oxford work, or that there are obvious defects in the definitions there given. Similarly, words or senses are marked "Obs." when numerous instances of their current use may be found by a moment's reference to standard reference books. For example, *liquidate*, in the sense of "to determine and apportion by litigation," is marked "Obs.", and the last citation given for its use is: "1798 Bay Amer Law Rep. (1809) I. 114 Agreed to pay the debt on its being liquidated." The word, however, is, in the sense shown in this citation, very far from being obsolete. Hundreds of present-day citations for its use can readily be found in the standard law reference books, British or American.

Archbishop Trench, in his outlines of how such a dictionary of English should be made, from which the Oxford work took its conception, counselled the general omission of technical terms; and we cannot but deplore, at times, that his wise counsel was not more closely followed. A dear price is paid when invariable accuracy and harmonious proportion are sacrificed for the sake of a big vocabulary. But we may be sure that this commercial necessity is regretted by no one so much as by the editors themselves. The only question is, whether it really was a commercial necessity to overburden the editors for such a result, when a stricter line of inclusion would have left them ample time to achieve virtual infallibility, at least in matters of historical reference, and would have afforded space as well as time for a larger view of subjects for the treatment of which the editors have an unequalled opportunity, an opportunity that, perhaps, will never be duplicated.

F. Sturges Allen.

Correspondence

ELECTIONS IN OREGON.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: A notice in the *Nation* of the result of a recent election in Portland, Ore., might be of interest, since you comment so fairly upon the political phase of our national life. The city of Portland adopted a commission charter, and is, therefore, one of the largest cities trying this form of government. It is difficult to prognosticate the result of this action on the part of the electorate, but two important political facts were emphasized by the election of the Mayor and commissioners. The value of women's votes was attested and generally conceded, and the ability of the electorate to use a modernized system, the preferential system, of balloting was shown. There was no well-defined or exciting issue at stake, yet a large vote was cast, and a choice made of five men which could not have been bettered had it been made by the directors of a large corporation. The men who, under the ward system, had heretofore been uniformly successful in gaining office, as well as some who had been nominated under the old plan, were decisively beaten, and the offices were given to persons of known ability and, in the main, with no political affiliations. Our charter calls for a non-partisan ballot, with nomination by petition. Ninety candidates filed for five offices, and those elected were two Democrats, one Progressive, and two Republicans. Their party affiliation was published as a mere incident to election comment after the voting. The largest vote was received by a man closely affiliated with the labor unions, an officer, in fact, who has the general confidence of the public and whose candidacy had been by the wise provision of the charter divorced from the question of labor and capi-

tal. The defeated and undesirable candidates had made a strong campaign, the successful ones a wholesome presentation of their qualifications, as well as their records.

I may venture to state that when the present commission takes office Portland will have as its public servants a group of men that any corporation would be glad to employ. Democracy has proved less of a fizzle here than many of our commentators would allow. A municipality of two hundred and odd thousand is basking in the belief that the people have a fair ability to take care of themselves.

JONAH B. WISE.

Portland, Ore., June 17.

LIBERTY IN TEACHING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In his book, "Sittlichkeit und Religion," Direktor Dr. M. Jahn writes: "We do not believe that teachers will mutilate science in so far as it has a place in the school, for the sake of the Confessions, thereby separating the school from the spirit of the time and from actual life, the very thing for which the school is to prepare." And in another place: "The Catholic Church assumes from the very beginning that a large portion of the people cannot grasp a right understanding of the dogma. For the laity there is the *fides implicita, i. e.,* faith in the authority of the Church. . . . This view the Protestant Church has rejected."

But the Protestant denominational college and theological school in America are still to a certain extent built upon the assumption that there is a *fides implicita,* and expect, or even require, the teacher to mutilate science so as to make it agree with the Confessions. When Union Seminary graduates young men who have been taught to face modern theological problems, the church to which they come is stirred up and protests are raised against the institution. Dr. Mecklin, of Lafayette, resigns because the conditions of his professorship do not permit a free discussion of scientific problems. A student in theology who gives his private views in reply to his professor's question is told that he has come to study the views taught by professors, and not to think for himself. The deciding question in the choice of theological professors is almost invariably: Is he orthodox? which is taken to mean: Will he teach nothing that is not approved by the Confessions?

Unquestionably every church and every school has a right to require of its teachers what it pleases. It may be well, however, to consider the consequences. If the school training is in contradiction with the science and best thought of the day, the student will either remain out of sympathy with his fellowmen and without deep influence upon them—a fair explanation of the weakness of the church; or, learning outside of college and seminary to appreciate modern thought and science, he will be out of sympathy with his teachers and will speak of the emptiness and deadness and uselessness of theology.

Can the Protestant Church afford either alternative? When shall we in this country of the free church appreciate what a German has written of the Free Church in Germany? "It will be the task of the Free Church to prove that it, as a church built upon a Confession, also has the power in a greater degree than the state church to influence religiously those people who are estranged from religion. Only if the Lutheran Free Church is equal to this task will it have a future and become an important factor in the further development of the Lutheran Church in Germany." In America every church is in the position of the Free Church in Germany and confronts the same task. And every church which handicaps itself by training its people not to be in sympathy with modern life and thought is really helping the cause of the Roman Church, which alone can with good grace hold a doctrine of *fides implicita.*

(REV.) W. A. LAMBERT.

South Bethlehem, Pa., June 24.

BIRDS AND THE TARIFF.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Bird protectionists are much exercised about a brief and apparently harmless amendment to the clause in the new Tariff bill which would prohibit the importation of wild birds' plumage for millinery purposes. This amendment has been approved by the majority members of the Senate Finance Committee, and was reported to the Senate Democratic caucus on Saturday. It exempts the plumage of all birds killed as "game" for food, and of all birds alleged to be "pests."

Whether or not the milliners are aware of it, this concession to them and to the feather trade involves much more than appears on its surface. The purpose of the original section (which was prepared and presented by the New York Zoölogical Society, and is receiving the active support of the National Association of Audubon Societies) was to enlist the United States Government in an effort to prevent the rapid extermination of many species of beautiful and useful birds, whose plumage thoughtless or heartless women wear in their hats. The enforcement of the section as amended would, of course, turn upon the definition of the terms "game" and "pest." And the emasculating effect (if not the intent) of the amendment becomes obvious in the light of the fact that, according to the "Hand List of the Genera and Species of Birds," published by the trustees of the British Museum, the "game birds" of the world, exclusive of the United States, comprise 1,622 species, while the birds which, rightly or wrongly, are regarded as "pests" include 720 species. Therefore, the amendment would make available for the feather trade 2,342 species of birds, virtually all of which, the ornithologists insist, are fully entitled, for economic or for sentimental reasons, to preservation.

There seem to be the very best reasons for supporting this measure in its original form, and for opposing the amendment which would largely defeat its purpose. From a purely economic point of view, the opposition of the milliners and of the plumage importers is no more defensible or sensible than is the opposition of any manufacturer or merchant, some phase of whose business is affected by a particular clause of the new tariff. Birds' plumage is by no means the *sine qua non* of the millinery industry—that is sufficiently proved by its disappearance from women's hats when feathers are not "fashionable." And Uncle Sam will have no need of apologizing for doing what he can to protect foreign as well as native birds from slaughter promoted by a custom which is essentially barbaric.

G.

New York, June 24.

ARTURO GRAF.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: All who are interested in Italian literature or in the history and customs of the Middle Ages will read with regret the notice of the death of Arturo Graf, for above thirty years professor of Neo-Latin literatures at the University of Turin, and head of the Faculty of Letters. He was both poet and professor, a combination which, though less rare in the land of Carducci than in other countries, is particularly notable when its work is so fine and useful.

Arturo Graf was born in Athens in 1848. His father was German, his mother Italian, and he spent a large part of his youth in Rumania, where he published his first volume of verse when he was fifteen years old. He travelled much; was a student, a merchant, a lawyer, and at one time refused a political candidacy in Piedmont, where he had made his residence. He was one of the founders of the now-famous *Giornale storico della Letteratura italiana,* and a frequent contributor to many other literary and even philosophical periodicals. In 1878 his literary work earned him a professorship at the University of Turin.

Roughly speaking, his work consists of about six volumes of verse, more than six volumes of learned literary studies, besides many essays, addresses, and even a novel.

His poetry belongs to the over-gloomy school of Leopardi. But in spite of his persistent and incorrigible pessimism, he had the force, the delicacy of vision, which made it possible for him to interpret with fresh originality his own exquisite sensitiveness. The main defects of this poetry are that it lacks what we usually call "the joy of life" and "the vehemence of passion." Graf naturally indulged in what was so aptly described by the Younger Pliny as "quaedam etiam dolendi voluptas," but in a healthy, philosophic way, and in beautifully sonorous Tuscan language. Open to the external charm of the world, he was as elegant in his voicing of the sea as D'Annunzio, as fond an interpreter of music as Fogazzaro, and all too frequently as macabre in his subjects as Poe. Some of his most charming lyrics are in the volume entitled, "Poemetti drammatici" (1905).

Graf's mind naturally ran to the fanciful, and to the truest forms of the fanciful, if I may say so, that is to say to folklore and old legends. These were his delight and his life-work. He took them as subjects for his poems and for his greatest learned studies, and in his dual capacity of creator and scholar brought out works of remarkable excellence. No student of the Middle Ages ignores the importance of his "Roma nella memoria e nelle immaginazioni del Medioevo," 2 vols. (1882-83); "Attraverso il Cinquecento" (1888); and, perhaps best known of all, his "Miti, leggende e superstizioni del Medioevo," 2 vols. (1892-93). At least two of his works are of special interest to students of English literature:

"Prometeo nella poesia" (1879), and "Anglomania e l' influsso inglese in Italia nel Secolo XVIII" (1911).

Ultra-punctilious scholars have found in some of these books certain inaccuracies in the order or presentation of the material. But in all fairness, realizing the hugeness of this man's field of study, the fact that he was a poet more than a scientist, and remembering the constant charm and inspiration which come from his pages, we cannot help forgetting his small faults in our gratitude. Through an extremely refined and thoughtful personality the thousand whims and beliefs of the Dark Centuries are revealed to us with a charm and a breadth of learning that make us regret that there are not more such poet-professors able with their poetry to interpret the present and with their teaching the hidden significance of the past.

RUDOLPH ALTROCCHI.

Harvard University, June 24.

Literature

BAUDELAIRISM.

The Influence of Baudelaire in France and England. By G. Turquet-Milnes. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50 net.

The Works of George Sylvester Viereck. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co. 5 vols.

In the Dark Ages, when men were still interested in the Good and the Beautiful, such French critics as held themselves in some fashion responsible for the tone of French life and literature —men like Scherer, Brunetière, and Lanson—were less concerned about Baudelaire than about Baudelairism. The master of the school, like many of his disciples, was gifted with that maleficent flow of words, that ingenuity in combining them, that sheer expressiveness, which we call literary talent. To such persons as were unable to distinguish between *Weltschmerz* and *Katzenjammer* he even seemed to possess some spiritual significance. But no critic who respected the traditional uses of noun and adjective would call Baudelaire or any of the unstrung neurotics of his tribe a "great poet." Baudelaire, as all men of sense agreed, was on the whole a nauseating spot in modern poetry, which one liked to hurry past with averted nostrils—a man significant by the extremity of his disgraceful defeat in the conflict with his times and by the odurous nature of his revenge upon society. The only serious thing about him, as Scherer remarked, was that a self-respecting critic should have to pay any attention to him. Baudelaire became considerable, however, as the source of Baudelairism, an epidemic disease, which in France has been virulent and uncontrollable, which has to some extent altered the complexion of English poetry, and has been observed, it is said, in two or three isolated cases in America. Like other forms of pestilence, it has attacked with peculiar severity persons of depleted vitality living in unhygienic conditions—the ill-fed, the vicious, the feeble-minded, consumptives, drug-users, dipsomaniacs, and physical degenerates. It is a subject rather for sociological than for literary inquiry.

All this is the irrelevant patter of an obsolescent form of criticism. Happily, Mr. Turquet-Milnes approaches Baudelaire and the "line of his great followers" on the ground of the new, higher, "non-moral" criticism. It does not make a particle of difference to him whether the influence of Baudelaire was seraphic or crocodilian. The one point of importance for him is that the world, because of this poet and his followers, is other than it was. He assures us that he has performed the critic's part when he has listened to the "echoes of a soul (the soul of a thinker or artist) as they sound through the world." It must be said that he knows his Baudelaire, that he has pretty clearly defined the Baudelairian spirit, has traced it through a wide range of French and English writers, and has exhibited a good deal of tact in the comparison of ideas and the choice of illustrations. Though far from profound, he is tolerably precise, and he shows a French neatness and brevity in making his points. The general reader will find in this book about all that he needs to know of the singers of the gloomy violets of despair. He will derive, furthermore, from careful attention to his guide, a fresh understanding of the constituent elements of greatness in literature.

How much we owe to Baudelaire and his school becomes apparent when we recognize, as Mr. Turquet-Milnes does, that they have expressed the distinctive temper of the nineteenth century. The chief elements of this temper present in French literature before Baudelaire, and combined by him, are three: First, "The faculty of self-analysis and self-torment in love," as seen in the "Adolphe" of Benjamin Constant. Second, "Pursuit of lust, mingling with it a kind of sacrilegious pleasure (Sainte-Beuve's 'Volupté'). Pursuit of temptation at any cost, with its inevitable consequences: perversity and madness on the one hand, mysticism on the other; creation of a new language." Third, "Moral anarchy, overwhelming pessimism, and terrible solitude of the soul (A. de Vigny)." To these grandiose elements should be added the splendor of the Baudelairian *blague*, illustrated by the master's public reference to the time when he assassinated his father, and by his equally famous comparison of the taste of infants' brains to that of green walnuts. "I had done a deed, they said, which the ibis and the crocodile trembled at": so wrote poor De Quincey, reporting his delirium. It was a triumph of the Baudelairian movement to adopt the hints of delirium into the conduct of life and to celebrate as a pattern of sincerity the obscene prattle of the idiot in his glory. At last we are able to say: "He had a natural instinct for the gutter, but he was devoted to the Beautiful. He was an idiot, but he was a great poet."

Edmond Scherer, to whom we have already referred, made an earnest effort to attain this high, disinterested, non-moral vision of the critical progressives, but his attempts at readjustment were not entirely successful. There is, for example, just a suspicion of the old narrow, puritanical vision in this characterization of Baudelaire:

> When once in the arts you begin to pursue sensation, you want sensation at any price. After beauty, ugliness; after the shapely, the misshapen. . . . The terrible once exhausted, you arrive at the disgusting. You paint unclean objects. You linger over them; you wallow in them. But this rottenness itself grows rotten. This decomposition engenders a fouler decomposition, until finally there remains an indescribable something that no longer has a name in any language—and that is Baudelaire.

Now, it is the highest aspiration of Mr. Viereck to be recognized as the American Baudelaire, and at first blush we were not a little puzzled to understand why Mr. Turquet-Milnes had not hearkened to his "echo" and placed him among the immortals. In turning over the five volumes of Viereck's collected works, we seemed to detect many of the salient markings of the Baudelairian species: a failure of the ordinary inhibitory impulses, a blatant egotism, the paint-and-plaster exoticism of a Broadway café, persistent absorption in the more squalid forms of harlotry, and a screaming vanity. Here, too, were our old friends, Lilith, Nero, Sappho, a vampire or so, and a whole batch of sphinxes. They were a trifle weathered and down at the heels, like a theatrical troupe returning from a tour in the West—but what of that? Remembering that the true Baudelairian is always an originator, we sought amid the resounding "echoes" for that personal and individual note which distinguishes a genuine poet from all his predecessors; and we discovered everywhere a certain brassy vulgarity in the feeling and the tone and the strut, such as one might expect in an immigrant boy without traditions or breeding who found himself in this country for the first time treated as an equal, and such as we could not recall in the works of any previous poet.

Let us do justice to Mr. Viereck. It would not be entirely accurate to say that we had read every one of his poems in the works of Swinburne or Wilde or Symons or Baudelaire or Verlaine. Mr. Viereck has enjoyed some "cultural" advantages unknown to his forerunners;

he has not spent some twenty years in America in vain. There is one composition here which we undertake is unique in its kind. It is called "A New England Ballad." This, as he tells us, is his reply to Puritanism, and it is a crushing one. It is a contribution. The time indicated in the ballad is a "mirthless Sabbath day." The scene is a "drab and dreary town" in Mr. Viereck's New England, where "the sleek, the oily Pharisees" dwell "in long frock coats and tall silk hats." We say Mr. Viereck's New England. The house of ill-fame on one side of the street is confronted by the Roman Catholic Church attended by the Puritans on the other. Within the church, with "windows bare like sightless eyes," stands beside a "tabernacle" a Puritan parson—"a weazened parson cursing Joy." In the midst of a Calvinistic sermon, a Roman Catholic image "upon a cross of ebony" bawls out:

Impious parson, on thy knee!
How dare ye judge your Maker? He
Am I. . . .

In successive stanzas the figure on the ebony cross talks Viereck to the weazened parson till the latter is turned into a "gibbering madman." We do not see the possibility of denying that this is an original conception.

And yet, after all—shall we confess it?—we have been somewhat disappointed by Mr. Viereck's works. We are really a little concerned about where to place him. Obviously he does not belong in any sense of the word in American literature, and we begin to understand why Mr. Turquet-Milnes has not seen fit to mention him with the followers of Baudelaire. Let us get at the matter in the impressionistic fashion. To tell the truth, receptive as we were, the Neros and the vampires and the sphinxes left us *cold* and *unmoved*. We must regretfully admit that in all the five volumes there is hardly a shudder. This signal failure to produce *sensation* is probably due in part to the unfortunate fact that Mr. Viereck's themes were hawked about the world for so many years before they came into his hands; in part, also, to the passionless character of the poet and his puppets, who, to say nothing of love, are as devoid even of the fishiest erotic interest as the minnows in an aquarium. As a Baudelairian, Mr. Viereck is a failure. In other words, at his intensest he is only mildly disgusting. For the rest, he is only mildly soporific.

In the last analysis it is doubtless a question of style, which we are to believe is the man himself. Such of the Baudelairians as have lost the final shred of poetical substance, hope to be saved at the last day by virtue of their style. What hope is there for Mr. Viereck? Opening his "Confessions of a Barbarian" at random, we have extracted this specimen of his manner in prose:

I was often stunned and surprised abroad. I met so many people out of my own books! I had never known that they really existed. I had never met them at Martin's. They had hidden their faces from me in America. Yet, here they were. I recognized the type. They made me feel creepy.

Some one has said that there is an "antiseptic" quality in style, and we will admit that this passage has style—the style of the First Reading Book. To illustrate Mr. Viereck's poetic manner we should not take him in an "echo," but in a passage where he has had some liberty to display the native and characteristic movement of his mind. The poem to "The Unknown Goddess" will answer our purpose. This piece turns on the fact that an unknown lady yearns for Mr. Viereck's signature and commissions a clerk in a book-store to ask him for it. This is the way in which the poet unfolds the beauty of the situation:

The clerk, I say, drew me aside, and thus
He spake to me: "A lady beauteous
Your book, O Poet, deems most exquisite,
And asks you please to write your name in it."
"Who can it be?"
"That may I not reveal.
She lives in splendor; dizzy motors reel
At her command, beside an equipage,
And oh! her town-house is a queen's ménage!"

We may be mistaken about the quality of this passage. There are two lines at least, the first and the fourth, with a somewhat unusual tonal effect. And yet we feel bound to say that the passage as a whole impresses us as poetically unsatisfactory. In the case of the "New England Ballad" one forgot the insipid sauciness of the words ascribed to the divine image in a whimsical sense of wonder whether the divine mercy itself could pardon the melodramatic balderdash of the style. In the bit of prose quoted above, one forgets to attend to Mr. Viereck's surprise abroad in amused contemplation of the infantile staccato of his sentences. In the case of "The Unknown Goddess" one forgets the lady with the equipage and the ménage in the perplexing question whether that note of somewhat brassy vulgarity which is Mr. Viereck's special contribution to poetry is not, as a matter of fact, entirely destructive of poetry. Taking it all in all, we are inclined to encourage Mr. Viereck in his feeling that he had better abandon poetry for business.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Scarlet Rider. By Bertha Runkle. New York: The Century Co.

The scene is the Isle of Wight, in the time of the American Revolution. The hero is Dirck Scott, an American privateersman, who, captured by a British officer, has bashed that officer's head, jumped overboard, and landed on the Isle. He finds shelter in the dwelling of Lord Yarracombe, is discovered in hiding by the fair Miss Lettice Yarracombe, and she agrees, on general principles (what heroine could do less?), to help him escape to France. A highwayman, known as the Scarlet Rider, is harrying the near counties of England. He is a perfect gentleman of the road, who operates by the Robin Hood code, robbing only the rich and the stingy, so that Miss Lettice does not shrink from the fancy that her protégé is he. Pending his escape, he becomes a footman at Yarracombe. Then arrives the elegant cousin whom Lettice is to marry. When we say that he is none other than the officer of the bashed head, and that the Scarlet Rider is really Miss Lettice's (why not Lady Lettice's?) father, Lord Yarracombe, we have given the prospective reader quite all the hints that he will desire as to the nature of the yarn. Dirck Scott is as improbably reckless and as impossibly chivalrous as the most exacting schoolboy could wish him to be. The dialogue is cast in the accepted jargon of historical romance. There is ample store of verbal misunderstandings and unexpected encounters, love-making and sword-play. Lord Yarracombe is debonair even in murder; and the wonderful mare which assists his exploits as the Scarlet Rider is not inferior to her kind. He conveniently gets his deserts in the last chapter, and Miss Lettice is free to be carried off under the nose of the British officer who has almost won her, by our esteemed compatriot, ex-privateer and ex-footman. In short, the tale is precisely adapted for those readers of all ages who like elaborate nonsense of the "costume" variety.

The Stain. By Forrest Halsey. Chicago: F. G. Browne & Co.

The villain is a corrupt judge; the hero a district attorney; the heroine a maiden of matchless beauty and blameless intent, but an intermittent kleptomaniac. The criminal impulse, which always possesses her in moments of physical or nervous exhaustion, she believes is inherited: she is sure that her father must have been a thief, though she does not know who he was. She leaves her adopted parents because she fears to disgrace them, and is presently a stenographer in the attorney's office. He falls in love with her, and, for his sake, she feels that she must again "move on." But on the eve of her flight, which is also the eve of a great contest between the attorney and the corrupt judge, her mania seizes her, and she is arrested for shoplifting. Attorney promptly marries maiden, and defends her before corrupt judge, who turns out to be her father. The discarded mother

figures humbly in the action, as well as a son of the judge's prosperous years, who also inherits the stain. But the judge is a thief on a big scale, hand in glove with the boss who rules the city and the State. He looks forward to the Governorship as the supreme prize of his crafty career. Therefore he must carry things with a strong hand: only death, sudden death, while in the act of pronouncing his verdict, keeps him from sending his daughter to prison. There is material in the story for an emotional play, with many tense moments. As a story it is well told, though too obviously constructed.

His Love Story. By Marie Van Vorst. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co.

When a handsome young French count, who is also a captain in the cavalry, meets an American Miss Julia, his love story naturally begins: hers also. If he is poor, however, his sense of honor prohibits attentions beyond a certain point. When he is ordered to the front there is nothing for him to do but to depart speechless, leaving his dog in Miss Julia's hands. Such a count's dog naturally cannot live without him, and follows him to Algiers by the next boat. Such a dog, when his master is wounded and dying in the desert, infallibly trails him and brings help. Such a Miss Julia, when news comes of the captain's death, refuses to believe the worst, and sets out for Algiers. Such a generous and devoted trio as the count, the Miss Julia, and the dog are bound to be reunited, to part no more. But in setting down these rather obvious incidents, the present chronicler has employed more skill and delicacy than would be expected from the material, has produced a pretty and graceful story—a trifle excellently done.

Love's Soldier. By Olive Christian Mackirdy. New York: Cassell & Co.

This conquering hero was a London bank clerk, who loved an American banker's daughter. His career makes strange reading. It is the kind of story in which the Scotch author of an international best-seller is regarded as the best possible expert to direct the tottering fortunes of a New York bank; in which, just when the London branch of the business needs reinforcement, the beautiful waif adopted by the literary bank clerk regains an Irish father rolling in South American wealth; in which, towards the end, the now high and mighty bank clerk refuses a seat in Parliament, but after urging will accept a dukedom, whereupon the King confidentially arranges the conferring of the title as a nice little wedding surprise for the American bride. This application of the logic of the nursery saga to the possibilities of business "romance," must have been meant as a fairy-tale for the very young office-boy—a mistaken kindness, from which a taste formed upon detective literature is sure to save him.

THE TRUE JUSTICE.

The Old Law and the New Order. By George W. Alger. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25 net.

The title does not fit all of the essays which have been brought together in this volume, but appears to have been suggested by the topics discussed in the second and fourth of the series. In these, headed, respectively, "Courts and Legislative Freedom" and "The State as Employer," Mr. Alger assumes that the old law is based upon the individualistic theory of society, whereas the new order accepts the gospel of collectivism. The old law rarely interferes with the freedom of contract, deeming the individual quite capable of making his own bargains. The new order is continually penalizing freedom of contract, upon the theory that large classes of individuals are wholly incapable of bargaining wisely or advantageously. Under the old law, the hours of labor and the rate of wages were fixed by the agreement of employer and employed. The new order insists that the state shall regulate the hours of labor, the rate of wages, the time and the medium of payment. Legislation, enacted in accordance with such demands, has been held unconstitutional, and thus annulled by courts which have tested it by the rules of the old law. Hence the criticism of courts and the fierce clamor for the recall of judges which have filled the air of late.

One who listens to these noisy attacks is apt to think that judges do little else but declare progressive legislation unconstitutional and flout litigants who bring suits founded upon the principles of the new order. If, however, he investigates matters patiently he discovers that only a small proportion of litigated cases falls within these classes. The great body of law-suits involve no questions of the new order, but raise issues which both plaintiff and defendant are quite content to have decided in accordance with the rules of the old law. Probably no tribunal enjoys a higher reputation for judicial orthodoxy than the New York Court of Appeals. Certainly none has been subjected to greater criticism by the disciples of the new order. And yet, in the latest bound volume of its reports, only four out of nearly seventy decisions involve progressive doctrines. The remainder deal with controversies for the determination of which the rules of the old law were deemed fully adequate by all the litigants.

Mr. Alger, while a progressive, in the true sense of that much-abused term, is not a clamorer against the courts nor their hostile critic. In fact, he asserts that reactionary decisions "are few and far between." He recognizes the fact that the common law, as administered by our courts, is constantly adjusting itself to new social and economic conditions. Even the most critical portions of his essays bear testimony to the willingness of courts, as a body, to weave the doctrines of the new order into the fabric of the old law, whenever they accord with the needs of society and are not under the ban of constitutional prohibitions. In his own words:

> The notion that the courts form an adamantine barrier to progress is false. They do not bow to every fitful breath of change. Some judges move more slowly than others, to be sure, in adapting the law to the settled will of the people. But to their will they do conform.

It is true that Mr. Alger expresses the opinion that most of the statutes which the courts of our time are declaring unconstitutional involve problems of an economic, social, and industrial character; while the unconstitutional statutes of a century ago presented political issues. Undoubtedly, many of Marshall's great opinions were concerned with political questions, such as the relations of the States to the Union and the exact boundaries of executive, legislative, and judicial authority. But the statutes whose judicial annulment aroused the bitterest controversies, in the early years of the republic, were enacted in response to economic, social, and industrial agitation. One of the earliest of this class, a Rhode Island law, authorized the emission of paper money, made it a criminal offence for any one to refuse to take this money at its face value in a business transaction, and provided for the trial of a criminal of this sort by special courts without a jury. John Weeden, a butcher, not only refused to receive such money at its face value, but, when prosecuted criminally, insisted that the law was unconstitutional, and, therefore, void, because it denied him the right of trial by jury. His view was sustained by the Superior Court, whose members were soon summoned before the General Assembly to explain their conduct. The judges insisted that they were answerable for misconduct only in formal proceedings of impeachment. These were not instituted; but, as the judges were elected annually by the General Assembly, that body was able to displace them a few months later by officials whose social and economic views were in accord with those prevalent in the State.

Another example is afforded by the "Stay laws" of Kentucky, which provided that unless a judgment creditor should endorse on his execution, his willingness to take the paper money of State banks at its face value, in dis-

charge of his claim, the debtor should have two years in which to pay it without interest. A decision of the Kentucky Court of Appeals declaring the legislation void because violating the "obligation of contracts" clause of the Federal Constitution precipitated a long and bitter conflict between the adherents of the old law and the champions of the new order. During its progress an attempt was made to legislate the old court out of existence; and for a time Kentucky had two Courts of Appeal. But the old law and the old court triumphed in the State elections of 1826, while the new order was ignominiously defeated in its attempt to recall judges and judicial decisions.

Both in Kentucky and Rhode Island the statutes, annulled by the courts, were enacted in the belief that they were promotive of social justice. In each case they expressed the will of a clear majority of the people. In each case the will of the people was defeated by judges who interpreted Constitutional prohibitions according to the canons of the old law. In the Bull Moose terminology of to-day, they were reactionaries. And yet, no one can doubt that in each case it was the judge, deciding in accordance with the old law and not in accordance with the social, economic, and industrial philosophy of the moment, who deserved well of the republic. He was charged, as courts are charged to-day, with a disposition to defeat the will of the people as expressed by their chosen representatives in the Legislature. Undoubtedly, he had that disposition; but it was because he believed that his oath of office required him to defeat the popular will of the moment when it ran counter to a clearly expressed rule of either the Federal or State Constitution. Such rules were formulated for the very purpose of preventing the people from violating certain cardinal principles of justice, during periods of excitement, and of giving time for a sober second thought.

The Formation of the Alphabet. By W. M. Flinders Petrie. Studies Series III of the British School of Archæology in Egypt. London: Macmillan (and Quaritch), 1912. 5s.

Dr. Petrie here gathers together from many sources in the Mediterranean region some sixty alphabetic signs that recent discoveries have made known to us, and essays to show the process by which our present alphabet, or, rather, its Greek progenitor, took selective shape and order.

The author, for conclusive reasons, rejects the old theory of a Phœnician (and ultimate Egyptian) origin of the alphabet. We are not to think of it as a system invented by a single individual or a single tribe in a somewhat advanced stage of civilization, and then borrowed by other tribes from it:

> On the contrary, it appears that a wide body of signs had been gradually brought into use in primitive times for various purposes. These were interchanged by trade, and spread from land to land, until the less known and less useful signs were ousted by those in more general acceptance. Lastly, a couple of dozen signs triumphed; these became common property to a group of trading communities, while the local survivals of other forms were gradually extinguished in isolated seclusion.

Of the Runic alphabet, which has recently been brought under fresh notice, Dr. Flinders Petrie says that it must be viewed as "a branch of the Mediterranean alphabets much older than the formation of the Greek and Latin forms, which at a later date barred it off from further communication southward. Whatever it has in common with Greek and Latin letters, it has merely in common with other alphabets as well."

The order of the letters in the alphabet is that as read from a primitive hornbook, of which a reproduction is given. The derivative Greek form, though it lacked certain letters, and had interpolated certain others, will be more intelligible to the general reader, as nearer to the Latin, and therefore to our own form. In this Greek hornbook the letters were arranged on the main tablet in four vertical columns perpendicular to the handle. The columns were originally of six characters each, but the Greek hornbook had discarded as needless the primitive characters at the bottom of all but the first column, as well as the third character in columns two and four. The first column showed the vowels A, E, I, O, Υ, Ω; the second, the labials B, F (third wanting), Η, Φ (sixth wanting); the third, the gutturals Γ, H, K, Q, X (sixth wanting); the fourth, the dentals Δ, Θ (third wanting), Τ, Ψ (sixth wanting). Then three later "liquids," Λ, Μ, Ν, were added in a single horizontal line on the flat handle of the hornbook, thus being opposite the middle of the columns on the tablet, and perpendicular to their direction. And, finally, the Greek, for its own needs, interpolated a few other signs, Ζ between the second and third columns opposite F and H, respectively; Ρ and S together between the third and fourth columns opposite Q and T, respectively, and Ξ at the very extremity of the handle, next beyond N. Thus the hornbook was complete. But in learning the letters one naturally read them, not in the vertical columns, but in horizontal ranks, from left to right (Λ Μ Ν Ξ falling into line in the middle, after K), and thus the alphabetical order was established, which, with the few changes that belong to the history of the Latin tongue, and with the later differentiations of I and J, and of U and V, and the addition in its logical place of W, we still follow. Some problems, however, it is plain to see, are here unanswered, and the author acknowledges the patent fact.

The original home of the primitive hornbook, which was the immediate ancestor of that which we have described, Dr. Flinders Petrie is inclined to find in northern Syria, chiefly on account of the disregard of sibilants in the primitive system, and the use of aphabetic signs as numeral symbols, both of which characteristics are peculiar to that region.

Notes

Among the announcements of Henry Holt & Co. are "The Mastery of Grief," by Bolton Hall, and Miss Marjorie Patterson's "Dust of the Road," a novel of English theatrical life.

An authorized edition of the complete works of Arthur Schnitzler is in preparation by Richard Badger. Three volumes are already in the press for immediate publication, and the others will follow in rapid succession.

"The Inhumanity of Socialism" is the title finally chosen by Edward F. Adams for a book which Paul Elder & Co. will shortly publish.

In "The Story of California," announced by McClurg, Henry K. Norton begins with the summer of 1542 when Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo first set foot on the shore of San Diego Bay.

"The Poems of Sir Thomas Wiat," edited by A. K. Forwell from the MSS, with variants, commentary, and facsimile reproductions, will be issued in the autumn by the University of London Press.

Sir Sidney Lee has been called by London University to fill the chair in English.

The Oxford Church Bible Commentary, it is announced, is to give a completely new translation of the Old Testament, the New Testament, and the more important books of the Apocrypha. "The Book of Wisdom" (Macmillan), by the Rev. A. T. S. Goodrick, gives in considerable detail the apparatus for the criticism of this interesting Apocryphal work. The opinions of former commentators are examined, questions of date, design, and unity are discussed at length, and the views of the editor are embodied in footnotes, additional notes, and appendices. There are great differences among critics concerning the exegesis of the work, and Mr. Goodrick's conclusions will not all be generally accepted, but the volume supplies much information, it is written in a good spirit, and it will prove useful both to specialists and to the general reader.

In *Petermann's Mitteilungen* for May is the conclusion of the ethnographic description of the Balkan peoples by Professor Cvijic of Belgrade, in which he dwells especially upon their wanderings and assimilation and on the influence of Islamism. Dr. T. Herzog gives an account, with illustrations, of the Bolivian Cordillera, and in the military department Prof. A. Mar-

cuse, of Berlin, discusses the difficult problem of the navigation of an airship in a dense mist. Interesting, as showing the wide range of educational facilities in Germany, is the list of subjects to be studied by the pupils of seventeen high schools in the summer semester of this year, ranging from African religions and the history of the United States to the fundamental principles of business.

"Burdett's Hospitals and Charities" for 1913 comes to us from the London publisher, the Scientific Press Limited. The usual voluminous information is given, for this country as well as for Great Britain and her colonies. The work well deserves its sub-title, "The Year Book of Philanthropy and the Hospital Annual." The author, Sir Henry Burdett, repeats his plea that the fiscal year for all hospitals should end December 31, so that comparison of resources might be made easier.

Francis McCullagh's lurid account of "Italy's War for a Desert," published in London last year and reviewed by us July 4, 1912, has now been brought out in this country by F. G. Browne & Company, of Chicago.

Noel Buxton's "With the Bulgarian Staff" (Macmillan) is a record of hospital work with the armies of Thrace. As a representative of the English Red Cross contingent and as an old friend of Macedonian freedom for which he has done valuable service through the Balkan Committee, Mr. Buxton enjoyed the privilege of riding with the Bulgarian General Staff in the wake of the victorious armies from Kirk-Kilisseh to Tchatalja. He is sufficiently explicit in depicting the heavy cost of war in loss of life and human suffering, but his hospital sketches, while inevitably painful, make no attempt at horror for its own sake. His tone shows the moderation that comes from true sympathy and knowledge; he is savage only when he speaks of Turkish rule. There he can see nothing but a record of massacre, plunder, and general bestiality. Conceding that the Balkan war was necessary, he is still an opponent of war. The war was necessary because one swift operation to rid the Balkans of a régime which by the slower processes of massacre was exacting a higher death toll than war exacts, had become inevitable. And yet the war could have been avoided if the Powers had done their duty, even as late as five years ago, by establishing self-government in Macedonia. With the familiar argument that war is a training school of national character and the field for the display of the manly virtues, he has no sympathy. How was it, he asks, that the Bulgarian people during centuries of subjection retained the manhood which spoke out so emphatically when the need arose? Of the actual course of the war it is Mr. Buxton's opinion that the Turkish downfall came not at Lule Burgas nor even at Kirk-Kilisseh, but in the very first days' fighting. Even before Kirk-Kilisseh there was a battle fought near the Bulgarian frontier of which the world knows almost nothing. The more one reads of Bulgarian operations in Thrace the more it is apparent that only a very partial knowledge of what really happened has reached us through the newspaper correspondents.

In two ways, at least, the title of B. Granville Barker's "The Passing of the Turkish Empire in Europe" (Lippincott) is misleading. The book does not deal with the late war in the Balkans, to which there is only the very slightest reference. Neither is it a methodical history of the Ottoman Empire up to recent events. What Mr. Barker has written is a lengthy travel book in which personal experiences and description are supplemented in the approved style by historical reminiscence. Of the latter there is altogether too much, especially as the historical narrative follows no systematic course, but leaps backward and forward through the ages in a highly disconcerting manner. When one has overcome the prejudice created by a mischosen title and a pretentious manner, the reader will find much entertaining matter in Mr. Barker's account of Turkish scenes and character. His pictures, for the most part pen-and-ink sketches of his own, are exceptionally good.

The club topsail, or, as the English say, jackyard topsail-jackyarder, is a kite in no wise entitled to the pride of good ancestry, according to R. Heckstall Smith and Capt. Du Boulay, authors of "The Complete Yachtsman" (Outing Publishing Company). It was born, not of the needs of the sailorman, but was "devised, or rather popularized, by racing men in America when the sail plan was measured in such a manner that one could get an additional bit of untaxed sail if the topsail extended beyond the gaff. . . . It was originally, thus, something of a rule-cheater." Whether the authors speak advisedly as to American responsibility or not is quite beyond our province to decide; at all events, it is a very useful stretch of canvas, and is used by the English and Germans, as by us. The assertion that cruising men, however, should fight shy of it is very well taken; they should. As for the rest, the book is complete, and justifies its title; it is the most comprehensive, most accurate yachting symposium yet placed between covers. Nothing is neglected, nothing overlooked. There are chapters on rudimentary work in sailing which convey valuable information to all beginners, together with chapters on more advanced points which will interest a yachtsman, however well versed in the sport he may be. The manner of building a boat is set forth in ample detail, as well as the handling of it when built. Motor-boating, its rules, and its general aspects receive adequate attention. In short, this is a volume to which the youngster setting forth in his first catboat, as well as the tried yachtsman, may give his days and nights with great benefit.

A number of excellent qualities and one serious defect are made manifest in the first two volumes of "The Everyman Encyclopædia" (Dutton), an undertaking which is to be completed in twelve volumes. Selling at the regular Everyman price of thirty-five cents per volume, it is altogether one of the most accessible works of reference on the market. There are probably half a million words to the volume. The contents have obviously been planned with an eye to the needs of the ordinary reader. Titles like Abbreviations, Academies, and other lists to which one frequently turns for a missing name or word are exceptionally full. The useful arts are well represented, as for example, Bookbinding with 5 pages. Science and technology show well condensed articles on Astronomy, 10 pages; Biology, 12 pages; Aeronautics, 6 pages; Accumulator, 1,500 words, etc. Particular attention is given to Law. But here is where serious objection may be raised. The law is all British law and the encyclopædia as a whole a British work with insufficient concession to an American public. In a long article on Army there are two pages devoted to the history of the British army, but the United States is nowhere mentioned. American biography suffers very badly. To John Adams are devoted just 110 words, of which 40 are bibliography. This is considerably less than the space given to Abbas Pasha, of Egypt, or the late Chief Rabbi Adler. If the Encyclopædia is to have a sale in this country commensurate with its general merits a fair amount of revision is necessary.

In "Highways and Byways of the Rocky Mountains" and "Highways and Byways of the Great Lakes" (Macmillan), Clifton Johnson makes two valuable additions to a series of sectional guide-books which now covers all but the New England and Middle Atlantic States. The chief purpose of the series being to treat of country life, especially of the picturesque and the typically rustic, it will be seen that the present volumes exploit fields peculiarly rich in incident and color. Page after page is filled with pleasantly garrulous conversation with farmers, rivermen, miners, and woodsmen from Pennsylvania to New Mexico, and with descriptions of peregrinations through wonderful stretches of scenery. There are interludes in both volumes, too, of more formal exposition, as in the chapters devoted to the copper country, the Straits of Mackinac, an Illinois valley, the Texas oil fields, Pueblo life in New Mexico, and life in a Mormon village. The numerous illustrations, like much of the text, are mere snapshots of wayside experiences. The notes appended to each chapter give information concerning automobile routes and many facts and suggestions to tourists in general.

"Oblivion has scattered her poppy effectively enough over the name of Aurelian Townshend, who is now but a shadowy figure dimly discerned in the background of that bustling London of the early Stuarts and the Civil Wars. Yet in his day he walked with wits and poets, and, for certain touches of rareness here and there in his song, it becomes an act of piety to piece together what is known of him into a more complete account than has before been attempted, and to let it stand as a preface to this belated gathering of his scanty harvest." So Mr. E. K. Chambers opens the introduction to his edition of "Aurelian Townshend's Poems and Masks," in the Tudor and Stuart Library printed at the Clarendon Press from type made in the old matrices. The "act of piety" Mr. Chambers has made also a work of fine scholarship. Townshend, indeed, after all the editor's research, remains but a dim figure, but his family connections have been untangled and a surer individuality has been given him. As for the handful of poems, of certain and doubtful authorship, their ingathering has meant a considerable turning over of old song-books and manuscript anthologies. They add a little to that body of Stuart poetry,

constantly growing by the accretion of reprints, which as a whole is curiously amateurish in style, but is set off by occasional flashes of poignant beauty. About the best thing of Townshend's is his "Pure Simple Love," but this is too long to quote. As a fair specimen of his craft we choose the little "Youth and Beauty," taken from the "Ayres and Dialogues" (1653) of H. Lawes, and already reprinted by W. Beloe in his "Anecdotes of Literature" (1812):

Thou art so fair, and yong withall,
Thou kindl'st yong desires in me,
Restoreing life to leaves that fall,
And sight to Eyes that hardly see
Halfe those fresh Beauties bloom in thee.

Those, under sev'rall Hearbs and Flowr's
Disguis'd, were all *Medea* gave
When she recal'd Times flying howrs,
And aged *Æson* from his grave,
For Beauty can both kill and save.

Youth it enflames, but age it cheers,
I would go back, but not return
To twenty, but to twice those yeers;
Not blaze, but ever constant burn,
For fear my Cradle prove my Urn.

A book from the Clarendon Press, similar in general appearance to the Tudor and Stuart Library, but printed in modern types, is the "Trecentale Bodleianum," which, as the sub-title explains, is "a memorial volume for the three hundredth anniversary of the public funeral of Sir Thomas Bodley, March 29, 1613." It contains Bodley's autobiography, the first draft of his statutes for the Library, extracts from his will relating to the Library, two funeral orations in Latin, besides other pertinent matter.

Any book on government which expressed appreciation for courtesies extended by "Mr. Charles F. Murphy, head of the Tammany organization in New York city," and by other authorities only less notable, ought to be a sure guide to the subject; and, indeed, the material in Prof. P. Orman Ray's "Introduction to Political Parties and Practical Politics" (Scribner) is well selected. It is also written in a clear, brisk, textbook style. Exception will be taken by many students in this field to the author's rosy view of direct legislation as a remedy for the evils of our legislative system. In this part of his book he almost becomes an advocate, backing up his opinions with quotations from other writers who think as he does, instead of presenting the considerations on both sides, giving the results of the experiment as far as it has had certain results, and leaving the matter there. A more sweeping criticism is that of his arrangement. Superficially, a four-fold division into "Present-Day National Parties," "Nominating Methods," "Campaigns and Elections," and "The Party in Power" may seem logical, as following the chronological order of political events in the life of a party. But the consequences of this distribution of material are not entirely happy. The student is nearly three-fourths of the way through the book before he comes upon Machines and Bosses, this chapter having been placed in Part IV. Yet how much of an understanding of the subject of Part II, "Nominating Methods," or of Part III, "Campaigns and Elections," will he have without it? Especially commendable is its attention to the forms of the ballot and to the comparatively neglected topic of the politics of legislative bodies.

The composite character of English speech is strikingly illustrated by the double section of the "Oxford English Dictionary" *Sniggle-Sorrow*, prepared by W. A. Craigie (Frowde). Among the 3084 words listed there are numerous snippy English monosyllabies in *Sn*—such as *snore, snort, snuff:* Dutch *snow*, a small sailing vessel; Scandinavian *snipe* and *snub;* Gaelic *sonsy*, happy epithet for a lass; French *sojourn* and *soirée*, of which the first record is from Lady Granville's Letters, 1820; Italian *solo* and *soprano;* Latin *socialism, soliloquy*, and *solitary;* Greek *solecism* and *sophist;* Oriental *sofa* and *sophy*. The ancient anarchy in spelling into which some of us are again so merrily plunging is recalled by the word *soldier*, which has appeared in at least seventy different forms. Dilettante Walpole gets the credit for introducing in 1760 the rich romantic adjective *sombre*, indispensable in characterizing the reflections of the Byronic and pre-Byronic heroes. To the Romanticists and to Scott in particular is due the revival of *sooth*, which seems almost abruptly to have lapsed from use in the middle of the seventeenth century. The sense development of the verb *soothe* offers a peculiar surprise to any one who has associated *soothing* too closely with a certain sovereign syrup for ululant infants. *Soothe* is good old Anglo-Saxon for *verify*, and, indeed, is used in that sense as late as the sixteenth century, *e. g.*, "being inquisitive of these matters. I could find no one of them *soothed* by such persons upon whose relation I am disposed to venture." *Soothe*, however, moves towards its modern meaning when Warner writes in 1596, "Amen, I sooth'd no lye," and Lane in 1616, "to heere what lies they *soothe*." The next step is indicated in Massinger, 1623, "Sooth me in all I say. There's a main end in it." And so by little and little *soothe* suffers its declension from verifying to corroborating, to backing up, to encouraging, to praising, to pacifying, and to drugging.

Another interesting sense-history is that of the word *snob*, a term of obscure origin, in its earliest use, in 1781, meaning a shoemaker or cobbler. In its second stage it is Cambridge slang for "any one not a gownsman, a townsman"—the equivalent of "mucker" in Cambridge, Mass. Next in 1831 it is generalized to include any persons "belonging to the ordinary or lower classes of society." The classical English sense is fixed by Thackeray's "Book of Snobs," 1848, where it means "one who meanly or vulgarly admires and seeks to imitate, or associate with, those of superior rank or wealth; one who wishes to be regarded as a person of social importance." Now, there is a distinction between the English and the American use of *snob*, which is neither defined nor illustrated in the Oxford nor in our own Webster's Dictionary—a distinction due to the influence of aristocratic as compared with democratic traditions. In an American University town, for example, *snob* is not applied by gownsmen to townsmen, but by townsmen to gownsmen. In American social circles it may occasionally be applied to vulgar "climbers," but it is much more likely to be applied by "climbers" to inaccessible members of the "inner circle"; a snob is not one who seeks to associate with those of superior rank or wealth or intelligence, but one who keeps aloof from those of inferior rank or wealth. In other words, an English snob is a man who falls short of the perfect aristocrat through a taint of democratic vulgarity, whereas an American snob is a man who falls short of the perfect democrat through a taint of aristocratic exclusiveness.

The purpose of "Home Life in Russia" (Macmillan), by A. S. Rappoport, is, apparently, to give a casual reader an impression of the manners, customs, and ways of thought that distinguish the Russian people from their western neighbors. In this the book resembles the "Russian Life in Town and Country" of F. H. E. Palmer, to which, however, it is by no means equal in merit. Though Dr. Rappoport gives excellent and entertaining information, he sometimes presents it in a form unintelligible to persons not previously acquainted with Russian affairs; thus he continually uses the terms Great Russian and Little Russian, but never explains their meaning. His incoherent style, and in particular his continual neglect of paragraph structure, make reading wearisome. Important mistakes occur; for example, the Carnival discussed on pages 37-39 is the same festival as the Butter Week of pages 52-56. This Butter Week does not precede Easter, as is stated on pages 52, 53, but Lent; this odd slip leads the author to repeat a description of a popular custom of which he has already written (p. 38). The statistics of attendance at the Russian universities are given for the year 1901 (p. 204), though later figures are readily ascertainable. The system of transliterating Russian words is more German than English, and is made worse by frequent misprints; "les monshires c'est tout" (p. 7) is evidently meant for "les moushiks [muzhiks] c'est tout." The best feature of the volume is its admirable illustrations, prepared from photographs either of actual scenes or of paintings by Russian artists.

"History as Past Ethics" (Ginn), by P. V. N. Myers, is intended to complete "the series of historical text books which I began more than twenty years ago." The sub-title is "An Introduction to the History of Morals"; and the book conveys briefly what the author conceives to be the chief characteristics of the ethical and moral ideals of various Oriental peoples, of the Greeks and Romans, and of Christian Europe in the different stages of its history. Mr. Myers has read many books, and presents in clear and simple language much information which, as information, it would not be amiss for high-school pupils to acquire in connection with their courses in history. But besides presenting this information, he has made an attempt to illustrate by means of it a theory of moral progress which in turn becomes the basis for a philosophy of history. The theoretical part cannot be accounted original, nor very convincing; it is, indeed, not quite consistent, a circumstance which seems to arise from the fact that Mr. Myers has taken, for his purpose, ideas from many sources which do not always fit neatly together. He maintains, for example, that neither intellectual advance, as Buckle thought, nor economic conditions, as Marx would have us believe, nor religion,

as churchmen insist, is the directing force in history; moral progress, on the contrary, constitutes "the very essence of the historic movement." But then it turns out that moral progress is itself dependent precisely upon intellectual advance, economic conditions, religion, and so on. This is much like saying that history is determined by moral progress, and moral progress by history. Well, it is not given to all to bend the bow of Ulysses! In spite of his theorizing, Mr. Myers's book will doubtless have its uses.

Anson Phelps Stokes, who for nearly half a century had been prominent in the mercantile and financial life of New York city, died on Saturday, aged seventy-five. He was the author of "Joint-Metallism," which went through five editions, and of two books of travel, "Cruising in the West Indies" and "Cruising in the Caribbean with a Camera."

Science

In Beaver World. By Enos A. Mills. With illustrations from photographs by the Author. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.75.

Except a few good notes in magazine articles, chiefly valuable for their photographic illustrations, nothing of much account has been published about the beaver since the classic book by Lewis H. Morgan, issued in 1865. Mr. Mills has made his home since boyhood in the Rocky Mountains, winter and summer, yet has found time to ramble all over the continent, everywhere giving "studious attention" to the beaver. "At any time during the past twenty-five years," he explains, "I could go from my cabin on the slope of Long's Peak, Colorado, to a number of colonies within fifteen minutes. . . . One autumn my entire time was spent in making observations and watching the activities of beaver in fourteen colonies. Sixty-four days in succession I visited these colonies, three of them twice daily. These daily investigations enabled me to see the preparations for winter from beginning to end. They also enabled me to understand details which with infrequent visits I could not even have discovered."

Knowing these prefatory statements to be true, the reader will expect much novelty and minuteness of information, and he will not be disappointed. Moreover, he will be pleased to find the story told in terse, straightforward English, brightened by sympathetic sentiment, yet free from rhapsody or flighty hypothesis. There is some repetition, because several of the chapters have been previously used as separate articles; but an excellent index corrects this fault of orderly book-making.

The text of the book, so to speak, is the history of a colony of beavers which existed high up on Long's Peak, as mentioned. Their work and play, how they obtained food, were housed, and solved the problem of winter; how they repaired accidents and invented new ways of doing things to meet emergencies; and how, incidentally, they served the world by checking floods and storing water, are related with interesting details and exhibited in photographs. Interwoven with this are notes of comparative observations made elsewhere, sometimes corroborative, often at variance, manifesting the individuality of colonies as well as of single workers in adaptation to varying circumstances.

The form and material of the beaver's house are familiar, but several widely accepted statements in regard to its structure seem less certain in the light of Mr. Mills's experience. The construction of a typical "lodge" in the Rocky Mountains is thus outlined:

> Most beaver houses stand in a pond, though a number are built on the shore and partly in the water, and still others on the bank a few feet away from the water. . . . Houses that are built in a pond usually stand in three or four feet of water. The foundation is laid on the bottom of the pond, of the size intended for the house, and built up a solid mass to a few inches above water-level, . . . forming the floor of the low-vaulted room which is enclosed by the thick house-walls. In building the house the beaver provides a temporary support for the combined roof and walls by piling in the centre of the floor a two-foot mound of mud. Over this is placed a somewhat flattened teepee- or cone-shaped frame of sticks and small poles. These stand on the outer part of the foundation and lean inward with upper ends meeting against and above the temporary support. The beaver then cover this framework with two or three feet of mud, brush, and turf, and thus make the walls and the roof of the house. When the outer part of the house is completed, they dig an inclined passageway from the bottom of the pond up through the foundation, into the irregular space left between the supporting pile of mud and the walls. And of this space they shape a room, by clawing out the temporary support and gnawing off the intruding sticks. This represents the most highly developed type of beaver house.

The reviewer does not know where else he could find so detailed an account of beaver architecture as this; and many other revelations of the work and psychology of the animal are equally original in statement.

Prof. Charles K. Leith is bringing out, through Holt, a small volume on structural geology.

The little manual, "Elementary Geography of North and Central America and the West Indies," by F. D. Herbertson, is Volume V in the Oxford series (Frowde). It is a very condensed description, but is readable and well illustrated.

Recent anxiety over the national meat supply makes timely the appearance of "Sheep Farming," written chiefly by the late John A. Craig, and published in Macmillan's Rural Science series. When legislators propose to prohibit the killing of calves for veal, in order to conserve the beef supply, and when statisticians are calculating the diminution in the numbers of market lambs, all books which point the way to the raising of meat on our farms are of especial value. "Sheep Farming," recognizing that the days of the open range are going, if not gone, encourages and explains the keeping of sheep on the ordinary homestead farm. The book, three chapters of which are by H. P. Miller, thoroughly discusses farm equipment, the choice of breeds, the formation and management of a flock, and the preparation of sheep for exhibition. The illustrations are very satisfactory, especially the series showing a sheep-shearing expert at work.

Drama and Music

"In the Vanguard" (Macmillan), a three-act play by Mrs. Katrina Trask, is animated by such high purpose and contains so much sound philosophy that it is a pity its enthusiasm was not tempered by discretion —by a little clearer recognition of the fact that this perverse and headstrong world is not yet ripe for government by Utopian principles. With a little larger admixture of worldly wisdom it might have been made much more effective. The theme of it is the folly, wickednesss, and wastefulness of war, and it is fortified by all the usual arguments, most of which, in theory at least, are entirely impregnable. To discuss them would be to provoke a futile controversy. Mrs. Trask's hero resigns a lucrative legal position and turns soldier for the sake of the heroine, Elsa, who vows that she will only wed a hero. In war he distinguishes himself greatly, winning glory and rapid promotion, but after a bloody battle he comes across a dying enemy, smitten with remorseful despair, who succeeds in convincing him that each individual combatant must share the collective responsibility for all the lives destroyed in conflict, and that he himself is therefore many thousands of times a murderer. So he throws up his commission, and his hopes in love, preferring to endure contumely rather than engage further in impious bloodshed. But, fortunately for him, a rich humanitarian, a believer in the philosophy and morals of Christ, although a bitter opponent of much clerical teaching and dogma, has, in the meanwhile, shown Elsa the superiority of spiritual to merely physical courage, and she is ready to welcome the returned soldier. Thus virtue triumphs after all, and is made supremely comfortable by the wealthy benefactor, who finds the young man a profitable and honorable job. It is a pretty, sentimental story, written in places with no little vigor and eloquence, but it is not well suited, either in expression or form, for stage representation.

Gabriele d'Annunzio's new play, "La Pisanelle, ou la Mort parfumée," was produced a fortnight ago at the Châtelet Théâtre in Paris. The action, we read in a notice in the London *Times*, takes place in Cyprus, when young Huguet de Lusignan ruled over an accursed island. According to prophecy, it would be delivered from pestilence

by the advent of a saint who would come in rags and in bonds on the poop of a corsair's felucca. Presently there runs into the port of Famagusta a felucca laden with the booty of a sea raid, and when the curtain goes up after the prologue, sea rovers are shown lustily disputing the ownership of La Pisanelle, a courtesan of Pisa, whose strange beauty inflames the hearts of all. She is put up at auction, and the King's uncle, the Prince of Tyre, claims her as his property. While he is extolling her loveliness, Huguet de Lusignan, the melancholy mad young King, rides through the market-place, and to him La Pisanelle, bound as had been foretold on the poop of the corsair's craft, appears as the ragged saint at whose hands the stricken island awaits deliverance. To the Prince of Tyre, however, she appears in a more seeular light, and the King, in order to prevent her falling into his hands, slays him and flees from his Court. The King's mother, anxious to free her son from the spells and magic of La Pisanelle, who, it is whispered, may be Venus herself, invites her to a great entertainment at the Court. There, while she dances, slaves surround her with heavy-scented blossoms, and she meets her perfumed death.

The play, which is based mainly upon old Greek legends, is written in French blank verse modelled upon that of Honoré d'Urfé, with alternate lines of ten and six feet. There are some passages of subtle and rhythmic grace, and the subject of the play has enabled d'Annunzio to weave an intricate poetic pattern in which are mingled the romantic mysticism and the robust humor of the age. The play, however, suffers from the very wealth of the legend and the times which inspired it. The opportunity for scenic display is great, and there is some romantic music by Hildebrande da Palma.

"Scandinavian Violin Masters" is the title of a collection of pieces for violin and piano, published by Nikolay Hansen. It includes Grieg's "Ave Maris Stella," a Berceuse by Gode, Sinding's "Bird in the Grove," with pieces by Malling, Halvorsen, and others.

Mascagni was the conductor of the Verdi Centenary Festival given in Florence a few weeks ago. Under his direction the local orchestra and choral association united with soloists in the performance of selections from Verdi's early operas—"I Lombardi," "Ernani," "Nabucco," and "Traviata." Mascagni was received with enthusiasm when he appeared at the desk. That he is not a great conductor any more than he is a great composer did not seem to make much difference on this occasion. He is famous—that was enough. He also made what is said to have been his first public speech.

If Oscar Hammerstein has really engaged the famous Italian tenor, Anselmi, besides Melba, Maurice Renaud, and Leopoldo Mugnone, whom some regard as an even greater conductor than Toscanini, he will have the nucleus for a fine opera company at his new theatre that is now building. It has been said that Toscanini is like Bonci, whose finished art appeals primarily to the musically initiated, while Mugnone is "the Caruso of operatic leaders," whose conducting appeals to the masses.

The latest product of Max Reger's busy pen is a "Roman Song of Triumph," for men's chorus and orchestra. It is his opus 126. It was performed in Berlin a few weeks ago at the Tonkünstlerfest. The text, as the critic of the *Börsen-Courier* remarks, offers opportunity for little besides decorative music, and this tempted Reger to indulge in excessive sonority:

> An uninterrupted fortissimo lasting some minutes no longer has the effect of a kind of musical expression, but simply degenerates into noise, all the more because, in this case, there is no characteristic musical invention. An exception may be found in the middle part, where the prisoners of war are referred to; it contains the only bars of music in the whole piece, and here Reger has succeeded in conveying the expression of grief through the use of discords.

When Paderewski's "Manru" was produced in New York, he specially brought over for the title rôle the Polish tenor, Alexander Bandrowski, who died a few weeks ago at Cracow, aged fifty-three. In Poland he was famed as a Wagner singer.

For a single sheet of paper, on which Richard Wagner had written a few words, together with six bars from "Siegfried," the sum of 450 marks was paid at an auction in Berlin the other day. The original manuscript of the eighth scene of the first act of "Tannhäuser" brought 550 marks. At the same auction seven minuets written by Mozart when he was thirteen years old were sold for 2,375 marks, while Weber's first grand sonata for piano was knocked down for 3,100 marks. About $200 (825 marks) was paid for a letter by Gluck in which he wrote to a friend that he had no use for praise by the French, "for they are as changeable as the weathercock."

A novel feature is to be introduced in the public library of Los Angeles—a music room equipped with pianos on which patrons of the general library can try over any of the music on hand to ascertain if they can play it or care to buy it. Later, according to the *Tribune* of that city, phonograph and graphophone records will be provided for making selections before purchasing a set of new records. The room is to be made sound-proof, so that readers in other parts of the library may not be disturbed.

Chopin's complete letters have at last been made accessible in a German translation, by Bernhard Scharlitt, published by Breitkopf & Härtel. The editor calls attention to the fact that some of Chopin's letters were incorrectly reproduced in the German version of Karasowski's biography, and that these errors were copied by Niecks. The present volume includes a number of letters not previously issued in book form; new light is thrown on the relations with George Sand and the causes of their separation. The correspondence begins with the composer's boyhood and continues to shortly before his death, with a break of five years at the time when he first went to Paris. The keynote of the letters is a strong predilection for Poland, although Chopin's father was a Frenchman.

When the veteran Saint-Saëns visited America, a few years ago, it was noted with surprise with what vigor and freshness the septuagenarian played his own piano pieces and others. The same comment was made recently, in London, at the celebration of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the day when, as a boy of three, he took his first music lesson. At Covent Garden, in the evening, there was a performance of his opera, "Samson et Dalila," and this was preceded by an afternoon concert at which he played and Beecham conducted his C minor symphony. A feature of this concert was an overture to a comic opera composed when Saint-Saëns was nineteen, and heard on this occasion for the first time.

Art

Byzantine and Romanesque Architecture. By Thomas Graham Jackson, R.A. Cambridge University Press. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. Two volumes. With 165 plates and 146 illustrations in the text. $12.50 net.

It is a pleasure to review a work to which such sincere and almost unqualified approval can be given as is due to these two handsome volumes. The author, already widely known in the United States by an admirable work on Dalmatia, the Quarnero, and Istria, is not only an accomplished scholar and writer, but also a practicing architect of high reputation. He is the designer of a considerable volume of notable work, which comprises many ecclesiastical and university buildings, besides the recent remarkable achievement of the underpinning and consolidation of the fabric of Winchester Cathedral, which was threatened with ruin by the settling of the old foundations. He is probably the most distinguished representative of that group of English architects who successfully combine practical experience in the profession with the highest culture of the universities and the sound scholarship which these inculcate: a class which has but few representatives in the ranks of the American profession, in which the pressure of our driving and hurried practice leaves so little leisure for study and productive scholarship.

Mr. Jackson treats each of the various phases of early mediæval architecture with equal sympathy and appreciation, and supplements the observation of the student of historical documents with the observation of the trained architect and designer of buildings. His extensive travels have enabled him, in his analysis and discussion of the monuments, to speak in almost every case from personal inspection of and acquaintance with the building. His breadth of view is illustrated by the generous and intelligent appreciation which, unlike many of his fellow-mediævalists in England and America, he bestows upon Roman architecture. He acknowledges the greatness and beauty of its masterpieces, declares it to be the

real parent of all the mediæval and modern styles, and defends it boldly and convincingly against the aspersions of narrow-minded critics (Vol. I, pp. 7-12).

The survey undertaken in these volumes covers the Roman sources of Christian architecture and the history of the mediæval styles in Europe from the decline of Rome to the beginnings of Gothic architecture. It includes, therefore, an account of the beginnings of Christian architecture, of the early basilican churches, the Syrian and provincial transitions to the domed Byzantine style; an admirable discussion of Byzantine architecture in Constantinople, Venice, Ravenna, and Salonica; chapters on the Lombard and Tuscan Romanesque churches of Italy and the German Romanesque architecture; and a series of chapters, occupying the greater part of the second volume, on Romanesque architecture in France and England; closing with an excellent analytical résumé of Byzantine and Romanesque architecture in general. The historical movements, the causes, antecedents, and accompaniments of each characteristic development are adequately traced. The analytical description of particular buildings includes most of the more notable examples of each style, and of many which, though less familiar than these to the ordinary student, are important or interesting as links in the chain of historic and artistic development. The brevity of the notice accorded to some even of the more important monuments—such, for example, as the cathedral and baptistery at Pisa—and the almost total absence of reference to a number of the important churches of Italy—San Zenone at Verona, for example—though they suggest haste or impatience, are more probably due to deliberate intention; and are in any case compensated for by the fulness and the high quality of the accounts of Hagia Sophia, St. Mark's, the Abbey of Vézelay, and other monuments of really first-rate importance in the historical developments which the author is seeking to trace. The accounts of the Byzantine monuments of Salonica and of a number of the minor churches of Constantinople which the Turks have preserved as mosques, are particularly valuable. Very interesting also is Mr. Jackson's report to the Commissioners of the Evkaf (religious properties) of the Ottoman Empire on the present condition of Hagia Sophia. The Greek and Russian Byzantine churches are not discussed, presumably as lying outside the main current of architectural development selected.

In his treatment of French and English Romanesque architecture, to which 209 pages of the second volume are devoted, Mr. Jackson establishes a most impartial division of the space, assigning 125 pages to the French section, against 84 to the English. Such generous recognition of the real relative importance of the two architectures from the historical and technical point of view, is not common with English writers. In spite of this reserve in the treatment of the English developments, Mr. Jackson's account of both the Saxon and Anglo-Norman styles and monuments leaves little to be desired. One might well have pardoned, not to say desired, a rather more extended notice of the cathedrals of Ely, Peterboro, and Norwich, of Waltham, St. Alban's, and Southwell abbeys (the last now Southwell Cathedral), and of old "St. Bart's" in London; but here, as in other cases already referred to, the author was probably following a set design.

It is noticeable that Mr. Jackson omits all reference to the important investigations and discoveries of Professor Goodyear relative to designed irregularities and optical refinements in mediæval buildings. Even in the case of Pisa Cathedral, he contents himself with remarking very briefly the vitalizing effect of those minor irregularities signalized by Ruskin in his "Seven Lamps of Architecture."

There are a few photographic views, but most of the illustrations are from drawings, chiefly by the author. These, as well as those by his son and by other artists, are without exception well chosen and truly illustrative. There are four reproductions of water-colors by the author, of Byzantine interiors at Salonica, Ravenna, and Parenzo, and of the cloister of Le Puy, which are worthy of especial praise; they are exquisite in color and sufficiently detailed to be instructive without sacrifice of artistic expressiveness.

The books are handsomely made, and the proofs have evidently been read with exceptional care. A somewhat detailed scrutiny has brought to light only two trifling errors of typography, besides the two mentioned in the *errata*. An elaborate chronological table adds materially to the value of the work for reference, and there is a fully detailed index. The two volumes must surely take their place among the standard classics of every architectural library.

The "Reminiscences of Augustus Saint Gaudens" have been edited and amplified by his son, Homer Saint Gaudens; and the work will be issued in the autumn by the Century Co. in two large volumes, with many illustrations showing Saint Gaudens's work, and persons and places associated with his life and career.

Messrs. Dickinson, of London, will publish in the autumn "Samuel Cooper and the Miniature Painters of the Seventeenth Century," by J. J. Foster.

Dr. Ernst Steinmann, who is well known for his studies of the Sistine Chapel and the Medici tombs, is about to publish by subscription a handsome volume on portraits and other pictorial material concerning Michelangelo. Some seventy contemporary portraits will be reproduced from Dominic Anderson's negatives. "Die Portraitdarstellungen des Michelangelo" is open to subscription at Klinkhardt & Biermann's, Leipzig, at £5 sterling, subject to increase after issue.

For those contemplating such a pilgrimage "An English Cathedral" (Crowell), by Kate F. Kimball, will be found a convenient and not overburdened guide.

Finance

THE BANKING BILL AT WASHINGTON.

The two points in the new banking and currency bill which have impressed themselves most definitely on the financial mind are the refusal of the drafters of the bill to provide for a representation of experienced professional bankers on the national supervisory board of the new system, and the inflationist bent of the original currency proposals. It is never easy for financial markets to determine what to do about an inflation argument; because currency inflation automatically drives up prices, even when the longer consequences of such an undertaking are sure to be unfortunate. The Stock Exchange was in doubt what to do, even when the Windom plan of 1890 was proposed—a scheme of currency inflation, with a political connection to it, that had most deplorable results. Other people than the Wall Street constituency have to take the front of the stage, when serious discussion over the possibility of inflation in a currency measure has begun. They will be in evidence when the public hearings begin before the Congressional committees, and practical men of affairs give their judgment on the practical working of the plan.

As for the argument based on undue political centralization, the central board, made up of Cabinet officers and politically-appointed outsiders, undoubtedly creates many serious possibilities. With the powers of that board defined as they were in the bill published a week ago, the experiment would have been most dangerous. The changes made last week, however—especially that which leaves the fixing of the rediscount rate in the hands of the regional banks—to some extent modify this conclusion, and it will be still more modified if a further lopping-off of unreasonable and improper powers as now proposed, is effected by amendment in the House.

It is further to be observed that, if the central board is meant in good faith, as its authors profess it to be meant, for a supervisory Federal commission, and if its functions are restricted to

those appropriate to that office, the predominance of commissioners other than trained bankers need not be disturbing. The president of the Bank of France came from the customs service; the governors of the Bank of England are mostly wholesale merchants. If, indeed, the board were to be filled by fanatical Western legislators or by Eastern political hacks, mischief of the most serious sort might be ahead. But that is at least no visible probability; in fact, the terms of the bill do not actually exclude the appointment even of four bankers to the board. All that it says is that there must at least be one. The really vital question at issue is, not how the Federal board shall be made up, but whether improper powers, and the opportunity for mischievous intermeddling, are conferred upon it.

A few words may be timely as to the original proposals, the changes made last week, why they were made, and why other changes ought to be insisted on. There is a more or less prevalent impression that the purpose at Washington is to insist that the bill be enacted as it stands, and without material amendment. But no one will find, either in President Wilson's address to Congress or in the several explanatory statements given out in connection with the bill, any evidence of such purpose. Even Mr. Bryan, in his published comment of last week, admits that "whatever defects it may have will be brought out by discussion and cured by amendment."

The "regional reserve bank" plan has met with general commendation, and, in the main, correctly so. It has been described as the application of home rule in banking to the great geographical divisions of the country. That this authority would have to be hedged about with proper restriction and supervision under national auspices, no one has ever doubted. But to such supervision there are reasonable limits, and one of them is such interference as would deprive the regional reserve bank of its natural powers and functions, and therefore of its usefulness, as the central institution of its district.

The duty of discounting or rediscounting paper infers the function of fixing the rate at which the capital shall be loaned. If the bill had contemplated a national reserve institution, to rediscount paper for the whole United States—as the Aldrich plan proposed—it would have been the business of that institution to establish the rediscount rate for all parts of the country. That plan the present bill repudiates, and with good enough reason. But, after conferring on the regional central banks the duties and responsibilities of rediscounting commercial paper for the institutions in their several constituencies, it forthwith deprived them of all power of deciding what their discount rate shall be. The Federal board, under the original provisions of the bill, was "to establish each week" a rate "which shall be mandatory upon each Federal reserve bank and for each class of paper."

It was difficult to see, in that separation of powers, anything short of absurdity. When to such a stipulation there was added the provision that the national board is to "have the right to determine or define the character of the paper thus eligible for rediscount," the principle of regional independence is reduced to the merest shadow. It was as if another Home Rule bill were to confer on an Irish Parliament the power of local legislation, and were then to provide that all the bills proposed and passed in that Parliament should originate at Westminster, and should not be changed. The conferrees at Washington were not so blind as to fail to see that by such a provision, the measure would defeat its own purposes.

One can imagine a system under which, should the general interests of all the districts so require, the national board might recommend to a regional bank a change in its official rate. It is conceivable that, under certain circumstances and with due formalities and reservations, such a change might be required—though the wisdom even of that would be debatable. But to have one body of directors lend the money, and another, a thousand miles away, fix the lending rate, is a strange proposal. Such a plan would in effect mean either a central bank masquerading as a supervisory commission for regional reserve banks, or else would mean a system of regional reserve banks with their natural powers usurped at Washington. The proper and just distribution of powers, as between the "regional reserve banks" and the national supervisory board, is yet to be effected. It is not completed, even when the drafters of the bill have now placed the fixing of the bank rate with the district institutions, subject to review by the central board. It is absolutely essential to determine what the scope of that "review" shall be.

When the other provision of the original bill is considered—in connection with the $500,000,000 authorized Treasury notes, secured by banking assets and superimposed, so far as they are actually taken out, on all the other currency now in circulation—that the national board is to fix in its discretion the tax upon such notes, any one in the least conversant with the history of finance must know that an enormous and excessively hazardous authority would be conferred.

The proposed new note-issue offered no solution of the problem of an elastic currency. It would merely have expanded the total circulating medium beyond the highest total ever reached before, with the prospect of return to the present volume if the Federal board saw fit to impose a sufficiently high tax. In no case was actual automatic contraction of the currency provided for. If the board were not to have recourse to such powers, or if it were not to use them prudently, it would at least have to be admitted that the machinery of currency inflation was in working order.

The plan as revised last week extends the scope of the note-issue machinery, so that 5 per cent. of the existing bank-note circulation shall be extinguished every year, and shall be replaced by the new "Treasury notes." But the mischievous power of a discretionary tax by the Federal board remains, and the whole note-issue plan is surrounded by such obscurity and uncertainty that the root-and-branch revision of the clauses referring to it is imperative.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Archiv für Kunstgeschichte. Herausgegeben von Detlev Freiherrn von Hadeln, Hermann Voss, und Morton Bernath. Leipzig: Verlag E. A. Seemann.

Baerlein, Henry. Mexico the Land of Unrest. Phila.: Lippincott.

Barker, Ernest. The Dominican Order and Convocation. Oxford Press.

Blackwood, A. A Prisoner in Fairyland. Macmillan. $1.35 net.

Boyle, James. The Minimum Wage and Syndicalism. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd. $1 net.

Britton, N. L., and Brown, A. Illustrated Flora of the Northern States and Canada. Second edition, revised. 3 vols. Scribner.

Brown, P. Hume. The Youth of Goethe. Dutton. $2.50 net.

Bullen, F. T. From Wheel and Lookout. Phila.: Lippincott. $1.25 net.

Burt, A. L. Imperial Architects. Oxford. B. H. Blackwell.

Canadian Financial Review, Annual. May, 1913. Montreal: Richardson & Co.

Cather, W. S. O Pioneers! Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.

Constant, D. de. Les États-Unis d'Amérique. Paris: Colin.

Corneille, Théâtre de. Paris: Bibliothéque Hachette.

Cornford, L. C. William Ernest Henley. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 75 cents.

Dale, William. Tschudi, the Harpischord Maker. Dutton. $2.50 net.

Durran, William. The Lawyer, Our Old Man of the Sea. Dutton. $2.75 net.

Evarts, R. C. Alice's Adventure in Cambridge. Cambridge, Mass. Harvard Lampoon.

Everyday Phrases Explained. Phila.: Lippincott. 50 cents net.

Fitch, G. H. The Critic in the Orient. San Francisco: Elder & Co. $2.

Gallup's Latin Reader. American Book Co. 50 cents.

Gladden, Washington. Present-Day Theology. Columbus, O.: McClelland & Co.

Harvard College Observatory Annals. Vols. 72-6, 7; 74; 75—1, 2.

Hauptmann, Gerhart. Dramatic Works, Vol. II, Social Dramas. Edited by L. Lewisohn. Huebsch. $1.50 net.

Hilton, H. H. Modern Golf. Outing Pub. Co. 70 cents.

Hornibrook, Isabel. A Scout of To-day. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.

International Studies. Special No.—Old Houses in Holland. Lane. $3 net.

Jebb, Richard. The Britannic Question. Longmans. 35 cents net.

Kelly, E. M. Toya the Unlike. Boston: Small, Maynard. $1 net.

Knox, M. V. B. The Religious Life of the Anglo-Saxon Race. Boston: Sherman, French. $2 net.

Millet P. Jenny s'en va-t-en guerre. Paris: Grasset.
Reinach, Salomon. Répertoire de l'art Quarternaire. Paris: Leroux.
Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology—1906-07. Washington: Gov. Ptg. Office.
Report of the Com'r of Corporations on the Steel Industry. Part III. Washington: Gov. Ptg. Office.
Roach, W. W. Revitalizing Devitalized Children. Reprint from Am. Journal of Public Health.
Roe, O., and Urse, H. By the Brown Bog. Longmans. $1.35 net.
Root, Elihu. Experiments in Government and the Essentials of the Constitution (Stafford Little Lectures). Princeton Univ. Press. $1.
Sanders, H. F. The White Quiver. Duffield.
Sandison, H. E. The Chanson d'Adventure in Middle English. Bryn Mawr College Monographs.
Shaw. The Wisdom of Bernard Shaw. Passages chosen by C. F. Shaw. Brentano. $1 net.
Small, A. W. Between Eras from Capitalism to Democracy. Kansas City, Mo.: Inter-Collegiate Press.
Smith, Goldwin. Correspondence—1846 and 1910. Collected by Arnold Haultain. Duffield.
Stanard, M. N. John Marshall: An Address. Richmond, Va.: W. E. Jones' Sons.
Sullivan, T. R. The Hand of Petrarch, and Other Stories. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.30 net.
Todd, A. J. The Primitive Family as an Educational Agency. Putnam. $1.75 net.
Trevelyan, G. M. Life of John Bright. Boston. Houghton Mifflin. $4.50 net.
Verworn, Max. Irritability. Frowde. $3.50 net.
Walton, G. L. Calm Yourself. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 50 cents net.
Watkins, D. E. Public Speaking for High Schools. American Book Co. 75 cents.
White, Lazarus. The Catskill Water Supply of New York City. John Wiley & Sons. $6 net.
Wicks, P. The Truth about Home Rule. Boston: Small, Maynard. $1.25 net.
Wile, F. W. Men Around the Kaiser. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Wilson, J. F. Tad Sheldon, Boy Scout. Sturgis & Walton. $1 net.
Wilson, J. F. The Princess of Sorry Valley. Sturgis & Walton. $1.25 net.
Wilson, T. P. C. The Friendly Enemy. Putnam. $1.25 net.
Wordsworth's Poems. (Oxford Library.) Frowde.

Hitchcock's Rhetoric and the Study of Literature

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The Nation

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The Week

President Wilson's address at Gettysburg sustained the reputation which he has now securely won for being a master of phrase and of apt eloquence. But the finished and appealing form of his speech should not make its readers forget the felicity and moving quality of its substance. With perfect tact and ease he avoided any comparison with Lincoln's winged words; and he also kept clear of labored discourse upon the specific issues of present-day politics. He sought, rather, with sound judgment and deep feeling, to bring out the high summons to patriotic endeavor which the thronging memories of the occasion are so fitted to inspire. And he left it beyond all question that it was not the devices and resources of the skilled orator, but the sincere purpose and hopeful determination of the chief of state, that were finding utterance. This is the true reason for the praise which his address is receiving from all sides. He had to face an ordeal from which any President and any speaker might well shrink, but he met it with a success that must make the country proud.

The action of the Senate Democratic caucus Monday afternoon, in the matter of obtaining party unity on the tariff bill, was eminently wise. Individual declaration of intention to vote for the bill as finally approved by the caucus was obtained from all the members present, except the two Senators from Louisiana; and it is perfectly understood that the two Democratic Senators who were absent, Hitchcock of Nebraska and Culberson of Texas, will stand with the party on the question. In addition to procuring these personal declarations, which give adequate assurance of the loyalty of a number of Senators sufficient to prevent any alteration that could be regarded as affecting any vital feature of the bill, the caucus passed the following resolution:

> Resolved, That the tariff bill agreed to by this conference in its amended form is declared to be a party measure, and we urge its undivided support as a duty by Democratic Senators without amendment. Provided, however, that the conference or the Finance Committee may, after reference or otherwise, propose amendments to the bill.

It is evident, both from the language of this resolution and from its antecedent history, that what is here intended is to give just the amount of latitude necessary to satisfy the demands of Senators unwilling to shut the door to reasonable criticism and amendment, while making the united action of all members in every essential point a matter of party honor.

In choosing Mr. Frederic C. Penfield as Ambassador to Vienna, President Wilson has selected a man of excellent diplomatic experience. He was an admirable consul-general and diplomatic agent at Cairo under Mr. Cleveland, and has to his credit a valuable book on Egypt. Through marriage, he is possessed of large means, and his being a Catholic makes him the more welcome at the most Catholic court in Europe. And yet for all this, and with due regard to his pleasing personality, there is one great drawback to this appointment—Mr. Penfield's large contribution to the funds used by Mr. McCombs in his pre-convention campaign, and to the regular party funds after Wilson's nomination. The time must come when such contributions will disqualify anybody from receiving high office at the hands of the one who profited, even if indirectly, thereby. The case is, of course, different from that of J. J. Van Alen, who contributed $55,000 to the Cleveland campaign fund, on the direct promise of the Italian Ambassadorship; and yet, at bottom, the same principle underlies both.

If anybody expects to make capital of the story about the Secretary of Labor having been confined in jail for a day, nineteen years ago, upon a charge of conspiracy in connection with mining-labor troubles, he is pretty sure to be disappointed. Secretary Wilson has done well, however, in promptly making a circumstantial statement of the case, which bears every mark of completeness and accuracy. Unless some wholly different element can be shown to have entered into the matter from any with which his account is concerned, there is nothing in the story that need give him a moment's uneasiness. It may serve to remind people that his career has been that of an aggressive labor leader, but apart from this circumstance—which may, indeed, be held by many to be an objection—there is nothing in the case to injure him in the opinion of any man of sense. And to balance this there is also the reminder, which the newspaper accounts arising out of this episode naturally add, of the story of his early life—such achievement in the face of difficulties as meets with a sympathetic response from all sorts and conditions of men.

On its face, a grave injustice seems to have been done in the case of Capt. Templin F. Potts, of the navy, who was compulsorily retired from active service on July 1. He was the senior captain of the navy and was eligible to promotion to rear-admiral on March 26 last. But Secretary Daniels arbitrarily denied him his promotion on the ground that in his five years of service as captain he had had but ten months of duty at sea. Never before was an officer denied promotion on this ground, and, of course, Capt. Potts had had no warning that he would be punished if he did not go to sea. More than that, Capt. Potts's failure to go to sea was due to the Navy Department itself, for it decides which officers shall have sea commands. Secretary Meyer was responsible, for he had made Capt. Potts his "aide for personnel," perhaps the most important and honorable shore position in the service; there is none which brings an officer in closer touch with the Secretary himself. Now, as soon as Mr. Daniels made his extraordinary ruling, Capt. Potts immediately applied for sea service, in order to earn his rear-admiralcy, and received the command of the Louisiana. On the first of July he was compulsorily retired by the board of rear-admirals, which annually creates a certain number of vacancies. Had Secretary Daniels not withheld his promotion, this board would have had no authority over Capt. Potts, since it cannot retire rear-admirals. It may be that there is something in Capt. Potts's rec-

ord which entitles him to this shabby and seemingly unfair treatment. We only know that he has served forty-one years honorably; that four months ago he was thought worthy to preside over the entire commissioned force of the navy; and we cannot forget that he was one of the gallant officers of the Massachusetts in the blockade of Santiago and the fight with Cervera.

Some of the figures presented by the statement sent out from Washington, concerning Government receipts and disbursements for the fiscal year just closed, are interesting. The total of "ordinary" receipts—which, of course, leaves out the Post Office—was $724,000,000, a record-breaker; the highest previous total was $701,000,000, in 1911. But so is the total of ordinary expenditures a record-breaker, this amount being $684,000,000, as against a previous high record of $662,000,000, which was reached in 1909. The expenditures in 1912 were $654,000,000; the excess, of 29 or 30 millions, for 1913 is in the main accounted for by the increase in pensions. The pension outlay for 1913 was $175,000,000, as against $153,000,000 in 1912, the difference being due to the new pension law, which President Taft thought he was going to veto, but didn't. Customs revenue and internal revenue (exclusive of the corporation tax) are nip and tuck; the former amounted to $318,000,000 and the latter to $309,000,000. The customs receipts were not quite up to the highest record, but the internal revenue receipts seem to have been a little above the largest figure previously reached. Nearly all of this $309,000,000 is from taxes on tobacco and liquor; from which it would appear that the high cost of living has not had a powerful effect in cutting down the vogue of these indulgences.

One need not go so far as Kansas in order to be treated like a voter in a close election. Ohio, too, needs harvest hands, and farmers are offering the bait of $2.50 a day, with board, and free automobile transportation from home to work and back. The more astute among them are also pointing out that the question of social standing does not enter into this kind of labor. One may leave his toil in a city trench and help the Ohio farmers get in their superabundant crops, without suffering social ostracism. And yet, with all this, there is no rush towards the fields. Pecuniary inducements, pure air, food "the best in the land," appeals on the score of patriotic duty, all fail to tear the city laborer from his job. A few college men are all that can be caught. "It is hard to understand the city laborer's attitude," moralizes the *Ohio State Journal*, "except on the theory that he likes city life and is willing to pay for it." But there is the further consideration that harvest work lasts but a short time.

The biennial appropriation bill which Gov. Dunne has just signed for the University of Illinois will make the heads of endowed institutions envious. Some of its provisions should be noted by those who fear that narrow-minded legislators will cramp higher State education financially and administratively. Two years ago a Republican Legislature levied a permanent mill tax for the University, expected to yield about $5,000,000 biennially. The measure was bitterly opposed. This year it devolved upon a Democratic Legislature, pledged to economy, not merely to appropriate from the fund thus created, but to vote whether trustees or States should direct the manner of itemized expenditures. The final measure gave the University $4,500,000, and virtually liberty to use it according to its own judgment. Even an amendment forbidding support of a medical college, a branch of the University generally unpopular, was defeated as subversive of the trustees' proper authority. Thus this growing institution is henceforth assured by precedent and the sentiment of all parties of a fixed and competent income, completely at its disposal. And this is in a State which, unlike Wisconsin and Minnesota, has not hitherto exhibited marked popular pride in the State University.

A Chicago newspaper is cruel enough to apply a scientific-management test to the Illinois Legislature. It finds that the twenty-three weeks of the session were divided in this way: Three weeks—electing a Speaker; one week—idleness; five weeks—electing two United States Senators; two weeks—attending the Wilson Inauguration; two weeks—organizing and "getting down to business"; four weeks—committee hearings and reading of bills; four weeks—passing 25 per cent. of its bills; two weeks—passing 75 per cent. of its bills. As every day of the session cost $1,500 in expenses, in addition to $2,500 in salaries, the wasted weeks constituted an extravagance in money as well as in time. Other States could furnish equally horrible examples. No one expects a large group of men to transact affairs with the expedition of a small group. We are more than willing to pay the high cost of representative government. But is the American voter to be blamed if now and then he becomes a little disgusted at the sharpness of the contrast in this respect exhibited by his representatives in counting-rooms and his representatives in capitols?

McLoughlin's defeat by Wilding was not generally expected, plainly not in England, but is one proof more that experience and seasoned skill may be too much for eager youth even in lawn tennis. Larned was at the top of his game when he was forty, and Wilding is a veteran in struggle if not in years. It is true that he had also the advantage of not being compelled to play all through the tournament. He offered to do so, but the committee decided that the old rule should be adhered to, under which the champion has only to wait for the challenger, meanwhile keeping himself in practice and keenly studying the play of his opponent, as Wilding daily did McLoughlin's. But there was no doubt that he showed himself superior, when the final test came, and there is no room for excuses. Referring to the steady shining of the old lawn-tennis stars, the *Westminster Gazette* said, on the eve of the tournament, that the dashing youngsters who "sprang upon the twentieth century with the demand that the heroes and heroines of the past should surrender their laurels and retire to the fireside" are now "paying for seats on the grandstand to see those same champions defend the national cause." There was an unconscious prophecy in this! At the same time, no one questions McLoughlin's prowess, and Wilding himself declares that, with a year or two more of experience, the young American will be the greatest tennis player that ever swung a racquet.

The wonderful feature of M. Brindejonc's successful flight from Paris to St. Petersburg and back is not the distance, the 3,100 miles covered falling a thousand miles short of the distance traversed by Rodgers in this country in 1911, when he flew from Sheepshead Bay to Pasadena. But while the American accomplished his undertaking by a long series of short flights, the Frenchman has attained his goal by a short series of long and very speedy flights. Rodgers's longest flight in one day was 231 miles. The Frenchman's shortest flight in one day was 219 miles. The American was in the air on thirty days, scattered over seven weeks. Brindejonc flew on just nine days, scattered over one calendar month plus two days. And the Frenchman's speed! On the first day of his trip, he flew from Paris to Warsaw, 875 miles, in eight hours, averaging well above a hundred miles an hour. At another time, he travelled a considerable distance at the rate of 140 miles an hour. Of course, it is possible for our pride to reflect that the Frenchman succeeded only by flying a return journey, and that he was compelled to travel over the territories of several nations, while in our broad domain Rodgers went in only one general direction, and was never out of the jurisdiction of the Stars and Stripes. But for a decadent people, the French must be admitted to act rather strangely now and then.

Attempts by the French to put the best face on their perennially disappointing figures of population are of interest to others than sociologists. The latest results lend themselves to an interpretation almost encouraging. In a population of 39,600,000, the excess of births over deaths in 1912 was nearly 60,000. It is clear that a part of this gain was made possible only by a reduction in the death-rate; and this the French are asserting will be permanent, though some ascribe it to the marked coolness of last summer. Sterility in certain sections is traced to their prosperity rather than to race degeneracy. Brittany, Normandy, La Vendée, and the easternmost provinces show gains; the Côte d'Or and Loire and Garonne Valleys have lost. The new governmental plan of assisting poor families with more than three young children will not help matters in departments decaying because of comparative wealth. A lightening of financial burdens will not necessarily encourage large families, although it may relieve those already large—and poor.

Argentine cattle-breeders have a definite idea of the limits of the power of a Trust. At a meeting in Buenos Ayres it was explained to them that, in the first place, no Trust could create a "corner" in a primary necessary article of consumption. To be sure, a Trust could hurt the consumer, but cattle-breeders were beyond its reach, since the higher the price charged by the Trust for meat, the higher the price which breeders could expect for their cattle. This sounds like pretty roundabout reasoning to any one who has lived in the land of the Beef Trust, and heard the complaints against it from cattlemen no less than from consumers. An auctioneer, addressing the same meeting, illustrated the working of the law of supply and demand in a way that would add to the force of most expositions in the books on economics. He had sold steers that very day, he said, for $117 each that, in his opinion, were worth no more than $90. Circumstances independent of the quality of the meat governed the price. But did his conscience trouble him on account of that unearned increment of $27 a steer? Not at all. Cattle as good might at any time bring only $80, and thus the average was not far from what it ought to be. The meeting was so thoroughly convinced of the immunity of Argentine cattle-breeders that the question of what defence to make against the Trust did not even come to a vote.

It does not seem at all likely that the trouble at Johannesburg is over, though the latest accounts indicate that outward order has been restored for the time being. What has been going on there is what has occurred, at one time or another, in almost every region in which there has been a rapid development of mining on a great scale. It is probable that the grievances of the men are great and remediable, and it is certain that they have been wrought up over them to the point of anarchy. When that spirit gets thorough possession of a community in which the mine workers are in an overwhelming majority, such scenes as those at Johannesburg are always in danger of being enacted, and can be averted only by great wisdom and sagacity on the part of Government authorities or mine owners or both. To draw from such occurrences, taking place under the sway of mob passion at its highest point, any broad conclusion about the tendency of democratic institutions is little short of farcical. Yet this is what the London *Daily Mail* appears to have done when, according to a cable dispatch, it says, apropos of the failure of the Rand newspapers to appear on Saturday, that democracy, which began by demanding the right of free speech and liberty of the press, reaches its final stage by completely suppressing that and liberty. What happened at Johannesburg, in the climax of a mob uprising, is no more the "final stage" of democracy than what might happen at a European capital after the assassination of a king would be the final stage of constitutional monarchy.

It may not be true that "there never was a good war," but about the detestable nature of the present war between Bulgaria and Servia, with Greece drawn in and Rumania in danger of being, there cannot be two opinions among disinterested and civilized men. If there is any cause for it except land-hunger, insensate national jealousies and animosities, and a brutal readiness to seek by the sword what could not be got by fair negotiation, the world has not been informed. To invoke the considerate judgment of mankind upon such a mad rush into battle would be farcical. Not the least part of the astonishment with which the bloody news from Macedonia is read arises from wonder how allies who are now flying at each other's throats could ever have worked together against Turkey. They are now freely charging each other with massacres as inhuman as any that were ever laid at the door of the unspeakable Turk. The reports leaking out suggest sickening details not yet revealed. In all this there should be food for thought for our transcendental militarists. Their vision of "the just man armed," establishing righteousness, appears just now in the Balkans as a horrible sarcasm.

NATURAL HISTORY OF THE LOBBY.

Vice-President Marshall made some, for him, sensible remarks at Philadelphia on Saturday about business men lobbying at Washington. He did not deny that there were, or might be, great evils in the practice, but he sought to explain its origin. It grew out of the feeling that laws mean everything; that business is absolutely dependent upon the Government. The source of this is not hidden. Not in vain have the protectionists for two generations preached the doctrine that it is the duty of Congress to legislate prosperity. Latterly, they even had the effrontery to maintain for a time that Congress must, in effect, guarantee a "reasonable profit" to American manufacturers and merchants. With this idea, amounting in some cases to a conviction, implanted in the public mind, it was, as the Vice-President says, the most natural thing in the world that business men should think it necessary to have agents and spend money in Washington. So doing, they have often been deceived and preyed upon. But it is an entirely human phenomenon which they have presented, and one that admits of rational explanation. The scattering details, of which we have been having so many in the press, can be understood only as they are taken in connection with the entire plan of operations.

Take the case of the National Association of Manufacturers. It was a body made up, in the usual way, of the wise and the foolish, fussily active members and the quiescent, contributing kind. Some meritorious objects it placed before itself, and it was wholly within its rights in opposing what it conceived to be injurious labor-laws. From this it was easy to pass to a demand for legislative favors, or, as the Association would have said, the maintenance of just privileges; and with the tariff under revision, it was inevitable that a partisan position should be taken. Having a good deal of money to spend, the National Manufacturers found no lack of men willing to spend it for them. They went into various Congressional fights. They gave to campaign funds here and there. Their representatives assumed the air of political magnates, hobnobbed with Congressmen and members of the Cabinet, and got the ear of Presidents when they could, and the Association grew increasingly important—in its own eyes.

This went on for several years. The facts were generally known. The Association did not hide its light under a bushel. It believed in advertising; and many of its claims to tremendous influence and achievements bore traces of the advertiser's art. But now what has happened to cause all the excitement? Nothing except that a former employee has sold to a newspaper a lot of the Association's correspondence. These letters and telegrams and reports really add very little to our knowledge of the methods of corruption, though they do add a good deal to our knowledge of human nature—especially of political human nature. It is a revelation of folly rather than of crime. Without undertaking to pronounce on the entire body of evidence—not all of which has yet been made public—we think it clear that the whole story is one of much lobbying and little corruption. The thing of main interest is the disclosure of the way in which such organizations as the National Manufacturers grow and operate, finding opportunities here and pitfalls there, playing the game of politics and frequently being beaten by the veterans at it. In a word, the Mulhall revelations are chiefly of value in giving us a glimpse of what may be called the natural history of the lobby.

It is perfectly plain how the thing worked. The Association could not tackle the job first-hand. It had to have secretaries and agents. That was where its efficiency seemed to begin, but it was also where its peril began. The search was naturally for an experienced and "practical" lobbyist who could produce "results." That was where Col. Mulhall came in. He knew everybody, or assumed that he did, was able, on his own showing, to get near the business and bosoms of the most prominent men in Washington, and was a master-hand at writing the most glowing reports. It is delightful to see him hanging upon the proceedings of Congress and assuring his employers that he was doing it all. Some bill is reported out or passed or killed, as the case may be, and the jubilant Mulhall hastens to assert: "We have won a great victory." He may really have had no more to do with it than one of the House doorkeepers. And Mulhall was always carrying elections, selecting Presidential candidates, and choosing the Cabinet. We do not blame him. He was hired to "do things" and he religiously lived up to his contract. If the Association was fooled by him to the top of its bent, that was not his fault. When you employ a lobbyist, you put yourself in his hands. It is for him, according to his kind, to take your money, then trick you, then sell you out.

Let it not be thought that we would make light of the lobby. All the disclosures that have been or may be made are to be welcomed. They are undoubtedly helping to make an end of old abuses. But they are doing it not so much by showing that lobbying has been astute and wicked, as by letting the country see that it has been so often both stupid and futile. When manufacturers and others fully realize, as by now they must be near doing, that to employ a lobbyist is a waste of good money, the occupation of that Othello will be gone.

LINCOLN AT GETTYSBURG.

Lincoln's Gettysburg address holds an undisputed place among the treasures of the English tongue, and among the oratorical masterpieces of all time. Few oral utterances in any language can bear comparison with it for perfection of form or for moving quality. Read again and again, year after year, it awakens afresh the emotion with which it is charged, the feeling which inspired it when first uttered. In one respect at least, it is safe to say that it has no parallel in history, certainly not in the history of modern nations. Were it not a simple fact, it would seem an impossible fancy that a few brief sentences, spoken at the dedication of the site of the decisive battle of a gigantic war, should so loom up in the memory of a nation and of the world as to have an historic eminence coördinate with that of the battle itself.

That such an utterance should stand for all time, as a source of patriotic inspiration to generation after generation of Americans, is matter for profound gratification. It expresses with a noble simplicity the ideal of the nation; it is filled with a solemn sense of what the preservation of that nation and its ideals means not only to ourselves and to the present time, but to all the world and to future ages. From the first

word to the last this thought, this feeling, animates Lincoln's utterance. To have conveyed so lofty a conception of our country's destiny, of its part in the shaping of the destinies of the world, without the faintest trace of national vainglorlousness, is perhaps the most remarkable of all the remarkable qualities of the Gettysburg address.

When, at the outset, Lincoln, speaking of our nation as conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal, declared that we were "engaged in a great civil war testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure," he was not speaking in the air. He was building no theory, launching no speculation; he was but giving perfect utterance to that which was more or less distinctly in all men's hearts and minds, on both sides of the Atlantic. The great Republic in America was still thought of as an experiment; and the democratization of European institutions was but in its incipient stage. The preservation of the Union meant the vindication of democratic government; the disruption of it meant shipwreck of the American adventure. And it was out of the fulness of his heart, the completeness of his feeling of what was at stake in our country's success or failure, that the noble words of the conclusion of Lincoln's address were spoken. The war was not over. Many, many months of doubt and darkness were still before us. There were not wanting those, long after Gettysburg, who, though preferring the Union, were for letting the erring sisters depart in peace. No such near-sighted view of what was at stake was ever for a moment entertained by Lincoln. His soul was nerved by the conviction that shines through the closing words of the address. "That government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth"—it was for no less than this that the sacrifices were to be made which he called on the nation steadfastly to endure.

It is not surprising that Lincoln's words at Gettysburg have often been eagerly seized upon by advocates of this or that proposal of political or social amelioration as warrant for its merit. To say that Lincoln would be on their side if he were living is a favorite device. How effective it is in actually influencing thought or sentiment, there is no means of telling; that it has little or no legitimate value must be evident to any one who stops to think. If you have demonstrated that your proposal is a good one, you may conclude that Lincoln, being a good man and a sagacious man, would have been with you; but to assert that he would have been with you does not help in the least to effect that demonstration. Nobody knows, and there is nothing in Lincoln's acts or words to tell, whether or not he would have been for the initiative and referendum, or for endowment of motherhood, or for single tax; yet enthusiastic advocates of almost any "advanced" proposal of our day find little difficulty in persuading themselves that it is a corollary of the Gettysburg address. They read into "government of the people, by the people, for the people" as much of remote and unsuspected meaning as certain pietists of the past were able to discover in a simple Bible phrase, or as some commentators unearth in a line of Shakespeare.

What "government of the people, by the people, for the people" should be, in detail, each generation must consider afresh. The representative institutions, partly adopted, partly created, by the fathers of the Republic, may prove, in this respect or that, to fail of their rightful purpose. When that has been adequately demonstrated, a remedy must be sought and must be courageously applied. And, broadly speaking, it is right that the spirit of Lincoln's address should be invoked in support of any sincere and patriotic effort to bring the government of the country at any time into conformity with the needs of that time. But to invoke his language, in any more specific sense, for such a purpose, is clearly to pervert it. It was in no double sense, and with no mystic meaning, that he spoke those stirring words. They were born of the travail of that great war; of anxieties about foreign complications as well as the trials of the struggle at home; of the tremendous realities which for three long years had filled Lincoln's mind, by day and by night, and not of any dreams of future perfection. For these, the field of Gettysburg, four months after the battle, was no place and no time. Had Lincoln lived, surely no purpose to which the best thought of the nation might have turned would have been alien to him; but the cause of the Union—that cause for which those who had died at Gettysburg had given "the last full measure of devotion"—was the sole and sufficient inspiration of every word of the immortal address.

EXPLODING A LEGEND.

"Amazing" is the word most frequently used in describing the testimony given last week at Washington by the man who calls himself David Lamar. Hardened Senators were astonished. Cynical and blasé newspaper correspondents were left gasping. Never had there been such impudence, such cool effrontery, such unblushing acknowledgment of acts of turpitude. How could the fellow have mustered up such audacity? What a very thick skin must he possess, covering conscience as well as flesh and bones, to enable him jauntily to admit that he had made his living in Wall Street as a beast of prey! This was the note, these the prevailing comments, at the hearing and in the Washington dispatches. All records for impudent swindling had been surpassed. Cagliostro, in deep mortification, yielded the *pas* to David Lamar.

The question may well be asked, however, if all this astonishment is not a trifle misplaced. Is Lamar the man to be wondered at, or the men who have been his victims? To one who closely considers the whole story, and what lies back of it, the truly "amazing" thing is not so much the revelation as the belief in Lamar's extraordinary power, which had gone before it. For he has for years been the subject of legend in Wall Street. It was not, of course, a savory legend. It had to do with a supposed mysterious adroitness and success in wrecking and blackmailing. The idea was abroad that Lamar was almost a man of black arts. He was a figure of mystery, lurking, impending, terrible. The most exggerated notions were afloat of his facilities for information, of his infallible instinct for the right man or corporation to "strike," of his superhuman insight, and of his unparalleled talent for tearing the heart out of a mass of financial detail. His friend, Mr. Lauterbach, in the most innocent way in the world, quietly put his certification on the legend the other day, when he said that Lamar had a more acute men-

tality than any man he had ever known.

Well, this eighth wonder of the financial world, this supreme embodiment of diabolical cleverness, this midnight figure of dread, came out into the light of day, and what did we see? Little more than the appearance of a cheap trickster. His glib shamelessness did not hide his mental shallowness. At the first touch of cross-examination, he began to flounder in confusion. His subtle Machiavellian intellect was found unable to perceive the plainest snares laid for his feet. And the methods of operation to which he confessed were on a par with those of the ordinary deadbeat and routine vulgar impostor. His "impersonations" were so clumsily done that he was speedily detected. Mr. Ledyard, for example, at once suspected a blackmailer, and soon identified Lamar. And when this master of all the riddles of Wall Street, this gigantic financial talent, was asked where he got the figures about his alleged corporation "forgery," to the tune of $80,000,000, he disclosed his informant as a man who sells Wall Street "letters"! Was there ever such a pricking of a portentous legend?

The question presses how such a legend could have grown up. Lamar is plainly no Superman. Yet for years he has been referred to in timid whispers as a man who could make or mar in Wall Street. He was supposed to be always hovering about every large proposed financial undertaking, much as the wrecker waits on a lee shore when a ship is in the offing. That he had the power which consists in seeming to have it, appears to be beyond question. Whence did it come? Alas, not from his own extraordinary ability, but from the extraordinary cowardice, the gullibility, the doubts and fears of those upon whom he preyed. Capital is said to be the most timid thing in the world. It runs away at the slightest alarm. But is there any reason why capitalists should act like rabbits, just because a wolf heaves in sight around some Wall Street corner? The meat upon which Lamar has fed that he should grow so great has been furnished him by men who did not know how to face a blackmailer boldly, and who preferred to pay hush-money to a scoundrel rather than spend a little, and possibly face personal embarrassment and attack, in bringing him to justice.

This, it seems to us, is the great moral that stands out in the exploding of the Lamar legend. Get all the amusement you can out of his audacious confessions of villany. Be surprised, incredulous, indignant, what you will. Remark that Lamar proves the romance of cheating to be deathless. But do not overlook the conclusion that such a career as his is made possible only by the moral recreancy of his victims. If a determined front to rascals had been the rule in Wall Street, and the motto had been there: "Millions for exposure and prosecution, but not a cent for blackmail," we should not have had to wait till now to learn on how slender a foundation the great Lamar legend had been erected.

A STORY OF THRIFT.

A pleasing, and evidently authentic, story comes from Baltimore about a family servant. She came from Germany twenty-seven years ago, has lived with one Baltimore family ever since, and now returns to Germany with the tidy sum of nearly $10,000, accumulated by steady saving. Particulars as to wages are wanting, but it is evident that she has been having all these years a comfortable home and has been thoroughly appreciated in the household in which she lived. It is not improbable that her wages have been somewhat more liberal than usual, and that she has received presents that have helped her to economize in the matter of dress. But it is to be noted at once that there is nothing in the least marvellous about the tale. There are thousands of servants who, without sacrificing the requirements of comfort or self-respect, and without failing to live up to a very good standard of appearance as to clothing, could put by a hundred dollars a year out of their wages. There are many whose pay would permit the saving of two hundred dollars a year, with the same conditions satisfied. And two hundred dollars a year, regularly invested at 4 per cent., amounts in twenty-seven years to just about $10,000. Furthermore, $10,000 at the age of fifty means, for a single person, independence for the rest of her years—a comfortable and sure income for life without further labor; for it means an annuity of about $650 a year in a perfectly safe insurance company.

The story carries more than one moral. For one thing, it may serve to draw attention to a phase of the servant question which is far too much neglected. It is idle to deny that the position of a domestic servant carries with it disadvantages which weigh tremendously, and justly, against its advantages in the minds of young women in our time. The pay, in the case of girls who do not live at home, is far better than can be commanded by most of them in factory work, and the labor is also in a large proportion of cases much less trying; but against this stands less personal independence and a less desirable social status. But if the thing we have in mind were duly insisted on, were properly pressed on the attention of those concerned, the bigger pay could be made to have a powerful bearing on both the other elements. If it were to become a general thing for the better type of servants to take advantage of their opportunities for the accumulation of a fund calculated ultimately to insure independence and leisure, the effect upon their immediate feelings in regard to independence, and inevitably before long upon their social status, would be very great. A girl of twenty, getting, as so many do here in New York, a wage of six dollars a week, can lay by $200 a year without difficulty. If she marries, well and good; if she does not, then at the age of about forty-five she has something like $9,000 in bank, and can purchase for it a life income of about $45 a month. With this outcome of her labor in prospect, the status of a servant, first in her own mind and thence inevitably in the minds of others, would be very different from what it now usually is.

But there are others, far more fortunately placed in the economic scale, who might do worse than ponder the lesson of this German servant's achievement. No universal rule can be laid down to govern one's habits of expenditure. To be miserly throughout one's younger years, in order to be idle or luxurious as an old man, would be a poor management of the opportunities of life. Good sense and right feeling must be the final judge, and no arbitrary maxim can serve as their guide. But certain it is that, particularly in this country, there are myriads of per-

sons who waste in ways that are unproductive of any real enjoyment resources which, if reasonably husbanded, would result in the most solid satisfactions of later life, physical and spiritual. And in part this is due to mere want of realization of the simple arithmetical elements of the case. Upon some it is difficult to impress the importance even of Mr. Micawber's sage deliverance as to the sixpence deficit or the sixpence surplus making the difference between misery and happiness; the great majority are above this line, indeed, but do not get so far as to realize, in youth, how great a blessing they could lay up for their later life by the exercise of even a very small amount of thrift, provided it was systematic and persistent. Conspicuous and general posting of a table showing what a dollar a week, or five dollars a week, at 4 per cent. or 5 per cent. compound interest, amounts to in twenty, thirty, and forty years would do more for the promotion of happiness, contentment, and even morality, than a great deal of sermonizing.

Among the many things of the Victorian age upon which we, "the latest seed of time," are in the habit of looking back with contempt, or at best with condescending patronage, is clearly to be included that kind of teaching which found its most popular expression in the works of Samuel Smiles. His very name is almost unknown to the younger generation; but men by no means old remember the time when his "Self Help" and "Thrift" had a currency as great as that which nowadays belongs to works on social reform and world-betterment generally. It is a more generous impulse that is now dominant; and it is one that will, we are sure, result in great good. But here are two kinds of good to be effected; and while we should do the one, we should not leave the other undone. If concentration of interest upon what society should do for the individual leads—as in fact we believe it has led—to a belittling of the part that may be played by what the individual may do for himself, the balance of gain in the shape either of increase of human happiness or of development of human character may not be so clear as some imagine. Samuel Smiles we may afford to patronize as a narrow Victorian; but it is difficult to patronize Benjamin Franklin, even though we cease to heed Poor Richard. Moreover, besides being a very wise and a very great man, Franklin was most distinctly a "forward looking" man; it would not be difficult to make out a case for him as *the* pioneer of social betterment activity in this country. But both his life and his writings were pervaded by the idea that, like charity, social betterment should begin at home, in the shape of paying your own debts and providing for your own future. And the world has not become so wholly changed but that there is abundant use still for the old-time virtues of providence and thrift.

IN HONOR OF A TRAVELLER.

This is the age of travel—at least, of travel in the Apocalyptic sense of "a great rushing to and fro." Yet there is frequent lament that the leisurely intimacy of journeys in the time of diligence and inn has departed. Still, the distance into which our long trains sweep is yet a golden distance. To go to mountain or seaside is enchantment to millions who, like Arnold Bennett's couple in the Five Towns, save pence all the year for the watering-place week where they may eat, stroll, and tip with the best. Three months of it is what our teaching class lives for. A book compiled at Harvard in 1911 mustered nearly half that year's graduates as those who had been abroad. And if this is the century of travel, Americans are the nation of travellers. No other people has their fluent money, their eager, pushing curiosity, their leisure when they step aside to find it. They might well think it worth while, therefore, to notice that on July 5 Norwich, England, set aside as a museum, at the one hundred and tenth anniversary of his birth, the house of the raciest of travellers—George Borrow.

Many a thoughtless traveller, of course, is ignorant of Borrow, unless haply his Sunday-school library had a copy of "The Bible in Spain," or some teacher of description crammed "Lavengro" down his throat. But real lovers of the broad highway, and its literary records, have long known him. To them it is perfectly clear that there are two general modes of travel; the first the mode of Stevenson and Defoe, the second the mode of Borrow and Sterne. Any schoolboy who can discriminate between imagination and fancy can define these. Every business man off for a fortnight's fishing must take his choice and abide by it. The first traveller makes of every road what Stevenson made of the Great North Road, and of every seaport inn what Stevenson made of the inn at Barnby. He sees in every forsaken valley the robbery that is the central scene of a novel, and in every foamy shingle the beach where the pirate captain signals with his handkerchief to the oarsmen in the offing. This is the man of a fecund imagination, which plays lambently over scattered scenes and incidents, until they are welded into some romance. He will make the chapter-heading of a novel out of each new railway station. The other is the traveller of a more impoverished invention. Yet for that all the more charming a thumb-nail painter. He is unable to invoke heroes of fiction out of fence-corners, and wanting in the sense of a locality's spirit which suggests an enwrapping narrative for it; but nevertheless a man of feeling and observation, who can render back every striking scene, steeped in his own personality. Of course, he is the better traveller. He is the more faithful, the less inclined to forget the actual that is before him for the romantic that is nowhere. Yet he need not have the reverence for exact verity that rubs the bloom from the freshest images. As travellers and nothing more, descriptive in content and not narrative, Borrow and Sterne are far more convincing than Stevenson and Defoe. And for obvious reasons, of the two the American will prefer Borrow.

For Borrow was American in many ways. There was a robustious humor and pugnacity about him, journeying through Spain with the Bible in one hand and a cudgel in the other, very Western in flavor. His writing a novel in three nights to get the money to leave London is a bit of American journalism. He orders dinner at Salisbury, forcing the maid to pump water upon his head, with the jocose assurance of a commercial traveller. He has a garrulous observation, a prejudice in politics and religion, a dry-savored humor, that is all but Yankee. He stoutly loves a fight, the bruisers of England, and a ready, outdoor life. He lives near the gypsies in the dingle with the same

philosophical phlegm with which Thoreau dwelt at Walden. Fortunately, there was a good deal of the dreamy about Borrow, for dreaminess is a quality the traveller must cultivate. But there are Americans every day who set off on journeys with something of Borrow's equipment. They have a racial complexity as great as his mixture of Cornish and Huguenot blood, as much hardy downrightness, and as much of the spirit of adventure. They could do worse things than to assume Borrow's mantle in their peregrinations, and to create for themselves, at every turn, his shock of wonder when he "found himself off the coast of Galicia, whose lofty mountains, gilded by the rising sun, presented a magnificent appearance." Such castles in Spain will make out of the merest summer resort the great, challenging, romantic land that England, Russia, Spain, and Wales successively were to him.

That is why, if the English are ready to honor Borrow as a writer, we should be more ready to honor him as a lover of the open road. What our summer travellers should chiefly find in him is personality. Borrow was partly successful in keeping his long trips a glorious vacation, because he wanted bracing scenes, and the more out of the way, with the more odd foreign people, the better. In a larger way, it was because he saw life through the spectacles of prejudice—prejudice against the Catholics, the Lake Poets, the Whig Legitimists, prejudice against all peoples but his own English. If Jones or Smith can entertain a few pet black beasts—if he hates Presbyterians, tariff-reformers, woman's suffrage, and the local-color school of Indiana fiction—his interest in travel is assured. In some such way he must make himself distinctive. Behind these hatreds, of course, must lie self-sufficiency, self-assertion, and strong powers of self-defence. If he have these, his travels will have all his own vitality and independence.

AUSTRALASIAN LITERATURE.

SYDNEY, June 20.

The first literature of the South Seas was that of discoverers, and in it there was many a root of romance. Curiosity, wonder, and sometimes fascination marked the narratives of the early navigators. It was followed by the literature of missions, which supplied ample, if often uncritical, materials for the social writer. Almost before the explorers had gone, and while the pioneer missionaries were still planting stations, a third group—the waifs and strays, the beach-combers, the traders, and the "black-birders"—wandered through the islands or settled down in them. These, too, have given birth to a literature of their own, getting as near to the inner lives of the islanders as the explorers got to their environment, and revealing hidden depths of character from which the missionaries averted their eyes.

Louis Becke, who lately died in Sydney, is acknowledged to be the foremost contemporary writer of this last class. His own life was the romance he has written in a hundred tales. It has been briefly told by the Earl of Pembroke, who has swiftly followed to the grave the trader (as Becke then was) whom he first met in the scenes he was afterwards to describe. Of English origin and good ancestry, but Australian birth, Becke was born with the passion for roving in his blood. As supercargo, shipmaster, part-owner, trader, and labor-recruiter, he made the acquaintance of every island-group in the Pacific. According to Lord Pembroke, he knew the great ocean as few others, living or dead, have ever known it. And he ranks with Herman Melville as one of its two chief romancers.

Apparently, he lacked constructive skill. His earliest stories are very short. They gradually lengthened as he grew conscious of his powers, and some of his later books are full-length narratives. But for these he needed an historical foundation. For "A First Fleet Family" (the adventures of a family that had come out to Australia with the first convict ships) he had a veridical narrative to fall back upon, and the "Mutineers of the Bounty" are historical characters. His first collection of sketches and tales—"By Reef and Palm"—is accounted his best. It was fresh from the mint. In his later volumes there was more alloy, and more artifice was used in their composition. But they are all of the same texture. A trait of character suddenly shown, a flash of light, a deed of blood—and all is over. There is no dallying, no brooding over injuries received, no slow preparation of revenge, but the knife, the revolver, or the rifle gives instant effect to the thought or purpose. The elemental passions are alone at work. What we read of in the historians of primitive peoples thirteen centuries ago was seen in the South Sea Islands the other day. A half-caste wife stabs her rival in the presence of her paramour. A white trader pitilessly lacerates the naked back of his jealous young wife with a giant stingray, and then cuts off her hand. A man who is capable of doing such deeds rises in the estimation of his fellow-islanders. They recognize his perfect right to do what he has done.

We begin to understand exogamy and its savage sanctions. A medical practitioner marries his cousin and brings her to the island where he had before resided. Both are instantly boycotted by the natives, who all go away in shame when they discover how near is the relationship between the husband and the wife. To them it was the relationship between sister and brother. When two children born to them died, it was because the curse of wickedness was on them. So potent was the social sanction that they left the island, and when the doctor returned to it, he was alone. His wife was dead.

A life of strange vicissitude had an almost ideal ending. Louis Becke was found dead one morning, seated in front of his writing-table in a Sydney hotel, the MS. of an unfinished tale lying before him. Mr. Bertram Stevens, his literary executor, will doubtless tell the story of his life, which will be found to be as enthralling as any of the tales he has told. He will relate how Becke learned to write. No born genius, he, or even self-taught craftsman, his first short stories were licked into shape by Mr. J. F. Archibald, founder and long editor of the Sydney *Bulletin*, who continued to foster the reluctant writer till he needed no further aid. In England he speedily conquered the literary world and the world of taste, and his private papers, it is said, contain tributes from the most accomplished representatives of English culture, with Lord Rosebery at their head.

The late Sir Henry Wrixon, who had long been prominently connected with the public life of Victoria and was for many years president of its Legislative Council, was one of a number of cultivated writers who have resorted to the weapon of satire, when argument seemed to fail in effectiveness against the overwhelming forces of Socialism. Perhaps the most accomplished of these is the Australasian professor who masquerades under the pseudonym of "Godfrey Sweven" (G. Dream). His first utopian romance, "Rialiaro" (Putnams, 1901), has scientific pretensions. He imagines an archipelago in the South Seas where the central and dominant island regularly deports its vicious citizens to the surrounding islands, each according to his particular mania. On each island, inhabited solely by people with a special *tare*, this falling or propensity is developed to its logical extreme; and this gives our modern Swift an opportunity of painting new Lilliputs, which bear a perilous resemblance to certain British colonies at the Antipodes, and where monstrous psychical developments are depicted with every variety of humor, from subtlest irony to screaming farce. But the central island, Limanora, has in

consequence been purified, and, thus starting with a clean sheet, it rears a perfect community by means of a method of selection unknown to Darwin—self-selection. We have no space to tell how eloquently, and yet how plausibly, the idea is elaborated ("Limanora," Putnams, 1903), but it may be doubted if any of the hundred utopias of our time is more original or more attractive.

A dozen years ago Sir Henry Wrixon composed in two large octavo volumes, consisting of 900 pages, a picture of Australian public life that lacked neither verisimilitude nor pungency. The love-story in it was naught, save in so far as it showed (what is not usual in Australia) how the tenderest of private relationships may be caught up and shattered by the machinery of public life; but the career of the labor agitator, Jacob Shumite, who gave his name to the book, was depicted, and the work was packed with instructive disquisitions and clever conversations on the questions of the time. So swiftly does every political treatise or discussion grow antiquated in the rapidly developing communities under the Southern Cross that the book soon got to be in part out of date. The last months of the author's useful life were accordingly spent in recasting it and reducing it to a quarter of its original bulk. The change involved the leaving of the labor agitator in the background, and the advancement of another character to the title rôle ("Edwin Fairlie Frankfort"; Macmillan).

It is a scathing satire on the public men and the political life of Australia. A young Englishman of culture and talent, a recent immigrant to Victoria, is ambitious of entering the political arena. He has high ideals and aims at the loftiest ends. He soon discovers that both ideals and ends are so many stumbling-blocks, unless he keeps them exclusively for his own consumption. What his proposed constituency wants is a reservoir. But it never thinks of embarking on such an undertaking for itself. What is the Government for if not precisely to supply it? Reservoir or no reservoir is, then, the deciding question. By a piece of jobbery the reservoir is left out of the Government loan-bill for the year, and, as all public works, productive or non-productive, are executed at the cost of the London Stock Exchange or its clients, the reservoir cannot yet be constructed. So the hero of the book, not being called upon to declare his belief about the reservoir—that it ought to be made elsewhere or not at all—wins his seat in the Legislature. That he is a member only in name and for a time he soon discovers. The reservoir turns up again, and, as he can no longer conceal his opinion, on that vital issue he is flung out. His brief parliamentary career is at an end.

There is not a trace of exaggeration in any part of the book; it is absolutely and typically true, as a mere narrative could not be, and it is not more true of the author's state, Victoria, than of New South Wales, Queensland, or New Zealand. Its lessons lie on the surface, and perhaps there are few progressive countries that might not read there their own horoscope. J. C.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

It is somewhat singular that two bibliographies of an author so little read as Sir Roger L'Estrange should have appeared within six months. The first is that contributed to the ninth volume of "The Cambridge History of English Literature" (pp. 415-418) by Professor Trent; the second is that to be found in Mr. George Kitchin's biography of L'Estrange, which was reviewed in the *Nation* for May 8, 1913. It was to be expected that with his large knowledge of L'Estrange's life and writings and of the literature of the times, Mr. Kitchin should have been able to correct and supplement the bibliography in the "Cambridge History." But, as a matter of fact, the later bibliography augments and amends but slightly the former, and it is not, on the whole, in my judgment, so convenient and trustworthy. Mr. Kitchin does, it is true, make one or two contributions of his own, and he discusses in an interesting way several tracts of doubtful authorship, as well as two transiations which have been assigned to L'Estrange, but are perhaps by Aphra Behn. He makes, however, an awkward division of his bibliography, giving a list of the translations in his last chapter and a list of the political writings in an appendix; he omits two significant tracts, "L'Estrange No Papist in Answer to a Libel," etc., and "An Answer to a Letter to a Dissenter"; he gives his titles usually in an incomplete and often in an inaccurate form; he is erratic in furnishing and withholding information about later editions or impressions; and finally he fails even so much as to mention several works that at one time or another have been attributed to L'Estrange. This is all the more regrettable because Mr. Kitchin's book is so valuable not merely as a biography of an interesting man, but as a contribution to the political history of the seventeenth century in England and to the early history of the English newspaper. It seems worth while, therefore, to endeavor in the following notes to supplement and somewhat to amend the bibliography of L'Estrange as Mr. Kitchin has given it on pp. 376 *seq.* and pp. 411 *seq.*

(1.) It is not quite clear why Mr. Kitchin has failed to list L'Estrange's "printed appeals for liberation in 1644-6 and his Kentish and Interregnum manifestoes." "To a Gentleman, a Member of the Honorable House of Commons," is an appeal dated July 8, 1646.

(2.) For complete and accurate titles of the tracts listed as Nos. 1, 5, 12, 13, 14, 16, 23, 25, 26, 36, 39, 40, 44, 46, 48, 54, see the British Museum Catalogue and the bibliography in the ninth volume of the "Cambridge History."

(3.) "An Appeal in the Case of the Late King's Party" is dated on the title page, 1660. Mr. Kitchin is probably right in thinking it earlier than most of the broadsides later reprinted, but where is the external evidence for 1659?

(4.) A full list of L'Estrange's broadsides reprinted in his "Apology" may be found in the bibliography in the "Cambridge History."

(5.) "Treason Arraigned" (April 3, 1660), which is a tract reprinted in the "Apology" and called there simply "an answer to *Plain English*," should have separate notice. It was published under the former title in 1660.

(6.) "Physician Cure Thyself" is undoubtedly L'Estrange's, and should appear after "No Blinde Guides." (See the discussion in the *Nation* for May 8, 1913, p. 475.)

(7.) There were at least four impressions of "A Caveat to the Cavaliers," the third dated August 21, 1661, and the fourth September 18, 1661.

(8.) A third impression of "A Modest Plea," etc., is dated 1662.

(9.) A second impression of "The Relapsed Apostate" is dated November 14, 1661. The date of the third is 1681.

(10.) The preface to "State Divinity" is dated December 4, 1661. Mr. Kitchin dates the tract "November, 1661."

(11.) Mr. Kitchin's remark about "Interest Mistaken" would lead one to think that the statement quoted from the edition of 1682 is our only evidence for believing that the pamphlet was first published in 1661. The facts are that we find an edition dated 1661, a second impression dated 1661, a third and fourth both dated 1662, and the edition of 1682.

(12.) The title quoted by Mr. Kitchin as No. 13 ("A Whipp, A Whipp," etc.) is almost correct. But No. 14 (which should not be a separate item, as it is simply a later, enlarged edition) should read "A Whipp for the schismaticall animadverter upon the Bishop of Worcester's Letter with an answer," etc., and the tract should be dated February 12, 1662.

(13.) "A Memento," etc., appears in Watt's "Bibliotheca Britannica" under the title "His Memento; or the laying open the workings and series of the late Rebellion to disappoint the purposes of another. Directed to all those that reverence the memory of King Charles the Martyr, and wish the honour and safety of Charles II." There seems to be no corroboration of this title, but it is too circumstantial to be a misquotation.

(13.) A copy of "Toleration Discussed" bears an "Imprimatur" of February 16, 1662. It should precede "Considerations and Proposals" in Mr. Kitchin's list.

(14.) The *Intelligencer* and the *Newes* were published on Mondays and Thursdays respectively from August 31, 1663, to January 29, 1666.

(15.) The "Discourse of the Fishery" was republished in 1695 and later printed in a collection of tracts on the fishery dated 1751. (Mr. Kitchin mentions the collection on p. 410.) Why does he add "by Roger L'Estrange" when he has not noted that L'Estrange's name appeared on the title-pages of many other tracts?

(16.) The second edition of "The Parallel" with the title "An Account of the Growth of Knavery with a Parallel," etc., is dated on the title-page 1678.

(17.) The title of item No. 23 should read "Tyranny and Popery lording it over the

Consciences, Liberties, and Estates both of King and People; being a further account of the growth of Knavery and Popery under the mask of Presbytery." It sometimes appeared with the title, "The Growth of Knavery and Popery under the Mask of Presbytery."

(18.) The second edition corrected of "The Reformed Catholique" bears the date 1679 on the title-page.

(19.) A third edition of "The Freeborn Subject" is dated in 1681.

(20.) The second edition, enlarged, of "The Case Put" is dated 1679, and the third 1680.

(21.) A second edition of "The Answer to the Appeal" is dated 1681, and a third 1684.

(22.) A fourth edition of "A Further Discovery" is dated 1681.

(23.) A third edition of "A Seasonable Memorial" is dated 1681.

(24.) Two editions of "Discovery on Discovery" appeared with the date 1680.

(25.) A second edition of "A Short Answer to a Whole Litter of Libellers," sometimes found with the title "A Short Answer to a Whole Litter of Libels," is dated 1681.

(26.) A second edition of "The Casuist Uncas'd" is dated 1680, and a third 1681.

(27.) "L'Estrange No Papist nor Jesuite" is a douhtful ascriptiou. Mr. Kitchin omits "L'Estrange No Papist in Answer to a Libel entituled L'Estrange a Papist, in a Letter to a Friend" (1681), which bears his name. In the case of this tract his habit of abbreviating is unfortunate, for when he refers briefly (page 419) to "L'Estrange No Papist" we are not sure which of the above tracts he is discussing.

(28.) Three editions of "The Dissenters' Sayings" are dated 1681. A fourth edition of Part I, accompanying a second edition of Part II (see below) is dated 1683.

(29.) Two editions of "A Second Part of The Dissenters' Sayings" are dated 1681.

(30.) "An Apology for the French Protestants" is a misquoted title which is especially unfortunate, as another tract with a similar title has been incorrectly assigned to L'Estrange (see below), and it is important to differentiate the two. L'Estrange translated the tract "An Apology for the Protestants, being a full Justification of their Departure from the Church of Rome . . . done out of the French." On page 415 Mr. Kitchin says the tract was advertised in the *Observator* for August 2, 1681. No *Observator* came out on that date, and it appears that Mr. Kitchin meant to say August 13, for he gives this date on page 377.

(31.) "Considerations on a Printed Sheet entituled The Speech of the Late Lord Russell to the Sheriffs" should scarcely be dated June, 1683, since Lord Russell was executed July 21, 1683, and the date of his execution is mentioned on the title-page.

(32.) Mr. Kitchin, as we have seen, omits "An Answer to a Letter to a Dissenter upon Occasion of His Majesty's Late Gracious Declaration of Indulgence," 1687, although he mentions it on page 325. The tract bears L'Estrange's name, and is one of the easiest of his writings to procure.

H. R. Fox.

Correspondence

THE PRESIDENT'S SPEECH.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: As they said at Chicago, as they said at Washington, so they said at Gettysburg, "A good speech, but good for another place and occasion." And meanwhile our sorest national need is of just this "quiet counsel" that hardly any one in high place has the inclination or the wisdom to give us. On these occasions that celebrate a great deed well done, and hopes high or petty, the President speaks the quiet, deliberate word that calls us to match the deed, to fulfil the hopes if they are high, to enlarge them if they are petty, but, above all and first of all, to think what we do. And almost no one else in effective high place tells us this. Like his great master, Burke, he "saturates politics with thought." And still the silly patter sounds in our ears about "other places and occasions." But it is small wonder when he talks to us about "constituted leadership" and "the vision to guide and direct" the people. A different gospel this from the common one, which assumes that political implies mental equality! The President talks as if he actually believed in a democracy guided by something besides the newspapers.

It was a great speech, eminently suited to the place and occasion; and we ought all to be of one mind in saying so. It sounds a bit literary and polished, of course, beside the matchless monosyllables of that other Gettysburg address, with which, paying it the highest compliment we know how to pay, we make haste to compare it; but no one except a Philistine will like it less on that account. Good writing, with all that it implies, is almost as rare among us as "quiet gospel." It has a place in the scheme of things, and in the democratic scheme of things its place is not a low one.

Charles H. A. Wager.

Oberlin, O., July 5.

"SIR" FRANCIS NICHOLSON.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Of the many Englishmen who came to this country late in the seventeenth and early in the eighteenth centuries, no one, with the possible exception of Sir Edmund Andros, held so many important positions as Francis Nicholson. Arriving late in 1686, he was, between 1688 and his death on March 5, 1728, either Lieutenant-Governor or Governor of no fewer than five governments—namely, the Territory and Dominion of New England, Virginia, Maryland, Nova Scotia, and South Carolina. In contemporary documents Nicholson is invariably referred to as "Captain" or "Colonel" or "General" or "Esquire," and nowhere is there the least hint, so far as the present writer is aware, that he was knighted. Yet in book after book published in this country since 1880, he is called "Sir" Francis Nicholson, and even the year of the alleged knighthood is often given. This erroneous statement originated in this country, and, with one important exception, appears to be confined to American books—the exception being the Dictionary of National Biography. The sketch of Nicholson in that work was written by the late J. A. Doyle, who unquestionably repeated the statement from American sources, since, in the various books he himself wrote on the American colonies, Nicholson apparently has no title. The error has been traced to Charles Campbell, in whose "History of the Colony and Ancient Dominion of Virginia," published in 1860, we read: "In 1713 Colonel Nicholson was Governor of Nova Scotia. Having received the honor of knighthood in 1720, Sir Francis Nicholson was appointed Governor of South Carolina" (p. 369). In 1872 the error found its way into F. S. Drake's Dictionary of American Biography, and so into recent books.

The fact that Nicholson's name does not occur in Shaw's "Knights of England" is strong evidence, though perhaps not absolute proof, that he was not knighted. The Calendars of State Papers, America and West Indies, have not as yet been printed beyond 1702. What is conclusive is that in the "Acts of the Privy Council, Colonial," in other contemporary documents, and in obituary notices that appeared in the *Political State of Great Britain*, in the *Historical Register*, and in the *New England Weekly Journal* he has no title, as he surely would have had if entitled to it. Finally, in his will (Prerogative Court of Canterbury, Brook 91), dated March 4, 1728 (the day before his death), he speaks of himself as "I Francis Nicholson Esqr Governour of South Carolina in America, now residing in the parish of St. George's Hanover Square in the County of Middlesex."

Attention was called to the error a decade ago in England by Charles Dalton in his "English Army Lists and Commission Registers," VI, 399, and in *Notes and Queries*, Ninth Series, XII, 201; but this correction has apparently escaped the attention of American historians.

Albert Matthews.

Boston, July 2, 1913.

CAMPAILLA, BERKELEY, AND MILTON.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The introduction to the second edition (1728) of "L'Adamo ovvero Il Mondo Creato," by Tommaso Campailla, the Sicilian philosopher and poet (1668-1740), contains two Latin letters addressed to him by Bishop Berkeley which have escaped the attention of the biographers of the latter, but which are of interest as relating to an obscure episode in the career of the great Irish metaphysician, viz., his travels in Sicily.

That Berkeley visited Sicily at all has only been known through a passing allusion in one of his letters (1745) and through a statement of Thomas Blackwell in his "Memoirs of the Court of Augustus," II, 277. In his article on Berkeley in the Dictionary of National Biography, the late Sir Leslie Stephen conjectured that the journey to Sicily took place in 1719. Professor A. C. Fraser, in his life of Berkeley, however, assigns it correctly to 1718. The first of the above-mentioned letters, which is dated from Messina February 25, 1718, proves that it fell in the beginning of that year, for this letter commences: "Clarissime Vir: Ex itinere per universam Insulam instituto jam tandem, favente Numine, reversus, animum jucundissimum memoria Siculorum hospi-

tum, atque amicorum, praesertim quos ingenio, atque eruditione praestantes invisserim, subinde, reficio. Porro inter illos quanti te faciam, vir doctissime, facilius mente concipi quam verbis exprimi potest," etc. I may remark, in passing, that Berkeley uses the new style throughout in his journals, etc., so that this letter was really written in 1718 of the modern reckoning. From the remainder of the letter it appears that the writer had visited Campailla at his home in Modica (in the diocese of Syracuse), and that the latter had given him copies of his works to be submitted to the Royal Society in London. Moreover, Berkeley promises to send to Campailla a copy of Newton's "Principia" on his return to England.

In the second of the letters, which is dated from London, "Kalendis Julij, 1723," Berkeley informs Campailla that he has given the books "Viro erudito e Societate Regia," "qui cum solertiam, & ingenium tuum pro meritis extimet, tum id plurimum miratur, tantum scientiae lumen in extremo Siciliae angulo tam diu delituisse." He adds a few lines on the impracticability of metal mirrors for telescopes—evidently in answer to an inquiry of his correspondent—then tells him that he is sending out the promised copy of Newton's work, and concludes with some words of compliment. From the beginning of the second letter one is led to suspect that the date "1723" is a mistake of printer or transcriber for "1720." It runs as follows: "Clarissime Vir: Post longam quinque fermè annorum peregrinationem, variosque casus, & discrimina, nunc demum in Angliam redux, nihil antiquius habeo, quam fidem meam tibi quondam obligatam," etc. Now, this would apply very well to 1720, for Berkeley went abroad in the latter part of 1715, whereas in 1723 he had certainly been at home for upwards of two years. In the biographical sketch of Berkeley prefixed to the new edition of his Works (1901), Professor Fraser, however, says: "In the summer of 1720 we find the travellers at Florence." There is no authority for this statement in the published writings of the Bishop, but as his biographer had access to the unpublished correspondence of Berkeley and Sir John Perceval, I hesitate to press the suggested emendation of date.

The author of the introduction to Campailla's poem, D. Jacopo de Mazara ed Echebelz, tells us that the works which the Sicilian philosopher submitted to the Royal Society through his visitor were "L'Adamo" and a "Discorso del Moto degli Animali." The first of these is a kind of "De Rerum Natura" in *ottava rima*. The first edition (1709) contained only six of the twenty cantos that were ultimately published, and it was, of course, this earlier edition of which Berkeley took copies to England. The poem is worthy of some attention on the part of students of English literature, owing to one feature which it has in common with "Paradise Lost": Here, too, the angel Raphael appears as an expounder of the order of Nature to Adam. Indeed, Campailla's whole poem takes the form of a dialogue between the angel and Adam in which the former develops a complete system of philosophy (essentially Cartesian), while explaining to his listener the laws of the physical world, of the human mind, etc. He finds Adam puzzling over the mysteries of the existence into which he has been just introduced, and begins his instruction with the declaration:

> Mandami l'Increata Sapienza
> A prendermi di te perpetua cura.

He takes Adam to the Terrestrial Paradise, where there is a palace containing, among other things, all the instruments for mathematical and physical research that the future is to develop. Indeed, later on in the poem we have the comical situation of the angel and our First Parent peering through a microscope together. Eve is not created until the beginning of the thirteenth canto, but her creation merely furnishes the occasion for a formal disquisition on human physiology.

Apart from the feature just mentioned, I have observed no resemblance between "L'Adamo" and "Paradise Lost." Did Campailla know Milton's poem? This seems very improbable. If the Sicilian had known English, Berkeley would hardly have addressed him in Latin. To be sure, William Hog had already in 1690 turned "Paradise Lost" into Latin verse, but it is not likely that a copy of this rather obscure translation should have reached a small town in Sicily within little more than ten years of its publication. Probably the rôle of "the sociable spirit" (to use Milton's phrase) which Raphael plays in the apocryphal Book of Tobit was enough to suggest to the Sicilian and English poets independently the idea of making him God's chosen instructor and monitor of Adam.

J. Douglas Bruce.

Knoxville, Tenn., July 1.

SCANDINAVIAN STUDY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The Society for the Advancement of Scandinavian Study, at its second annual meeting at Rock Island last May, defined the functions of its committee on translations as the authorized literary committee of the Society, its members to study old and new translations of Scandinavian writers into English and publish the results of such studies. The committee was also authorized to offer the services of its members as special readers of manuscripts of translations to such publishing houses as are issuing translations of Scandinavian writings; for the Society recognized the inadequacy of English translations hitherto published and desired to coöperate with publishers in raising the standard. Publishers wishing to avail themselves of this service should correspond with the undersigned; final arrangements should, however, always be made with the individual member of the committee whose services are desired.

The committee was also asked to make some effort to have new Scandinavian publications adequately reviewed in American journals. The personnel of the committee is made up as follows: Dr. A. LeRoy Andrews, Cornell University; Mr. W. N. C. Carlton, the Newberry Library; Dr. Chester N. Gould, the University of Chicago; Mr. Aksel G. S. Josephson, the John Crerar Library; Dr. L. M. Larson, the University of Illinois; Dr. Henry G. Leach, the American-Scandinavian Foundation.

Aksel G. S. Josephson,
Chairman of the Committee.

No. 2239 Greenleaf Avenue, Chicago, July 4.

Literature

NORTHERN WANDERINGS.

Lost in the Arctic: The Story of the Alabama Expedition, 1909-1912. By Ejnar Mikkelsen, author of Conquering the Arctic Ice. New York: George H. Doran Co. $5 net.

A Summer and Winter on Hudson Bay. By C. K. Leith and A. T. Leith. Madison, Wisconsin: The Cantwell Printing Co. $2.50 net.

One of the most plausible arguments alleged by the partisans of Dr. Cook in his claim to have reached the Pole was the similarity of his narrative to that of Commander Peary. What the argument really proved was the inherent monotony of the Arctic ice, and as new volumes of Arctic exploration follow one another in quick succession this monotony is forced upon the reader more and more. In the volumes of Peary and Amundsen interest is kept alive by the positive attainment of something which appeals powerfully to the imagination. But there are no more polar centres to discover, and sore-footed wandering over unlimited ice, with the regulation Arctic diet varied occasionally by a few slices from the liver or ham of one of your favorite dogs, killed when it was just on the point of dying from exhaustion, soon ceases to be an exhilarating literary diversion.

Mylius Erichsen sailed from Denmark in the summer of 1906 to explore the northeast coast of Greenland from Cape Bismarck to Cape Bridgemann. He actually accomplished his undertaking, only to become separated from the main body of his expedition and perish in the end, together with Lieut. Hagen and one Eskimo companion. The body of this Eskimo was discovered in the spring of 1908, before the return of the expedition, with a note to the effect that Erichsen and Hagen had perished in the middle of Danmarks Fjord. It was to recover their bodies and diaries that Ejnar Mikkelsen sailed in 1909, in the Alabama, under the joint auspices of the Danmarks (Erichsen) Expedition Committee and the Danish Government. In this they were not successful, though messages left by Erichsen were found at two different places. One of these, dated ten weeks after his separation from the main body of his expedition, contains the following sentence: "We drove westward with twenty-three dogs until the first of June, reaching Peary's Cape Glacier, and discovered that the Peary Channel *does not exist*, Navy Cliff being connected by land with Heilprin Land." Mikkelsen's comment on this is:

> We think in a circle, the centre of which is the fact that Peary has stood on Navy Cliff and declared that the straits were

Bibliotheque Public (illegible)

open! How is it possible? The only explanation we can find is that he must have been so high up that the low land which connects Navy Cliff with Heilprin Land appeared to him as the surface of an ice-covered sound, and that the islands he has charted as lying across the straits are the bare tops of some small hills.

Evidently here is a task for still another northern voyage, to clear up this geographical contradiction. We shall not attempt to outline Mikkelsen's painful wanderings, after he had left his vessel, with one companion, his assistant engineer, Iversen, to search by sledging for the remains of Erichsen. It was a lucky accident that attached Iversen to the party, for it was only through his unquenchable spirit and extraordinary power of resistance that Mikkelsen ever got back to tell the story. The book is well written, translated into satisfactory English, and superbly illustrated; but as we have already indicated, the literary stomach grows squeamish when the Arctic diet is long continued.

"A Summer and Winter on Hudson Bay" does not take the reader far enough into the Boreal monotony to contract scorbutic affection of the mental mechanism, and one finds it a decided relief as a gradual return towards literature of a more human temperature. The book is a by-product of a geological expedition under direction of Prof. Charles K. Leith, the author of many papers of high scientific value in the Bulletin of the United States Geological Survey, and in various geological periodicals, and especially prominent as an authority on iron ores of the Lake Superior region and elsewhere. The geological results of this trip appeared in *Economic Geology* for April, 1910. The present volume is given to more general observations on the region visited, which covered the entire southern and eastern shores of James Bay, and the eastern shore of Hudson Bay to a point fifty miles north of Richmond Gulf. Some interesting comments are made as to the effect of the Hudson Bay Company on the region under its influence. Devoting itself exclusively to the fur trade, it has systematically discouraged any effort to develop other resources. It has frowned even upon the introduction of more modern means of travel and communication in the conduct of its own business, as likely to draw attention away from its primary object of procuring furs. Even the geographical knowledge which its agents accumulate is turned over to the public very tardily, if at all, as is witnessed by the large blank areas on existing maps of the region about Hudson Bay. "Probably nowhere else in the world could there be cited a similar case of arrested development of a great region under control of white people." Of course, the reason for this is at hand. Whenever the region is opened up to anything which will bring in a population not devoting itself to trapping, the knell of the fur business there will have been sounded.

Mr. Leith notes in this region the same painful lack of medical service which Mr. Elihu Stewart, ex-Superintendent of Forestry for Canada, lamented in the Mackenzie-Yukon region, in a volume recently reviewed in these columns. By plain implication Mr. Leith censures the Hudson Bay Company for this deficiency; and the reader is disposed to grant the justice of the censure, as he peruses in the latter part of the volume verbatim extracts from the company's own record book at Great Whale Post, for October, 1902, when a violent epidemic of measles took over one hundred lives within a few weeks. Occasionally, a white man whose condition will permit is sent out to civilization for treatment, but such relief is so difficult and expensive as to be extremely rare, and for the Indian it is virtually impossible. "The one cheerful element in the situation is the fact that the country and habits of life tend strongly toward developing and preserving good health when reasonable care is taken." Evidently, here is a chance for some philanthropist. The mere providing of a salary for a few experienced general practitioners judiciously distributed, with a fair allowance for medical and surgical supplies, would do an enormous amount of good, and it should be no objection that the alms would not be seen of men.

CURRENT FICTION.

Sylvia. By Upton Sinclair. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co.

The author of "The Jungle" always uses the form of fiction as a stalking-horse. This time the doctrine of eugenics, or, more properly, of the physical protection of marriage, is launched from the cover of romance. For some time we seem to be reading a story. The beautiful Southern heroine appears to be in for no more serious troubles than should in the best interests of story-telling attend the path of true love. She is daughter to a fire-eating and firewater-drinking Major, who on a decaying Southern estate struggles with the problem of keeping up the family dignity by means of a tottering family credit. In her earlier phase Sylvia is of the type of Mr. Tarkington's Flirt. The heart of man is a plaything with which she irresponsibly diverts herself, until the Only Man appears. He, unluckily, though of the right blood, is son of a father who, through a technical crime, has served a term in jail. The Major and his clan, however, consent to an engagement; whereupon the youth determines to go to Harvard in order to make himself worthy. The upshot is a visit of Sylvia to Cambridge, involving a good deal of academic and social intrigue, and resulting, not, as might have been expected of a mere novelist, in the triumph of the humble but constant lover, but in Sylvia's marriage to the great catch of the "Gold Coast" at Harvard. This young gentleman bears the suggestive name of Van Tuiver, and has been from birth a multi-millionaire. New York, and of course Cambridge and Boston, grovel before him. Sylvia is the first girl who has ever remained upright in his presence; consequently, he falls in love with her. The machinery by which their marriage is brought about is somewhat rusty. After her return South, Sylvia is informed by letter that her betrothed has been grossly unfaithful to her. She accepts the report without question, sends back his letters unopened, and presently marries the millionaire. Not long before the date set for the wedding she discovers that a friend has been physically ruined by marriage with a man of good social standing who has led a foul life. Fearing for herself, she causes the millionaire to be questioned as to whether her union with him will entail any risk of the sort. He gives his word it will not, but he lies. Her child is born blind, and she herself dies young. The story is unpleasant rather than tragic, since we cannot help feeling that the hapless Sylvia in part deserves her fate.

Michael. By Mrs. Henry de la Pasture (Lady Clifford). New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

In "The Inside of the Cup" Mr. Winston Churchill has just shown how a man may put himself in the way of fulfilling his spiritual nature by escape from subservience to religious authority. Lady Clifford shows the same end being reached by the opposite process. It all depends on the nature. John Hodder is (or is supposed to be) a man of strong mind and character, born to construct and to lead. The way of blind faith in the dogma of the past could not be the way for him. Michael Ferrys, on the other hand, with all his lovableness, is inherently weak and chameleon-like. Taking thought in matters of religion merely confuses him. Not until he feels the strong arm of churchly authority about him does he find himself believing, and at peace.

The means by which he is brought to this sense is strange, and, from the merely human point of view, accidental. Bred to no religious belief, he falls in love with the daughter of an old English Catholic family, a maiden firm in her faith, but otherwise the blue-eyed, golden-haired miss who is Lady Clifford's favorite heroine. His great

wealth and personal charm make him in general acceptable to the family; nevertheless, the condition of his betrothal is that he shall embrace the Roman faith. He is quite willing, and puts himself under the instruction of the Church; but neither the efforts lavished upon him nor his own good will bring conviction. Dogma does not offend him, the rites of the ancient faith have their glamour for him. But his heart remains untouched, and he is at least too honest to pretend. He sets out to confess his failure to his beloved, and to appeal to her feeling for him—and finds her dead. The shock of this discovery, supplemented by an apparent miracle, and a physical accident resulting in concussion of the brain, has its outcome in his sudden demand to be received into the Church. Apparently in his right mind, he is really unconscious of all that happens between the moment of his accident and the awakening, weeks later, from the long fever that follows. But the discovery that he has been received into the Roman Catholic fold is the important thing to him—not the manner of his reception. The matter has simply been taken out of his hands: he is safe; at one stroke all his doubts and hesitations have vanished. The idea is a striking one. The romantic conclusion of the story as a story is in Lady Clifford's familiar vein.

Fortitude. By Hugh Walpole. New York: George H. Doran Co.

Mr. Walpole extols his hero's fortitude, but the reader's deserves more praise. The history of Peter Westcott's boyhood, prolonged through thirty-odd years, leaves one with the feeling of having wandered too long in a misty dream. Peter himself complains that life has been "like fighting in a fog." His chief plight—so far as its shifting outlines permit of exact definition—seems to be that he began as a hero of romance and fell midway into a discouraging stretch of realism. After a boyhood of lonely terrors, paternal beatings, and boarding-school brutalities, he runs away from Cornwall to London, there to be launched upon a literary career under the auspices of a gentle coterie of anarchists disguised as bookworms. Through the starvation period, traditionally indispensable to the budding novelist's development, he is squired by his childhood idol, a Cornish yokel of gigantic stature and unreasoning devotion. So far he has been able to take hardships as adventures, "and nothing hurt where everything was romance." But the miseries that follow belong to a later literary fashion, and there is no disguising them. Having attained semi-celebrity and prosperity, he marries that modern woman who is ideal to woo but impossible to live with—selfish, jealous of his work, "afraid of life," deficient in maternal affection, full of the shortcomings familiar to the popular science of matrimonial pathology. His work deteriorates, his infant son dies, the unsatisfactory wife disappears with an admired friend of his school days. Then comes the modern bugaboo—heredity—to fright him with visions of a drunken old age, and memories of Cornwall lay sinister hold upon his imagination. Fortunately, in the belief that a motto makes for unity, Mr. Walpole has provided Peter at the outset with the words of a tavern sage, "It isn't life that matters, but the courage you bring to it." A final tableau reveals Peter posed solitary upon a high hill, "with the great sea at his feet, with the storm rolling up to him," symbolically breasting the future in a lofty mood of stoical equanimity.

Mr. Walpole is firmly convinced that to be indefinite is to be highly artistic and impressive. He accounts for the lurid lighting of a foggy street scene by "some fire, blazing at some street corner," and is especially delighted with photography in which "things stood out—castles, a hill, trees, running water, a shining road—and behind them there was darkness and mystery." This aversion to over-explicitness, together with an unconscious habit of imitative enthusiasm, makes bewildering reading for one who entertains no great partiality for the amorphous.

HERR BEBEL.

My Life. By August Bebel. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press.

The life story of such a man as Herr Bebel is of universal interest. He is a rare narrator. He tells us just the things we want to know; he is graphic and dignified and well-balanced; he possesses a sense of humor, and we discover in him few traces of the egoist. He humanizes a great cause, and by so doing makes it intelligible, and perhaps even appealing, to thousands who would otherwise pass by on the other side.

The lacunæ of history are always a fascinating study. None is more so than that which intervenes between 1848, when Marx and Engels put forth the "Communist Manifesto," and the founding of the International Workingmen's Association in 1864. Bebel was born in 1840, and from the account which he gives us of his youth, we are able to glean much of this period of gestation from which Socialism as a political force emerged. As we read of the hardships which confronted the proletariat of those days, we are not surprised at the demands formulated by such men as Liebknecht and Bebel; our wonder is that, once having gained an influence, they did not proceed to the limits of injudiciousness. Bebel's father was a non-commissioned officer in a Prussian regiment. The conditions surrounding such a life were miserable. The pay was more than scanty. All the official and military classes of Prussia had in those days to exist on very narrow means; almost every one had to go hungry, tightening the belt for God, King, and country. It was a maxim that Prussia became great by hunger. In 1844 the elder Bebel died at the age of thirty-five, leaving his wife without a claim to a pension. Soon after his death, his twin-brother, the better to fulfil the duty which he had taken upon him of providing for the family, married the widow. He became a constable to the military hospital at Mayence, and afterwards a warden in the Reformatory of Brauweiler, near Cologne. His compensation consisted of free lodgings (two rooms), fuel, and light, and eight thalers (six dollars) a month. This had to provide for five persons.

Consumption, however, carried him away in 1846, and his widow had to return with her family to her birthplace, Wetzlar, where lived her mother and three sisters and a brother. There Bebel attended the Poor Law School. He displayed some proficiency in mathematics, and was even initiated into the secrets of logarithms. History and geography were also favorite studies. He tells us that he was noted for pranks, and earned the reputation of being a moral reprobate. Yet the day came when he said, "Now, you must begin to be a sensible fellow." From that time he did nothing that was punishable, and eventually took the first place in his form. The family, however, continued in desperate straits. Bebel sought employment as boy in a skittle-alley, to which he resorted after school, reaching home at ten o'clock in the evening.

His mother died of consumption in 1853, and at the age of thirteen he became apprenticed to a turner. In January, 1858, he began to tramp as a journeyman. In 1860 he turned up in Leipzig, where, he says, he was lucky enough to find work at once, and just of the kind by which he afterwards built up a business of his own. At that time the Conservative reaction which had set in after 1849 began to subside, by reason of the pressure of the middle-class Liberals, who, having developed their economic forces and having obtained wealth, were showing an interest in political affairs. The "German question" had acquired a new vitality, and was supported with the greatest enthusiasm. The Nationalverein demanded the convocation of a German Parliament. The more far-sighted of the Liberals quickly recognized the importance of obtaining the support of the workers, and to this end lent themselves to the promotion of workers' unions, and sought to put trustworthy men at the head of them.

The German workingmen of those days knew next to nothing of politics.

In 1861 a Workers' Improvement Society was founded in Leipzig, of which Bebel immediately became a member. He was now on the road which landed him in Parliament, and eventually made him a power in Imperial affairs. In 1867 he was elected a member of the North German Diet. In that year was founded the Social-Democratic Labor party, which declared itself a branch of the International. This act was immediately followed by a dissolution of the League of Workingmen's Societies. The new party was pitted against the Lasalleans, who were divided into two factions bitterly at war with each other. In 1870 a fourth Social-Democratic organization came into being, but had only a short life. It was not until 1878 that the Social-Democrats were unified.

Bebel was not slow to make his presence felt in the North German Constituent Reichstag of 1867. In the Reichstag itself, which convened in September of that year, his first speech was on the Address. His second effort was in connection with the law of universal military service. On this occasion he demanded a term of nine months with the colors. This, of course, was rejected, but Bebel received many congratulatory communications from all parts of Germany. "Our Leipzig friends," he says, "sent us a token of their approval in the shape of a nine-pound ham, which was very welcome to unsalaried members as we were then."

On the 17th of December, 1870, Bebel was arrested on a charge of attempted high treason, and spent 101 days in prison awaiting trial. During this period, on the 3d of March, 1871, occurred the new elections to the Reichstag, and he was again successful. On the 2d of April he went to Berlin to attend the sittings of the Reichstag, but had to face the court in the spring of 1872. The trial lasted fourteen days, and ended in a sentence of two years' imprisonment in a fortress. His doctor consoled his wife in a curious way. "Frau Bebel," he said, "if your husband gets a year in prison, you may rejoice, for he needs a rest." His release from confinement came on April 1, 1875; but in June, 1877, he was again sent to prison, this time for six months, on a charge of libelling Bismarck. The present volume carries us to the eve of the Anti-Socialist laws and to the attempt on the Emperor's life in 1878. Absorbing as we have found it, we know that we are only at the beginning of Bebel's real political life.

In the work are disclosed the foundations on which has been constructed one of the most surprising and transforming political movements of modern history. Men and things about which there has been a vast amount of controversy in the last half century are pictured with sufficient calmness to enable us to feel that we are getting new and genuine insights. What Bebel has to say about Liebknecht, for example, is of no small account in estimating the forces of the last half of the nineteenth century. Liebknecht's was the true fighting temperament, supported by unshakable optimism. No misfortune, whether private or affecting his party, ever for a moment dashed his spirits or disconcerted him. He could not be "bluffed"; he could always find a way out of difficulties. The attacks of opponents he met on the principle that the correct move is always to go one better. Brusque and inconsiderate to opponents, he was always helpful to friends and comrades. In his private life he was a good husband and father and devoted to his family. He was a true lover of nature. A group of fine trees in otherwise unattractive surroundings would move him to enthusiasm and persuade him that the place was beautiful. He was unassuming in manner and simple in his tastes. When he appeared in a new suit—a thing which did not happen often—if Bebel did not at once notice it and compliment him on the fact, he would invariably call his attention to it and ask for his approval. He was, Bebel declares, a man of iron with the heart of a child.

Highly instructive, if not so dispassionate, is Bebel's sketch of Schweitzer, who, after the death of Lassalle, acquired the leadership of the General German Labor Union. Schweitzer, he says, was well endowed with many of the qualities which are of value to a man in such a position. He was well grounded in theory, and his judgment was cool. As a journalist and agitator he had a gift of making the most difficult problems clear to the most simple of workingmen, and he understood how to fascinate the masses and "rouse them to fanaticism." He wrote some of the best things in Socialistic literature, such as his criticism of Marx's "Capital." As a parliamentarian he was adroit. Finally, he was a good speaker. But besides these fine and even brilliant gifts he had, Bebel declares, many defects which made him a dangerous leader for a Labor party in the first stages of development. The movement which he joined after many failures was for him only a means to an end, and this end was his own advancement. Briefly, he was, in Bebel's judgment, a tool of Bismarck's.

Of Bismarck himself we are told much. Bebel's first view of the Prince was at the opening of the Reichstag of 1867. "I looked in vain," he says, "for the famous triad of hairs standing upright, like poplars on a plain, in the midst of an otherwise bald cranium, as shown in all the caricatures. I was very anxious to hear him speak, and was greatly disappointed to find that, giant though he was, he did not roar like a lion or speak with the voice of Stentor; his voice was actually a high tenor. He made use of long and involved sentences, and was sometimes hesitating, but all he said was of interest and to the point." Shortly after Bebel's trial, he fell dangerously ill with pleurisy. "I was thoroughly exhausted with all this work and worry, public and private," he says. "I suffered violent pain, and could not sleep. During the nights, as I lay awake, I bethought myself of Bismarck, in the light of a fellow-sufferer; for I knew from the papers that he was very ill with insomnia and neuralgia."

English Literature and the Classics. Lectures by Gilbert Murray and Others. Clarendon Press. New York: Henry Frowde. 6s. net.

More than twenty years ago, the late Churton Collins urged the English universities to establish "Honor Schools" in English literature, which should require as an integral part of their discipline the systematic study of the Greek and Latin classics. His plan, though approved by many distinguished persons, was quashed by University conservatism, more especially by the "philological" or linguistic wing of the "Modern Side." Some of his ideas have since been effected, gradually and partially. At Oxford the Regius professor of Greek and the Corpus professor of Latin now serve with the professor of English literature and the professor of poetry upon the Board of the *Pass* School (not an Honor School) in English Language and Literature. At Cambridge there is a personal union at least, if not an institutional union, of English literature with the classics, in the person of A. W. Verrall, first holder of the King Edward VII professorship of English literature (established 1910-11). And American humanists will recall the fact that Harvard now offers "Final Honors in Literature," based upon the study of at least two literatures, one ancient and one modern.

The institutional union, then, of these two provinces of literary study seems not beyond hope. Meanwhile it is promoted by diplomatic missions sent over the boundary from time to time to acquaint the inhabitants of one province with what has been done for them by their neighbors across the border. Such a mission is undertaken by the present "collection of nine lectures delivered in Oxford at the invitation of the Board of English Studies. . . . They were addressed primarily to members of the English School, but in effect to all students of modern literature who cared to hear . . . something of what the classics mean in the history of letters" (Preface).

The contributors have conceived their tasks variously, and their product, though of generally high quality, is uneven. S. G. Owen's "Ovid and Romance" is a conscientious notation of parallel passages in English from Chaucer to the nineteenth century, together with critical remarks of no very profound order upon the romantic quality in Ovid and his imitators. "Senecan Tragedy," by A. D. Godley, a very accomplished account of the rhetorical qualities which Seneca's Roman public and French public liked, but which no English public could long endure, concludes that "there is nothing of the Senecan tradition in Mr. Galsworthy; and we look for it in vain in the plays of Mr. Bernard Shaw"!

R. J. E. Tiddy and G. S. Gordon (the editor of the volume) come to their subjects from the "Modern Side," both being lecturers in English. Mr. Tiddy, in "Satura and Satire," propounds what seems to us an untenable analogy: as Roman *satura* is to Roman satire, so is English satire before the Renaissance to English satire after. As a matter of fact, the genial quality of the early Roman form is not matched by mediæval English satire, save in isolated cases like the "Speculum Stultorum" (Burnellus the Ass) of Nigellus Wireker; in general, quite unlike *satura*, the early English product has for its note bitter complaint and savage invective. Mr. Gordon, in "Theophrastus and his Imitators," signalizes most entertainingly the initial connections of character-writing with comedy, with philosophy, and with rhetoric; shows how the *genre* reached modern literature through the last of these channels—the classroom exercise in *ethopoicia*, not waiting for Casaubon to restore Theophrastus's own "Characters"; and establishes, finally, the relations of English character-writing to the comedy of humors, the essay, and the novel. The Oxford smartness, which in Mr. Gordon's brilliant article makes for lucidity, and is no obstacle to the conveyance of solid information, becomes cryptic, oracular, and jejune in J. S. Phillimore's "The Greek Romances"; which, moreover, leaves quite untouched the English portion of its subject. Inasmuch as this portion includes Lyly's "Euphues," Sidney's "Arcadia," and Shakespeare's "The Winter's Tale," it hardly deserves either this neglect or Mr. Phillimore's slur (Postscript, p. 117) that it is the sort of thing "that thesis-writers will not willingly let die."

Cicero's influence, not upon rhetoric and oratory alone, but upon politics, philosophy, and even religion, is the vast subject of A. C. Clark's "Ciceronianism." A genius that made Fathers of the Church take sides, and that could count among its followers Petrarch, English Deists, and Dr. Johnson, together with French Revolutionists and Burke, is surely a permanent force in the world's thought; surely "still moves among us and delivers a message to those that hearken." The "Vergil" of H. W. Garrod varies Sainte-Beuve's dictum that Virgil "divined what the future would love": rather was Virgil carried beyond his classic intention unconsciously, upon a wave of romantic feeling the nature of which he himself did not divine. Rapt from success by the Celtic glamour in his blood, he achieved in his partial failure a kind of universality that was not of the old world, but of the world to come.

Gilbert Murray, in "Greek and English Tragedy," attempts no detailed account of influence or imitation, but treats instead the pregnant differences between an art that soon forgot its liturgical origins and an art that to the very end was religious to the core. The lecture is essential criticism of a high order. Possibly even more suggestive is J. A. Stewart's "Platonism in English Poetry"; which by dealing somewhat intensively with a few poets (omitting, for example, the whole seventeenth century) builds a pathway to the Platonism in many more. Above all, the lecture itself conveys the Platonic mood; more than one neophyte is likely to look back upon it as his initiation.

Eminent English Men and Women in Paris, 1800-1850. By Roger Boutet de Monvel. Translated by G. Herring. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. $3 net.

The author of this scholarly and fascinating book, which was deservedly crowned by the French Academy last year, has been singularly fortunate in his translator. G. Herring, who is responsible for the English version, has done a really notable piece of work in preserving to an unusual degree the lightness of touch and grace of idiom that characterize the French, and that are almost invariably lost in the transference to our more stolid forms of speech. M. de Monvel himself seems to possess exactly the right equipment for his task: a wide sympathy and acquaintance with English habits of life, a profound erudition, and an unconquerable sense of humor. With the genius of his race he understands how to *marier le sérieux au riant*, and whether he is grave or gay, he writes with equal charm. He is very subtle, too, as he shows us in his analysis of Thackeray's diatribes against the frivolous and immoral French nation; this is a delicious chapter of satirical writing. If Thackeray lays about him with a club, M. de Monvel parries easily with a rapier, and his *ripostes* are the more effective because he has a very sincere appreciation of the novelist's genius. The Parisienne, he says, according to Thackeray, is "a creature who puts on rouge and powder, garbs herself conspicuously in ridiculous clothes, wears disgraceful hats, and has at least two lovers at the same time." The Parisian man is no better: "Why, ye gods," cries Thackeray in a rage, "do Frenchmen marry at all?" And then M. de Monvel proceeds to show us that Thackeray's invectives were directed against a society that he had created for himself out of the lurid novels of the day, and that when he comes into personal contact with these frivolous, immoral Parisians he often writes with sympathy and kindliness.

But if Thackeray failed sometimes to appreciate the inhabitants of the land where he spent, nevertheless, a good deal of his time, there is a long list of English men and women who have made themselves thoroughly at home there. Napoleon's prisoners at Verdun found many mitigations for the tedium of their long captivity, and made of that sleepy city a gay pleasure resort that would certainly have merited the strictures of the severe Victorian moralist. Later, when the war was over, Wellington and his army were quartered in Paris, and general, officers, and privates alike seem to have found plenty to amuse them during their sojourn, and, in marked contrast to the conduct of Blücher and his men, to have established themselves on very good terms with the inhabitants. Some of the officers, indeed, found the lure of Paris so irresistible that afterwards they made their permanent home there, and, like the inscrutable Capt. Gronow, on whose journals M. de Monvel has drawn freely for information, became the arbiters of a society which they and their successors in the next generation infected with a severe attack of Anglomania.

Then there was that wonderful Lady Blessington, who once reigned there a queen of society, and thither returned long years afterwards, an old woman, hunted by creditors, to die friendless and alone by her own hand in a humble lodging on the Rue du Cirque. Her body lies in a vault on the Chambourcy estate of the Duchesse de Gramont, who, three years later, "with touching thoughtfulness," caused to be laid beside it that of poor d'Orsay, fled like his quondam mistress from "a throng of insolent creditors" in London, and dying the day after the Prince President had relieved him from financial anxiety by appointing him Director of Fine Arts. Lady Hamilton was another who at the last sought the hospitality of France, and lies in its friendly soil. As the record in the city's register of births and deaths shows, she died at Calais on January 15, 1815—of hunger.

It would be possible to quote indefinitely from this charming book, but that would be apt to convey the false impression that M. de Monvel's work is

principally a volume of entertaining gossip. So far from that being the case, the author displays throughout a definite constructive purpose, which is to illustrate the somewhat remarkable fact that, despite the most radical differences of sentiment and manners between France and England, there are, as he says, politics apart, "few nations who have maintained a more uninterrupted intercourse with one another, and probably fewer still whose thought and culture have acted and reacted so closely one upon another."

Notes

The Century Company announces that Oliver Herford's "Jungle Jingles" are to be made into a characteristic Herford book this autumn, with pictures on every page and a cover drawing by the author.

The same house will publish Jack London's "John Barleycorn" and a book on the Balkans by Robert Hichens, with pictures by Jules Guérin.

Mr. Charles Hughes, author of "Unpublished Chapters from Fynes Moryson," will bring out, through Simpkin Marshall, "Mrs. Piozzi's Thraliana."

Among the announcements of Longmans, Green & Company are the following titles: "Organized Democracy: An Introduction to the Study of American Politics" (American Citizen series), by Frederick A. Cleveland; "Public Opinion and Popular Government," by A. Lawrence Lowell; "Modern American Speeches," edited with notes and introductions by Lester W. Boardman, and "A History of England, from the Defeat of the Armada to the Death of Elizabeth, with an Account of English Institutions During the Later Sixteenth and Early Seventeenth Centuries," by E. P. Cheyney.

In Mrs. Dora Sigerson Shorter's "New Poems" (Dublin: Maunsel & Company) there is nothing to alter or affect particularly the reputation already gained by the poetess. The volume, a very slender one this time, is composed of several ballads and a few lyrics written in the strain already associated with her name. To be sure, there is no ballad to equal "The Deer Stone" and "Kathleen's Charity," no lyric so good as "The Wind on the Hills" with its admirable expression of what we have come to think of as the Celtic spirit, whose

> children shall inherit
> The unrest of the wind.

But it is written in the same key, with much of the same gentle nostalgia for the world of romance and faery, with the same delicate touch at work on the prosaic little details of daily life, transmuting them into something rarer and more ethereal than the things of sense.

> All night the small feet of the rain
> Within the garden ran,
> And gentle fingers tapped the pane
> Until the dawn began.
>
> The rill-like voices called and sung
> The slanting roofs beside;
> "The children of the clouds have come;
> Awake! awake!" they cried. . . .
>
> All night the small feet of the rain
> About my garden ran,
> Their rill-like voices called and cried
> Until the dawn began.

It is a question whether an Everyman's Library need be painstaking in its apparatus; and it is not certain how many poets have been careful editors. In any case, John Masefield, in his Introduction to Anson's "Voyage Round the World" (Everyman's Library, No. 510: Dutton), has done no more than write something about life at sea and ashore in 1740, letting Anson's "Voyage" come out again as the work of Richard Walter, chaplain of the Centurion. It seems perfectly clear that this extraordinary narrative was put together by Benjamin Robins, the celebrated expert on gunnery.

From the Yale University Press we have an "Index Verborum Catullianus," by Prof. Monroe N. Wetmore, of Williams College, following the same plan as his index to the vocabulary of Virgil, published in 1911, except that the careful record of manuscript variants given in the Oxford text edition rendered unnecessary any reference to them in the parenthetical notes of this index. As previous indexes to Catullus are out of print, and even the best of them unmindful of variant readings and otherwise defective, many readers who share the revived interest in Catullus will heartily thank Professor Wetmore for this aid.

In "Annals of the Strand" and "Annals of Fleet Street" (Stokes), E. Beresford Chancellor has done good work in concentrating the histories of these two famous streets, almost the most famous in the world, which merge into one another, into two substantial volumes. Despite his modest apology for "sins of omission and commission" he seems to have given a singularly full and complete account of the history and topography of the streets as well as of the great names which have been associated with them. His study of the available sources of information has been commendably conscientious, and both books have the merit of liberal quotation and of footnotes giving chapter and verse of references to authorities. It cannot be said that either of the volumes is written in a particularly entertaining style; but in compensation for the lack of qualities calculated to make a popular appeal, the information they contain is full and accurate; they are well indexed, and as reference books for those who have more than a superficial interest in the street of London where more of history is written than in any other they should prove of great value. It is perhaps regrettable that Mr. Chancellor has not seen fit to include in his "Annals of Fleet Street" some fuller account of its life to-day, and of the personalities who are moving there in our own generation. True, that would be a somewhat delicate task, but Fleet Street is probably not less interesting to-day than it has ever been, if we except the great and inevitable Johnsonian tradition, and for the peripatetic philosopher from a foreign land in London such a chapter would have a great fascination The illustrations in both volumes are judiciously selected and well reproduced

The translation of the "Anglo-Saxon Chronicle," made in 1847 by J. A. Giles, which was formerly bound with the same translator's version of Bede's "Ecclesiastical History," has been reissued as a separate volume in Bohn's Library (Macmillan). Although completely superseded by the critical edition of Earle and Plummer, its cheapness gives it a kind of claim on those whose interest is curious rather than strictly scholarly. A new introduction has been provided.

Mr. Robert W. Neeser, the secretary of the Naval History Society, has published, through the Yale University Press, "A Landsman's Log," being his diary on board the battleship Kansas during a four months' winter cruise in Caribbean waters some few years ago. The book, profusely illustrated with excellent and quite remarkable photographs of his own taking, gives a detailed account of his experiences while honorary (and, we are sure, most welcome) member of the Kansas's Ward Room Mess. No better description than this of modern ship life can be found. The varying episodes of coaling and the subsequent cleaning up, of drills and exercises afloat and ashore, of target practice with great guns under way, or with rifles at the Guantanamo range, of boat racing, of sports and entertainments on board, of games and athletic competitions at the recreation ground, also at Guantanamo, are faithfully recounted. To the average reader, who knows but little of the routine and discipline of our fleet, this log will prove most acceptable. Though it pretends to be no more than the title implies, one is tempted to regret that it has not thrown more light on the bluejacket's daily life or presented his point of view. The good quality of the enlisted man is recognized, and reference is made to the admirable relations existing between him and his superior officers, but this last gratifying fact and his mental attitude towards the service in general might well have received further elaboration at the hands of this author, whose clear style, competent observation, and unusual modesty are manifest on every page.

It is not pleasant to find fault with a writer on Austria who loves the country as much as does James Baker ("Austria: Her People, Their Homelands," John Lane), but it must be said that he has written a disappointing book. It is neither guide book nor description of travel, but a very superficial medley from various sources, some as remote as Kohl's "Reisen," in the early forties. Complacent quotations from the author's novels, the scene of which is laid in Austria, are also relied on. The style is often slipshod, and the pages fairly swarm with errors and misprints. The adjective "Slowenisch" is used as a noun. The battle of Lissa is said to have "made the Adriatic so largely an Austrian sea," the fact being that after the battle Austria was forced to surrender Venice, her principal possession on the Adriatic. Graz, the capital of Styria, is defined as "formerly spelt Gratz and pronounced 'grates,' rhyming to 'gerato' (it has succeeded)," which we leave to some clever etymologist and prosodist to puzzle out. The aquarelle illustrations may have been pretty enough in the original, but the tricolor process does them scant justice. The picture of beautiful Salzburg is not much more than a blotch, and St. Stephen's, in Vienna, looks as if it rose from a lake. As is often the case in English books, the legends

on the pictures contain mistakes—"Cernowitz" for "Czernowitz," and "Trieste" for "Trent." For the information on the latter picture, that it represents "the scene which inspired Dante's 'Inferno,'" the author alone must be held responsible. The price of the book, $6.50, is absurdly high.

Sir James Murray begins the tenth and last volume of the "Oxford English Dictionary" with the double section *Ti-Tombac* (Frowde). This tract is notably rich in those familiar "low" words of the vernacular which are eschewed by academic taste, and which can seldom be accurately dated or with certainty traced to their origins—such as *tinker, tippler, tipsy, titter. Tinker,* for example, was derived by Johnson from the verb *tink,* "to emit a metallic sound," on the ground that a tinker proclaims his trade by beating a kettle or that in his work he makes a *tinkling* sound; and this explanation is still offered in Webster's "International." *Tinker,* however, appears as early as 1265, and frequently before 1300, whereas *tink* is unknown before Wyclif's translation of I Cor. xiii, 1, "I am maad as bras sownynge, or a symbal tynkynge." It is a curious fact that this useful order of workmen seems not to have improved its social status since the days of Henry III, when the lowest assessment, two pence, made by the Corporation of Wallingford was upon "Editha le Tynekere." In 1666 John Bunyan alludes to the practitioners of this trade as belonging to "that Rank that is meanest and most despised of all the Families in the Land." In Scotland and Ireland *tinker* is still the equivalent of *gipsy* and of *vagrant* generally as in John Synge's "Tinker's Wedding." It were a pretty economic problem to determine whether vagrancy leads to tinkering or *vice versa.* Probably the most piquant guild contribution to language and literature is the *Tinker's Damn,* a fine "colorful" phrase which, in 1877, Knight attempted to whitewash with the following rather Teutonic explanation: "A wall of dough raised around a place which a plumber desires to flood with a coat of solder . . . it has passed into a proverb, usually involving the wrong spelling of the otherwise innocent word 'dam.'" For our first example of *tipsy* we are indebted to the Rev. Meredith Hanmer, who introduced the word into his ecclesiastical history in 1577. The second example is Shakespeare's "tipsie Bachanals" in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," wrongly dated 1590—four or five years earlier than the accepted date. The first use of the adverb *titter-totter,* meaning unsteadily, is dated 1725. We find an example in 1672, Francis Hawkins's "Youths Behaviour" (eleventh impression), page 23, "stand not *titter-tatter* on one foot." Under *toad-eater,* meaning sycophant, it is a pity that there is not a reference to the humorous anatomization of "the Phusalophagos or Toad-eater" in the *Lounger,* May 14, 1785. The most conspicuous American contributions are *tobacco, tomahawk,* and *tintinnabulation,* the last due to Poe, the "jingle man," in his "Belis," 1831.

The history of the Ohio Company, 1748 to 1774, which is the first of the three essays composing the new volume—"Early Chapters in the Development of the Patomac Route to the West" (Washington: Columbia Historical Society), by Mrs. Corra Bacon-Foster—adds very little to our knowledge of the undertaking of this first company of Virginian and London land-speculators to exploit the Trans-Alleghany region. The intricacy of politics, both imperial and local, surrounding the operations of the company, must be known to understand the situation; and this knowledge is not possessed by the author, who has been satisfied with an examination of a few well-known authorities on local history. Part ii is an account of the "Patowmack Company, 1785-1828," and is by all odds the most important section of the book. This is based on the correspondence of the prominent men engaged in the enterprise and the papers of the company, from both of which sources long extracts are printed. The account is further supported by appendices of seventy-nine pages of quotations from printed and unprinted sources. The whole forms a very interesting and exhaustive treatment of this undertaking to connect Virginia by a water route more directly with the growing West, in order that she might enjoy the profits of a trade which was enriching the Pennsylvanians, and later, after the construction of the Erie Canal, added so much to the fortunes of the New Yorkers. The third part is a sketchy life of Charles Simms, eight years president of the Patomac Company, with a selection of his private and public letters. The volume will be found of interest to many readers, whether trained historians or not, and although there must be some criticism of both form and matter, the studies were decidedly worth doing.

The lively articles on Germany which originally appeared in *Scribner's* have now grown into a stout volume ("Germany and the Germans from an American Point of View," by Price Collier; Charles Scribner's Sons). Thus collected, the essays form a graphic picture of present-day Germany, by a shrewd, well-informed, and, on the whole, kindly observer of men and things. Mr. Collier is an intense admirer of the German Emperor, the German army, and German home life. He is less partial in his comments on party government and the ever-present hand of the police and the bureaucracy. What he says in praise of the German press gains in emphasis by contrast with American conditions; on the other hand, he does less than justice to German railways in his remark that "were the system [of "inefficient and unnecessary employees"] spread over the United States the chaos in a dozen years would be almost irreparable." A jaunty cocksureness in many of the author's assertions, while not without a certain piquancy, detracts seriously from the value of the book as a whole. We are told that Goethe was "as parochial in his politics as he was amateurish in science," that "in Baden three words out of ten that you hear are French," that "criticism of the Emperor's habit of speaking of 'my navy' is merely the petty pin-pricking babble of boarding-school girls," that "peace is a negative thing that no one really wants," that music is "the art which burns up the manhood of its devotees." The author cannot understand "how any German can criticise Bismarck"; Voltaire is to him "that acidulous vestal of literature," and Racine and Corneille are disposed of by a reference to their "second-hand and half-baked Hellenism." But it is very natural to dogmatize when one is upheld by serene confidence in the justice of one's opinions. "I betray no secret," says Mr. Collier, "when I declare that the most intelligent and patriotic criticism in Germany coincides with my own." It would be idle to expect a judicious summing-up of the conflicting impressions of a writer who, while knowing Germany well, in most of the aspects of its public and private life, lacks "das geistige Band," which would unite what he has seen into an harmonious whole. His conclusion concludes nothing. It is ludicrous, after exalting the army and the Emperor, to write: "Werther, and Faust, and Lohengrin are far more real than those scarecrows autocracy, bureaucracy, and militarism, triplets of straw, premature births, not destined to live, of which Germany boasts to-day as the most precocious children in the world."

The fifth volume of Hastings's "Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics" (Scribner), containing the articles from Dravidians to Fichte, maintains the good standard of the preceding volumes. The collections of facts are large, the bibliographical lists are useful guides for scholars and for general readers, and the conclusions reached are for the most part carefully thought out and deserve respectful consideration, even when they are not accepted. The wide range of topics embraces nearly the whole field of religion and ethics, with excursions into other fields. There are descriptions of such general religious facts as fetishism, dualism, euhemerism, the female principle (the relation between religion and love, and the influence of the cult of female deities), eschatology, the idea of a fall of man from a state of original innocence and happiness, and the belief in all-controlling fate. And certain great modern movements are discussed, notably the Enlightenment (the development of thought from Grotius and Hobbes to Kant) and the Encyclopædists. A long list is given also of persons ("enthusiasts") who believed themselves inspired to preach new gospels. Professor Starbuck properly rejects the view that religion and love are in origin identical, and the difference between the two would have been made clearer if his limits had allowed him to trace the genesis of female deities. The importance of the study of early religious customs is recognized in articles on drink, dress, fasting, and feasting (with which the eucharistic meal must be connected), and even the household winnowing fan is shown by Miss Jane Harrison to be religiously interesting. The ancient and still widespread belief in the "evil eye" is brought out by F. Elworthy. Fairy lore is described at length by MacCulloch, and the treatment of the fable has been properly assigned to Joseph Jacobs. A general view of early cults in Europe is given in Keane's article, Europe. The positive statements of his article, Ethnology, must be treated cautiously—his dates, for example, for the earliest civilization of Babylonia (above 8,000 years ago) and for that of Egypt (above 13,000 years ago) are too high by some thousands of years. The national religions described in whole or in part are the Egyptian (Petrie), the Elamitic (Pinches), the Chinese (Dukes), and the

Celtic (MacCulloch and Maclean); what is known of the Etruscan is summed up by Herbig, and the latest views of the Eskimos are given by Radin and Gray. There are excellent accounts of the Jewish and Jewish-Christian sects, the Essenes, the Ebionites, and the Elkesaites. The history of the episcopate is given at length; the point of view of the writer, Darwell Stone, Principal Pusey Librarian, Oxford, is indicated by his speaking of the "so-called" Methodist Episcopal Church in America—that is, Coke received the title "bishop," not from ordination by an English bishop, but from the American Methodist Conference.

The more spiritual side of religious life is discussed in the articles Expiation and Atonement, Faith and Experience. The first of these is composite, giving, by separate writers, the conceptions found in the lower peoples and in the great religious systems (except the Vedic and the Celtic, which are treated elsewhere). Various conceptions of faith are described (Burns)—a simple trust (so generally), or, in the Pauline system, spiritual union with Christ, or, as dependent on its moral value, or, in the Greek view, coterminous with knowledge; but the relation between reason and faith is not discussed. The value of religious experience for knowledge of God is emphasized, and William James's suggestion of the great part played in experience by the subliminal self is mentioned, but not adopted. Much space is given to ethical subjects. The article Ethics (Muirhead) discusses the basis and the validity of our ethical judgments. Philosophical articles discuss Epistemology (Iverach), Error and Truth (Royce, who looks to a combination of revised Hegelian dialectics, recent Pragmatism, and modern Logic for a complete treatment of the problem of error), the Ego, Egoism, and Empiricism, Emotions (Dorner), Feeling (Salmond), and Fear (with criticism of the view of Lange and James that the feeling of fear succeeds, not precedes, the reactions). Finally, there are scientific articles on Evolution (Biological), Economics, and the Fabian Society. Altogether, this volume of the Encyclopædia, in the number of its articles on important subjects and the saneness of its judgments, is not excelled by any of its predecessors.

Science

The Mosquitoes of North and Central America and the West Indies. By Leland O. Howard, Harrison G. Dyar, and Frederick Knab. Two volumes. Washington: Carnegie Institution.

Following hard upon the discovery, in 1897, that malaria is mosquito-borne, and the still more startling proof that yellow fever is carried solely by certain mosquitoes, came the reflection that virtually nothing was known about the life histories and habits of even our commonest species. Writers were still copying the treatises of Swammerdam and Reaumur and assuming that their descriptions were typical for the group. The fallacy of this was apparent to our Government entomologist, Dr. L. O. Howard, and he was convinced that a thoroughgoing monographic study of all our mosquitoes, with special reference to their biology and classification, would yield data of the utmost value from a practical standpoint. With this in mind, he applied for aid from the Carnegie Institution, and in January, 1903, a grant was made covering the three-year period within which it was supposed that the monograph could be completed. It was found impossible to finish the work in the time set, and the investigations were continued through three additional years, partly by Government aid and by volunteer observers and partly at the expense of two of the authors (Dr. Dyar and Mr. Knab). Before us are the first two volumes of the monograph, and the remaining two are promised for an early date.

Volume one, the most interesting for the non-entomological reader, is devoted to "a general consideration of mosquitoes, their habits, and their relations to the human species." In the five hundred quarto pages there are first discussed in great detail the early accounts of mosquitoes, the structure of the adult, larva and pupa, the habits of adults and larvæ, their natural enemies, and methods of collecting, mounting, and rearing. The major part of the volume is given to the discussion of the relation of mosquitoes to man as disease carriers, the economic loss they occasion, and protective and remedial work. Following a detailed consideration of the structure of the antennæ, the authors dissent from the generally accepted view that in the male these organs have an auditory function. The hypotheses "are founded upon the assumption that the male seeks the female and is attracted by her song," but "at least in those forms in which the antennæ of the male are most highly specialized, the males 'swarm' and the female seeks the male."

Much of the general portion of the book is direct quotation, with due credit given, from various special papers, but these have been selected and interpreted in the light of so broad a knowledge of the group that this but adds to the value of the work. The biological discussion, especially, is rich in original observations and contains much that will be of the utmost value in the fight to control mosquitoes and the diseases they carry. The writers are careful to emphasize that they are entomologists, and not physicians or medical men, and that the portions dealing with the relation of mosquitoes to disease, with the diseases themselves, and with the causative organisms, are not the result of original investigations. An especially valuable original contribution to the morphology is Mr. R. E. Snodgrass's study and figure of the structure of the thorax of a mosquito. Based upon a broad comparative study of this region in insects, it may be accepted as authoritative.

In the section on food habits of adults it is pointed out that, while mosquitoes have engaged the attention of man largely through their bites, and, hence, have been thought to be blood-suckers as a group, this is far from being the case. "There are a great many species, perhaps more than half, which never suck blood at all, while others do so but rarely." Elsewhere in the text it is emphasized that much energy and money may be wasted in an effort to eradicate species which are in reality harmless to man. The moot question as to whether males suck blood seems to be effectively disposed of by pointing out that some of the mouth parts are absent or greatly reduced in the male, and that for this reason it is unable to pierce the skin. The few authentic accounts of blood-sucking males probably refer to abnormal individuals in which the mouth parts are fully developed.

The earliest established case of disease propagated by mosquitoes was that of the transmission of various species of *Filaria*, small parasitic worms which live in the blood of man and animals and are supposed to be at least one of the causes of the tropical disease, elephantiasis. Then followed the demonstration of the rôle of the mosquito in the transmission of malaria, yellow fever, and dengue. The part played by the insect in the transmission of these diseases is an absolutely essential one. In the case of typhoid fever and certain other diseases, the house-fly has been of late much featured as an agent in the spread of the germs, but it serves purely as an accidental carrier. Exterminate all of the house-flies and the disease would still exist and be disseminated by other agencies, such as polluted water, or milk, or contact. Even the bubonic plague may be transmitted otherwise than by the flea, its normal carrier. But the mosquito serves as the host in which is undergone a part of the life-cycle of the particular disease-producing organism carried. Exterminate all of the mosquitoes of a certain group and malaria would be absolutely stamped out; exterminate certain others and yellow fever would no longer exist. It is this which has placed the fight against the mosquito on a very different plane from that against the house-fly, or certain other insects. An extensive bibliography and well-prepared index close volume one.

Volume two is made up of plates. Of these there are a hundred and fifty, illustrating important systematic characters of adults, larvæ, pupæ, and eggs. Not only are they accurate, but they meet an artistic standard rarely exemplified in such work. Naturally, there

are omissions and debatable statements, but this is not the place for a detailed discussion of technical points. One is surprised to find no reference to the moot question of parthenogenesis of mosquitoes, and the omission of Kellogg's and of Lühe's notes on the subject. Metalnikoff's interesting work on the pericardial cells of mosquito larvæ is overlooked and Lankester's ancient theory that these structures in insects are of the nature of gangiion ceils is rehabilitated, though in a quoted section.

Charles Greene Rockwood, professor emeritus of mathematics at Princeton since 1905, died last week at Caldweli, N. J. Professor Rockwood was born in New York in 1843, and graduated from Yale in 1864, receiving his Ph.D. degree from the same institution in 1866. He was professor of mathematics and astronomy at Rutgers College from 1873 to 1877, and professor of mathematics at Princeton from 1877 to 1905. He was a member of many scientific societies, American and foreign, and contributed a number of articles on seismology to the *American Journal of Science* and other periodicals.

Drama and Music

A biographical and criticai study of Piêrre du Ryer, the French dramatist of the seventeenth century, by Henry Carrington Lancaster, professor of Romance languages in Amherst College, has been published by the Carnegie Institution of Washington. It is a work of notable industry and scholarship, which will be of great value to the student of the foundations of the French classic stage, although it is not likeiy to prove very attractive to the ordinary reader. It is the resuit of eonscientious research in the libraries of Paris and the British Museum. In its references to both ancient and modern sources, its carefui anaiysis and comparison of disputed dates and accumuiation of scattered details concerning the character, circumstances, influence, and reputation of the piaywright, it is admirabie. Du Ryer experienced his fuil share of the vicissitudes of fortune. After basking in royai favor, tasting the fruits of literary success, and triumphing over Corneiiie in an election to the Academy, he feli upon evii days and for years earned a precarious iiving by transiations, which, if they added somewhat to his literary renown, scarcely provided him with bread. But he was biessed in his domestic reiations, and of his iife Professor Lancaster makes an interesting story. Unfortunateiy, he is less happy in dealing with the plays to whose consideration the great buik of his book is devoted. His descriptions of Du Ryer's earlier and later works, which he groups under the generai head of tragic-comedies, are exceedingly diffuse, muddled, and indiscriminating. The simpie truth is that most of these productions are the crudest of romantic melodramas, without any dramatic significance or vaiue whatsoever. Whatever virtue they possess is iiterary. He is more successfui, however, in dealing with the tragedies—"Lucrèce," "Aicionée," "Saül," "Esther," "Scévoie" (Scævola), and "Themistoclée"—upon which the fame of Du Ryer now chiefly reposes. In these the stories, following ciassicai iines and making lesser demands upon dramatic invention, which was not the writer's strong point, are much simpler and more easiiy anaiyzed. In his purely literary observation Professor Lancaster is acute and sane and his knowledge of his subject is clearly demonstrated in his remarks upon the estabiishment of the French classic style, Du Ryer's contribution to the fabric, and his relative position to Corneiiie. The book would have been twice as effective if it had been half as long, but it is a treasury of fact.

The "Denys of Auxerre," of James Barton (London: Christophers), a play founded upon the story in the "Imaginary Portraits" of Waiter Pater, is a redoubtable piece of poetical workmanship. But from the theatre it is barred by its confused and arbitrary construction, its blend of the mystical and the naturai, and the doiefui nature of its phiiosophy. The scene is in Auxerre in the thirteenth century, and the theme is the tragedy, actuai and spirituai, brought about by a clash between pagan and more modern religious ideals. Denys, the hero of a Bacchic mask, with all the fascination of the youthful Dionysus, has, by virtue of his personal charm and his Epicurean doctrine, become the idoi of the populace and scandalized the church. Moreover he has won the love of Ariane, the daughter of the Duke, and so incurred the antagonism of her father and her military lover Phiiip. When his foiiowers make a demonstration in his favor, the soidiery is iet ioose upon them and many of them are slain. Tempest and other portents foiiow, and a weird scene is enacted in the cathedrai, where the bishop, to appease divine wrath, sets the peopie to tearing up the grave-stones, to find the bones of the patron saint and put them on the high altar. From one of the sepulchres Denys appears, raving mad, and is saved from capture by a miraculous vision. When he is caught soon afterward by the vengeful Philip he is again rescued, this time by wolves, his old forest friends, and ministers. Sheitered by a monk repentant of former persecutions, he finds soiace in music, recovers his wits, and studies Christian dogmas, which are powerless to convince or console him. Robbed of the joy of life, and harassed by new conceptions of morai responsibiiity, he is hopeiessiy distraught, eraving oniy knowiedge of the truth. Even Ariane, who visits him, cannot rouse him from his despair. Fleeing from her, he has a vision of the nether worid, where Nephthis reviews the rise and decay of successive creeds and prociaims the inevitable resolution of ail things into the primai dust. In his final phase, seeing no hope except in blind faith, love, and sacrifice, he courts contagion as a ieper, and in that guise returns to Auxerre on a festival day, and there is pitiiessiy beaten to death by a mob of his former worshippers. His epitaph is spoken by the Duke, who says: "Oh, Life, he would have spelied some syiiabie of meaning in thee, but the light failed."

The dramatic weaknesses of such a tale, even when it is regarded as prose romance, are sufficientiy obvious. The dreary agnosticism, and biunt disregard of reiigious obsessions would be fatal, even if the scenic arrangement were more manageabie. But the poetic excellence of the work and the interest of the story make it fascinating reading. The scenes of Bacchic reveiry are written in ciassic verse, and the incidental choruses and love passages are fuii of spirit and meiody. Much picturesque imagination is displayed in the grewsome cathedral episode and in all the later adventures of Denys. Especiaiiy striking are the passionate harangue with which, recaiiing the freedom of the woods and hiils, he finaiiy deciares his inabiiity to accept happiness in monastic bonds, and the fanatical outburst with which he ciings to faith, after the chiiiing visions of Nephthis. In iiterary quaiity this piece stands conspicuous among poetic plays of recent date.

Next season wiii see an addition to the number of chamber-music organizations in this city, the Phiiharmonic Ensemble. It wiii include five of the ieading players of the violin family, besides a French-horn player, and the ieading wood-wind quartet, aii of the Phiiharmonic Orchestra. Severai weii-known soioists are in the list, which inciudes Henri Leon LeRoy, the soio clarinet of the Phiiharmonic Society; A. Fayer, the first flute; August Messnard, the prominent French bassoonist, who joins the Phiiharmonic Orchestra next season; Xaver Reiter, the French-horn soloist of the Phiiharmonic. And Leopoid Kramer, the society's concertmeister, will be among the members of the Ensembie. The literature for this combination of instruments inciudes many interesting compositions very rarely heard in America.

Paderewski wiii be heard on Aprii 1 with the Phiiadeiphia Orchestra, for whose next season the ambitious, energetic, and admirabie Mr. Stokowsky is preparing a fine set of programmes. Other soioists, to be heard during the winter, are Fritz Kreisler, Louise Homer, Josef Hofmann, Bonarios, Grimson, Teresa Carreño, Camille Zwecker, Mischa Eiman, Horatio Connell, Haroid Bauer, Thaddeus Rich, Wilheim Bachaus, Juiia Culp, Herman Sandby, Cari Fieseh, Katharine Goodson, Schumann-Heink, and Kathieen Pariow.

Stuttgart has just had a Swedish music festivai, designed to give an impression of the present condition of the tonal art in Sweden. Apart from the eminent violinist, Henri Marteau, all the participants were from that country, and so was the music, the composers represented being Stenhammar, Tor Aulin, Sjögren, Alfven, Peterson-Berger, Natanael, Berg, Anton Andersen, and Andreas Hailen, whose opera, "Waidemar's Treasure," had its first German performance on this occasion. The best-known of the Swedish singers heard at the festival were the baritone, John Forsell, and the students' choir of Upsala.

Alberto Franchetti, whose "Germania" was produced at the Metropolitan a few seasons ago, with sumptuous scenery and Caruso to help it out, and whose "Cristoforo Colombo" is to be staged in Chicago next season, is now at work on still another opera, the first scene of which is completed. it is to be called "Notte di ieggenda," and is based on the usual style of

blood-and-thunder story. In the last scene the soprano shoots the tenor and then becomes a raving maniac.

The Minneapolis Orchestra, during the season just ended, played in fifty-two cities situated in twelve States and one Canadian province. Altogether 109 concerts were given, at which 139 compositions were played. To these, 42 numbers were added by seven soloists.

Londoners regard themselves as most fortunate in having as chief conductor of the Italian operas at Covent Garden this summer Signor Polacco, who also won so much admiration at our Metropolitan last season. They have found his readings of Puccini's operas a revelation, and we know on this side of the water that in "Aïda" he rivals the brilliant Toscanini. It is gratifying to know that Polacco will conduct "Madeleine," the Victor Herbert opera accepted for performance at the Metropolitan next winter, an opera of which he has a high opinion.

If Wagner came back to-day he would be astonished at some of the things that are done with his works. While Paris, once so hostile to him, is looking forward to three rival "Parsifals" next winter, London is to have its first taste of that music drama in the shape of moving pictures. With the full sanction of Frau Cosima, it is said, and with so eminent a man as Sir Henry Wood to conduct the orchestra, there will be presented at the Coliseum a series of tableaux representing incidents and scenes in "Parsifal," such as the killing of the swan, the ejection of Parsifal, Klingsor hurling the spear, Parsifal in the hall of the Grail, etc. Perhaps this enterprise was suggested by the remarkable success of another series of moving pictures started in London a few weeks ago, illustrating romantic incidents in Wagner's life.

It was announced some months ago that Maurice Renaud was to create the part of Amfortas in "Parsifal" at the Paris opera, but it is also understood that he is to open Oscar Hammerstein's New York opera house in November as Don Quichotte, using a revised version specially made for him by Massenet shortly before his death.

Art

THE ART OF ILLUSTRATION.

General dissatisfaction has been expressed with the state of book and magazine illustration to-day. Yet when discussion is narrowed down to the work of the individual illustrator, criticism usually consists mainly in pointing out particular instances where he has erred in petty details of the hero's or the heroine's personal appearance, the style of their attire, or their relative positions under interesting circumstances. In other words, while the illustrator is constantly reminded that he is, after all, an artist, his pictures are still frankly regarded as a mere gloss on the text and are appraised accordingly. It rarely seems to occur to any one that there may be a connection between these two things, and that one important reason why illustration does not attain a higher artistic standard is just because it is so rigidly subjected to a purely literary standard. When virtually the only question ever asked concerning a set of illustrations is: "Do they illustrate?" the illustrator himself can hardly be blamed for failing to take his work with sufficient seriousness.

The real difficulty with such work, on the whole, is, not that it does not illustrate enough, but that it illustrates, if anything, too much—that is, that it does little else but illustrate. "Illustration must elucidate the text or adorn it; it may do both, but at all events it must be in harmony with the text," writes Mr. Weitenkampf in his recent book on "American Graphic Art." By "harmony" he does not mean to censure "the occasional lapse on the part of the artist, the oversight that produces an unwarranted change in the appearance of a character, or an anachronism in costume, or the construction of a scene differently from the author's description. Such matters," he asserts, "may be left to the letter-writing reader of 'literary supplements,' who will be sure to air his discovery in his paper. Our illustration has suffered not so much from such mistakes as from a tendency to parade cleverness in place of thoroughness, to dazzle the eye by a display of glittering superficiality." What Mr. Weitenkampf has in mind is something rather psychological than objective, and his protest is directed primarily against the practice of employing the same popular model for a whole range of widely divergent types of character. But when he says that "consideration of present-day illustration must be based on the principles of the art," more even is implied than this question of psychological truth.

For one of the first of these principles is that an illustration is a picture, and that it must therefore be treated and regarded as such, with proper attention to draughtsmanship, values, and decorative design. It is this last that principally suffers through the necessity of making a drawing meet the exigencies of any given scene—of telling the story precisely as the author has told it, and in the most dramatically effective manner. It is not that this demand is not in itself a perfectly just one, although the notion of drama is too often and too narrowly associated with scenes of violent action; but that in making it there is a tendency to neglect everything else, and even to feel that such neglect is essential to the achievement of popular success. The illustrators themselves share this feeling, and are inclined to resent any suggestions of a higher synthesis in their art. There was once an art editor who had the ingenuousness to frame and hang in his office half a dozen photographic reproductions of seventeenth-century Dutch *genre* pictures and offer them as models of what illustration might properly aspire to attain. The only result was to make him the laughing stock and the byword of nearly the whole illustrative fraternity.

Perhaps there is, indeed, something to be said against such efforts to elevate illustration all at once to so high a level. Almost as many bad results come from over-ambition as from lack of ambition on the part of the young artist. Seeing a slight sketch in wash of a woman's head by an illustrator whose elaborate pictorial compositions were notoriously overwrought and labored, another art editor exclaimed: "If only he wouldn't ever try to do any more than just that!" To ask such an artist for a "picture" is to make him strive to carry his work to a point beyond his powers. The truth is that few of our present illustrators can compass satisfactorily more than a respectable sketch. This is as far as the brief and therefore necessarily superficial training of the ordinary art school takes them. Not, however, that this institution is wholly, or even principally, to blame. If there are classes in illustration it is because there is a demand for them, and not because directors and instructors believe that illustration can be taught without the same thoroughness required by any other branch of art—can, indeed, be taught at all as a separate branch. They do their best in the short time at their disposal, and with the rather unpromising material they have to work with. For the present imperative demand for immediate instruction in illustration comes mainly from young men and women actuated less by a genuine interest in art than by the promise of large and prompt profits on graduation. Thus our illustrators to-day are recruited from a totally different class from that of the men who made American illustration what it has been in the past, and who, for the most part, after a thorough training, as painters primarily, only gradually drifted into working for reproduction.

If our illustrative art of the present is decidedly inferior to what it was twenty, or even ten, years ago, in spite of so much sheer talent and cleverness currently displayed, it is because, while there are still honest and workmanlike men in the field, they are nearly swamped by the hordes of the half-trained and, worse still, unscrupulous illustrators whose sole ambition is to make money easily, spend it freely, and ride about in big motor cars. And as the final choice between the two classes lies with the larger public, which shows little discrimination in such matters, the better

men tend inevitably to be forced from a field which grows constantly more uncongenial in the demands it makes, and the competitive conditions it imposes. Thus illustration forms to-day merely a transition stage for most artists who practice it. And, instead of painters becoming illustrators as before, we have now the spectacle of the ablest men starting in to paint as soon as they are pecuniarily able to do so. Of course, there are other conditions which have combined to bring about this change, which would be bound to occur inevitably, and to a greater or lesser extent, in any case. The art situation is radically different in America to-day from what it was twenty years ago, and there are now many more rewards for the native painter, part of whose earlier tendency to drift into illustration is to be explained by his failure to find a paying or appreciative public in any other way.

But there will always be some men better fitted for illustration than for anything else, and willing to devote themselves to a kind of work which has opportunities and possibilities of its own, though so seldom recognized. What ought to be possible is to conserve and consolidate such talent in its own special channels, and to assure it such recognition and hope of reward that a band of trained illustrators might be formed for the development of the art of the illustrated book and magazine beyond any point that it has heretofore reached. So far, while there are isolated workers here and there, there are few indications of the formation of any such band. Indeed, under present conditions, there is little to encourage idealistic enterprise in this field. And yet it would need the active coöperation of but one or two magazines or publishing houses to afford an ample basis for important and far-reaching reforms. Thus it seems a pity that, in the present movement urging the illustrated magazine to pass over into the category of the unillustrated, there has not as yet appeared one audacious experimenter willing to stop half-way with a magazine in which the pictures should be employed with sobriety and restraint as a legitimate source of embellishment and interest, and no longer merely as a means of intensifying the shrill shriek of sensational fiction, or of dazzling "the eye by a display of glittering superficiality."

W. A. Bradley.

Finance

FIFTY YEARS AGO.

In all the voluminous reminiscences of the great battle of the Civil War, which was fought just half a century ago, little or nothing has been said of what was happening behind the armies—at Philadelphia, which Lee himself believed that he might capture; at New York, where the network of trade communications centred which the Confederate army was breaking, and where the Stock Exchange was registering the market's view of the fortunes of the nation. Yet dramatic chapters of history are enacted in such places at such times. Every one knows Thackeray's extraordinary picture of the events at Brussels on the eve of Waterloo, and every one wishes he knew exactly what was going on at Belgrade and Sofia when the Balkan troops first met the Turkish army, last October.

Profound discouragement had settled on the Northern people, and profound depression on their financial markets, after the disastrous defeat at Chancellorsville in May. Early in June, however, stocks had risen and gold had fallen. There was talk of a "rebel invasion of the North," but nobody took it seriously. All at once, on June 16, the newspaper headlines told the startled Philadelphians and New Yorkers that Lee had crossed into Pennsylvania, had captured Chambersburg, and was probably now moving on Harrisburg or Philadelphia.

Gold rose from 143 to 150, and the news which kept coming in was not of a character to allay misgiving. One of Lee's columns threatened Harrisburg; another turned eastward; the Governor of Pennsylvania issued this proclamation:

> To the People of Pennsylvania:
>
> If you do not wish to bear the ignominy of shirking, come forward at once! Close your places of business and apply your hearts to the work. Come in such organizations as you can form.

The Mayor of Philadelphia thus addressed his people:

> In view of the urgent need for instant action, to protect the capital of your State and secure the safety of your homes, I do hereby earnestly appeal to all citizens to close their places of business, and connect themselves without delay with the existing military organizations, for the defence of the city.

All this was patriotic, though just a bit hysterical. But it reflected the mood of the day, which reached its climax in an outburst of excitement when captured Richmond newspapers were brought in, with editorial assurances that Gen. Lee was about to set on fire the coal fields of Pennsylvania. From such a mental state, reaction is always bound to follow; it came on June 18, when the city and the Stock Exchange had the story that the Confederate army was withdrawing. The *Tribune* editorially announced: "It seems almost certain that there are no rebels in force in the State of Pennsylvania." Markets rose; gold fell from 150 to 143; the strain was apparently over.

This second mood continued a full week, until June 25, when some very formidable news arrived. Lee's entire army was certainly in the State, and advancing rapidly. At Harrisburg, a dispatch reported, "during the whole of last night, long trains of wagons, laden with goods and household furniture, were entering the city," and at the same time, "many merchants here are packing their goods for shipment, and people are crowding the trains for New York and Philadelphia." On June 26, the dispatches from the front reported Lee at Gettysburg, Meade approaching, and a great battle imminent. By the 29th, freight trains stopped coming east over the Pennsylvania Railroad, and all business at Philadelphia was suspended. A panic followed in Baltimore, which expected immediate capture if the Union army was defeated. On July 1 the three-day fight began.

It is an interesting fact that, from the moment the battle of Gettysburg actually began, the New York stock market advanced and gold declined. Perhaps this reflected relief on the part of people who had been apprehensive that Lee's advance northward would not be opposed. In 1863, the 3d of July fell on Friday. For that reason, news of the furious contest of the 3d, of Pickett's charge, of its disastrous failure, and of Lee's retreat, came to New York in curiously fragmentary form. Even the morning papers of the 4th did not realize what a stupendous victory Meade had won, and on Sunday, the 5th, no newspapers were published.

The full story was not told to the North until Monday, July 6. What was hardly less singular was the manner in which the Vicksburg news arrived. The schoolbooks give the impression that the news of Lee's defeat, and of the fall of the great Confederate stronghold on the Mississippi, came simultaneously to an exultant Northern people on Independence Day. Pemberton did, in fact, surrender Vicksburg to Grant on July 4; but the wires were down, communication slow, and as late as July 6 the New York papers were publishing news of the continued siege of Vicksburg. Only on the 7th of July did the public learn what had actually happened there.

In the midst of the general rejoicing of the public in the North, gold fell from 138 to 132, but the Stock Exchange greeted the news, both from Gettysburg and Vicksburg, with a general decline. Financial reviewers, even in that early day, called it "realizing on good news." Yet one may wonder, in the light of subsequent events, whether the alert mind of the stock market may not instantly have taken its cue from the intimation in the dispatches even of July 6, that Meade was neglecting to pursue Lee's broken army, and that missing his chance of dealing the final blow, the

war was destined to last nearly two years longer.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

American Sociological Society Publications. Vol. VII, The Conception of Human Interrelations as a Variant of Social Theory. University of Chicago Press. $1.50 net.
Annis, Mrs. S. F. The Noble Earl of Fleetwood. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.50.
Baker, E. A. Guide to the Best Fiction in English. New edition, enlarged. Macmillan. $6 net.
Belloc, Hilaire. The Stane Street: A Monograph. Dutton. $2.75 net.
Bjorkman, Edwin. Voices of To-morrow. Kennerley. $1.50 net.
Black, N. H., and Davis, H. N. Practical Physics for Secondary Schools. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Boulger, D. C. Holland of the Dutch. Scribner.
Browning, H. S. The Auction-Bridge Book. Dutton. $1 net.
Brown, K. W. One Summer. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.
Buffalo, Picture Book of Earlier. Vol XVI, Buffalo Historical Society Publications.
Burpee, L. J. Humor of the North; Scouts of Empire. Toronto: Musson Book Co. 50 cents each.
Conley, Emma. Nutrition and Diet: A Textbook for Secondary Schools. Amer. Book Co. 60 cents.
Dilnot, Frank. The Adventures of a Newspaper Man. Dutton. $2 net.
Eberlein, H. D. Making and Furnishing Outdoor Rooms and Porches. McBride, Nast. 50 cents net.
Ellis, A. R. Making a Garage. McBride, Nast. 50 cents net.
Fletcher, O. O. An Introduction to Philosophy. Macmillan. $1.60 net.
Garrett, J. C. Janice. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.25.
Glocker, T. W. The Government of American Trade Unions. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press. $1.
Glover, T. R. The Christian Tradition and its Verification. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Hall, J. T. The Tree of Worlds. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.50.
Hewett, E. L., Henderson, J., and Robbins, W. W. Physiography of the Rio Grande Valley, New Mexico, in Relation to Pueblo Culture. Washington: Gov. Ptg. Office.
Holley, Horace. The Inner Garden: A Book of Verse. Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.
Kathrens, R. D. Let's Civilize the Marriage Laws. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.25.
King, B., and Okey, T. Italy To-day. New, enlarged edition. Scribner.
Klingle, George. The Sail Which Hath Passed, and Other Poems. Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.
Lombardini, S. H. Rival French Courts. Macmillan. $2.50 net.
McLaughlin, A. C. A History of the American Nation. New edition, revised. D. Appleton. $1.40.
Masefield, John. The Story of a Round-House and Other Poems. New, revised edition. Macmillan. $1.30 net.
Matthews, L. R. Women in Trade Unions in San Francisco. Berkeley: Univ. of Calif. Press.
Meynell, Alice. Poems. Scribner.
Noel, Jean. The Courage of Paula. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.
O'Grady, H. Matter, Form, and Style. Dutton. 60 cents net.
Quiggin, E. C. Prolegomena to the Study of the Later Irish Bards—1200-1500. (From Proceedings British Academy, Vol. V.) Frowde.
Ramsay, W. M. The Imperial Peace: Romanes Lecture, 1913. Frowde.
Report of the Commissioner of Education, for year ended June, 1912. 2 vols. Washington: Gov. Ptg. Office.
Reynolds, R. R. Wanderlust. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.
Rowe, J. W. The Secret of Stonehenge. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.
Ryle, H. E. "Remember the Days of Old": A Sermon Preached before the Inter. Historical Congress. Frowde.
Shakespeare's Henry VI, Part II, edited by C. H. Barnwell. Tudor edition. Macmillan. 35 cents net.
Sigma XI. Quarter-Century Record and History—1886-1911. Urbana: University of Illinois.
Stockton, F. R. Stories of the Spanish Main. Macmillan. 40 cents net.
Stories from the Far East. Translated and arranged by R. G. Kent and I. F. Hall. Merrill Co. 30 cents.
Taylor, C. A. A. P. The Conflict and Commingling of the Races. Broadway Pub. Co. 75 cents.
Thomas, Frederick. The Mill on the Creek. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.25.
Thompson, Francis. Works. 3 vols. Scribner.
Thurston, E. T. The Open Window. D. Appleton. $1.35 net.
Triggs, H. I. Garden Craft in Europe. Scribner.
Tunstall, R. W. The Latin Ladder: Introductory to Cæsar. Macmillan. 90 cents net.
Warwick, B. The Rock: A Story of the War. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.50.

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The Week

It is not surprising, but it is extremely gratifying, that an understanding was reached at the White House conference on Monday which assures the submission to arbitration of the question raised by the demands of the trainmen and conductors on the Eastern railways. The situation was one peculiarly favorable to such an understanding, and President Wilson showed his usual promptness and quiet decision in taking the step necessary to bring it about. The passing of the Newlands bill to amend the Erdman act was the one thing needed, and the only danger lay either in Congressional delay or in the terms of the bill not being satisfactory to the two sides in the dispute. Both these points were satisfactorily covered. The modifications unwisely pressed by Secretary Wilson have been abandoned, and the bill, almost exactly as originally drawn under the auspices of the National Civic Federation, was immediately passed by both House and Senate. For the great public benefit that has thus been obtained, thanks are specially due to Seth Low, president of the Federation, who has been unremitting in his efforts to bring about this amendment of the law. But for the fact that the ground had been so well prepared—not only in the drafting of the bill, but in the good understanding concerning it which had been established on all sides before it was sent to Congress—this opportunity for averting a colossal and calamitous strike might not have been open to the President or the country.

How can there be truth in these rumors of a "split" in the Progressive party? Is social justice divisible? Can there be two Armageddons? The evidence offered of lack of agreement between mighty Progressive minds does not seem to us at all conclusive. It may be that Mr. Amos Pinchot feels that George W. Perkins is not exactly the man to be turned loose on the Trusts, or to cry havoc to monopolies, and that he would like some more root-and-branch method. But what does this signify? While the teacher is away the children will play. It would be merely necessary for the Colonel to emerge from the Grand Canyon, rebuke quarrelling Amos and George, and instantly the Progressive party would again be one and indivisible and in the Colonel's pocket.

There may be nice question whether the New York Legislature ought to have removed Judge Cohalan, on the charges and evidence presented against him. We can readily believe that an honest Senator or Assemblyman, duly sensitive, too, on the subject of judicial purity, might conscientiously doubt whether the Cohalan case came under the intent of the Constitutional provision for removal of judges of the Supreme Court. It is that they may be removed by concurrent resolution of both houses of the Legislature, if two-thirds of all the members vote for it; but it is added that no judge must be removed "except for cause." This "cause" had presumably to do with the Judge's behavior when he was a judge and *as* a judge. It must have contemplated judicial corruption or gross impropriety on the bench or scandalous personal conduct on the part of a judge. This being so, we must hesitate to affirm that the Legislature should have removed Judge Cohalan. Few culpable acts touching him in his judicial capacity were proved. True, it was as a judge that he gave a sorry exhibition when the charges were made public, that he had meekly acceded to the demand made in the most insulting letter—terribly insulting if not true—that any judge can ever have received from a responsible lawyer, and that he finally made a public statement which the Bar Association declared to be "untrue and misleading." All these things are fearfully humiliating to a judge of the Supreme Court, but it may, we admit, fairly be argued that they alone were not enough to warrant the Legislature in putting him off the bench.

It is seldom that the responsibility for a railway accident is put so squarely on the shoulders of the company's management as is done by the Interstate Commerce Commission in its report on the recent Stamford disaster. For that report goes far beyond the mere statement that the engineman of the second section of the passenger express, who caused the collision by running past the signals, "did not have the special experience and instruction required for the operation of such a train." That this should have happened, even in one individual instance, would be a serious matter; but the Commission not only declares that there was "negligence on the part of the corporation" in putting in charge of such a train "an engineman inexperienced and uninstructed in this class of work," but expressly states that the New Haven Company "had no reliable method for determining the capacity of enginemen before placing them in charge of high-speed passenger trains." Thus the Stamford disaster is unmistakably taken out of the category of those things that are sometimes conveniently dismissed from mind as "acts of God," and emphatically laid to the charge of a standing defect in the road's management of the gravest character. And in addition to this standing neglect, relating to the selection of the enginemen, another is set down, having reference to the condition of the locomotives:

> This railroad has no proper system of checking work reports so as to determine whether or not defects reported on locomotives are actually repaired. This lack of supervision is dangerous, and it ought not to be permitted to continue.

The New Haven Company has issued a reply in which it attempts to break the force of that part of the Commission's censure which relates to the qualifications of the engineman. "The Interstate Commerce Commission," it says, "fails to state that the employment of this engineer was practically forced upon the New Haven Railroad by the engineers of this company." And it goes on to cite the terms of an agreement entered upon between the engineers and the company relating to the employment of spare engineers. As a defence on the part of the company, this is puerile. In the first place, the language of the agreement appears to be quite broad enough to permit the exercise of any precau-

tions that may be necessary to insure efficiency and safety; it makes reference both to competency and to the "requirements of the service." And in the second place, if the agreement is *not* to be so understood—if it is an agreement that prevents the company from taking such measures as are demanded for the safety of its passengers—the company was guilty of criminal dereliction of duty in entering into it at all. We believe, and have heretofore so stated, that the question whether and to what extent trade-union pressure interferes with the proper working of the railways is one that the Commission should thoroughly investigate; but it is impossible, upon any view of it, to relieve the New Haven Company of responsibility for such a condition of things as is pointed out in the Commission's report. As the report itself says—apparently anticipating the company's reply:

> The determination of the ability, fitness, or qualifications of an engineman is the duty of the railroad itself. It was not delegated to any other organization, nor could it be so delegated. It was neither delegated nor performed. It was neglected.

Gov. Foss's announced determination to transfer to Canada part of the operations of the machinery-manufacturing company which he controls will hardly of itself create a tremendous stir in the country, or cause Congress to shrink back appalled from the passing of the tariff bill whose prospective enactment appears to have been the drop that caused the cup of Mr. Foss's troubles to overflow. And the fiery broadside with which he accompanies the announcement is of such a character as to mitigate, rather than enhance, with level-headed men the effect of the announcement itself. He tells us that there has been "going on for many years," all over the United States, "among the principal manufacturers" a movement towards the establishment of plants in Canada, and that this has resulted in the investment in these Canadian plants of "from three to five hundred million dollars of American capital." Well, if all this is so, it looks as if we had been able to stand the thing pretty well, doesn't it? And as to what is going to happen in the future, Mr. Foss's warning cry would have more chance of creating the terror it is meant to excite if it were a little less shrill and hysterical. "If we are to continue to meet our foreign obligations," he declares, "pay for foodstuffs and raw materials imported, and avoid actual national bankruptcy, an expanded market for American manufactures is absolutely imperative." Mr. Foss doesn't pretend that lowering the tariff, even without reciprocity, will *diminish* our sales of manufactures in foreign markets, which have been growing by leaps and bounds; and the man that can talk about something having to be done to stimulate those sales in order to "avoid national bankruptcy" is simply indulging in ignorant and sensational rant.

It always takes time after a Legislature adjourns for any one to find out just what it did. Even the members do not know. Pennsylvania now learns that its wise men at Harrisburg appropriated nearly $90,000,000 for the next two years, while the estimated receipts for the period fall $27,000,000 short of that sum. The duty of making both ends meet having thus been jauntily ignored by the legislators, Gov. Tener must attend to it. He has the power of vetoing separate items, the Legislature apparently reasoned. Accordingly, members got the largest appropriations they could for charitable and other institutions, private as well as public, in their respective districts, so that, even after the Governor's knife had gone through the bill, something might be left. This is legislation upon the principle of the buckster who puts a high price upon his wares, expecting to be forced to lower it.

A movement to "recall" Judge Lindsey illustrates the topsy-turvy condition of our politics since last August. The recall, it is to be remembered, is meant for the enemies of the people. "Ben" Lindsey is on the side of the people. His picturesque and vigorous language at the Chicago Convention proved that. Only Heney rivalled him in this display of innate patriotism. Yet there are women in Denver who are planning to ask Lindsey some questions, and to invoke the sacred instrument of the recall if he does not answer satisfactorily. They declare that the conduct of his court is "loose"; that he lets offenders of certain kinds off with light sentences. It is also charged that the juries of his famous juvenile court are not guarded as they should be. Instances are mentioned in which the jury, failing to come to an agreement, exchanged notes with the judge, after which a verdict was speedily handed up. This, it is thought by some in Denver, does not look well. Hitherto, Judge Lindsey has regularly triumphed over his enemies, and these triumphs have generally been regarded as victories for decency. It is to be hoped that he can vindicate himself now, and thus escape being hoist with the Progressive petard.

The discovery that noise is not a necessity may turn out to be one of the great achievements of the twentieth century. So long as racket was thought an indispensable element of progress, we minimized its evils. But now we are finding that it causes more harm than even discomfort. Indianapolis has begun a campaign for greater quiet. The point insisted upon there—as it has also been in this city—is the bad effect of noise upon the schools. The report of a wide investigation just concluded says that good work under present conditions is possible only if the windows are closed; that is, at the price of health. The committee further declares that 85 per cent. of the noises in the neighborhood of school buildings are capable of being abated. It suggests the creation of "zones of quiet," the repaving of certain streets with noise-absorbing material, the location of school buildings with reference to immunity from disturbance. As soon as we care as much about doing away with unnecessary noise as we care about the things for the sake of having which we endure the noise, our cities will be revolutionized.

Efforts to limit the suffrage in South Carolina to "white men of intelligence and character" meet peculiar difficulties. To exclude all negroes, regardless of intelligence and character, was easy. The test of literacy, or owning three hundred dollars' worth of property, shut out the bulk of them, while admitting most of the white men. The latter were further provided for by solicitude for "the heroes of the '60's," and for all other white men who became of age before January 1, 1898, all of whom had the opportunity of registering under the "special temporary 'understanding' clause" of the Constitution of 1895. The few deserving white men not thus tak-

en care of must, as a defender of the law remarks, be young, with time to learn to read and write. For "many a negro learned as much after emancipation"! Yet what do we see? The ungrateful white man who happens to be illiterate calmly goes to the primary and assists in the selection of candidates, and his better educated fellows go to the polls a few weeks later and ratify his and their choice. Thus "the rising generation are encouraged to lack of ambition to excel the negro"! Apparently, nothing remains, after all this endeavor to rouse the illiterate white man to his duty, except to take away from him the right to participate in the primary.

Tuesday of last week was Count Zeppelin's seventy-fifth birthday, which he celebrated in the happiest fashion by steering his twentieth airship on her maiden voyage. Germany has lost none of her enthusiasm for this conqueror of the air. Every city has a *Zeppelinstrasse* or *Zeppelinplatz;* his movements are chronicled like those of royalty; his picture is in every shop-window. His recent flight to Vienna gave rise to another outburst of national pride, for Germany still leads all the world in lighter-than-air craft, even though a French dirigible has flown higher and faster than any Zeppelin thus far. But every new Zeppelin craft is an improvement upon its predecessor, and the Count loses none of his fondness for new ventures. He is a veteran of our own Civil War, yet the Berlin newspapers reported two weeks ago that his last visit to that city was due to a desire to consult with the Government in regard to a flight across the Atlantic to the United States. If he really puts his mind upon it we may yet see him sailing into New York.

On this side of the water few have any conception of the development of this branch of aerial transportation. The cable brought the news last week of the founding of a British company to start a dirigible service between London and Manchester and other cities, and also between London and Paris. In Germany the Zeppelin Company has ships at Berlin, Hamburg, Leipzig, and Baden-Baden which make almost daily flights —one of them reported one hundred successive air voyages last summer without the slightest mishap of any kind. A month ago a navy Zeppelin, with a naval crew, left Berlin at 12:30 o'clock on a moonlight night, cruised to Hamburg, and then out to the island of Rügen in the North Sea; returning to the coast it came down on the water and lay there for half an hour. On rising, it roamed about the coast, and then, flying back, reached Berlin in comfort and ease at 7:30 o'clock. So remarkable an annihilation of space as this is now deemed worthy of only a few lines in the Berlin newspapers. Inevitably, one wonders what such a ship will not be capable of in another six years—it is but six since Zeppelin made his first successful flights in the Zeppelin III. Shall we be hearing then of round-the-world competitions?

When education is modernized in England, it is done in the most conservative stronghold. Old Etonians have remarked with amazement the report that the boys liked their lessons! As the Headmaster of Harrow pointed out recently at speech-day, new ideas have made the past year noteworthy. Besides more elective courses, the curriculum is changed. "In teaching English the boys are set one serious book, and also such a volume as Jefferies's 'Gamekeeper at Home.' If they once start the 'bait book' as a lesson, they finish it voluntarily, and so acquire soon a taste for literature." American teachers would see nothing new in this idea, nor in making mathematics practical, not experimental, or emphasizing living over dead languages. And if the change requires a new version of Shakespeare's schoolboy creeping sluggishly to school, another result also is familiar here. "A great many boys wish to specialize in science, till the science school is full; and the number in modern branches is steadily increasing."

Passage of the Irish Home Rule bill for the second time serves to fix attention afresh upon the actual working of the Parliament Act. Under it, the Commons will simply need to pass the bill a third time, and then it will become law without the consent of the House of Lords. That cannot occur, however, until about a year from now; for the Parliament Act provides that, in the case of bills made law despite the objection of the Lords, two years must have elapsed from the date of the second reading of the bill on its first passage through the Commons. That date was, in the case of the Home Rule bill, May 9, 1912. It is also necessary to send the bill to the Lords, on each occasion of its passing, at least one month before the end of the session. Compliance with these two conditions is expected to make the earliest day on which the King can give his consent to the bill, notwithstanding the dissent of the Lords, about June 12, 1914. Thus it appears that the upper house retains full power of obstruction for rather more than two years.

Monday's statement by Sir Edward Grey in the House of Commons, that there was no possibility of action by the Powers to force an armistice upon the warring Balkan states, and that they must fight on till exhausted, was probably not intended to be so pessimistic as it sounds. He may have intended it as a warning to Bulgaria to agree with her adversaries quickly, lest harder terms be exacted later. The actual military status is still confused. But there appears to be no doubt that the Bulgarian troops have met with terrible reverses at the hands both of the Servians and the Greeks. The earliest news, sent by Bulgaria's old stand-by, Lieut. Wagner, was of brilliant victories by the Bulgarian generals; but this was never confirmed, and now even at Sofia the best that can be said is that Gen. Ivanoff conducted a masterly retreat. But the correspondents with the Greek and Servian armies speak of this retreat as a disastrous rout. With Rumanian troops operating unopposed in Bulgarian territory, there can be no mistaking what has happened to Bulgarian military power. It has been badly broken just at the time when the German military experts were predicting that it would prove invincible. All their talk was of Bulgaria speedily making herself dominant in the Balkans, and becoming a veritable *Grossmacht* with which Russia would have to reckon. This is the second time within a year that the German army men have placed their money on the wrong horse. It will be remembered that they were confident that Turkey would show her military superiority.

BREAKING THE PROTECTION SPELL

The forces that have gone to the creation of the present tariff-reform situation in this country are many. Possibly the "high cost of living" is entitled to the foremost place. Perhaps next to this should be placed the connection between tariff protection and the promotion and sheltering of monopolies. But whatever may have been at the bottom of the change that has taken place in public sentiment, the thing that has been most distinctly visible, the thing that has expressly stirred the feelings of the people, is a certain moral element, an element that forms part of that whole vast stirring of reform impulses which has been manifested in so many ways during the past half-score years. When the Payne-Aldrich bill was drawn in the good old way, when the country was made to feel that, after all that had come and gone, the protected interests still regarded the fixing of tariff rates as a matter in which their desires came first and the claims of the mass of the people second, the demand for a genuine reform of the tariff acquired a potency that had been unknown since the days of the Cleveland campaign.

Accordingly, from the standpoint of American public sentiment, the break in the protectionist system that we are on the point of accomplishing presents itself chiefly in the light of emancipation from a sordid tyranny, the shaking off of an influence injurious to us economically and still more injurious to us as a source of political corruption and demoralization. But there is an additional aspect of the matter in which we may well take keen satisfaction. If the tariff reform now on the eve of consummation shall prove successful—if, whether owing to the nature of things or to favoring fortune, the country shall enjoy business prosperity during the next two or three years—there will be as much reason to rejoice in the breaking of the intellectual fetters with which protectionism had bound us as in our assertion of political soundness or in the material relief afforded by the reduction of tariff burdens. So rapid are the changes in the tone of political opinion, and so short is political memory apt to be, that it requires a distinct effort to recall the state of mind in which the country rested during about ten years after the protectionist policy regained its supremacy with the enactment of the Dingley bill. The concurrence of hard times with tariff reduction and of the return of prosperity with the return of high protection was as complete as circumstances could make it; and presently, even among persons who had formerly been quite hospitable to tariff reform, it came to be the habit to think of a high protectionist tariff as a permanently established part of our national policy. "You may argue tariff reduction till you are black in the face," such was the current view, "but the American people will have none of it. Better accept the accomplished fact, and don't disturb business for a thing that hasn't a ghost of a chance of ever being adopted."

But never is a long word; and in point of fact within the space of a dozen years there took place a change not only beyond what in the then prevailing opinion was possible, but a change far beyond anything that the most hopeful of tariff reformers could have looked for. When one realizes the character of that change it strikes one as almost ludicrous. For we are not only making a severe cut in the tariff, upon radical anti-protectionist principles, but the process is going through with so little protest that one is hardly aware that there is a protectionist party in the country. There will, of course, be some good old-time protectionist speeches in the Senate. There are a certain number of protectionist newspapers that are keeping up a line of talk against the bill, and predicting disaster as its consequence. But for anything like a great and powerful protest, anything even remotely suggesting that violence is being done to the settled sentiment of the nation, we look round in vain. That this state of mind will be lasting we do not assert; whether it will or not depends in no small measure on the accidents of economic conditions, agricultural and financial. But surely as things stand now, protection's long spell is broken.

This change in the attitude of our country towards protection is calculated to have a powerful effect beyond our own borders. For fifty years, the example of America has been one of the potent stimuli to protectionism in Europe. One of the greatest difficulties that have been encountered by English leaders in maintaining their country's splendid isolation among the great nations of Europe in the matter of free trade has lain in the fact that not only were the militarist nations of the European Continent committed to the protectionist policy, but that the great American Republic was the most extreme, and apparently the most irreclaimable, of the devotees of that policy. The manifest-destiny argument was one of the most telling in the whole of Mr. Chamberlain's collection of protectionist appeals; he was constantly insisting that the ideas of Cobden and Bright had been made obsolete by the logic of facts; all the world, except England, had turned its back on them, and it was mere stupidity for her to persist in the face at once of adversity at home under free trade and prosperity abroad under protection. The steadfastness of the free-traders soon had its reward in the demolition of one half of the Chamberlain argument by the return and persistent growth of business prosperity in England; but the other half, the apparently fixed committal of all the rest of the world to the protectionist doctrine, has remained. When our new tariff law is passed, opponents of protectionism throughout the world will be heartened, and in England the preservation of the free-trade principle will be further insured. The maintenance and success of the law will mark the first great break in that hold of protectionism among the leading nations of the world, other than England, which may be dated from Bismarck's adoption of the policy some forty years ago.

THE CHIEF JUSTICE ON TAXING COTTON FUTURES.

The Democratic Senate caucus having agreed to add to the tariff bill a clause taxing contracts for future delivery of cotton, evidently on the theory that it would be a popular measure, must be surprised at the volume of protests against it. These are coming in great numbers from the South, where the best newspapers and chambers of commerce and reputable business men seem to be of one mind on the folly of the proposal. The hasty Senators would have done well to look back to a similar project in 1892. In that year a scheme to tax futures and options was before the Senate, and its defeat was due in good part to a powerful speech

against it by a Southern Senator. He was Senator from Louisiana. His name was Edward D. White. His strong contention that such a tax would be utterly repugnant to the Constitution of the United States, has a certain significance to-day owing to the fact that he is at present Chief Justice White of the United States Supreme Court.

His Constitutional argument, twenty-one years ago, went to several points. The tax was discriminatory. It singled out certain products—the plan at that time was to tax futures in wheat and corn and pork and some other things—and omitted others. This would be even more forcible to-day, when it is proposed to tax cotton alone. Furthermore, it was pointed out by Senator (now Judge) White that the tax would be upon a form of contract which the courts had held to be valid. It was not a gambling transaction that was to be penalized. State courts and Federal courts—including the Supreme Court—had decided that contracts for future delivery were perfectly lawful, provided that either of the parties had "an honest intention to deliver." But the argument upon which Mr. White in 1892 laid most stress was that the proposed tax was a fraud on its face. It pretended to be a revenue measure. In reality it was a punitive statute. And what Senator White declared that the Supreme Court would do to such a bill, if it ever came before it, has great pertinence at a time when he is the presiding justice of that court. The language which he said that the judges would use to Congress when a measure taxing future contracts was challenged as being unconstitutional, was as follows:

> When you have called the statute one thing and the very terms of the statute indicate another thing, and that other thing is outside of the power of Congress, then it is not a statute at all, but a violation of authority, and we strike it from the statute books.

This is directly pertinent to the tax on cotton futures now proposed. It is offered as part of a bill "to provide revenue." But everybody knows that this is not the real intention. The purpose is to muict a certain form of trading. By so taxing contracts for future delivery of cotton that the dealer would have to pay $50 extra on a hundred bales, the intent is obvious to punish and abolish that established method of doing business. This was the aspect of the matter which most stirred Senator White's indignation as a lawyer, and which could hardly fail now to enter into any decision which he might have to make as a judge. He affirmed that, under the pretence of exercising the taxing power to raise money for carrying on the government, "we have breathed into this law a living lie," and "declared that our purpose is to tax for revenue, when every line and letter of the bill says that it is not an exercise of the taxing power at all, but an attempt to destroy." Mr. White discussed the tax on State bank notes, which the Supreme Court upheld, and also the oleomargarine tax, both of which, he maintained, could be discriminated from the tax on futures. What the Supreme Court would say to the latter, he put in words which would seriously embarrass any lawyer having to argue its Constitutionality before the present Chief Justice:

> Where the face of the statute shows no tax, where the face of the statute itself eliminates all human possibility of the exercise of the taxing power for revenue, then I say the mission of jurisdiction is given to the courts of this land to brush that statute away for its flagrant and open violation of the Constitution.

On the practical side, Mr. White's speech was powerful, and is still worth reading. He had fortified himself with knowledge of the entire development of the trade in cotton, and had the methods of buying and selling, with the history of prices, at his fingers' ends. He had no difficulty in showing that the system of cotton futures had been devised to meet pressing business exigencies, and that, on the whole, it had wrought great benefits, the chief of which had inured to the cotton-grower. The latter is no longer exposed to the old alternations of glutted and empty markets, but can count upon steady prices, based on actual crop conditions, with as much certainty as can traders and manufacturers. The whole question was, indeed, threshed out in Mr. White's speech in the Senate of July 21 and 22, 1892. It is just as true of the tax on cotton futures now as it was then that, in addition to being almost certainly unconstitutional, it is a proposal based on ignorance or prejudice. From the folly of having temporarily approved of it, the Democratic Senators should retreat as soon as and with what dignity they can.

THE TAX ON KNOWLEDGE.

The phrase, "the tax on knowledge," was originated by Bright and Gladstone some fifty years ago, when they were attacking and seeking to make odious the English paper duties. These were so high as to make the publication of newspapers very expensive. Anything like a cheap press was impossible; and as the only hope of success for the Liberal policies lay in the freest popular discussion, Bright and Gladstone struck hard at the tax which was most effective in preventing it. They were able first to reduce and finally to abolish the paper duties. Naturally, they were opposed and sneered at by Lord Robert Cecil, afterwards Lord Salisbury, then spokesman for the Tories. He asked what could possibly be learned by an educated person from a newspaper, and declared that it was a "prostitution" of terms to "talk of this tax on the penny papers as a tax on knowledge."

One would scarcely have expected to find American Democrats of 1913 sympathizing with the Tory view of 1854. Yet in one of the changes made by the Senate Democrats in the clauses of the tariff relating to books, there is displayed a reactionary spirit hostile to the freest possible diffusion of knowledge. We refer particularly to the proposal to lay a duty of 15 per cent. on books printed in foreign languages. Such books have been entitled to free importation for a great many years. Even the McKinley bill put on the free list "books and pamphlets printed exclusively in languages other than English." The Wilson bill retained that provision intact. So did the Dingley bill of 1897. In the Payne-Aldrich bill of 1909, the phraseology was changed so as to make it more liberal, the words being "printed *chiefly* in languages other than English." That form was kept in the Underwood bill as it passed the House, but it was stricken out by the Senate Finance Committee; so that, if it has its way, books in French and German and other foreign languages will be taken from the free list and made to pay the general duty of 15 per cent. on all books imported that were printed less than twenty years ago.

That this is a step backward needs no arguing. It would deprive the scholar of his tools, the book-lover of his satisfactions. And to what end? Is there

here any question of a homo industry to protect? Books in foreign languages are not printed in this country to any appreciable extent. No; the duty must be intended for revenue, which means that it is a tax, and a tax on teachers and readers, a tax on knowledge. The Democratic Senators left in the bill the provision making Bibles free. They ought to take a free Bible and read in it the passage about the people perishing for lack of knowledge. Then they might ask themselves what the people will think of legislators who would levy a tax to make knowledge more difficult of access.

It is not necessary to spend words on this new tax. Indeed, it is so illiberal and so uncalled for that we are inclined to think that the Senate Committee was inadvertently betrayed into proposing it. For it is only fair to say that some of the other provisions of the bill relating to the importation of books are an improvement over anything we have had. In the first place, the duty is reduced. It has been 25 per cent. Even the Wilson bill of 1894—though doubtless against the personal wishes of its author—placed the duty at that figure. But now it is to be reduced to 15 per cent. This will mean a distinct gain to large classes of readers. Moreover, there is one generous and comprehensive clause added by the Democratic Senators. They put upon the free list "all textbooks used in schools and other educational institutions." This would, of course, cover books in any language, and would be a real boon to many. But such an enlightened provision only makes one wonder the more how those who framed it could have adopted so benighted a plan as that of clapping a tax on books in foreign languages. The thing cannot endure discussion; and we are very confident that, either by the Senate itself or at the demand of the House in conference committee, this proposed tax on knowledge will be dropped. It is inconceivable that President Wilson could give it countenance for a moment.

THE STATUE HABIT.

News came the other day of a proposal in Kansas to have the statue of Senator Ingalls withdrawn from the Hall of Statuary at Washington. It sprang not from any who denied his merits, but from those who were anxious to keep his fame green. They objected that his inclusion in the Hall had done him anything but honor, and that he only shared there the ridicule that many visitors shower upon the figures in the American Pantheon. And they argued that a reputation in need of no statue had only been lowered by giving it a memorial so common as to have lost all distinction. The suggestion of this incident lies not so much in criticism of the incongruities and artistic deficiencies of the collection in the Capitol as in a general reflection upon the whole cheapening practice of Americans—and others—of hastily setting up permanent tributes to any man for whom a community feels a temporary enthusiasm. The impulse to anticipate history's verdict is long-standing; and it is a wholesome reaction that makes people certain of a great name reluctant to range it with those to whom immortality has been prematurely decreed.

This memorial instinct should be chastened without either dulling public appreciation of great characters, or checking attempts at a distinctive civic art. A youthful nation will not lack eagerness to honor its heroes, or to set idealized figures before its children. But the effort to do this defeats both history and art when it fails in just proportion. What is objectionable is not that cities remember their founders, or persons connected with their development, as they have done from Pennacook with Hannah Dustin to Salt Lake City with Brigham Young. This means of giving spirit and tradition to a town's atmosphere, and of granting local notoriety a continued local currency, will deceive no one. But what is harmful is for a community to set itself up as arbiter of a broader fame. It was proper, no doubt, for Galena to erect a statue to Grant at his death. But for Dayton at once to distinguish the late Orville Wright in the way Washington has just distinguished Dr. Samuel P. Langley would be less clearly defensible. The reputation of statesmen is still more precarious. Even our short history shows us Chief Justices and Presidents that are now thought scarce worthy a pedestal. But the worst follies of all, as Coventry Patmore once pointed out, are in the cases of recent writers and artists. Just standards of taste seldom chime with popular moods; many a Tupper lives famous to die unknown, and many a Bulwer dies famous to sink into oblivion; and even "just standards of taste," from Caroline to Georgian to Victorian times, undergo reversals that leave one generation laughing at the mistakes of the last.

To convert these generalizations into specific instances is easy. From Akron, with its statue of Col. Simon Perkins, to Yonkers, with a statue of John Watts, city calls unto city names that even specialists in American history would not recognize. Passing over hurried, cosmopolitan New York, and the Chicago of stock-yards and grain-elevators, we find the third city of the land, Philadelphia, honoring a list that runs: Baldwin, Caldwell, Davis, Dodge, Drexel, Forrest, and so forth—names whose initials furnish no clue to their identity. It is true, pause was made to honor Columbus, and Dickens and Little Nell. Such a city as Hartford, which could not well avoid statues to Thomas Hooker, Nathan Hale, and Israel Putnam, included with them Brownell, Buckingham, Colt, Davenport, Hubbard, Knowlton, G. A. Stedman, and Horace Wells. These men had doubtless earned a civic wreath; but had they earned more? Indianapolis's taste is manifest in her list of seven men, all connected with the city's life, and all but the last, an able early Governor, widely known: George Rogers Clark, Schuyler Colfax, Benjamin Harrison, Thomas A. Hendricks, Oliver P. Morton, and James Whitcomb. And if some cities, like Chicago, which has memorials to Lincoln and Douglas, and to a host of foreigners from Hans Christian Andersen to Von Humboldt, have few native great, they have given their streets inspiration with representatives of the ancestor-nations of present-day Americans. But in general the land is cluttered with stones that try ineffectually to lift leaden names out of the dust, and that only choke the plant that grows on no mortal soil.

As we have said, those who advocate caution in rearing public monuments must be cautious themselves. But only those who conceal a grudge against historical truth and true greatness can fail to wish the extravagances of the movement checked. In other lands, Ministers and committees—and they have made some sorry mistakes—choose the subjects for such civil honors. With us they are elected by popular acclaim. It

is therefore public restraint, and patience to abide the decree of time, that must be learned. Nothing has been said of the artistic aspect of the question. The real virtue of any sculpture must depend chiefly on its execution. A country with such work as that of French, MacMonnies, and Saint-Gaudens cannot be accused of inability to do justice to worthy subjects; and the best art is not nurtured on wide devotion to commonplace themes.

DIFFICULTIES OF THE POET.

Reports that the Laureateship would be abolished, or, at least, that no one would be appointed to take the laurel scarcely greener from the brows of Alfred Austin, were denied last week in the House of Commons. The Prime Minister stated that he intended to name a Poet Laureate. He did not say when or whom. To the suggestion that the honor might be made more broadly literary, and be bestowed upon a man whose fame did not chiefly rest on his poetry, Mr. Asquith did not accede. A poet the Laureate has been and a poet he must continue to be. Doubtless the Premier feels that it would, in a way, be doing despite to poetry not to keep up this official recognition of it. Notwithstanding all the complaints that English poetry is going sterile, the public desire to discover and to delight in poetical distinction is apparently as keen as ever—almost pathetically so. Say as despairingly as we may that the age is given over to material pursuits, there are always to be heard voices crying out eagerly, with Clough, "Come, poet, come!"

In a recent lecture on "The Future of English Poetry," Mr. Edmund Gosse touched upon the great difficulties which the poet has now to encounter. These relate as much to his art as to his audience. There is an immense demand for freshness of expression. It is laid upon his own heart by the poet, as well as echoed in his ear from the outside. Why should he merely seek to say over again the simple, obvious, even poignant things that have already been said? He must strive for something new, either in theme or form. Rendering of the primitive natural emotions has already been done, even to satiety. Language has nearly gone bankrupt. Hence it was probable, argued Mr. Gosse, that we should find future poets inclining more and more to symbolic and subtle forms of verse. In their horror of the trite, they would endeavor to produce an effect by "wrapping the truth in darkness." Mr. Gosse's rather dismal conclusion was:

> The domain of verse had been persistently narrowed by the incursions of a more and more powerful and wide-embracing prose. No ode or threnody could equal in vibrating passion Capt. Scott's last testament. The poetry of the future was likely to be very much occupied with subjects, and with those alone, which could not be expressed in the prose of the best-edited newspaper, and he believed that the closing up of the poetic field would isolate the poet from his fellows. That was likely to lead them to hand themselves more closely together for mutual protection. He also thought it very likely that sexual love might cease to be the predominant theme in lyrical poetry. The poetry of the future might not improbably become more and more dramatic, although perhaps by a series of acts of definite creation, rather than as the result of observation, which would be left to the ever-increasing ardoitness of the brilliant masters of our prose.

That such tendencies as Mr. Gosse indicates are actually operative need not be denied. There is a poetical school of over-refinement. Some think they will be heard for speaking dark oracles. Certain minds lose themselves in their own windings, and fancy that they can make poetry out of their efforts to extricate themselves. But such twisted obscurity of thought and style has never been characteristic of the great English poetry, nor is it of the best to-day. Subtleties are distinctly not in the movement. They are not the manner of Alfred Noyes or Stephen Phillips or Masefield. Broad and large effects still have their appeal. Nor need the old simplicities of nature and of life be given up as now hopelessly banal. Almost at the very time Mr. Gosse was lecturing, a volume of verse by a new writer was making its appearance, about which competent critics are enthusiastic on account of its strong and fresh handling of immemorial subjects. We have not yet seen the book, George Bartram's "England's Garland," but judging by some of the published extracts, it does not seem a great exaggeration to speak of him, as does the *Manchester Guardian*, as "a remarkable new poet." His note is clear and full and, what is to the present point, sounds ancient English themes. This shows that, after all, it is strong and original handling that matters in these things. Mr. Bartram's poem is long and ambitious. It is varied by making old masters of English song reappear. Here, for example, are the lines which begin a sort of meditation by Andrew Marvell:

> In glade remote of greenwood olden, long miles away from road and town,
> When wheat is sere and barley golden, and Sol hath burned the pastures brown,
> Most sweet it is to walk, when dies the splendor of the western skies.
>
> Tall elm and beech, the white birch limber, the ash thick hung with golden keys,
> The sturdy oak, stout lord of timber, the goodly glade is rich in these,
> But the dark yew is king enorm, whence fork the alleys cruciform.

Nothing wire-drawn about that! Mr. Bartram does not find it necessary to wrap his truth in darkness. He enters with frank joy into the spirit of the countryside, and seeks to refashion the old lineaments of nature and of life to modern needs. And he has a kind of exultant "valediction" which it is instructive to set, both for form and substance, against the somewhat depressing view of men like Mr. Gosse. We quote some of the lines:

> What weakling urges that the starry nights
> In woodland wanton with the joyous sprites,
> In meadow peopled with the tripping fays,
>
> Have fled for ever, and our souls are borne
> In endless circuit of the Streets forlorn?
> Who sings a requiem for the golden days?
> . . . . . .
> Some vagrant wizard may the track pursue,
> The maze unravel, and the spell renew,
> And wake the singing of the vanished quires.
> . . . . . ,
> Vast Tree of Empire, shallow hirelings say
> The sign is on thee of a swift decay,
> That, foul and secret at thy deepest core,
>
> Dread canker nestles of the worm of doom,
> And thou art barren of the goodly bloom
> Thy olden vigor in such bounty bore. . . .
>
> It is not so: thy heart is still immune
> Of that gray mischief, and a coming June,
> Instinct with virtues of the South serene,
>
> Shall shape thy blossoms in the primal mould,
> Heap thy broad members with a fruit of gold,
> And dower thy foliage with eternal green!

WORDSWORTH AND HARTLEY.

In the development of Wordsworth towards an æsthetic and philosophy of life there are two important steps, after his graduation from Cambridge and his enforced return from France in 1793. The first, his enthusiastic acceptance of the philosophy of William Godwin, beginning in 1793 and continuing to about 1795, has been made out with tolerable distinctness. The second step, lasting from about 1795 to 1797, and covering the period of his recovery from the moral despair induced by his belief in the evil results of Godwinianism, is not so clear. In "The Prelude" Wordsworth

credits his sister Dorothy with maintaining for him a saving intercourse with his true self, and preserving him still a poet. This explanation of the manner in which he arrived at the view of life and art shown in the volume of 1798 is not at all satisfactory; for it does not explain why, between the years 1795 and 1798, he found a set of doctrines more or less worked into a system which contain the essential Wordsworth as we know him. I wish briefly to indicate that the inspiration and source of Wordsworth's principles was the philosophy of David Hartley's "Observations on Man, his Frame, his Duty, and his Expectations," 1749, as derived from a study of the system itself and as interpreted in the light of Hartley's most enthusiastic disciple, Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

I.

In the "Lyrical Ballads," first published in 1798, in conjunction with Coleridge, the revolt from Godwin and the comfort in a more satisfying philosophy are both plainly to be seen. At the same time, of the twenty poems contributed by Wordsworth there are a number which deal with general humanitarian topics common to Godwin and a large class of his contemporaries. "Lines Left on a Seat in a Yew Tree," "Lines Written in Early Spring," "The Convict," and "The Thorn" are examples; and they are closely related to another and more numerous class which have to do with the more specialized topic of the horrors of war. Anti-military poetry was common at this time, and in this Wordsworth fell in with a fashion observed by Southey, Thelwall, Coleridge, Bowles, and others. In "The Female Vagrant" and "The Old Man Travelling" we see this special anti-military application of the general and widespread feeling for the sufferings of the poor.

All these poems would have met with the hearty approval of Godwin; but others are of a different quality. The philosopher of the "Political Justice" regarded abstract justice as the greatest virtue of society, and decried the more human virtues, such as pity, the family feelings, filial piety—the "blessed charities of father, son, and brother"—as mere prejudices, to be suppressed and subjected to the clear light of reason. Property, according to Godwin, was an evil; but we find Wordsworth making a protest against this principle in "The Last of the Flock," a poem written to show the natural love of man for property and its importance in fostering the domestic affections. This subject of the domestic affections and their importance for the English peasantry continued to engage the attention of Wordsworth, as we see in "The Brothers" and "Michael," and by the long letter to Fox in explanation of both these later poems. Another set of his poems inspired by his revolt against Godwin consists of those which have to do with "the primary laws of our nature," as he himself expresses the matter. To these belong "The Idiot Boy" and "The Mad Mother," founded on the maternal passion; "Simon Lee," a vindication of the feelings of benevolence and gratitude; "The Forsaken Indian Woman," a picture of the soul in the face of death, and its counterpart, "We are Seven," a picture of the child's inability to understand death; and, finally, "Goody Blake and Harry Gill," the account of a soul under a curse. This notion of the soul under a curse is likewise the subject of "The Ancient Mariner" and of those other poems upon which the authors of the "Lyrical Ballads" were engaged in 1798: "Christabel," "Cain," "The Three Graves," and "Peter Bell." The same theme is found in "The Spanish Military Nun" of De Quincey—"penitential sorrow," in his finely descriptive phrase.

After we have given all the preceding titles in the volume of 1798 we have left names that are far more famous still: these are the poems dealing with the relations of Nature to the development and nurture of the individual soul. The titles of these poems are not so much names as a roll-call of glory—"Lines Written at a Small Distance from My House," "Lines Written in Early Spring," the pair, "Expostulation and Reply" and "The Tables Turned," and, greatest of all, "Lines Written a Few Miles above Tintern Abbey, on Revisiting the Banks of the Wye During a Tour, July 13, 1798." Here, surely, we are at the heart of Wordsworth.

In these poems there are many expressions concerning the educative powers of Nature which have given trouble to commentators; some have called the doctrine they promulgate Pantheism, some Platonism; some, like Lord Morley, have regarded these expressions as "playful sallies"; while others have treated them as indiscretions to be hushed up and forgiven. I wish to examine them in the light of the Hartleian philosophy, as the earliest statement of the newly found solution of the universe and as the poet's first satisfying æsthetic, which gave theoretical support to his own insistent need of joy and hope.

Here it should be noted that, though Wordsworth speaks of immediate joy in the presence of Nature, as in the "Lines Written in Early Spring," this is not his characteristic attitude. His doctrine of Nature does not dwell on the immediate good which Nature brings; but rather on the "future good for years to come," as in the cryptic lines:

> Some silent laws our hearts may make
> Which they shall long obey—

or, as in the words addressed to Dorothy in "Tintern Abbey":

> Therefore let the moon
> Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;
> And let the misty mountain winds be free
> To blow against thee; and in after years,
> When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
> Into a sober pleasure, when thy mind
> Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
> Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
> For all sweet sounds and harmonies. . . .

Dorothy's mind, like the poet's own, will be educated by Nature, and will be pleased to recognize "in nature and the language of the sense, the anchor of her purest thoughts, the nurse, the guide and guardian of her heart, and soul of all her moral being." Such is the education which Nature effects in all souls subjected to her sway; for, whether we will or not, our human souls are linked to her. In these poems Wordsworth is giving first expression to the thought which he was to work out later in such exquisite form as that of "Three Years She Grew," and at greater length in "The Prelude"—"how exquisitely the individual Mind to the external World is fitted; and how exquisitely, too, the external World is fitted to the Mind."

Now the point is that we find in "Tintern Abbey" the earliest clear indication of the characteristically Wordsworthian method of poetic procedure, that is, the method of reminiscence, or retrospect. This is by no means an invention of the poet's; it is a method derived from Rousseau and Rousseauism; nor is the glorification of childhood his own discovery. This, too, is derived from Rousseau. The new thing in "Tintern Abbey" is the philosophy of knowledge which connects in a causal relation the reminiscences and experiences of childhood with the adult mind. In other words, Wordsworth vitalizes the commonplace form of retrospect and reminiscence by interpreting the facts of experience in accordance with the association philosophy of David Hartley and some of his later interpreters. In the light of this philosophy it is not mere fancy but mere sober truth to say that the child is father of the man; and the philosopher does not go beyond the warrant of associationism when he gives thanks for

> Those shadowy recollections,
> Which, be they what they may,
> Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
> Are yet a master light of all our seeing;
> Uphold us, cherish us, and make
> Our noisy years seem moments in the being
> Of the eternal Silence: truths that wake
> To perish never;
> Which neither listlessness nor mad endeavor,
> Nor Man nor Boy,
> Nor all that is at enmity with joy
> Can utterly abolish or destroy!

II.

This is not the place to go into any detailed analysis of the system of Hartley. The first aspect of the association philosophy which must have appealed to the young poet in his revolt from Godwin is the important place given to emotion, feeling, pleasure, optim-

ism, and to all the irrational impulses which had fallen under the condemnation of the author of "Political Justice." According to Hartley, the impulse for joy is not a mere surface thing, but is the most deeply seated fact of the soul and the universe; for, as God is infinitely good, men must all tend towards happiness; and the ultimate goal of every man is perfect felicity. Thus poetry and art, as the product of feeling and emotion, are not things that have to do with the superficialities of life, but go down to the depths of the soul. They are based on the "grand elementary principle of pleasure" in the heart of man, and so are as immortal as the heart of man itself.

A second important aspect of the Hartleian philosophical system is the clear manner in which it explains the development of ideas from simple sensations. According to Hartley *all* ideas come from sensation, which by the power of association are gradually transformed into the complexes of the mature mental life. These primary sensations, and the pleasures and pains of sensation, are ultimate, irresoluble facts; and from their various combinations and developments come the various classes of pleasures and pains called by Lamb the "motives to conduct," and designated by Wordsworth, in the Preface of 1800, "the primary laws of our nature" and "the great and simple affections of our nature." These "motives to conduct" act in the following order: (1) sensation, (2) imagination, (3) ambition, (4) self-interest, (5) sympathy, (6) theopathy, and (7) the moral sense. By the operation of the law of association the simple sensations are transformed by a change akin to that of chemistry into the higher and more impersonal forms of the mind; and the ultimate result is the translation of the material vibrations which produced the simple sensations into the pure love of God and universal benevolence. This system, in the opinion both of Hartley and Wordsworth, places in our control the choice of the ideas that shall come to the mind of youth. Moreover, it gives to every man a means of viewing the manner in which his mind was formed and of understanding the development of any other individual mind. And such is the general plan of "Tintern Abbey." The development of the mind is followed from youth to age, from the time when Nature was nothing but an appetite, up to the time when in Her was heard

> The still, sad music of humanity.

Nor is Wordsworth obscure as to the process by which Nature led on his mind; for he tells us that in youth the eye was all in all, the sense of sight being taken as typical, because, as Hartley says, "the ideas of this sense are far more vivid and definite than any other." In youth, then, sense was sufficient, and thought was not needed. But with the years thought came and sensation decayed, until he felt, at times,

> A presence that disturbs me with the joy
> Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
> Of something far more deeply interfused,
> Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
> And the round ocean, and the living air,
> And the blue sky, and in the mind of man,
> A motion and a spirit that impels
> All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
> And rolls through all things.

In the words of Hartley:

> Our intellectual pleasures are not only at first generated, but afterwards supported and recruited, in part from the pleasures affecting the eye; which holds particularly in respect of the pleasures afforded by the beauties of Nature, and by the imitation of them, which the arts of poetry and painting furnish us with.

And, through Nature and the language of the sense, we ascend, as Hartley tells us, to happiness "in the love of God, by the previous annihilation of self and the world." In the words of Coleridge, paraphrasing Hartley, in "Religious Musings," the idea is thus expressed:

> Till of its nobler nature it [the soul] 'gan feel
> Dim recollections; and thence soared to Hope,
> Strong to believe whate'er of mystic good
> The Eternal dooms for His immortal sons.
> From Hope and firmer Faith to perfect Love
> Attracted and absorbed: and centred there
> God only to behold, and know, and feel,
> Till by exclusive consciousness of God
> All self-annihilated it shall make
> God its Identity: God all in all!
> We and our Father one!

This is but another way of saying what is said by Wordsworth in "Tintern Abbey":

> That serene and blessed mood,
> In which the affections gently lead us on,
> Until the breath of this corporeal frame,
> And even the motion of our human blood
> Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
> In body, and become a living soul:
> While with an eye made quiet by the power
> Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
> We see into the life of things.

In a letter written to Richard Sharp in 1808 Wordsworth speaks of Hartley as one among the "men of real power, who go before their age"; and exclaims concerning Hartley's book upon Man, "How many years did it sleep in almost entire oblivion!" This opinion was certainly Wordsworth's in 1798, for immediately upon the publication of the "Lyrical Ballads" he began to compose a philosophical poem on the same plan as that of "Tintern Abbey" which gave in detail an account of the development of his own mind. This was "The Prelude" in its earliest form, which was later enlarged in accordance with a much more ambitious and less consistent plan.

III.

Wordsworth continued to write poems in the spirit of those in the first edition of the "Lyrical Ballads"; and the result was a new edition in two volumes in 1800, and another with slight changes in 1802. In the Preface for the edition of 1800 we find a third and important aspect of the Hartleian philosophy clearly reflected. We have noted as the first aspect which must have attracted Wordsworth the validity given to emotion and passion; and as the second the simple manner in which the system explains the development of the mind; the third is the validity which it gives to the claims of the poet for serious consideration, as one who has something weighty to say on man, and nature, and on human life. Hume had given expression to the common opinion held by philosophers regarding poets:

> The *Imagination* of man is naturally sublime, delighted with whatever is remote and extraordinary, and running, without control, into the most distant parts of space and time in order to avoid the objects which custom has rendered too familiar to it. A correct *Judgment* observes a contrary method, and avoiding all distant and high enquiries, confines itself to common life, and to such subjects as fall under daily practice and experience; leaving the more sublime topics to the embellishment of poets and orators, or to the arts of priests and politicians.

To this charge Wordsworth had answered in the Advertisement of 1798, when he requested the reader to test his poems by asking whether they contained a natural delineation of human passions, human characters, and human incidents. This answer he repeats in the Preface of 1800, and claims for his poems reality of subject and of language. He then proceeds to show exactly what he means by reality, as follows: First, he says that the principal object in the Poems was to make the incidents of common life interesting by tracing in them, truly though not ostentatiously, the primary laws of our nature: "chiefly as far as regards the manner in which we associate ideas in a state of excitement." That is to say, poetic feeling arises out of thought; for though it be true that all good poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings, it is also true that poems to which any value can be attached can never be produced on any variety of subjects but by a man who has thought deeply. The priority of thought to poetic inspiration he applies to Dr. Johnson's stanza:

> I put my hat upon my head,
> And walk'd into the Strand,
> And there I met another man
> Whose hat was in his hand.

This, says Wordsworth, is not only not poetry, but it is not sense; for "the images neither originate in that sane state of feeling which arises out of thought, nor can excite thought or feeling in the reader." The necessary pri-

ority of thought to emotion is explained at length by Wordsworth in terms of associationism:

For our continued influxes of feeling are modified and directed by our thoughts, which are indeed the representatives of all our past feelings; and as by contemplating the relation of these general representatives to each other, we discover what is really important to man, so by the repetition and continuance of this act feelings connected with important subjects will be nourished, till at length, if we be originally possessed of much organic sensibility, such habits of mind will be produced that by obeying blindly and mechanically the impulses of those habits, we shall describe objects and utter sentiments of such a nature and such connection with each other that the understanding of the being to whom we address ourselves, if he be in a healthful state of association, must be in some degree enlightened, his taste exalted, and his affections ameliorated.

I have quoted this passage at length in order to show that it is nothing more than an enlargement and adaptation to æsthetic theory of Hartley's notions concerning ideas and the passions, and the constant tendency of all our mental activities to become habits. Of the relation between ideas and feeling, and the priority of ideas, Hartley says:

Here we may observe,

First, that our passions or affections can be no more than aggregates of simple ideas united by association. For they are excited by objects and by the incidents of life. But these, if we except the impressed sensations, can have no power of affecting us but what they derive from association.

Secondly, since the passions are states of considerable pleasure and pain, they must be aggregates of the ideas, or traces of the sensible pleasures and pains. . . .

Thirdly, as sensation is the common foundation of all these [the intellectual affections], so each in its turn, when sufficiently generated, contributes to generate and model all the rest.

IV.

In another important aspect of his work as poet and critic Wordsworth is closely identified with the philosophy of associationism. In his earliest published poems he was under the sway of Erasmus Darwin, a disciple of Hartley and one of the last of the advocates and practitioners of that artificial language which is known as "poetic diction," and which it was a part of Wordsworth's work to destroy. In the Interludes to "The Loves of the Plants," published in 1789, Darwin insists that poetry is addressed principally to the eye; for, as ideas derived from visible objects are more distinct than those derived from the objects of our other senses, the words expressive of these ideas belonging to vision make up the principal part of poetic language. This theory of poetic language is but the culmination of a long literary tradition which derives ultimately from Horace, but immediately from Locke's distinction between primary and secondary qualities in objects. This distinction was fully accepted by no less a critic than Addison in his influential papers on the "Pleasures of the Imagination" in the *Spectator*, as we see from his explicit statement, June 24, 1712, No. 413:

I have here supposed that my Reader is acquainted with that great Modern Discovery, which is at present universally acknowledged by all the Enquirers into Natural Philosophy; namely, that Light and Colours, as apprehended by the Imagination, are only Ideas in the Mind, and not Qualities that have any Existence in Matter. As this is a Truth that has been proved incontestably by many Modern Philosophers, and is indeed one of the finest Speculations in that Science, if the *English* Reader would see the Notion explained at large, he may find it in the Eighth Chapter of the second Book of Mr. Locke's Essay on Human Understanding.

This statement on the part of Addison is of very great importance, as it shows clearly that the theory *ut pictura poesis* had a distinct English and native tradition founded anew on English philosophy and distinct from the general Renaissance literary tradition. As Addison explains in the passage just quoted, Locke and his school demonstrated that light, colors, sounds, tastes, and smells are secondary and non-essential qualities in bodies, as contrasted with extension, bulk, and kindred qualities. And since these are the sensible qualities which distinguish ideas of objects, it was deduced by the critics as a principle of poetry and the arts, that those ideas to which a concrete form can be given by expression in terms of these secondary qualities are capable of being transferred from one sense to another without loss. Since both Locke and Berkeley dealt largely with the sense of vision, as the most important of the senses, it is not surprising that the later theorists of the arts should make poetry largely a matter of the visualization of abstract ideas. Nor is it any more surprising that the painters should practice their art from the same standpoint and should display a series of attempts at speaking pictures, and so on; nor that the poets should strive to express themselves in accordance with the principles of "poetic diction."

Armed with the more fundamental principles of his master, Hartley, which laid stress on the reality of poetry and imagination and furnished a philosophic basis for his own conviction that "a natural delineation of human passions, human characters, and human incidents" can never be expressed in any but a selection of the language of everyday life, Wordsworth broke through the surface theories of poetic diction, and using the materials of the association philosophy, laid the foundations for the new and all-important distinction between fancy and imagination. But that distinction was not made in the Prefaces of 1800 and 1802: it belongs to a later period in the development of Wordsworth's mind, and demands separate treatment. ARTHUR BEATTY.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Last week I gave, in this place, a list of additions and corrections to the bibliography of Sir Roger L'Estrange in Mr. George Kitchin's biography of that voluminous journalist.

In connection with the translations, which Mr. Kitchin discusses excellently, it should be noted that "A New and Complete French and English Grammar," by Peter Berault (1707) contains "above twenty Pleasant and Useful Dialogues, translated into English by Sir Roger L'Estrange, and here rendered into French," etc.

The list of works which have been "variously ascribed" to L'Estrange is incomplete, and needs some correction.

The discussion of "A Hymn to Confinement" (pp. 416, 417) is confusing. In the first place, the poem, which was attributed to L'Estrange as early as 1705, and which is to be found reprinted on pp. 199 ff. of Hannah's "Courtly Poets," is not "A Hymn to Confinement," but appeared *with* that poem in 1705. It has been called "The Liberty of the Imprisoned Royalist" and "The Imprisoned Cavalier" and "Loyalty Confined." The situation is made quite clear by the title of the edition of 1705 (quoted in "The Works of the Learned," Vol. 7, p. 103), "A Hymn to Confinement, Written by the Author of the Case of the Church of England's Memorial fairly stated, etc., to which is added a poem on the same subject by the famous Sir Roger L'Estrange, when in Newgate in the days of Oliver's Usurpation." This shows clearly that William Pittis, author of "The Case of the Church of England's Memorial," wrote "A Hymn to Confinement" and that L'Estrange was the reputed author of the other poem. Mr. Kitchin, on page 409, speaks of "His [L'Estrange's] 'Hymn to Confinement,'" but as the sentence has no verb, we shall never know what he intended to say about it.

The following tracts have been ascribed to L'Estrange, but are not mentioned by Mr. Kitchin in his bibliography, though some are mentioned elsewhere:

(1.) "An Address to the Freemen and Freeholders of the Nation," 1682, ascribed by Watt to L'Estrange or Edmund Bohun, is by Bohun.

(2.) "Aphorisms of Hippocrates. Englished by R. L'E," is mentioned by Watt.

(3.) "An Apology for the Protestants of France in reference to the persecutions they are under at this day; in six letters," etc., 1683, is given to L'Estrange by Halkett and Laing, but the contents would seem to indicate another author.

(4.) "The Apostate Protestant," 1682, ascribed by Watt, is perhaps by Edward Pelling.

(5.) "A Compendious History of the most Remarkable Passages of the last Fourteen Years, with an account of the Plot," 1680, has been ascribed to L'Estrange by the catalogues of several libraries, probably on the authority of Halkett and

Laing. The contents show that he was certainly not the author.

(6.) "Crack upon Crack," etc., 1680, given to L'Estrange by Haikett and Laing, is a parody of "Cit and Bumpkin."

(7.) "The Head of the Nile; or, the Turnings and Windings of the Factious since Sixty," 1680, ascribed to L'Estrange by Watt, is by Thomas Baker.

(8.) "The judgment of an anonymous writer concerning these following particulars," etc., 1684, ascribed by the Advocates Library, is probably by George Hickes, D.D.

(9.) "Letter Out of Scotland from Mr. R L. S.," January 10, 1681, mentioned by Sir Sidney Lee in his article on L'Estrange in the Dictionary of National Biography, and ascribed to L'Estrange in various catalogues, is not his.

(10.) "A Letter to Miles Prance," called by Mr. Kitchin in one place "Letters to Miles Prance," is, he thinks, by Thompson or Farwell. It is not, as the language used on page 432 would imply, a mistaken addition to the bibliography made by Professor Trent, but is really an attribution due to Sir Sidney Lee.

(11.) "Present State of Christendome and the Interest of England with a Regard to France," 1678, is bound with "Tyranny and Popery" in a volume in the Peabody Library and given to L'Estrange in its catalogue.

(12.) "Remarks on the Growth and Progress of Non-Conformity," 1682, is dismissed briefly by Mr. Kitchin on page 432. It has been ascribed by Watt, the Advocates Library, and Halkett and Laing, and was advertised in the *Observator*. Professor Trent tentatively concurs in the attribution to L'Estrange on account of the writer's general attitude and his attack on Baxter, even though the publisher was not Brome. The question of its authorship seems to be still an open one, despite Mr. Kitchin's categorical rejection.

(13.) "Vindication of the Observator," 1685, ascribed by Watt, is probably not L'Estrange's.

Several titles which are to be found in booksellers' catalogues are here omitted, although the careful student of bibliography will slight such sources of information and vexatious misinformation only at his own cost. Frequently, the presence of L'Estrange's "Imprimatur" is a cause of error; sometimes collectors and students are misled by advertisements, as was notably the case with a contributor to *Notes and Queries*, December 22, 1906 (p. 489). I may add that a friend has given me a reference to "Letters from Orinda to Poliarchus," second edition, 1729, pp. 27-28, from which it should seem that in April, 1661, Mrs. Katherine Philips sent Sir Charles Cotterell an effusion by L'Estrange entitled "The Apology for Women." Whether this was in print or in manuscript does not appear, nor does the work seem to have been identified.

H. R. Fox.

Correspondence

CHARLOTTE, N. C., AND OELWEIN, IOWA

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your issue of June 26 you say:

It is a strange and painful thing to read that in any city of the United States a school board should refuse to appoint a woman as teacher in the public schools on the express grounds of her being a member of the Catholic Church. This is what was done, however, a few days ago in Charlotte, N. C., when two young women who had been teaching in the schools were, in the face of an extraordinary public protest against the proceeding, refused reëlection by the Board, the vote standing 10 to 5. . . . The demonstration of right feeling at the public meetings, attended by Protestant ministers as well as lawyers and business men, must be set down to the credit of Charlotte; but the people of that city should not rest content until they have brought about a reversal of the official act of intolerance.

Granting all that you say, it seems pertinent to express wonder at your failure to comment on an act far more "surprising and painful" that occurred at Oelwein, Iowa, on the evening of June 12, when a mob of some hundreds assaulted an ex-priest, Rev. J. J. Crowley, of Cincinnati, who had just delivered a lecture on the American public schools, upholding them as a bulwark of our liberties, and condemning the Catholic parochial schools as inimical to these liberties. To get my facts straight, I wrote to a Baptist minister in Oelwein, and his letter is before me, in which he says:

"I can speak with authority, for I was with Mr. Crowley through all the trying experience. There was a time when neither of us expected to get into the hotel alive. It was the declared purpose of the infuriated mob to lynch Mr. Crowley. Failing in their bloodthirsty desire to get Crowley they began to desire that I should be strung up."

Now it is perfectly well known that the Roman Catholics cherish an intense dislike to our public-school system. In this they are entirely within their rights as free citizens of a free republic. Moreover, they have a perfect right to denounce as freely as they wish, in the press and from the platform, the evils they see or even think they see in our system of public schools, and to do this without let or hindrance. But their Protestant fellow-citizens have an equal right to discuss, expose, and denounce any evils they see or think they see in the system that our Catholic friends would like to substitute for the present school system. President Wilson hardly ever said a truer thing than when he said: "Discussion is the greatest of all reformers. It robs principles of any false sanctity and throws them back on their reasonableness." And so, when in this country of ours a man's life is threatened by an infuriated mob because he speaks his mind freely in open discussion, a serious blow is struck at the very cornerstone of our liberties. Did any one ever hear of a mob threatening Col. Ingersoll, though at times he bitterly assailed many things unspeakably dear to the hearts of thousands upon thousands of his fellow-citizens?

There is no hint of sectarianism in this: there is no need for any. It is a matter of American patriotism, pure and simple, like your comment on the matter in Charlotte. It is—or should be—the nature of Protestants to protest, as you say was done in Charlotte; but the protesting need not be limited to wrongs that look in only one direction. Nor is there any occasion to charge the slightest tinge of sectarianism, when we Protestants, holding tenaciously to our political doctrine of entire separation of church and state, do not feel like entrusting too much political power to those whose fundamental doctrine, held as tenaciously as we hold ours, is the union of church and state, and such a union that the state is subservient to the church, and that "the" church is *their* church. Again, let it be said that they are fully entitled to hold this view. But if *any* church, Protestant or Catholic, should ever get to be the state, with power to enforce itself on others who do not hold its views, there would be an end to liberty as we now have it in the United States of America.

Addison Hogue.

Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va., July 10.

CULTURAL EDUCATION IN STATE INSTITUTIONS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The interesting and instructive discussion by Dr. Sherman of "Education by the People" in the *Nation* of May 8 involves a question of great and constantly growing importance—the question, namely, to what extent it is proper and desirable for State institutions to undertake the work of cultural education. The question is vitally involved in the fact that those institutions are under two imperative obligations to the public, which, when strictly observed, greatly affect the scope and character of their work in such education. Those obligations are, first, to refrain from religious instruction of any kind, and, secondly, to refrain from educational work which does not clearly tend to promote the general welfare, *i. e.*, the welfare of the whole people as distinguished from the individual welfare of the particular person educated. The first of these obligations affects the character of their work in cultural education and tends to render it superficial, while the second affects the scope of the work and tends to render it narrow. For want of space, only the first can be considered here.

Recognizing the existence of these obligations and speaking of the one first mentioned, Dr. Sherman says:

> The very obligation which the state is under to refrain from religious instruction should make it appear more imperatively their duty to bring not some but all of their students into quickening relationship with at least the purely human traditions of beauty, wisdom, temperance, truth, and justice.

In what is here said we have, first, an implied recognition that this enforced absence of religious instruction is a serious defect; and, secondly, an express recommendation to seek compensation for that defect in a special cultivation of the things there enumerated. This recommendation is sound in theory, but futile in effect. It is sound in theory because an alternative is needed, and this is the only one imaginable; and it is futile in effect because it is impossible of effectual application. Its futility will appear when we undertake to act in accordance with it, as we thereupon find that *all* our traditions of whatsoever kind,

are "purely human," for the very good reason that, so long as we ourselves are human, they cannot be anything else; and we are therefore left to the conclusion that what is really meant here by "purely human traditions" is *purely secular* traditions.

But when we set out to cultivate these purely secular traditions as recommended, we fail to find any such; we find instead that there is no such thing as a purely secular tradition of beauty, wisdom, temperance, truth, or justice; that the words "secular" and "religious" do not here connote different and distinct entities, but merely different phases of the same thing, and that this identical thing can never be adequately comprehended from a study of only one of those phases.

Such knowledge of the essential nature of justice, or of the true, the beautiful, or the good, as is derivable from its purely secular phase, would be comparable in thoroughness to the knowledge of the earth and its relations to the heavenly bodies, derivable from the study of agricultural chemistry. Any scheme for the teaching of these subjects which excludes their religious elements is therefore doomed to perpetual superficiality. In its effect upon cultural education this obligation resting on State institutions to refrain from religious instruction corresponds exactly to the wheel upon the farmer's plough-beam, which prevents the plough from ever going deeper than a few inches below the surface, and holds it forever to the task of stirring the soil merely to the depth required for the raising of corn and potatoes.

What is here said of the subjects above enumerated is true also of all the other important subjects of cultural education. When Dr. Samuel Johnson declared it impossible to think deeply on any subject without thinking religiously, he uttered a profound truth, which should always receive full recognition in any scheme of cultural education. The effects of such a limitation upon any plan of cultural education cannot fail to lower its standard and lessen the esteem in which it has hitherto been held.

If we seek to ascertain what has already been its effect in this regard, we shall find, among other things, that, during the past twenty-five years or more, State institutions and their influence have steadily increased, and that at the same time cultural education and the esteem in which it is held have as steadily deteriorated and diminished. Whether this is anything more than a coincidence may not be absolutely determinable, but it is precisely what might have been expected from the conditions above described.

To say this is in no sense an impeachment of education by the people. That public education is in general an inestimable benefit, and in popular governments is a vital necessity for the promotion of good citizenship, cannot be questioned for a moment; but its great excellencies should not cause us to expect too much of it, or to lose sight of its necessary limitations and consequent defects as an instrumentality for the higher education.

HERBERT L. BAKER.

Detroit, July 8.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN SNOBS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In respect to the distinction brought out on page 17 of the *Nation* (July 3) between the American and the English use of the term *snob*, that "an English snob is a man who falls short of the perfect aristocrat through a taint of democratic vulgarity, whereas an American snob is a man who falls short of the perfect democrat through a taint of aristocratic exclusiveness," I fear that it will hardly hold. In a novel just appearing in the London *Times*, "Color-Blind," by Alice Perrin, the flavor of which is entirely Anglo-Indian, the word *snob* is used of a woman "with the taint of aristocratic exclusiveness." A returned Indian official, Mr. Fleetwood, is in London, and his daughters complain that their aunt, Lady Landon, has sent an invitation to luncheon to one only of the girls.

" 'We couldn't expect her to ask the whole pack of us,' said Marion.

" 'Why not?' argued her father, who was not deeply attached to his only sister, and always said she was a snob. 'The house is quite big enough.' "

JAMES MAIN DIXON.

Los Angeles, Cal., July 6.

PLURAL MOLASSES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your contributor to "News for Bibliophiles" (*Nation*, July 3) condemns Bartlett's attribution of plural molasses to Western United States, in his "Dictionary of Americanisms," as "this incorrect statement." Some years ago I assisted a corps of civil engineers surveying coal-bearing lands among the tangled knobs of mountainous West Virginia. Occasionally we were invited, in accordance with the hospitable custom of the country, to drop in at a log cabin and eat. The very palatable sorghum syrup that sweetened our meal drew from a *native* member of our corps the query: "Whah yo' git them molasses, Jimmy?"

S. W.

Columbia, Pa., July 7.

Literature

JOHN PAUL JONES.

The Life and Letters of John Paul Jones. By Mrs. Reginald de Koven. Illustrated. Two volumes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $5 net.

John Paul Jones, hero of ten more or less unworthy biographies, has at last found an able and sympathetic expounder. As Mrs. De Koven points out in her preface, this terror of the simple natives of the British coast, this hero of impossible moonlight exploits under the lee of English headlands, became in time a mere myth. His very name was used by nurses to frighten children. He was celebrated in popular song, and took his place with Capt. Kidd in the histories of the pirate kings. In America he has become the dare-devil hero of a single sea fight, of whose sufferings and misfortunes in the American cause there is no adequate appreciation. This whole conception is out of joint, and this new work seems born to set it right.

Jones's, or, rather, John Paul's, career began with a tragedy, the accidental killing of a mutinous sailor on his trading-ship, and though exonerated fully, the cloud of suspicion hung over him; and when again he accidentally killed a second sailor—a fact unknown to all of his previous biographers—he left both ship and cargo in the hands of his partner and entered upon a melancholy period of homeless wandering. This period, lasting from June, 1773, to the winter of 1775, has been one of almost complete obscurity to all his previous biographers, but is here quite clearly accounted for. It was in this period that he served on a "special privateer," as he euphemistically called what seems to have been a straight-out pirate ship. Earlier he had served on the slave-ships, the King George and the Two Friends, and though he soon gave up this uncongenial service, as he did that in the pirate ship, it was sufficient to give an unsympathetic biographer an opportunity to tinge Jones's whole career with the red stigma of the pirate flag.

It was after these experiences that he fell in with the wealthy planter, Willie Jones, who took the waif into his home and gave him his name. Here Jones met his other powerful North Carolina friend, Hewes, to whom he owed his first employment in the new American navy. Of this experience Mrs. De Koven says:

> With the same assimilative genius which gathered an education unusual in those times from the very air about him, Paul Jones quickly adopted the manners of the gentle people he was so fortunate to meet at this period of his career. They formed his standards of true gentility and fitted him to shine in the salons of Versailles. From this time on we begin to see the Paul Jones of history—the courteous and chivalric gentleman, the heroic champion of human liberty. No longer living for himself, except as he might win glory in battle, he was ready to give up every youthful dream and life itself in the service of America. The son of the Scotch gardener, the captain of West India trading ships and slavers, in a few weeks experienced this truly remarkable metamorphosis.

Jones's letters leave no doubt as to the sincerity of his attachment to the American cause. He writes: "Since Liberty hath chosen America as her last asylum, every effort to protect and cherish her is noble, and will be rewarded with the thanks of future ages. . . . When I entered into the Service, I was not actuated by Motives of Self Interest. I stept forth as a free citizen of the World in defence of the Violated Right of Mankind, and not in search of

Riches whereof, I thank God, I inherit a sufficiency." Not in words only, but in deeds, did he give proof of his loyalty. In the Texel, with the British hungering for him outside, and the Dutch threatening within, "alone in his one American ship, between warships within and warships without, he kept the Stars and Stripes flying." When a French letter of marque was offered Jones to enable him to escape the Texel, he was indignant. "They insult my understanding. They invite me to insult the Stars of America; they are mistaken, the Stars of Freedom are but rising here. They are not rich enough to buy the Pirate Paul Jones."

In the early days of his service, Jones contemplated with dismay the results of the mania for privateering which had taken possession of the colonists. Every day the Continental seamen were lured away to these privately owned vessels, while half the fleet lay empty in the harbor. Even the members of Congress owned privateers, and winked at the employment of deserters from the Continental navy. Jones was astonished and disgusted by this revelation of character in the people whose cause he had so enthusiastically embraced. After numerous disappointments he received in turn the Alfred and the Providence, with which he made brilliant cruises, though at times his men were "scarcely able to stand the deck for want of clothing." Although America rang with his praises, he then suffered an unjust supersedure in rank due to the wretched democratic politics which were the bane of the times, and over this matter of rank—which, in his noble phrase, "opens the door to glory"—he brooded for months. It is to his credit that he did not leave the service. Finally, Congress made amends with the command of the Ranger, and though it was inadequate and ill-manned, Jones again rendered glorious account of himself. The raids on the British coast towns and the capture of the Drake, "unprecedented, almost incredible, at that time of England's unquestioned maritime supremacy," gave Jones's glory-loving soul the opportunity to bask in its proper atmosphere. Yet, incomprehensible as it is, France, and America, too, allowed this greatest fighting instrument of the time to lie idle for many weary months thereafter, during which Jones "almost half-killed himself" in his efforts to get a command. Again and again he seemed on the eve of obtaining a fine ship, when some ill chance robbed him. At last the old whaling ship, which Fanning says was sixty years old, twice laid up as a hulk, "as many joints in her backbone as a rattlesnake," was fitted up for him, and named the Bon Homme Richard. With a motley crew of Portuguese, Malays, Swedes, and some English prisoners from the jails of Brest and St. Malo, "as bad a crew as was ever embarked upon any vessel," as Jones wrote, he set off to win renown in that fight under the round harvest moon with the English ship, the Serapis.

After that affair, Jones went to Paris, and the city rose to greet and honor the victor. Marie Antoinette and her ladies rushed to the windows of the palace to see him pass, and the King gave him a private audience. At operas and theatres, applause greeted his appearance. He was the favorite of many great court ladies. Marie Antoinette invited him to her box at the opera, and gave him a chain and seal. Louis XVI presented him with a sword, but amid all the acclaim, the universal testimony is that Jones bore himself modestly and well. Moreover, an intimate study of his conduct in the battle with the Serapis and in other positions of great danger, bears out Mrs. De Koven's assertion that "he possessed not one trace of the brutal audacity and unprincipled bravado which belongs to the character he popularly typifies."

In Jones's letters, and in those of his contemporaries, are revealed many interesting personal traits. He shows some little talent for literary expression, and repeatedly reveals an intimate acquaintance with the Bible, Shakespeare, and Milton. In exultation as he sets out with the Ranger, he writes: "The world, as Milton said of Adam, lays (*sic*) all before me." He had some of Napoleon's gift for heroic expression. "I wish to have no connection with any ships which do not sail fast, as I intend to go in harm's way." "I may not win success, but I will endeavor to deserve it." These and his famous answer to the captain of the Serapis illustrate this talent. When the Maréchal de Biron told Jones that King George had knighted the defeated captain of the Serapis, the instant comment was: "I hope, Monsieur, that I may one day make a lord of him." Fanning asserts that in smoothness of tongue and flattery to seamen when he wanted them, he "excelled any other man I was ever acquainted with." He had seen Jones walk to and fro upon the quay for hours together with a single seaman urging him to sign for a cruise. Of his personal charm the greatest testimony is the warm friendship which he inspired in Franklin, Robert Morris, La Fayette, La Rochefoucauld, Count de Ségur, and many other distinguished persons. The Parisian ladies, too, found him "the most agreeable sea-wolf one could wish to meet with." Mrs. De Koven's account of his love affairs constitutes some of the most interesting chapters of her book. Mrs. John Adams wrote of Jones:

> I expected to have seen a rough, stout, war-like Roman; instead of that I should sooner think of wrapping him up in cotton wool and putting him in my pocket, than of sending him to contend with cannon-balls. He is small of stature, well proportioned, soft in his speech, easy in his address, polite in his manners, vastly civil, understands all the etiquette of a lady's toilet as perfectly as he does the mast, sails, and rigging of his ship.

But her husband, who was Jones's Evil Genius, wrote:

> This is the most intriguing officer in the American navy. Eccentricities and irregularities are expected of him; they are in his character, they are visible in his eyes. His voice is soft and still and small. His eye has keenness and wildness and softness in it.

The research displayed in this work is admirable, and the errors of previous biographers are exposed in a charitable spirit, even (I, 163) the pure fabrications found in Buell's life. But Mrs. De Koven herself is at times uncritical in handling her sources. She credits some very doubtful material on Jones's early life (pp. 10, 11, 43, 45, 304 of Vol. I), and at one point (I, p. 126) seems to prefer an account of a cruise written ten years after the events to a contemporary account because, forsooth, the later one is fuller. She accepts the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence (I, p. 62), though critical historians have long ago disposed of it. She states positively (I, p. 100) that Abraham Whipple destroyed the Gaspee in Narragansett Harbor, 1772; but all we know in support of this assertion rests on Ephraim Bowen's account, 1839, when he was eighty-six years of age. The critical historian does not accept such testimony. There are some actual errors, as "Gadroque" for Gardoqui (I, p. 247), and "Zobly" for Zubly (I, p. 81). In her desire to give importance to Jones's stay in the Texel, she attributes the British declaration of war upon the Netherlands to that fact, but the real motive was England's fear of the Netherlands as a neutral carrier under the protection of the Armed Neutrality League, which the States-General had voted to join. The Netherlands would be less dangerous to England as an enemy than as a neutral. On the whole, the work is scholarly and accurate, and holds the reader like romance.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Catfish. By Charles Marriott. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

"At one time the North Sea fishermen brought their cod to market in tanks in the holds of their vessels. In the tanks the cod lived at ease, with the result that they came to market slack, flabby, and limp. Some genius among fishermen introduced one catfish into each of his tanks, and found that his cod came to market firm, brisk, and wholesome." So, towards the end of his book,

Mr. Marriott explains his title. (The catfish in question is evidently not the American fresh-water catfish, mud-cat, or horn-pout pictured on the cover of the present edition.)

George Tracy is son of a well-to-do lower middle class Englishman. As a schoolboy he meets a girl a trifle older than himself, Mary Festing. He is not so much attracted by her as to her. For many years, with few meetings between them, a curious bond persists. At one time he is impelled, and is conscious of the impulse, to ask her to be his wife, but belief in her coldness prevents him. Nevertheless, though he marries another woman, and Mary herself presently marries, and both marry in a sense happily, each continues to need the other. As Lesbia, Tracy's wife, magnanimously grants, there is a part of his nature of which only Mary has the key. It is she who keeps the deeper waters of his nature clear and bright. To her he must turn when his latent and sluggish idealism is in danger of allowing itself to be forgotten. She is his catfish. The tone of the narrative is quiet, sombre, almost elegiac, and the final catastrophe, with its quick and, so far as appears, needless snuffing out of Mary, is an unexpected shock. Tracy is not a romantic hero; he is simply a man. Lesbia and Mary, each in her own way, are richly feminine and richly human. Whatever it may or may not "mean," the story lingers in the mind as a melody haunts the inward ear. It rings true.

Patchwork Comedy. By Humfrey Jordan. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Here is some unusually good workmanship squandered upon an uncommonly worthless plot. We are asked to imagine a lifelike group of wholesome-minded English folk engaged in deadly conflict with a ravening blackmailer. First this finished scoundrel attempts to exact tribute by threats to blacken the memory of the hero's late revered mother. Then a girlish widow who aids in worsting him becomes the object of an elaborate defamatory plot. No pen play could possibly bring within the natural scheme of things a malefactor so polished, picturesque, malignant, and versatile as was the formidable "Monsieur Le Beau," but the other figures of the "comedy" are very pleasant human likenesses. The gentleman annoyed by rumors affecting his legitimacy is a dilettante explorer of some fame, who has courted danger for lack of better occupation, and whom the obligations bequeathed him by a long line of worthy forebears will eventually convert into a useful country gentleman. The persecuted lady is a painter's daughter—therefore reared in Bohemian freedom; her virtue, grown in the open, unsheltered by conventional safeguards, has survived the hazards of an ill-advised marriage, but has not escaped suspicion.

In the course of their troubles with the destroyer of reputations, these principals and two faithful friends travel in France and Switzerland, yet without straying far from the beaten track. The aggressor at length turns fugitive in a misty morning chase, and they are about to carry the pursuit beyond the Alps into Italy when they have the good fortune to lose him for good and all down a crevasse in the Théodule Glacier. Crude as is the handling of dramatic situations, the sketching of the varying scene and of incidental episodes is uniformly excellent. One passage, describing an excursion of idle reconnaissance to a wrecked vessel stranded on the Devon coast, is worthy of a great novel. The best—and the worst—that can be said of its author is that if ever he finds something worth saying, he will know how to say it.

The Monster. By Edgar Saltus. New York: Pulitzer Publishing Co.

"Find the Monster" might have been a good title for this story, since it is decidedly hard to discover him in the picture. The lady is clear of suspicion. There are her first and third husband, and her second husband, and her stepfather, any of whom might be called a monster in the lighter social sense of the word, but none of whom is the "monstrum horrens, ingens" one expects of the title and of the author. The opening situation is not without precedent in fiction. The bride of an hour gets a letter which dashes her from the seventh heaven in an instant. All must be over between them; she can only fly. She flies. The letter of explanation she has left is lost. The bridegroom sets out in pursuit of her without an inkling as to the reason of her flight. A false lead sends him on a wild-goose chase through Far Eastern waters, while she is getting a divorce, and, to put a further bar between herself and the man she still loves, marrying another. The second is a paltry rascal, as the first is a hopeless cad; and when the three finally meet in Paris, there is bound to be excitement of a sort. The upshot is that the news contained in the post-nuptial letter is proved to be false, the second husband is killed in a duel, and the original pair are reunited. The action moves in that atmosphere of mingled Broadway smartness and Oriental mysticism which is native to this writer.

MR. BRYCE'S COUNSEL TO AMERICANS.

University and Historical Addresses. By James Bryce. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.25 net.

We expect little on festival occasions from those who lie abroad for their country but their auspicious presence and a few well-directed compliments and good wishes. Mr. Bryce, however, had formed other habits of speech before he entered the diplomatic service. It was neither his nature nor his necessity to spend much effort on that part of an address technically known as "conciliating the audience." The author of "The American Commonwealth" could assume without testing the friendliness of his hearers, and could hold them without seductive rhetoric, flattery, or emotional appeal. Perhaps the chief secret of his success as a public speaker was just his ability at every presented opportunity to find a connecting link between his own varied and vital interests and the leading interest of his auditors—whether lawyers, university students, architects, or foreign missionaries. When, with an art concealing itself, he had set in the most advantageous light the characteristic virtues or achievements of the association before him, he went quietly on in his serious, lucid, direct fashion to point out its characteristic defects, its dangers, its opportunities. For he apparently thought it unworthy of his distinguished station and his forty or fifty years in public life to talk for an hour and leave behind him only a "pleasant impression." He improved the occasion, and gave without stint the ripe and faithful counsel of a much-experienced friend.

It is one of the high paradoxes of public service and its supreme reward that if you effectively surrender yourself to your country you may ultimately take it captive. After a lifetime devoted to advancing the welfare and the works of others, you may wake some morning in divine peace of mind to discover that a higher law has quite abolished the baser distinctions of property, and that the works and the welfare of others have become, in the most sacred sense, your own. In going through this volume one is struck with the fact that we have treated Mr. Bryce as if he were ours, and we were his. Only upon one of our own people could we have made such extraordinarily frequent and various demands as are represented here. And only one who had entered as by right of birth into the heart of our traditions and institutions and known our land and people from Plymouth Rock to Mt. Rainier could have met them. He has assisted at the commemoration of the landing of the Pilgrims, the beginnings of Virginia, and the discovery of Lake Champlain; he has united with us in

honoring Jefferson, Lincoln, and Saint-Gaudens; he has taken thought for our national parks, for our higher education, for our literature and art, for our legislative procedure. And though he is unquestionably one of the best Englishmen living, we do not see how he could have put together these twenty-two American addresses—but a tithe, we suppose, of those delivered—without murmuring to himself from time to time, "America, my country."

Mr. Bryce solves the problem of loyalty to two great nations by demonstrating that to be a good American in the long run comes to about the same thing as being a good Englishman. He grounds the proposition upon nothing transitory or sentimental. His is the argument of a scholar, an historian, a jurist, discovering for the layman the deep and radical unity of the two peoples in their common blood and ancestry, in their heroes and their institutions, in their energy and their self-control, in their passion for liberty and their respect for law. He recognizes clearly enough the new spirit of unrest that is stirring at home and abroad. "We are hovering," he says, "between discontent and doubt. The reforming spirit runs so strong that it would sweep off their feet any people which had not, as you have, become attached to their old institutions." Perhaps he praises us for our sobriety and temperamental conservatism beyond our present deserts. Yet nothing certainly at this moment could be more timely for us than that learned index finger of his steadily pointing us back towards our traditions: "*It has never been your way* either to run ahead of actual needs or to pull up the plant to see if the roots are sprouting." Somehow these simple homely words link one's deeper feelings through the American Fathers to Burke's "canonized forefathers" across the sea, and one is put in the mood to cry, "Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

One hesitates to say that Mr. Bryce has not rested in this fine English patriotism, this inspiring Anglo-Saxon loyalty. To declare that he is a cosmopolitan, as the word now goes, is almost an accusation, and yet that, properly construed—as Cicero or Goethe or Newman would have construed it—is his highest distinction. One hesitates, because what passes too currently for "cosmopolitanism" is not an upgrowth and outgrowth of national loyalties uniting at the top in a higher world loyalty, but a downgrowth and undergrowth of personal irresponsibilities avoiding all allegiance. The right citizen of the world is a man who has transcended patriotism simply by virtue of his overwhelming sense of the community of the interests of all good and wise men, dead, living, and yet to be born: a law-abiding, tax-paying, voting, coöperating member of the *orbis terrarum*. It was just this profound sense of the common interests of human society that made Mr. Bryce the prince of ambassadors, that renders so significant his reiterated pleas at the universities for the preservation or restoration of the humane and liberal studies, and that lends more than a passing solemnity to the closing words of an address delivered but a few months ago, in his seventy-fifth year, before the American Civic Association:

> Let us think of the future. We are trustees for the future. We are not here for ourselves alone. All these gifts were not given to us to be used by one generation, or with the thought of one generation only before our minds. We are the heirs of those who have gone before, and charged with the duty we owe to those who come after.

The Son of a Servant. By August Strindberg. Translated by Claud Field. With an Introduction by Henry Vacher-Burch. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25 net.

Zones of the Spirit: A Book of Thoughts. The same. Translated by Claud Field. With an Introduction by Arthur Babillotte. The same. $1.25 net.

Married: Twenty Stories of Married Life. The same. Authorized translation by Ellie Schleussner. Boston: John W. Luce & Co. $1.40 net.

Readers of Strindberg in English are now furnished with works from his pen more illuminating as to his life and outlook than any which have previously appeared, with the possible exception of the "Inferno." The first two books of the present batch deal, respectively, with the opening and close of his career. Each bears the stamp of his customary frankness. Who but he, for instance, would have emphasized, by a brutal title, his bitterness over the fact that he was the son of a waitress? Strindberg is always frank, but not impartial, though he meant to be. Early in life his mind showed that perverse twist which informs all of his writings. A lack of nervous vitality, coupled with extreme sensitiveness, rendered him unable to laugh off little injustices; and he dwelt on them to such an extent that they took shape in his mind as premeditated villany. Thus, he started life but a short step from that mental state, recorded in the "Inferno," in which he believed himself persecuted by every passer-by. It is this omnipresent taint of nerves which makes it difficult to take Strindberg's work seriously.

"The Son of a Servant" was published in 1886, when Strindberg was thirty-seven. It is a true commentary on the man that at such an age, when a successful career in letters was in sight, he should have turned back bitterly to the faulty beginnings of his education. His father was a shipping-agent, a man of good family who had fallen upon evil days because of his marriage with one socially inferior. In the main he seems to have had high principles, but lacked a proper understanding of children, and thus was often unfair. The mother, who had borne the two eldest children of the family out of wedlock, naturally got little respect from so critical a nature as August Strindberg's. Yet he hungered for her love: "He tried to flatter her [he tells the story in the third person], but he did it clumsily and was repulsed." Even as a child he began "to take pleasure in self-torture; he was melancholy and boisterous by turns." The usual experiences of childhood always assumed extravagant forms in him. He thus describes the effect of his first love, at the age of nine:

> John's love found expression in a silent melancholy. He never spoke to her [she, too, was nine], and would never have dared to do it. He feared and longed for her. But if any one had asked him what he wanted from her, he could not have told them. . . . He felt that he had a secret. This plagued him so that he suffered under it, and his whole life was overclouded. One day at home he seized a knife and said, "I will cut my throat."

In other matters misunderstood shyness was interpreted by his parents as studied dishonesty; and small wonder, for it would have required a rare person to penetrate his queer behavior. Once, when a lad in his teens, he saw "Hamlet" at the theatre, and remembering that he too had a step-parent (after his mother's death, the father had married the housekeeper), he promptly lived the titular part with much enthusiasm and self-pity. Yet despite this absorption in self, he had a wide range of interests: with virtually no assistance save from books, he got the rudiments of several languages and experimented in science. If his mind never recovered from an initial warp, it was at least enormously active.

In 1906, after Strindberg had emerged greatly chastened from his "Inferno," he set about jotting down his views on all conceivable subjects. Issued originally in 1907 with the title "The Blue Book," these now appear in English as "Zones of the Spirit." The only unity which the book possesses is the recognition, forced upon Strindberg at last, of a Deity, and especially of Christianity as a comfortable philosophy. He revolts violently from the irreligious promptings of science which previously had been his guide, denying that science, when so engaged, is logical. Into his arguments we need not go. But their form is significant and characteristic. He saw things always concretely, and here furnishes snatches of vivid reasoning. Under the caption "Thought Bound by Law" he writes:

> The teacher said: "When a young man

comes and says he is a free-thinker, say to him: 'You lie. You think with your stomach, your throat, your sexuality, with your passions and your interests, your hate and your sympathies. But in your youthful immaturity you do not really think at all, but merely drivel. What is instilled into you, you give out, and dub your wishes by the name of thoughts.' Moreover, 'free thought' is a contradiction in terms, for thoughts obey laws, just as sound, light, and chemical combinations do. Thought is bound, bound by laws. If you say, 'There is no God,' you speak without thinking. 'Non-existence' and 'God' are two incommensurate ideas which cannot be brought into juxtaposition. If they are, there results an absurdity which is the secretion or excretion of an illogical and confused mind."

The twenty short stories called "Married," which with "The Son of a Servant" were issued in 1886, suffer from the well-known taint. The meannesses of wedded existence are almost always to the fore. Why is it, he asks, that two persons, with apparently great capacity for happiness, and both with high resolves, soon grate on each other? This is one of the large injustices of life, and goes to show how unattainable is the ideal. With but few exceptions, the stories are most unpleasant and, worse, are anything but convincing, remote possibilities being singled out to do service for the typical. Yet throughout the volume the reader will be struck with Strindberg's keen observation and his instinct for the picturesque. All the elements making for stories of great charm and power are present, save a wholesome outlook.

Notes

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's new novel, "Westways," the scene of which is laid at a country estate of middle Pennsylvania in the fifties and sixties, will be brought out in the autumn by the Century Co.

The same house has in hand Ruth McEnery Stuart's plantation jingles, "Daddy-Do-Funny."

Chatto & Windus have in preparation a book on modern France by the Abbé Ernest Dimnet. It will deal particularly with the changes in French spirit noticeable in the last half dozen years.

"Shakespeare and the Modern: a Defence of the Public Taste," and "A Plea for Individualism" are two essays in Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree's forthcoming book, "Thoughts and Afterthoughts" (Cassell).

In the autumn W. Sanday will publish at the Clarendon Press "The Primitive Church and Reunion," a series of papers which he contributed to the *Contemporary Review*.

Among September publications of Moffat, Yard & Co. are a novel of New York life, by Reginald Wright Kauffman; a work on the life and times of Louis the Eleventh, by Lieut.-Col. Andrew C. P. Haggard, a brother of the novelist, and Prof. Scott Nearing's "Social Sanity: a Preface to the Book of Social Progress."

The following titles are included in Stokes's announcements: "The Way of Ambition," by Robert Hichens; "Prescott of Saskatchewan," by Harold Bindloss; "Story of Evangeline," by Clayton Edwards; "Many Cargoes," a story by W. W. Jacobs, and a number of juveniles.

Autumn announcements of the Yale University Press include: "Some Questions of Modern Government," by William Howard Taft; "The Monroe Doctrine, an Obsolete Shibboleth," by Hiram Bingham; "The Ethics of Public Service," by Henry Crosby Emery; "The Diary of a Voyage to the United States," by Moreau de Saint Méry, edited by Stewart L. Mims; "From the Letter-Files of S. W. Johnson," edited by his daughter Elizabeth A. Osborne; "Lyra Yalensis," by Edward Bliss Reed; "Life and Letters of Dr. Nathan Smith," by Emily A. Smith: "Earth Hunger and Other Essays," by the late William Graham Sumner, LL.D., edited with an introduction by Albert Galloway Keller; "Yale Readings in Insurance," edited by the late Lester W. Zartman, revised with additions by William H. Price; "Trade Morals, Their Origin, Growth and Province," by Edward D. Page; "The Pulpit and the Pew," by the Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst (Lyman Beecher lectures); "The Judiciary and the People," by Frederick N. Judson (Storrs lectures); "The Power of Ideals in American History," by Ephraim D. Adams (Dodge lectures), and "Writings on American History, 1912. A bibliography of books and articles on United States and Canadian history published during the year 1912, with some memoranda on other portions of America," compiled by Grace Gardner Griffin.

A tribute to the natural charms of our national capital is given by former Ambassador James Bryce in the *National Geographic Magazine* for June. Comparing it with other capitals, he holds that in external dignity and beauty it is the "embodiment of the majesty and stateliness of the whole nation." He suggests that Washington should be the seat of a national university with a "fully equipped school of law, a complete and well-staffed school of political science, and of economics, and therewith, also, a strong school of history," and concludes with some hints as to what still needs to be done for the "beautification of Washington and the turning of its natural advantages to the best account," which are deserving of careful consideration. The rest of the number is devoted to pleas for "our policemen of the air," the birds of our farms and orchards. Extracts are taken, with illustrations, from Mr. Frank M. Chapman's "Bird Life," which no one can read without being brought, as he says, "within the ennobling influences of nature." Pictures in eight colors are given of fifty of our common birds, with information concerning each, furnished by experts of the Biological Survey of the Department of Agriculture.

It is, perhaps, too much to ask of a United States Senator that he be also a scholar, a jurist, and a philosopher; but we may at least insist that when he enters the field as a publicist, he shall be informed, dignified, and reasonably fair-minded. Judged by this rather elementary standard, we cannot think that John Sharp Williams's lectures on the Blumenthal foundation, published under the title "Thomas Jefferson; his Permanent Influence on American Institutions" (Columbia University Press), will add much to his reputation. Senator Williams has, indeed, made industrious use of Jefferson's writings, has brought together a good many passages illustrative of Jefferson's opinions and influence, and has said many things which are as true as they are familiar. Over against these moderate, though creditable, virtues must be set, however, persistent and indiscriminating laudation of Jefferson, joined to sneering depreciation of Hamilton, Adams, and the Federalists, and of such historians and biographers as have appeared to sympathize with them; a superficial or biassed treatment of such episodes as the Genet incident, only half set forth, or the Burr conspiracy, dismissed with two lines, or the embargo policy, grotesquely distorted into a praise of peace; and a cheap and slangy commendation of "Jeffersonian simplicity." There is one redeeming feature, however; the volume is dedicated, with rare delicacy of humor, to "my wife's mother-in-law."

In "The Masked War" (Doran), William J. Burns tells the story in detail of the detection and conviction of the McNamaras. It is, of course, not a work of art. A writer of fiction would have made much more of the material, a journalist could have "written it up" to far more vivid effect. The many pages of reports of Mr. Burns's "operatives" and "investigators" could have been boiled down, important or picturesque passages chosen, and a good deal of irrelevant detail omitted. But we should not have believed in the product as we believe in the present narrative. Its very crudenesses, its repetitions, digressions, and mere lumber of data, are all parts of its reality; and the twentieth century has no Defoe to invent such things. Defoe would have delighted in the style of this book—the English of the plain, blunt man reared upon American newspapers. When Burns and his detectives are on the way from one place to another, they are always "en route"; an incident that happened before a given date invariably happened "prior to" it; the criminal pursued by the detective is "the quarry"; and so on. To do him justice, Mr. Burns himself often escapes from the bondage of this lingo. If his sense of decorum obliges him to speak of a prostitute as a "courtesan," his common sense has a way of breaking into vigorous speech. It is in the reports of his assistants that the quaintest use of the newspaper vernacular may be found. Two of them go to hunt for a man named Caplan, in an anarchist colony. Their first report to Burns begins, "To-day . . . we proceeded to acquaint ourselves with conditions surrounding Home Colony and its residents. Our pretext as surveyors permitted us to move around without attracting attention. We found that a number of the community occupy residences in places isolated in the timber and not easy of access. . . ." These gentry never go anywhere, they depart. When they leave off work at night, they discontinue. When they watch a house, they "take up a surveillance on a residence"—a process the verbal dignity of which no doubt makes more tolerable a prolonged squatting in the brush or peeping from a window. As

a real detective story, the narrative ought to serve as a useful check against the extravagances of fiction. Mr. Burns means it to do more than that; he means it to enlighten the honest workingmen of America as to the sort of vermin who too often get themselves accepted as "leaders" in the army of organized labor.

The record of a career as busy, as crowded with opportunities for meeting and knowing great men as that of Stephen Coleridge, son of the Lord Chief Justice, and great-great-nephew of the poet, should contain two things: a considerable volume of reminiscences, impressions, and biographical anecdotes, and evidence of a point of view—a philosophy of life—acquired and matured during these years. In Mr. Coleridge's "Memories" (Lane), we have both these elements; but neither is of great value, nor strongly expressed. We meet acute men in pages without acuteness; witty men in pages without wit; poetical geniuses in pages without emotion; great thinkers in pages without profundity. In one respect only does the author give satisfaction—to his treatment of religious men he brings a pre-Victorian faith. Whole chapters leave an impression of insipidity. The regret is the greater because his gallery of portraits contains such men as Arnold, Newman, Morris, Meredith, Browning, Lowell, Trench, Ruskin—indeed, all the great figures of the period. In the case of Sir Henry Irving, Whistler, and Lord Coleridge alone has the author really done justice to himself and his subjects. As for the reaction which he has gained from life, it is expressed in a splendid disdain of all the changes of the time. Evolution, rationalism, science receive the same intolerant condemnation as machine-made furniture, modern methods of warfare, and reformed spelling. This lover of "famous men and our fathers that begat us" should have proved a more minute and sympathetically observant historian of the days and men that are gone.

Prof. E. R. A. Seligman has taken advantage of the opportunity afforded by the issue of an eighth edition of his "Essays in Taxation" (Macmillan) to revise and enlarge that well-known treatise. The original chapters have been brought down to date, a process necessitating numerous and extensive additions, particularly in those chapters which discuss the various forms of taxation. The most noteworthy of the eight new chapters are the two dealing with the division of the taxing power among the different units of government. The other new chapters are for the most part extensions of chapters included in the original volume. Two of the new chapters, for instance, carry on the review of the reports of American tax commissions from 1895, the date at which it was left in the first edition. It is to be hoped that the formidable increase in the size of the volume will not result in any falling off in the great influence which the book has exerted in the promotion of rational tax reform.

Obviously enough, Mr. Harold Begbie's "The Ordinary Man and the Extraordinary Thing" (Doran) was not intended by its author to be regarded as primarily a work of belles-lettres. It is nevertheless an extremely well-written book, and there are passages in it which, judged merely as literature, are of extraordinary power. The first two chapters give an interesting account of the founding, by the young Devonshireman, George Williams — later, Sir George—of the Young Men's Christian Association, in 1844, and somewhat broadly set forth the conditions of modern life which in the author's judgment have made some such organization indispensable. Excepting the last two, which are general, each of the eleven remaining chapters gives a somewhat detailed account of the history, spiritual and physical, if one may put it so, of a man whose life and character have been made over through the influence of the Association. As one reads some of these chapters, and notably chapters four and seven, one wonders a little at the infelicitous phrase in the title which stamps these men as ordinary. The "extraordinary thing," it should be said, which happens to all of these so-called ordinary men, is conversion: a somewhat mysterious process through which, and only through which, one gathers, the Young Men's Christian Association can become effectually operative for good on a human life. Here, indeed, is a very odd thing about the treatment as a whole accorded by the author to his subject; a thing which it may, perhaps, seem ungracious to notice in speaking about a book so finely motived, and yet a thing thoroughly characteristic of the attitude likely to be held by the cultivated modern man towards religion considered in the light of a personal as distinguished from an institutional fact. The author, while at every point he shows himself profoundly convinced of the reality of this "conversion," has evidently himself never experienced it; nor does he give any hint that he ever expects or even desires to do so. He is an admiring and sympathetic onlooker, as it were, at the business of individual human redemption. On page 117, he even confesses that he had formerly been vexed and irritated at hearing persons who had been converted talk about the moment when they "decided for Christ"; and the fact that he is no longer so vexed and irritated he does not explain as due to an experience he has himself later shared, but, rather, as resulting from the knowledge which acquaintance with men and the reading of books have brought him.

The forty-volume "Jubiläumsausgabe" of Goethe (Stuttgart: Cotta), which has enjoyed such marked popularity of late, has been greatly enhanced in value by the recent publication of a comprehensive "Register" volume. This embraces, in a single alphabetical arrangement, all the proper names that occur in the edition, all the subjects touched upon, Goethe's typical thoughts, and many of his characteristic words and important quotations. Numerous cross-references facilitate the finding of desired references. As the letters and diaries are not contained in this edition, and only selections from the scientific and critical writings are included, the introductions and commentaries to the several volumes are taken into account in the index, making it in a limited sense an index to the whole of Goethe. The "Register" is the work of the editor-in-chief, Eduard von der Hellen. Even the narrow specialist needs an index to so prolific and versatile a writer as Goethe, and this volume, the first of its kind, is one of the most helpful aids to the Goethe student that has ever been written. As Goethe has influenced almost every field of thought, this index, which makes easily accessible his ideas on every variety of topic, will be welcomed by other scholars than literary historians. As a usual thing, the German savant considers it beneath his dignity and not the proper thing to index his writings, and for this reason, when a scholar of Von der Hellen's prominence devotes so much time to the preparation of an exhaustive index he deserves more than ordinary commendation. It is to be hoped that we may some day soon have a similar index to each of the other important new editions of Goethe, particularly the great Weimar edition, which now numbers 137 volumes, of which but half have indexes of proper names.

Percy Cross Standing's sketches of "Guerilla Leaders of the World" (Houghton Mifflin) are slight but readable. He makes no pretence to give any but a very superficial account of the exploits of those whom he has selected for mention, and thus forestalls criticism on the ground of inadequacy of treatment. When the careers of more than a score of irregular leaders are dealt with in some 250 pages of excellently large type, it can be imagined that the survey is far from exhaustive. The chapters are somewhat uneven in merit and in proportion of space; that on the Tyrol is perhaps among the best, and the one on Garibaldi, to whom the author does considerably less than justice, is certainly the worst. The value of the book is in suggestion rather than in accomplishment. Guerilla warfare is a fascinating study, and Mr. Standing gives just sufficient information about his heroes to make the reader wish for more. Happily, in most cases the means of satisfying curiosity are readily accessible. The author's literary style is marred by an unfortunate addiction to italics and marks of exclamation. The sketches, it should be added, embrace only the guerilla leaders of the past hundred and fifty years.

C. W. Previté Orton, fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, has produced in "The Early History of the House of Savoy; 1000-1233" (Putnam) a study which would have delighted the late Bishop Stubbs. It is a laborious investigation of the documents concerning that period, the number of which is very great, since they include not only Burgundian sources, but those of Piedmont proper, and those which relate to such larger affairs as Frederick Barbarossa's struggles with the Lombard communes. The origins of the House of Savoy possess not merely the interest which attaches to the oldest reigning family in Europe, but to the process by which it crossed the Alps and established itself in the upper valley of the Po. Mr. Orton describes minutely every stage of this advance and the changing conditions of feudalism. Having assembled an imposing array of facts, he sets them in order—a much greater task—and weaves them into a chronicle which can always be read with confidence in its trustworthiness and often with interest. He succeeds also in giving to the principal actors in the drama individual features which lift them out of the category of abstractions. Two maps, carefully prepared, show the dominions of the House of Savoy in about 1080 and 1189.

"Roman Life and Manners under the

Early Empire," the English translation of Friedländer's "Sittengeschichte Roms," is now completed by the appearance of a fourth volume (Dutton) containing more than 700 pages, about equally divided between appendices and notes. This volume comes from the sixth German edition, though the body of the work had the benefit of a seventh enlargement and revision. An immense amount of scholarly effort is to be seen in some of the appendices, as in the "List of Roman and Provincial Amphitheatres," pages 193 to 255, which gathers up under a geographical arrangement countless items of information on the subject from inscriptions, literature, and actual physical remains; it closes with a table of longer and shorter axis dimensions for seventy-one amphitheatres. The reader is, of course, warned that accuracy in such statistics is not attainable. This work in its English dress ought to find its way at once into all school libraries, where the original text is, of course, beyond most of the pupils and far too many of the teachers.

Charles Chauncey Binney, a member of the Pennsylvania bar, is dead from heart disease at Little Boar's Head, Mass. He was born in Philadelphia in 1855, graduated from Harvard in 1878, and was admitted to the bar three years later. He was a special attorney for the United States Department of Justice, 1897-1901. Mr. Binney was the author of "Restrictions upon Local and Special Legislation in State Constitutions" and "Life of Horace Binney."

Count Tadasu Hayashi, the Japanese statesman, died a week ago at the age of sixty-three, from injuries received in a jinriksha accident. He was one of several students sent by the Government to England to be educated. On his return to Japan he joined a force which fought against the Imperial army, was captured and imprisoned. The Count became Vice-Minister in the Foreign Office in 1891, and remained in that post until 1896, when he was appointed Minister to Peking. Two years later he was made Minister to Russia, being transferred within a few months to the Court of St. James's with the rank of Ambassador, where he was instrumental in bringing about the Anglo-Japanese alliance in 1902. He became Minister of Foreign Affairs, but resigned in 1906, because of differences over the action in regard to the South Manchurian Railway system, which Japan took over as a Government concern. He reëntered the Cabinet in his old post within a short time, however, under Premier Saionji. He was a prolific writer, and had translated Mill's "Political Economy" and Machiavelli's "The Prince." Cambridge gave him the LL.D., and Oxford the D.C.L.

Science

Out With the Birds. By Hamilton M. Laing. New York: The Outing Publishing Co. $1.50 net.

This is an uncommonly good book. Mr. Laing is a close and sympathetic observer, and he writes well about what he sees. His description of the "dancing" of the sharp-tailed grouse, illustrated by photographs taken at short range, is a contribution of considerable value to the literature of that subject; and one must admire his candor in saying, "What that long daily 'hoe-down' means to the birds I am unable to state. At one time I thought I knew. That was before I had learned to get right among the revellers; now after many hours spent with them, I am much wiser but still mystified." Mr. Laing is evidently not one of the kind of nature-students who find it convenient to read their own thoughts into the actions of animals they observe.

In the chapter, The Duck Mothers, Mr. Laing has brought together many interesting facts concerning the curious nesting habits of several species of these shy and clever birds. The same is true of the chapter on Some Little Owls, wherein he records the results of his keen and painstaking observations of the prairie, the long-eared and the short-eared species. In Spying from the Elm Clump, he displays his alertness and his accuracy as an observer, as well as his skill as a writer, by presenting in very readable form many interesting and significant facts concerning a dozen or fifteen species of birds, to say nothing of a murderous weasel which he promptly and properly slew.

Mr. Laing has done some skilful work in the exceedingly difficult art of bird portraiture with a camera, as is shown by several of the thirty-eight illustrations, all of them reproductions of photographs. Some of the best of these likenesses present, in characteristic poses, or with valuable detail as to plumage, such birds as the Canada goose, young burrowing owls (a capital picture), blue-bills (ducks) rising from the water, geese in flight, and especially the pictures of the black-crowned night herons. It is the more surprising, therefore, that the author should have included in his illustrations at least half a dozen which are utterly meaningless because the birds are shown as mere dots, often so small as to be almost invisible. The legend, "They were a gay throng," under one of these collections of dots, sounds jocular. Also, it is a clumsy and annoying arrangement to have the illustrations scattered helter-skelter through the book, often thirty or forty pages from the reading-matter about them, and no hint in the text of their whereabouts.

Mr. Cosmo Hamilton's "A Plea for the Younger Generation," announced by Chatto & Windus, urges teachers to instruct boys and girls on all matters of sex.

"Around-the-World Cook Book" is the name given to a forthcoming Century publication by its author, Mrs. Mary Louise Barroll, the wife of a navy officer who has travelled in many quarters of the globe.

The following are science books in the autumn announcements of the Yale University Press: "The Evolution of Modern Medicine," by Sir William Osler (Silliman Memorial Lectures), and "A Monograph of the Terrestrial Palæozoic Arachnida of North America," by Alexander Petrunkevitch.

The "Hurricanes of the West Indies" are treated in Bulletin X of the Weather Bureau, at Washington—containing twenty-four pages of text, four pages of tables, and twenty-five charts and diagrams—by O. L. Fassig, whose experience as observer in Porto Rico gave him intimate acquaintance with some examples of these dreaded storms. They are chiefly limited to August, September, and October; the tracks of a large number of them for each of these months are charted, and the point of their origin is indicated; but the text does not enable the reader to determine whether the "point of origin" is really such, or simply the place where the hurricane was first reported. A special account is given of the violent hurricane of August 7-20, 1899, which passed over Porto Rico, where more than 3,000 lives were lost and crops valued above $7,000,000 were destroyed; more than twenty inches of rain fell from this storm in the centre of the island.

On September 26, 1912, we printed a letter from our Paris correspondent, S. D., which dealt at length with Dr. Gustave Le Bon's remarkable study of "La Révolution française et la psychologie des révolutions." We are glad to see that this striking book has been translated by Bernard Miall, and published by Putnams as "The Psychology of Revolution."

Simplicity, common-sense, and a compact style characterize "Crops and Methods for Soil Improvement" (Macmillan), by Alva Agee. The book is of significance even to the cultivator of our Western virgin soils, who feels superior to our Eastern practice of using fertilizers. Mr. Agee warns against unscientific cropping, which will exhaust the best of soils, and explains those practices—whether liming, manuring, or rotation—which tend to build up soil fertility. He is clear and sensible in his treatment of the use of legumes and of lime, while his chapters on commercial fertilizers are the best section of the book. For those who live where barnyard manure is expensive, it is consoling to know that chemicals alone, if combined with a good rotation, will build up fertility. Mr. Agee would greatly simplify the guarantee as to chemical fertilizers and limit their numbers. He would require, to begin with, that instead of the confusing analysis which commonly appears on the fertilizer bag, there should be only the guaranteed minimum amounts of the three essential plant constituents, nitrogen, available phosphoric acid, and potash. No doubt this would help the farmer to know just what he was buying. Again, Mr. Agee advises limiting the number of fertilizer formulæ to ten, or even less, a practice which would save much confusion in the unscientific mind. For himself, Mr. Agee would be satisfied, it should seem, with the formulæ 3-10-6, 3-8-10, and 7-7-7. At any rate, whether or not local soil requirements would modify these par-

ticular formulæ, Mr. Agee is plainly right in saying that the multiplication of formulæ gives very little advantage, but rather works to confusion. Like all writers on the subject of fertilizers, he emphasizes the difference between high and low-grade mixtures, and advises home mixing for those who use any considerable quantity. The illustrations in this book are not very appropriate, and the table of contents scarcely does duty for an index; but the plan is as clear as the style, and the reader can easily find a desired passage. We commend this statement of modern theory and practice.

Prof. William F. Ganong's "The Living Plant" (Holt) is thoroughly scientific, yet is simple enough for the comprehension of the lay reader; the style is lively, and humor is not lacking. The method of the book develops the subject progressively, taking up first the essential basis of plant-life in the function of chlorophyl and the process of photosynthesis, then proceeding to give reasons for the existing forms of plants and their parts, such as the leaves. There follow sections on the method and service of respiration; the structure of the cell, particularly the quality and service of protoplasm; the work of the roots, especially regarding their means of absorption of nutriment from the soil; the dissemination and utilization of this nutrition; protective adaptations in plants against hostile conditions or active enemies; reproduction, with a chapter on flowers and their cross-fertilization; and, finally, plant-breeding and the methods of classification. This logical sequence of study is also historical, for Dr. Ganong is not only an evolutionist, but professes a stout faith in the Darwinian doctrine of adaptations, while recognizing that certain features in plants do not appear at all purposeful. One can see that such a treatment must involve many principles and explain many processes true of animals as well as of plants; and that the book is therefore an excellent foundation for biology generally, there being no essential difference in the basal facts between the life of a plant and that of an animal. In this aspect it may be recommended to every young student of natural history, whether he proposes to specialize in botany or not, while the botanist, as such, will find it a most convenient and helpful work of reference. We should like to quote extensively to exhibit the freshness of knowledge and the entertaining facts with which the book abounds, and the way in which aptness of illustration and telling bits of outside lore and philosophy are made to contribute to the value and interest of the subject. The book abounds in diagrams and photographs, which are beautifully done and are very helpful. There is a full index, and the paper and typography are of the best character.

Dr. Horace Jayne, formerly dean of the college faculty of the University of Pennsylvania, died suddenly last week at his home near Philadelphia. He was fifty-four years old. After receiving his A.B. from the University of Pennsylvania in 1879, and his M.D. in 1882, he studied at universities of Germany and at Johns Hopkins. He was a prolific writer, among his works being "Mammalian Anatomy," "Revision of the Dermestidæ of North America," and "Abnormalities Observed in North American Coleoptera."

Dr. Benjamin Lee, assistant to the Health Commissioner of Pennsylvania, died Friday at Point Pleasant, N. J. He was born in 1833 in Norwich, Conn., and graduated from the University of Pennsylvania in 1852 and from the New York Medical College in 1856. Dr. Lee also studied in Europe. Among his publications may be noted "Correct Principles of Treatment for Angular Curvature of the Spine."

Drama

NOTES ON GERMAN DRAMA.

In the sex-ridden literature of modern Germany a play without a love motive must be hailed as an extraordinary novelty. Arthur Schnitzler's "Professor Bernhardy" (Berlin: S. Fischer) has earned this distinction as well as that of having been prohibited in Vienna. The action of the play deals with a hospital maintained by private sources and conducted by a Jew and free-thinker. Bernhardy objects to the appearance of a priest at the cot of a dying woman who imagines she is getting well and expects a visit from her lover, thinking it would be more humane to let her die while she cherishes this dream than to awaken her to the knowledge of approaching death. Out of this conflict with the church grow serious difficulties for the hospital which had hoped for an endowment from the state. The intricate web of political intrigue entering into the management of public institutions is revealed. Nor does the author spare his profession; the flippancy, the cant, and the opportunism of his colleagues come in for a just share of scathing criticism. There is no unnecessary dwelling on physical facts, no repulsive details are thrust upon the reader. The prohibitory indictment must have been entirely based upon the reflections which the play casts on clerical interference and on the exploitation of professional activity in the interest of politics, which is a nuisance not limited to Austria.

Korfiz Holm has written an entertaining comedy, "Frau Mary's grosses Herz" (Munich: Albert Langen), which deals with the dilemma of a Frau Kommerzienrätin, whose husband is so absorbed in business that he tolerates her numerous flirtations. Frau Mary is the mother of a daughter married abroad, and of another daughter of the awkward age. She tries to postpone the engagement of "Billy," because the prospective father-in-law is one of her own admirers and she would be forced to retire from her field of activity. The women guests of the house belong to the same smart set, and the scenes in which these ladies pointedly allude to one another's affairs abound in amusing situations and sprightly dialogue. The lady in the end throws over all her admirers, consents to her daughter's marriage, and induces her husband to retire with her to their country estate. The play has been favorably received at the theatre.

"Münchhausen's Antwort" (Berlin: Theater-Verlag Eduard Bloch), a one-act play by Hanne von Gumppenberg, effectively handles an episode in the life of the famous German Ananias. The infidelity of a woman he had loved and disgust with conventional society are suggested as the motives of his passion for fooling the world with stories of marvellous experiences. The woman who had dropped him to marry another comes to one of the baron's much-talked-of evenings, apparently to renew her relations with him, but really to flirt with an influential Cabinet Minister, and obtain her husband's promotion. They all plot to lay a trap for Münchhausen, and, while waiting for their host, divide their attentions between the only lady guest and a buxom stable-maid. But the baron has observed everything, entertains them with wonted vivacity, and when punch is served begins a tale in which he fancifully veils the experiences of the lady and the exploits of the Cabinet Minister. When asked for proofs, he sends for the stable-maid! The little play condenses with remarkable cleverness the salient features of a familiar figure, and the plot is admirably calculated to hold attention. The play has been successfully performed at Munich, Stüttgart, Weimar, Karlsruhe, and other places.

Ludwig Thoma's "Das Säuglingsheim" (Albert Langen) is a "Burleske" in one act, and is a racy product of robust Bavarian humor. It deals with a home for poor babies established by a wealthy Jew and willed to the city on condition that its management should be unsectarian. The discussion of this clause with the widow of the testator brings forward the amusing figures of municipal officials, and throws glaring lights upon their mediæval prejudices. The climax is reached when the news arrives that the newly appointed janitor of the building is a Protestant; this disturbs the proportion of representation to which each sect is entitled. Although mainly of local interest, the situations in the little play are funny enough to appeal to any audience, and it is likely to be as popular as the author's "Erster Klasse."

The most important dramatic novelties of recent publication have come from Carl Hauptmann. "Die lange Jule" (Leipzig: Ernst Rowohlt), a village drama in five acts, has been chosen to inaugurate the new royal court theatre in Dresden in October, and is to be performed by Max Grube in Hamburg. It is a powerful tragedy of the passion

for possession. The heroine has the old-fashioned peasant's attachment to the soil of the forebears, and is cheated out of the hope of inheriting the old homestead by her widowed father's re-marriage, of which she disapproved as violently as he had done of hers. The difficulties between the two hard, unyielding characters culminate in a desperate scene at the old man's death-bed, when the daughter once more claims her own and is cursed by him. From that moment she has but one aim in life: she buys the mortgage which the widow cannot meet and dispossesses the hated intruder. Her sentiment for the family place, with its numerous associations, relieves to some extent her cruel rapacity; nor is her conscience quite deaf to the message that comes to her through the apparition of her father's ghost. But as the attachment to the property becomes an obsession bordering on madness, her figure outgrows human limitations and assumes uncanny proportions. That the other *dramatis personæ* are able to hold their own against a character of such calibre, speaks for the strength with which they have been delineated. The action progresses with inevitable logic and has moments of powerful suspense.

Another play by Carl Hauptmann, "Die armseligen Besenbinder" (Leipzig: Kurt Wolff), is to see the footlights in the autumn at the Deutsches Theater of Max Reinhardt, in Berlin. The author calls it "altes Märchen," and it has indeed all the whimsical fancy and elusive symbolism of an old folk-tale. Hauptmann has nursed his imagination upon the folklore of Silesia until its spirit has entered his soul and quickened the poetical concepts of his creative mind. His imaginings quite spontaneously take the quaint and simple forms of the stories that belong to the lore of the Riesengebirge, and as they are much concerned with the dreams and the longings of poor people, the poet thinks in symbols of their life. The poor broombinder who in his direst misery is consoled by the dream of the brother gone forth in quest of treasure is as real as any figure from life; and the other, who has gone forth into the far world of fabulous wealth and comes home laden with treasure, is as illusory a phantom as such figures usually turn out to be in cold daylight. The play opens rare possibilities to the genius of the man who by his scenic realizations is attracting as much attention as the poet by his imaginings. The performance is likely to confirm the growing conviction of not a few critics in Germany that Carl Hauptmann is one of the strongest personalities in German letters to-day.

A. von Ende.

The Yale University Press announces a reprint of the first edition of "Common Conditions," an Elizabethan play which first appeared in 1576. The work will be edited by Charles F. Tucker Brooke.

Music

The Fourth of July was worthily celebrated at Lucerne, Switzerland, by a concert made up of compositions by five Americans—Chadwick, Foote, Hadley, MacDowell, and Louis Lombard. The last-named conducted the orchestra.

Leipzig has increased the allowance for its two municipal theatres from 350,000 marks a year to 700,000 marks. "The motion picture is charged with pandering to a sort of mental laziness, and thus with diminishing the popular support for serious opera and drama. And so the town steps in to fight the 'cinemas,' as they are called."

Wassili Safonoff has been elected an honorary member of the Philharmonic Society of London.

"The Songs of Euripides" is the odd name of an opera by Botho Sigwart which has been accepted for performance in Dresden next season.

An association has been formed in Dresden for the special purpose of bringing about a worthy celebration of the two hundredth birthday of Gluck, next year. It is hoped that some of his neglected masterworks will be revived. In Vienna a society has been organized for the purpose of collecting funds for a Gluck monument in that city. For Vienna he wrote three of his best operas—"Orfeo," "Alceste," and "Iphigenie in Aulis." It was here that he changed his style and paved the way for his Parisian successes, in which he was aided by Marie Antoinette, who studied with him in Vienna. Carl Goldmark is president of this Gluck association.

If the present violin craze continues in England, the piano will soon cease to be the most popular of instruments. At the ninth annual Violin Festival of the National Union of School Orchestras, held at the Crystal Palace, London, last month, the enormous number of 6,200 violinists mustered on the Handel orchestra. At the first of these festivals the number was only 700. Schools in every district in and around London were represented by players, and, it was stated, "one and all of them are whole-hearted enthusiasts, anxious to win all possible guerdons, and, in particular, one or other of the two silver challenge shields offered in competition by the union."

In Felix Weingartner, the Boston opera found a conductor who ranks among the greatest. At first he came over for a few weeks only, chiefly to obtain a worthy support for Mme. Nordica, but next winter he is to be in Boston from January to the end of the season. He will conduct not only the Wagner operas, particularly "Die Meistersinger," "Lohengrin," and "Tristan," but also some of the best Italian and French operas ("Aïda," "Otello," "Il Trovatore," "Faust"). He will also preside over the performances of "Don Giovanni" and "Hänsel und Gretel."

The composite verdict of the critics of Paris, French and foreign, seems to be that while there is much good music in Charpentier's new opera, "Julien," it is not likely to duplicate the success of "Louise," because the libretto, by the composer himself, is marred by too much mysticism, philosophy, and symbolism. One critic remarks that "as soon as he leaves philosophy and Socialism and comes to Julien and Louise and treats them as creatures of flesh and blood, M. Charpentier recaptures the beauty and the pathos which are the chief feature of his earlier opera."

The death is reported of Ingeborg de Bronsart. She was born in St. Petersburg in 1840, her parents, Starck by name, being of Swedish origin. In 1861 she married Hans Bronsart von Schellendorff, like her a pianist and composer. Among her works are "La Déesse de Sais," in three acts, and the one-act "Jery et Baeteli."

Art

Michelangelo: A Record of His Life. As told in his Letters and Papers. Translated and edited by Robert W. Carden. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $3 net.

There is no doubt that one gets a vivid human impression from these selections from the letters and papers of Michelangelo, and it is certain also that the picture thus gained is partial and misleading. It is abundantly proved out of the great artist's own mouth that he was a querulous, timid, suspicious person, with all the stigmata of a nervous invalid. His gigantic abilities he devoted chiefly to the task of rehabilitating his ungrateful and unworthy family, concerning whose noble origins he indulged delusions. His brothers preyed upon his generosity. He conferred princely benefits upon them, usually with a snarl. Constantly timorous before all business and official emergencies, he showed himself a poltroon when his dearly beloved Florence was in dire need of him. Yielding to a sudden nervous panic, he deserted his post of military engineer in charge of the fortifications. An ordinary man would have been hanged from the traitors' tower for such an offence. There are a few hints of a brighter side. Quite fatherly and touching are the letters to his favorite nephew and heir, Lionardo, concerning the choice of a wife. Very moving is his grief for his single faithful servant, Urbino, whose infant, his own godchild, the aged sculptor actually thought of taking into his home. Often there will appear a sardonic tenderness under his fulminations. A worthless 'prentice is to be sent back to Florence, but the father is to be told the lad is too high-strung for the rough work. Always one finds a Spartan rectitude, a willingness to take the unfavorable side of a bargain, to compound with a patron to his own hurt.

Such, roughly speaking, is the picture

that Mr. Carden makes Michelangelo draw of himself. A true picture, so far as it goes, but how completely inadequate! There could be no more striking demonstration of the fallacy of the documentary method when applied without discretion. The amazing thing is that the materials for balancing the study exist, and have been completely ignored. Are the Sonnets, forsooth, not "papers of Michelangelo"? To have included about half the sonnets at the proper place would have helped to make the impression of the book relatively just. How Mr. Carden has neglected so obvious and necessary an expedient is incomprehensible. We hope it may be done in a future edition, though we are not sanguine of any very satisfactory fruits from an editorial mind so perfunctory and unimaginative. To those who already are familiar with the work of Michelangelo this volume brings interesting and valuable material not readily accessible to the general reader. We heartily commiserate, however, the ingenuous reader who gains his first acquaintance with Michelangelo from this book. To your reviewer it has been a revelation of the paradox that to anthologize may also be to diminish.

"Art for Life's Sake," by Charles H. Caffin (New York: Prang), is an endeavor to show that all life-increasing effort of the individual follows the rule of art. In developing the activities of the individual in the collective state, art is to be of prime importance. The beautiful and the good are merely different aspects of one thing. All utilities, including the skyscraper and machinery must eventually take on or produce beauty. The new collective life being more sensitive and highly ordered than the individualisms of the past will produce a superior order of beauty. "Beauty, so understood, is the urge, the impulse of growth of the Whole Life, the Healthy Life, the Holy Life in all its faculties of sensation, emotion, volition, intelligence, reasoning, imagination and intuition. It is that which impels to the full and free recreating continually of self by self which in the highest sense is Living. On the other hand, Ugliness is that which checks and diminishes the Need of Life and the Desire of Living, tending towards atrophy, the moribund and death." A close analysis of the rhetorical redundancies of this passage will show what ails Mr. Caffin's style and thought. In his enthusiasm everything shades insensibly into everything else, great words and ideas overlap in confusingly penumbral fashion. He traverses the ground recently surveyed by George Bourne in "The Ascending Effort," but leaves upon the mind no such clear impression of the cathartic value of art. We dislike to take issue with a book the general tone of which is wholesomely optimistic and with the particular views of which we often agree, but if this sort of writing is really prophetic, the art of the future is apparently to resolve itself into a iambent flux in which sensation, emotion, and volition may be reflected, but hardly intelligence, reasoning, imagination, and intuition.

Finance

LOW EBB ON THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

Last Friday, July 11, sales on the Stock Exchange were only 64,400 shares, the lowest total of any full business day since May 26, 1896. What this means, so far as that branch of financial activity is concerned, may be judged from the fact that the earlier of those dates belongs to what Wall Street has long described as the era of small things on the Stock Exchange. The great forward movement in American finance and industry, which began with 1897, introduced a decade of wholly unprecedented activity, with days when a million shares changed hands a common spectacle, and with one day—April 30, 1901—when 3,200,000 shares were dealt in. The total sales in 1896 were 54,600,000 shares; they were 266,000,000 in 1901, and 131,000,000 even in 1912. For the first half of 1913 they were 23,000,000 less than the year before, and now the daily total sinks to a low level not witnessed since the turn in the tide of American prosperity, in 1896.

What does this shrinkage signify, in the larger sense? It may merely reflect the speculative market's inability to move, in the face of the embargo on credit facilities for the purpose. It may, in line with the Stock Exchange's prophetic functions, foreshadow similar inactivity in general trade. But it may more obviously be interpreted as a sign of the investment community's perplexity and hesitation.

Days or periods of this character are apt to come when the speculative community and the real investors who stand behind it are completely at a loss which way to turn. The presence of such extreme inactivity denotes that the usual buyers and sellers of investment securities will not buy, because they can see so many disturbing possibilities ahead, and will not sell, either because prices are too low to invite such a transaction or because there are elements in the general situation favorable enough to make the holder of stocks and bonds reluctant to part with what he holds. It will be agreed by most observant people that this description fairly fits the present state of things.

Any one who lets his imagination loose in a hunt for prospective trouble will be pretty successful. He will have, in fact, considerable scope in selecting the most formidable danger. He may predict the ebbing-away of prosperity which he has been taught must follow—as it undoubtedly did in 1894—the enactment of a low-tariff bill. He may fix on a coming financial crash in Europe, with or without a "general European war." Or, more vaguely, he may base his predictions on belief in a political Armageddon in the winter session of Congress, with all the crazes of the period recognized by proposals of legislation, or an expectation of a home financial crisis, not yet clearly formulated in ideas, but to be introduced by the abnormal scarcity of capital and by a tightening money market.

All this may easily have persuaded the public in general, and professional Wall Street in particular, not to buy. But as every one conversant with the matter knows, to be unwilling to buy is not necessarily to be willing to sell. There is a state of the financial mind which may be described as stable equilibrium or may be summed up as pure inertia, and it is apt to mean that the bad points in a situation are fairly balanced by the good.

In the present case, the man who has mused on the possible coming dangers, summarized above, will frequently be checked in any disposition to sell his stocks by such considerations as the fact that the markets—financial, mercantile, and industrial—have carefully prepared themselves for any money strain which may be on the way. He will observe, when he has looked into things a little further, that although the business community has for at least four months been complaining of a "hand-to-mouth business" and the "lack of future orders," nevertheless the volume of trade continues surprisingly large. Furthermore, the reports from the various industries show him that the output of manufacturers and producers is not going into heaped-up unsold stocks (as in 1907, for instance), but is moving directly into consumers' hands.

He finds, it is true, that loans at the banks are almost everywhere heavily extended as compared with a year ago; for instance, that they are up $56,000,000 from July, 1912, at the Bank of Germany, $95,000,000 at the Bank of France, and $190,000,000 in the national banks of the United States, and that, except for Berlin, this expansion has not been accompanied by an increase in cash reserves. But when he looks at the present greatly reduced demands on credit, at all the great money markets, for Stock Exchange or commercial purposes, he is apt to conclude that this part of the situation is adjusting itself. And meantime he hears from every experienced authority that, in default of actual disaster, prices of good investment securities are intrinsically low.

There is perhaps one deeper cause of hesitation, underlying all the rest, and not dependent on any idea so concrete and distinct as that of financial calamity. It is the perplexity which pervades the minds of all meditative people, as to exactly what sort of change is coming about in our institutions generally—pos-

sibly more in the political and social field than in finance. The feeling that important alterations, temporary or permanent, are shaping themselves in the attitude of society itself towards many fundamental questions of the day, is a sentiment which will naturally inspire uncertainty, even when it does not cause alarm.

This is more particularly true at a time when the casual observer of these phenomena of the day does not always find it easy to distinguish between the large reforms which mark the real social movement of this remarkable period, and the foolish or crazy fads which are proclaimed, not merely by scatterbrained fanatics, but to some extent, unfortunately, by men of character and standing whose mental balance has not been strong enough to maintain an equilibrium. But to lose the sense of proportion, in measuring such political and social tendencies, is to lose all power of reasonable prediction. It is easy to infer that certain propaganda are the surest of success because their advocates are the loudest talkers, and it is easy to assign to the social fermentation more influence on the real prosperity of the day than legitimately belongs to it. It has happened on many similar occasions, during generations past, that the turmoil of agitation has resulted, first in the winnowing of the useful from the foolish propaganda of the day, and afterwards in the settling down of society at large to a sounder and more efficient condition than before.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Aschaffenburg, Gustav. Crime and Its Repression. Translated by A. Albrecht. Boston: Little, Brown. $4 net.

Babcock, W. H. Early Norse Visits to North America. Washington: Smithsonian Institution.

Bluemel, C. S. Stammering and Cognate Defects of Speech. 2 vols. Stechert. $5 net.

Chamberlin, Frederick. The Philippine Problem, 1898-1913. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50 net.

Chamber of Commerce, New York. Annual Report, 1912-1913.

Crawford, M. MacD. The Sailor Whom England Feared: The Story of Paul Jones. Duffield.

Eaton, A. M. Free Trade vs. Protection. Chicago: McClurg. $1 net.

Ecclesiæ Occidentalis Monumenta Iuris Antiquissima. Edidit Cuthbertus Hamilton Turner. 2 fascicles. Frowde.

Fleming, Guy. Life's Little Tragedies. Longmans.

Force, Duc de la. Lauzun: Un Courtisan du Grand Roi. Paris: Hachette.

Fowell, F., and Palmer, F. Censorship in England. London: Frank Palmer.

Giese, W. F. Graded French Method. Holt.

Goldberg, Isaac. Sir Wm. S. Gilbert: A Study in Modern Satire. Boston: Stratford Pub. Co. $1.

Hurlburt, E. H. Lanagan, Amateur Detective. Sturgis & Walton. $1.25 net.

Kittredge Anniversary Papers. By Colleagues and Pupils of George Lyman Kittredge. Boston: Ginn. $5 net.

Koester, Frank. Electricity for the Farm and Home. Sturgis & Walton. $1 net.

Leake, A. H. Industrial Education. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.

Loreburn, Earl. Capture at Sea. London: Methuen.

Michaut, G. Anatole France. Paris: Fontemoing & Cie.

Norman, C. H. Essays and Letters on Public Affairs. London: Frank Palmer.

Pater, Walter. Marius the Epicurean. 2 vols. Macmillan. $10 net.

Phillips, D. G. Degarmo's Wife and Other Stories. D. Appleton. $1.30 net.

Racine (théâtre complet), tome 1. Paris: Hachette.

Russell, G. W. E. Half-Lengths. Duffield.

Sammis, J. L., and Bruhn, A. T. The Manufacture of Cheese of the Cheddar Type from Pasteurized Milk. Washington: Gov. Ptg. Office.

Sidis, Boris. The Psychology of Laughter. D. Appleton. $2 net.

Snedden, David. The Problems of Educational Readjustment. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.

Stamper, A. W. Textbook on the Teaching of Arithmetic. American Book Co. $1.

Tibullus—The Corpus Tibullianum. Edited, with notes on Books I, II, and IV, 2-14, by K. F. Smith. American Book Co. $1.50.

Wallace, H. F. The Big Game of Central and Western China. Duffield.

Yorke, P. C. Life and Correspondence of Philip Yorke, Earl of Hardwicke. 3 vols. University of Chicago Press. $13.50 net.

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 24, 1913.

The Week

Secretary Bryan says that he doesn't mind criticism, including ridicule, we suppose, but it is one thing to be indifferent to personal attacks and quite another not to care when a great office is made the subject of neighborhood gossip. This is the galling thing; and the Americans did not need to hear laughter from across the ocean to feel that Mr. Bryan's talk about his salary and his savings and his ménage at Washington was in shocking taste. It might pass in confidences across the fence in Nebraska, but when it is blurted out in Washington, not only does Mr. Bryan appear as a man without delicacy, but the chief member of the Cabinet seems to be beneath the dignity of his office. Other men have lived and labored in Washington in a kind of honorable poverty, who would have died before doing any blabbing about it in public. Mr. Bryan must somehow be pulled up, or he will soon be telling us the number and cost of his wife's dresses, and what he pays his servants. It is doubtless true that $12,000 will not cover the expenses to which the Secretary of State is put. But there stands the office and the salary; it can be accepted or declined. Once accepted, the pecuniary consequences should be accepted also without whining.

Senator McCumber's assertion, in his address to the Michigan Bar Association, that Col. Roosevelt's friends are preparing to fight for his nomination by the Republicans in 1916, was naturally resented by the Michigan Progressives. They vow that the Colonel will never desert them. Certainly not; but mightn't he take them along with him into a reorganized and purified Republican party? A friend of his is reported in Washington to have made advances to leading Republicans along this line. His talk has the familiar ring. He is, of course, not authorized by Mr. Roosevelt to give any assurances, but it is his conviction that the Colonel could be induced to accept the nomination, if the Republican party were reorganized "on a progressive basis." In that case the Colonel might feel that it was his "patriotic duty to make the sacrifice" and run again for the Presidency. In our opinion, this presents a glittering opportunity to the Republican managers. It would be the easiest possible way in which to reform their party and get a glowing certificate of character. If they nominated Mr. Roosevelt, they would become in the very act progressive, forward-looking, and the only hope of the nation.

There may or may not have been a small amount of corruption in the activities of the Manufacturers' Association, as detailed by the precious Mulhall, but there certainly was a large amount of self-complacency. These agents and secretaries, hovering about the edge of big politics, came to feel that they had their fingers on the very pulse of the machine. They fairly swelled up with the sense of their own importance. This came out amusingly in the letter made public last week, in which Schwedtman wrote to Mulhall in 1908 that Teddy and Taft and Sherman and Foraker and the other big guns were nothing like the equals of Van Cleave, Parry, Kirby. Since the House doorkeeper wrote home to Texas that he was "a biger man than old Grant," there has been nothing quite like these frogs bursting their skin in the belief that they were oxen.

Both the man and his equipment will inspire gratification in the selection of Paul S. Reinsch as Ambassador to China. His work in the department of political science at the University of Wisconsin has left its impress on legislation in the Middle West, while as writer and Roosevelt exchange professor in Germany he has made his reputation international. As a delegate to the Pan-American conferences and a student of international law he possesses a good degree of diplomatic training. Above all, his sympathetic interest in the welfare of the Chinese people, and grasp of their difficulties, is manifest in authoritative studies of Oriental politics and intellectual currents. His appointment succeeds fitly our recognition of the Chinese Republic, and coming at a critical moment for China, gives her a third good friend from abroad besides Professor Goodnow and Dr. Morrison. Professor Reinsch should serve well in a post presenting many national and international complications, and requiring both ability and special knowledge.

The annual report of the trustees of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace for 1912 has been awaited with particular interest, since it covers the first full year of their activities. Mr. Carnegie made his superb gift in December, 1910. The work of organization naturally extended far into 1911, but 1912 saw the propaganda for peace well under way, just as it witnessed the beginning of the horrifying war, or wars, in the Near East. In the handsome volume before us may be clearly read not merely the activities of the various divisions of the work, but the policy of the present trustees. This, it is plain is chiefly along the line of improving international relations by stimulating existing peace periodicals, by supporting worthy societies and associations here and abroad in their efforts to end war, and by bringing them into harmonious coöperation. In other words, it is chiefly an educational function which the trustees have set for themselves. The only direct action reported is in connection with the general arbitration treaties submitted to the Senate in 1911, and defeated by that august body.

Aside from the secretary's office and the general administration of the Endowment, the work is divided into three sections: those of intercourse and education, economics and history, and international law. The first of these divisions has opened headquarters in New York and Paris, and there is a notable advisory council in Europe to supervise the work from the Continental and English point of view. A subvention of $24,000 for the year 1912-13 largely supports the work of the Berne International Bureau of Peace, with a view to demonstrating its value as an agency of propaganda. To the Brussels Central Office of International Associations a sum of $15,000 has been allotted, with the purpose of helping to build an interna-

tional museum, the publishing of its organ, *La Vie Internationale*, the holding of international conferences, etc. Four of the more important European periodicals, *Die Friedens-Warte*, of Berlin, Vienna, and Leipzig; *La Paix par le Droit*, of Paris, and the *Arbitrator* and the *Herald of Peace*, both of London, have received subventions ranging from $6,000 to $250. Four distinguished special correspondents abroad have kept the division well informed as to the movement of European opinion. A considerable volume of literature has been directly distributed, or placed on sale in cheap form—Norman Angell's "The Great Illusion" has been translated for circulation in Germany, France, Italy, Japan, Spain, Spanish America, India, and China. Finally, exchange professors and distinguished visitors, like Charles W. Eliot, have acted as messengers of peace and interpreters of nations to one another.

A bill introduced by Senator Gore shows that the poor Indian of Pope's day is more than ever an object of envy to his white neighbors. As usual, his comparative wealth prompts them to a step of no unselfish sort. At a time when the farmers of the Southwest feel urgent need of money for the development of their vast new country, the 120,000 Indians of Oklahoma possess great wealth. The trust funds of the tribes in the United States Treasury and Oklahoma banks amount to $28,500,000; $6,000,000 more are due them on deferred land payments; the pending sale of segregated coal fields will add $10,000,000 more; and the tale is not even then told. Oklahoma statesmen are anxious to have these great sums placed in State banks in such manner that they will be available for farm loans. They argue that the nation will recoup the interest it now pays on the Indian funds, reaching nearly a million yearly, that the farmers will benefit immeasurably, and the Indians will lose nothing. This should leave the simple tribesmen, whether in contented ease or laboring upon their own farms, somewhat puzzled. A paternal Government throws open their lands to the whites, and, collecting the money returned, holds it in trust; and then the whites borrow the purchase price again to develop their new holdings.

As a State whose woods began to disappear with Braddock and Duquesne, Pennsylvania may boast that she now leads in forestry legislation. Those who realize the complexities of land taxation will regard the bill pushed through the last Legislature with respect. Forested lands are admitted to an auxiliary reserve, subject to a minimum tax at a valuation of $1 per acre. The hardship which this loss of revenue places on mountain counties is met by a second bill, providing that the school and road tax on such lands be paid by the State. When the lowlands denied the equity of this, they were silenced by the statement that their cities and factories had long used untaxed water from the taxed hillsides. With all interests thus attended to, ex-Gov. Stone's wish that the woods, as a source of timber and water, and "the people's outing grounds, upon which they can enter as owners, not trespassers," might be preserved or restored, seems half realized. One defect in the bill is apparent. The power to place land in the auxiliary reserve, as rendering an essential public service, is vested in a State Commission; but the law does not state that no good agricultural land, better adapted to other crops than timber, shall have the benefit of inclusion in these reserves.

There is little that is "forward-looking" in the reports from Washington in reference to the Chicago postmastership and other places upon which the politicians of both Democratic factions in Illinois have their eyes. Mr. Campbell has two years still to serve as postmaster, but it is questioned whether he will be able to resist Mayor Harrison's pressure for his resignation. For Roger Sullivan, it is explained, has suffered a defeat in the fight for the spoils, and no less a person than Chairman McCombs has urged Postmaster-General Burleson to appoint the man whom Harrison wants, instead of Burleson's personal choice for the place. The parcelling out of the posts is said to have been arranged in detail, and we have lists of the offices which have fallen to Senator Lewis and to Gov. Dunne. To ignore Sullivan absolutely is inexpedient, and so he is to have the filling of the appraisership of customs, a position which does not pay as much as some others, but is credited with "enormous influence." It is a pity that there should be even thought to be any grounds whatever for these circumstantial reports. In particular, to allow Postmaster Campbell to be hounded into resigning would be inconsistent, not only with the good of the service, but with the avowed policy of the Department.

In the friendliest spirit the Richmond *Times-Despatch* is devoting helpful editorials to the condition of the colored people in that city and asking for them "more schools, better sanitation, fair rents, and more breathing spaces." It quotes from the Richmond *Planet*, a negro newspaper, the following statement of what the colored population has to face:

> There are not enough sewers, the drainage is defective, the crematory and ash dumps are within smelling distance and regularly send up their perfumes during the sultry nights of a torrid summer. In this section, too, decayed fruit and vegetables and other eatables, sold at low prices, attract the poverty-stricken, and they eat and—die. Hundreds of colored people, too proud to beg and too honest to steal, deny themselves the necessities of life and drag out a wretched existence from day to day until tired nature will stand no more, and they are found stiff and stark in death.

Naturally, the *Times-Despatch* concludes that there is something wrong with the civic conscience. The existence of such conditions and the fact that 5,000 colored children are said to be growing up in Atlanta in idleness and ignorance in the streets because there are no school sittings for them have their light to throw upon the oft-repeated assertion that the South should be let alone to deal with the negro, as it knows what is best for him. True, in our Northern cities conditions are not so much better as to warrant them in taking any pride, while the difficulty of obtaining work for the negro is much greater.

The riots in Seattle discredit everybody concerned. The *Times* of that city has unquestionably violated journalistic proprieties more than once, but the Mayor followed a bad Paterson precedent in endeavoring to suppress this newspaper. Suppression of free speech is no business of a Mayor, whether he be the head of the government of Little Falls, Lawrence, or Seattle. The violence of the sailors, if actuated by a desire to protest against Socialist and I.

W. W. methods, shows them to have been as devoid of judgment as of respect for the law. If they have regained their senses by this time, they must realize that their actions can only have the result of awakening sympathy for those whom they attacked and of discrediting the uniform they wear. Were the I. W. W. and the Socialists much worse than they are, they are still entitled to organize, to open headquarters, to agitate, to hold property free from lawless attack. As for the Secretary of the Navy, he is apparently the victim of an outrageous misquotation; should this Seattle experience lead him to choose his words a little more carefully, it will do no harm. They are joking about some of his utterances abroad; it will not do for him to say things which lend themselves readily to misconstruction even by young sailors who are full of patriotism and perhaps of righteous indignation at men who seem to them bent on overturning society.

In the annual report of President Garfield of Williams College, an effort is made to show what has been the approximate effect of the increased cost of living upon student expenses. Figures are available for the classes from 1885 to 1887, which show that the average annual expenditure in these three years was $652. Statistics compiled in the same way for 1910-1912 yield an average for that three-year period of $927. The increase, something more than 42 per cent., is thought by President Garfield to be "not materially different from the estimated increase of cost of living elsewhere than at college." But it is not upon the resulting hardship to students or their parents that he puts so much stress as upon the unfortunate position of college professors. Their salaries have not been enlarged at anything like their enlarged rate of expense. President Garfield thinks that Williams should pay her professors $4,000 a year, and partly to that end, partly in order to establish new professorships, he is calling upon the alumni to raise a fund of $1,000,000.

Every returning boat is bringing to our favored shores a wealth of dramatic material that is bound to make the season of 1913-14 one of the most brilliant in the entire annals of the stage. Has any new genius appeared in Europe since our playhouses closed a few weeks ago? His name is at the bottom of a contract in the pocket of one of our enterprising producers. Have the well-known dramatists of the Old World done anything since the first of the year? You will see it on some Broadway stage this autumn. Tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, and all the rest of the Polonius list, along with some kinds he never imagined, are to be spread before our dazzled eyes. Have you a fancy for something that will take you out of the twentieth century? Here is "Robinson Crusoe"—with some alterations, of course, such as that of a negro comedian for the part of Friday. Are you in more serious mood? Well, the managers doubtless have something to suit even that, although they do not think it worth while to announce it. It is a bit cruel to cast any shadow upon so glowing a prospect for both our managers and ourselves. Yet if most blessings brighten as they take their flight, those in a theatrical manager's scrip seldom look lovelier than at the moment of their arrival. With the actual course of the ordinary season in mind, one is tempted to ask whether all this enormous loading up is not a kind of insurance. Half of the masterpieces being transferred from the liners to the producers' safes may fail to tickle the public palate, and yet enough will be left to keep the houses going.

Some Englishmen have thought that in these hard times they were displaying a noble sentiment in seeking to raise a million dollars to save the Crystal Palace. But the contrary-minded Bernard Shaw does not agree. Other men have recalled the Great Exhibition of 1851, when Prince Albert believed it opened an era in which industrial competition would supplant armed strife; and the Victorian attempts to make it a great home of culture. But to Shaw it is an unsightly glass and iron structure, the chief utility of which is as a summer playground for Phil May's 'Arry and 'Arriet. The point of his caustic words is a comparison with the slow progress of the National Theatre. "If the Shakespeare Memorial," he says in effect, "held races and games with its annual Stratford performances, our dramatic enthusiasm would pass all bounds." The Crystal Palace and its grounds should be saved, but this criticism of the English sense of proportion is apt. The London *Times* especially should feel it. It has lately broken its rule not to ask subscriptions, in order to help save this site, "offering unparalleled advantages for such concourses as the Olympic Games."

An educational announcement of interest is embodied in the final report of the Royal Commission for the organization of the new University of London. The movement to weld the separate institutions of the metropolis—University College, King's College, many technical and medical schools—into a great seat of learning, has resulted in the framing of a constitution which joins the scattered colleges into one University, and yet leaves each home rule, as at Oxford and Cambridge. But in this constitution Americans will be most struck by the confident pronouncement on research as an academic function. England's new attitude is, according to the account in *Science*, thus expressed:

> The higher work of the university should be closely connected with research. Teaching and research should be combined. The greatest evil in the present organization of the university is that this is not the case. It is not possible to get the best men as professors if they are restricted from doing their highest work. Research should not be exploited by individual capitalists; and the professor can give the best instruction only if actively engaged in advancing knowledge in his subject.

We think of research in England as conducted privately; in Germany, under the auspices of a university. Charles Darwin on his secluded estate at Down, Lord Rayleigh or Sir William Crookes in private laboratories, Mill and Morley working in leisure husbanded from their regular vocations, are more typical of the British searcher for truth than J. J. Thomson or George Saintsbury. England has not had men like Kant at Königsberg, or Mommsen at Berlin, and few even like James at Harvard. The reason is that British universities have recognized slight partnership between research and the training of youthful minds. To reverse this policy, even under metropolitan pressure, will seem to some an unwise compliment to German and American practice—unwise, at least, in its binding definiteness.

NICARAGUA AND AFTER.

Mr. Borah appears to be the only prominent Senator at Washington flatly opposed to the treaty making the United States the protector of Nicaragua. With his prediction of unhappy consequences, we should not be willing to go all the way. It would not necessarily follow from this treaty that the American flag would go up over all the territory between us and the Panama Canal. Senator Borah speaks of the "irresistible logic" of the case, but we know that the world is not governed by logic. What the Nicaraguan proposal calls for, in our judgment, is not sweeping assertions or confident prophecies, on one side or the other, but comprehensive and prudent study. In one thing at least every man with the instinct of a statesman must agree with Senator Borah; this is his saying: "I am unwilling to take the first step until I have weighed all the consequences of the last step." Anything like a light-hearted rushing into a path of which we cannot see, we will not say the end, but even the first turn, cannot be too severely condemned. We know what happened in 1870 to Ollivier with his "light heart."

A reminder from our own more recent past should give pause to rash embarkers upon untried seas. Fourteen years ago we took the Philippines. If the thing were to be done over again, how many Americans would vote to annex the islands? It was done unadvisedly, with the slightest foresight of what was to come. We found to our surprise that we had bought a bloody and shameful war. In a burst of rhetoric we acquired what President McKinley called "the gems and glories of the tropic seas," only to discover in a short time that, as President Roosevelt said, they were "a great burden." If the country could have foreseen one-tenth of the vexation and expense and bloodshed entailed by the purchase of the Philippines from Spain, it would have preferred to pay ten times the money to induce Spain to keep them. It is given to no mortal to see the end from the beginning; but a people still smarting from one gigantic mistake in national policy may reasonably be expected to stop and look and listen before plunging into what may be another.

President Wilson and Secretary Bryan will doubtless resent the inferences which many are drawing from their approval of the Nicaraguan protectorate. Senator Lodge is bestowing suspicious praise upon the project. To his mind it is an extension of the Monroe Doctrine which will soon make us the Big Policeman of this hemisphere. We shall be undertaking the duty of keeping order and paying the foreign debt in every republic to the south of us. The President would surely repudiate this interpretation. But he must see that an endless number of such dangerous meanings will be read into the Nicaraguan treaty. How can it be kept apart from the extremely delicate question of our relations with Mexico? With this still unsettled, the publication of the plan to assume a protectorate over Nicaragua was most untimely. For thousands of Americans with property interests in Mexico will at once ask why, if we go to Nicaragua to safeguard a few thousands, should we not at once take steps to protect endangered millions just across our Southern border? And there will be great numbers of easy-going and hasty-concluding Americans to say: "Why, that is so. If we won't let anybody else do it, we must do it ourselves. The Monroe Doctrine prevents foreign nations from calling the Dagoes to book, and so it is our business to make them quit fighting and pay their debts."

Of course, a slight examination of either the Monroe Doctrine or international law will show that nothing of the kind is true. The case does not come down to this facile either-or dismissal. There is, to-day, just as there has long been, an alternative policy. About twenty years ago, a British squadron seized the custom-house of Corinto—a port in this same immune Nicaragua—to enforce payment of an indemnity, and the Monroe Doctrine looked on unmoved. Later a German fleet sailed to discipline Venezuela in a similar manner, and although none other than Roosevelt was then on guard, no objection was made by our Government. As for the collection of private debts by public force, that is a step which the British Government has steadily refused to undertake; and the doctrine that this should never be done has now good standing in international law. All these spectres, therefore, of European fleets swooping down upon Mexico or Central America to demand payment of bonds held abroad, are purely imaginary. Yet the threat of them is used by the capacious Imperialism of a Lodge, and will be made to seem real to many ignorant and careless people. Such a popular sentiment is highly perilous, like inflammable stuff, and it is obvious that it is directly increased by such grandiose projects as the proposed Nicaraguan protectorate.

That this treaty is in better form than the one urged by President Taft, is frankly to be admitted. Nor does it wear an air of aggression. Ostensibly, at least, the Nicaraguan Government is freely entering into the agreement, and seems even actively to desire its consummation. But what do we really know about conditions in Nicaragua? If we cannot find out the truth about Mexico, how can we be so confident that all is what it is represented to be in Nicaragua? We know that of recent years it has been a country of what Senator Borah happily calls "kaleidoscopic government." Dictator succeeds dictator; one army chief supplants another. And certainly, until we have conclusive evidence that the treaty has the approval of the majority of the people of Nicaragua entitled to have their opinion consulted, we should go very slow in adopting it.

FALLACIES ABOUT "RECOGNITION."

It appears to be true that strong representations have been made to President Wilson concerning the desirability of according full recognition to the Huerta Government in Mexico. The diplomatic corps in the City of Mexico seems to have agreed that such action by the Washington Administration would help matters. That there are large financial interests of the same mind is clear. They can be so without necessarily falling under the suspicion of being only selfish or scheming in their attitude. It is a fair question whether a full survey of all the facts should not soon lead President Wilson to appoint a new Ambassador to Mexico, thus implying a more complete recognition of the Huerta régime than he has as yet been willing to make. The matter is one to be maturely considered in view of the whole Mexican situation, of diplomatic precedents, and of our wisest public policy at this junc-

ture. Whichever way the decision fall, there will be no occasion for violently denouncing it, just as there is no reason at present to attack either those urging or those deprecating the step which the President is pressed to take. But it is important, to-day and later, to clear our minds of the fallacies about the effect of a recognition of Huerta, which are current in so many quarters.

It is assumed by some, for example, that the attitude of our Government is that of having nothing whatever to do with Gen. Huerta. The implication is that all our official business in Mexico is at a standstill. But this is not the case. There has been a recognition of the Huerta Government as *de facto*. This may not have been publicly made, but it has been tacitly, and in practice. Any representations which our Embassy in Mexico has had to make, have been made at the National Palace. That the head of the actually responsible Government of Mexico is lodged there, we have taken for granted. Appeals to give due protection to American residents, claims for damages, and other routine matters, have been brought to Gen. Huerta's attention. For a time, he made a pretence that all this was wholly irregular; and that, in default of full and hearty recognition, friendly diplomatic relations could not be maintained, and that he would ignore all efforts to do business with him. But he soon saw the folly of that attitude, and abandoned it. Whatever our Government has to say to him, or to his Minister for Foreign Affairs, can be said under the existing *de facto* recognition, and Huerta must needs give heed to it. There is no such deadlock between the two countries as has been imagined.

The strange notion that the establishment of peace and order in Mexico merely waits upon American recognition of Huerta will not bear examination. It seems to be thought that, if President Wilson were to send an Ambassador to his great and good friend in Mexico City, Carranza and the other revolutionists in the North would instantly lay down their arms. But that is a wild supposition. Our full recognition of Diaz did not prevent the rebellion which overthrew him. The fact that Madero was recognized by the American Government as President of Mexico did not save him from siege in his own capital or from assassination. It is possible that Huerta might extract personal satisfaction, and even some moral assistance, out of recognition by the United States, but that it would yield him an atom of material aid is not to be thought of for a moment. Muddy ideas may argue that recognition implies active help; that we should be bound to call upon the rebels to quit fighting, or even to supply Huerta with funds and guns; but this is preposterous. As long as the revolutionists continue determined to fight the man whom they regard as a murderer as well as usurper; as long as roving bands find it possible to defy the Federal troops and to burn and rob and destroy, mere recognition by the United States of the Provisional President could not essentially alter his military difficulties. It could not, that is, unless recognition meant intervention. The fact that some would like to have it mean this is doubtless one of the reasons why President Wilson has gone so slow.

That the Mexican problem may speedily become so acute as to demand a new line of conduct on the part of our Government, is obviously among the possibilities. The difficulty is painful and enormous. It sometimes looks as if Mexicans were making impossible any settled government in their country. The vicious old habits of revolution and brigandage seem to be asserting themselves with redoubled power, after lying dormant for a generation. It would be folly to grasp that hornet's nest rashly. The suggestion has been made of some form of joint international appeal to Mexicans to throw down their weapons on both sides, and to choose a President in an honest election next October, and then hold up his hands, so that the land might have a breathing space to recover from the harrying of the past two years. This was the plan of Mr. Sherrill, our former Minister to Argentina. He would confine this sort of combined warning and offer of help to the countries this side the Atlantic. But there is no reason why Germany and France and England should not be asked to join in such a movement. They have large interests in Mexico, and there is nothing in the Monroe Doctrine to prevent their attending to them. It is possible that President Wilson may be able to work out a plan of this sort, which need not at first go beyond united diplomatic action. This certainly would be far more significant and telling than any act of mere "recognition" of Huerta.

A RESIGNATION AND A MORAL.

Even those who have been compelled to criticise severely President Mellen's management of the New Haven, will receive the news of his resignation with mingled feelings. In them gloating over his misfortunes will have no part. There is no occasion for anything like personal animus against him. Nor is there any reason for denying him marked ability. He has displayed initiative and force; and if the term of his presidency had fallen in other times, or if he had been able to add to his great driving power certain other qualities of leadership, he might have been thought of as a conspicuous success. No one will now think that; and his retirement may well raise the question why he failed. Was he a victim of conditions too powerful for him? Or was he the architect of his own disaster?

The judicious will hesitate to answer these questions dogmatically. The exact apportionment of praise or blame in such matters is difficult. Yet we did not need to wait for the damaging report on the New Haven by the Interstate Commerce Commission to be aware that Mr. Mellen had come far short of what is nowadays expected of the president of an important railway. In a sense, he appeared as a sort of survival from an earlier period. Particularly was this the case in his general attitude towards the public which he served. In addition to appearing far too indifferent in the matter of the equipment of his road and in seeking to meet the convenience of his patrons, he contrived to give the impression of a manager who would pay no attention to protests, and was content to wrap himself in a kind of complacent isolation. This recalls the typical old-time railway man. It was for him to do whatever he thought best in the way whether of financing or operating his lines, and the outside public must neither meddle nor complain. But this air of superiority and Olympian aloofness no longer sits well on railway presidents; and President Mellen's clinging to it, perhaps half-unconsciously, was undoubtedly one of the causes

of his unpopularity and of his downfall.

There were larger causes, of course, and these are now wholly evident, though they may have seemed obscure for some years. Chief of them was the obvious intent of the New Haven management to obtain a monopoly of transportation in New England. This purpose was not necessarily nefarious in itself. But monopolies are kittle-cattle. They have to be handled with great skill, or there will be trouble; and it is abundantly clear that the attempted New Haven monopoly was not skilfully handled. First of all, it was not a financial success. All kinds of little monopolies were loaded upon the back of the big one, and it was not broad enough to hold them. New Haven stock had for many years been thought of very much like Government bonds for security. But the succession of immense investments by the road—some of them made at notoriously inflated prices—soon depressed the price of New Haven stock ominously, and then dividends had to be reduced. As the stock was widely held, the resultant feeling of apprehension and of complaint against the management became extended. This was blunder number one by the monopolists. In the vulgar, they bit off more than they could chew.

The second great blunder lay in President Mellen's relation, not to his stockholders, but to the New England public. As his securities fell in price, so his roads declined in efficiency of service. It has been said that the New Haven monopoly might have been put beyond successful attack if it had met three conditions. The first was that it should be highly successful financially. The second was that it should serve shippers and passengers in a demonstrably superior manner. The third was that the management should have an appearance of great frankness and cordiality in all of its dealings with the public. But President Mellen failed at all three points. He lost money for his stockholders. He increased the numbers of complaining patrons. He provoked an intense public feeling against himself and his road. This was more than hostility to the idea of monopoly as such. If the monopolistic management of the New Haven had been a glittering success, there would doubtless have been those to object to it and possibly to attack it on legal grounds and as a matter of public policy. But they could scarcely have made headway had not the would-be monopolists played unwittingly into their hands. If the various districts of New England had been served as never before; if the merger with the Boston & Maine had removed, instead of intensifying, long-standing complaints against that road; and if the New Haven had cultivated friendly relations with the people and sought to ingratiate itself everywhere—why, Mr. Brandeis and the others might have protested, but the mass of railway patrons would have said: "Well, call it monopoly or what you will, we know that we are getting better facilities at lower cost and we like it." This was the great chance of the New Haven, but it missed it.

The moral of all this does not need to be labored. Mr. Mellen has shown railway presidents how not to do it. His directors must take their due share of the blame, but it is the president who embodies to the public the spirit of the management, and it is that spirit which now stands discredited along with Mr. Mellen. It is idle to say that senseless clamor or the wicked misrepresentations of newspapers brought about his resignation. It was the dead weight of the facts that finally dragged him down. And we may be sure that wide-awake and younger railway men, more sensitive than he could be to the present-day conditions under which they must do their work, will be careful to avoid walking in the path which Mr. Mellen has blazed with failure.

JUDICIAL FITNESS AND THE RECALL.

The story of the Cohalan case is sure to be used by our Progressive friends as an argument for recall of judges by popular vote. That it presents a tempting opportunity for this purpose is evident. The very fact that the case for his removal by the Legislature, under the Constitutional provision which empowers that body to remove judges "for cause," is not clear beyond question, gives point to the plea for the more indefinite and more arbitrary process of recall by vote of the people. The Progressive leader in the Assembly last week voted to sustain the committee report dismissing the charges, but at the same time stated that, under the recall system, which he favored, Cohalan would properly come within the class of judges who should be removed from office by popular vote. We believe that there is a certain amount of confusion of thought in this view of Mr. Schaap's; the Constitution as it stands gives the Legislature discretion amply covering the case. It permits the removal of judges "for cause"; and while a vote to remove on grounds that are really partisan or personal, and upon a mere pretext of *bona-fide* "cause," would be in violation of the intent of the Constitution, and would be altogether abhorrent, the determination whether the facts brought out in the Cohalan case are, or are not, sufficient cause turns essentially on the standard of judicial fitness entertained by members of the Legislature. Nevertheless, it may be freely admitted that the system of popular recall would introduce a greater latitude of judgment, and would, in its natural exercise, permit the removal of some judges whom it would not be proper for the Legislature to remove under the existing system.

The trouble about the advocates of the recall is that they fix their minds on the advantage that might occasionally be gained in this way, and shut their eyes to the far broader and more pervasive evils that their proposal is calculated to bring about. Even in the particular matter of the recall of judges accused of improper conduct, it is far from clear that the advantage would outweigh the disadvantage. A scoundrel like Connolly might easily find means of blackening the reputation of a more worthy judge than Cohalan; and, if that judge happened to have rendered himself in any way unpopular, what chance would there be of a careful and impartial sifting of the evidence by the mass of the voters? We do not say that many would vote to sustain charges which they thought were false. But for one man that would do that there are ten thousand who will, without proper evidence, believe charges to be true against a man towards whom they entertain a dislike; and a mere suspicion that the charges are true will suffice to cause them to cast their vote against him under a system which not only relieves them of any avowed responsibility for their action, but is expressly

advocated on the ground that it leaves them free to vote without reference to any clearly defined principles of action. Whether the danger of injustice to upright and honorable judges under the recall, would not, upon the whole, be greater under the recall than the danger of immunity for unworthy judges under the existing system, is at least an open question.

But all of this is only a very minor phase of the whole matter. The demand for the recall is essentially based upon the opportunity it would afford of getting rid of a judge not on account of acts arising out of his life off the bench—either before or during his tenure of the judicial office—but on account of his acts in the seat of justice. It is the rightfulness or wrongfulness of these upon which it is desired to give the people the power to pass summary judgment. Whether the objection to them is made on the ground of corruption, or of favoritism, or of insensibility to popular demands, the people are to have it in their power to say at any time that he does not satisfy their notion of what a judge ought to be, and peremptorily to terminate his career. There is no doubt that by this process some undesirable judges would be got rid of who now remain on the bench. But the idea that this is the way to elevate the general standard of judicial fitness is not only crude, but childish. Such little good as might be done by the occasional recall of a bad judge for good reason would be vastly more than counterbalanced by the indisposition of lawyers of the highest type to accept judgeships from which they might be removed *without* good reason. To go on the bench means, for such men, a pecuniary loss as it is; but the dignity of the office, under a secure tenure, makes a compensating attraction. And when we add to this potency for keeping strong men *off* the bench, the natural tendency of the recall to lessen the independence, *on* the bench, of any but the strongest men, we see that the recall, so far from curing the deficiencies of the American bench, is calculated to produce a diametrically opposite effect.

Both the recall of judges and the recall of judicial decisions are happy-thought devices for getting immediate "results" by easy-going methods which ignore the fundamentals of the matter with which they deal. If the judges should not have power to settle the interpretation of the Constitution, let them be deliberately deprived of that power; to give them the power, but subject it to reversal by popular vote, would be to turn it into mockery. And as for the tenure of judges, it is singular that in all the criticism of them which is so fashionable in Progressive circles, one never hears a word about the extraordinary fact that the kind of complaint made about our courts is peculiar to this democratic country. Nothing like it is heard in England or France or Germany. What we want here is judges as capable, as fearless, and as efficient as those who administer essentially the same law in England; but in England they get them by appointing that kind in the first place, and appointing them for life. If we want good judges, or good legislators, or good mayors, we have got to take such steps as are necessary to procure them. We shall never get them by merely shouting, "Let the people rule!"

THE NEW LAUREATE.

There will be disappointment in some quarters over the selection of Robert Bridges as Poet Laureate. Those who by their much speaking have appeared to have poetry most at heart and have hoped for a new order and expression, may be excused if they feel some bitterness. To their minds poetry, like all other things in this age, must be progressive and leave off singing of Arcady and pretty, outworn loves. Surely, they reasoned, the general reproach which followed the appointment of Alfred Austin would forestall for the present the singling out of another obscure figure. Yet they are asked to do obeisance to a new Laureate who is scarcely known to English readers at large and whose work reveals no pronounced elements of the pressing present. It has none of Masefield's colloquial passions, nor the abounding young visions of Alfred Noyes; it has not Kipling's downright force. In some respects Robert Bridges is not so modern as Tennyson, for his moral judgments are less explicit and have not that sweet sting of sentiment for each occasion which the Victorian has accustomed English readers to expect of the poet. Though not a pagan, like Swinburne, Dr. Bridges is given to looking backward, and has sought inspiration from such ancients as Homer, Æschylus, Terence, Apuleius, Calderón, Lope de Vega, Stendhal. If he must be pigeonholed, his sympathies relate him not a little to the confident days of the late Renaissance.

His very versatility points in that direction. Now in his sixty-ninth year, a graduate of Eton and Oxford, for many years a practicing physician, he has to his credit a large body of lyrics, including some three-score sonnets in sequence, called "The Growth of Love," a long poetical version of "Eros and Psyche," librettos for oratorios, a masque, above half-a-dozen poetical dramas in various manners, experiments in classical metres, an essay on Keats, and a study of Milton's prosody. Here is a body of verse which the fluent Mr. Noyes may perchance never exceed; and if its interests prompt our moderns to cry out "old fogy!" it is significant that the author does not lend himself easily to comparison with any but poets of recognized importance, in style quite as much as substance. He stands deeply rooted in the great tradition, and the genuineness of his poetic feeling cannot be gainsaid. Besides, he perpetuates some of the finest English associations, especially of country life, which he sees full of warmth and color.

In spite of the preponderance of dramatic form in his work, Robert Bridges is essentially a lyric poet, showing in this capacity the natural instinct and finish of a Jacobean. Perhaps that is the reason for the charge brought against him that he lacks the outcries of passion, and that he deliberately purges his work of all excitements. He is not a Burns, it is true, yet the lyric mood embraces many manners, and it is a narrow critic who fails to find it strong and true in this writer. Quotation of whole poems is not necessary to show his facility:

> So sweet love seemed that April morn,
> When first we kissed beside the thorn,
> So strangely sweet, it was not strange
> We thought that love could never change.

The following passage, which opens one of his sonnets:

> Since not the enamour'd sun with glance more fond
> Kisses the foliage of his sacred tree
> Than doth my waking thought arise on thee,

has something of the spacious surface beauty and precise, if old-fashioned, im-

agery of a romantic description by Shakespeare.

In one poem, "Nightingales," Dr. Bridges has caught the other-worldliness dear to Keats, with a simplicity of language which the latter seldom knew:

Beautiful must be the mountains whence
ye come;
And bright in the fruitful valleys the
streams, wherefrom
Ye learn your song:
Where are those starry woods? O might I
wander there,
Among the flowers which in that heavenly
air
Bloom the year long.

Lest the impression be given that the world has concealed all these years a luminary of the first rank, it is only fair to say that not all of Dr. Bridges's poems maintain the standard of the portions quoted. Especially in his dramas he is often the victim of his virtuosity, and becomes garrulous, though like Shelley not always unpleasantly so. The dramatic situation moves him less than its poetic content. Yet where he is characterizing the shading and complexity, the vaunt of human impulses—matters which only poetry can fully catch—he reaches noble heights. So, in the following speech of Petronius in the second part of "Nero," the resemblance to Shakespeare is again striking:

You little think
What charm the witching night hath for
her lovers;
How her solemnity doth deepen thought,
And bring again the lost hellenic Muse
To sing from heaven; or on moonlit swards
Of fancy shadows in transfigured scene
The history of man.—Thus, like a god
I dwell; and take the early morning cries
For calls of sleep; and from divinity
Fall to forgetfulness, while bustling day
Ravages life; and know no more of it,—
Your riot and din, the plots and cries of
Rome,—
Than doth a diver in Arabian seas,
Plunging for pearls beneath the lonely
blue:
But o'er my slumbering head soft airs of
dreamland
Rock their wild honey-blooms, till the shy
stars
Once more are venturing forth, and I
awake.
Is not that something?

That the new Laureate will take easily to celebrating patriotic occasions is not probable. In one sonnet he has sung of the steel ship in befitting terms. But if, as seems likely, peace more and more shall have her victories, it is hard to think of any one better suited to make of her an alluring picture. Finally, it may be wondered whether Mr. Asquith got a penny's worth of pleasure from appointing one who in these days has dared to write, even in a triolet:

All women born are so perverse
No man need boast their love possessing.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

When, in these columns (August 15, 1912), Mr. Axon transcribed from the *Christian Reformer* for March, 1835, George Dyer's short memoir of Charles Lamb, he recovered for us an obituary notice which was, in all probability, unknown to all students of the present day. Whether any of their predecessors were aware of it is problematical; certainly none of Lamb's editors, no inconsiderable number, have referred to it. The credit of this interesting discovery must, therefore, be placed to its finder's account. No sooner had we done felicitating ourselves on this pleasant though, perhaps, slight acquisition to our knowledge of the best beloved of authors than there turned up in one of the London salesrooms an unpublished letter written to George Dyer, in which the writer refers to *two* memoirs by the old blind scholar—one, undoubtedly, that brought to light by Mr. Axon, the other, as I hope to prove, establishing the authorship of a contribution on the same subject to the *Gentleman's Magazine* for the same month and year in which the memoir in the *Christian Reformer* had appeared. The letter runs thus:

Dear Sir,

I was much gratified on hearing that you and Mrs. Dyer were going to dine at Amen Corner with Mr. Tate. At the same time I learnt that you have entirely lost your sight, which must sadly detract from your enjoyments, though perhaps the gradually increasing decay may have finally reconciled you to total deprivation.

You would, I think, be well pleased with your visit. The Canon has the traits to win your regards—fine scholarship, vigorous understanding, a kind heart, and generous sentiments. Though you could not now, alas! see your welcome in his honest face, you would feel it in the grip of his hand, hear it in the tone of his voice, and at once fall into free conversation. . . .

The chief purpose of my letter is to thank you for the two little memoirs of your amiable friend Charles Lamb, dictated by yourself: but I have also something more to say about him. His death and the comments on his character and writings revived recollections of the disquiet that was at first caused you by the appearance of one of his essays in the London Magazine* and the correspondence to which it gave rise while we knew not who *Elia* was. To your mind also this event may have brought back similar remembrances, and an anxiety may have very naturally arisen, which you perhaps have too great delicacy to avow, as to the fate of the long confiding letter which you wrote to me respecting your "commencing life" &c. as Elia phrased it. You may be wishful that the particulars should not be lost, and yet be fearful about any imprudent or improper use of the little sketch. It has never been shown to any one, and now, as the blotted original could hardly be made out so as to be fluently read to you, I have destroyed it, after first making the single fair copy which I send you. . . .

Make my best respects to Mrs. Dyer, & believe me

Yours, my dear Sir, most sincerely—

WM. KING.

Richmond, Yorkshire, 21 March, 1835.

*"Oxford in the Vacation." *Lond. Mag.*, October, 1820, the charm of which is largely due to the details—biographical and other—concerning George Dyer, "born without original sin I verily believe."

The writer of the foregoing letter was the friend who, on the appearance of the Elia essay containing the references to himself to which George had objected, wrote to the editor of the *London Magazine*. In the following number the editor evidently replies to William King's letter in the following words: "W. K. will see we have *made use* of his paper; and we trust he will excuse the liberty we have taken with the communication. We had long been regarding the subject as calling for notice." Apparently the "liberty" the editor had taken was to send the letter to Lamb for his comments thereon, for in the December number there appeared the well-known reply of Elia which has been frequently reprinted by Lamb's editors. Dyer's letter to King, the details of which we suppose the latter embodied in his "paper," was printed, on George Dyer's death, in the *Mirror*, November 13, 1841. So much is, perhaps, necessary in explanation of some of the references in King's letter.

I now come to the proof of George Dyer's authorship of the notice in the *Gentleman's Magazine;* and as a complete set of that journal is not likely to be in the possession of many, nor, perhaps, easily accessible for reference, it is here transcribed:

Dec. 27. At Edmonton, after a short illness, aged 60, Mr. Charles Lamb, a gentleman well known to the public for his many pleasing works in prose and verse.

Mr. Lamb was a native of Lincolnshire. In his 8th year he was sent to Christ's Hospital, where he derived his taste for general literature, and his fitness for the pursuits of commercial life. He continued there till 1789, about which time he obtained a situation as clerk in the East India House, where he continued till the year 1825, and then retired, with a handsome annuity, on the superannuated list.

Mr. Lamb's principal works were as follows:—A small volume entitled "Blank Verse," printed in 1798 in conjunction with his friend Charles Lloyd; "Specimens of the English Dramatic Poets," 1808. Two dramatic pieces, "John Woodvil," a tragedy, and "Mr. H.," an afterpiece. "Rosomond Grey," a beautiful pathetic tale, and "Old Blind Margery" (*sic*). The works of Charles Lamb, 2 vols., 1818. "Elia," 1823, a collection of Essays which were the most admired of his works, and appeared originally in the London Magazine. "Album Verses," 1830. "The Adventures of Ulysses," and "Tales from Shakespeare," 2 vols. The last essays of "Elia," 1833. Subsequently to his specimens of the English Dramatic Poets, he published a second series, which appeared in Mr. Hone's Every Day Book, under the head of "Garrick Papers," extracted from the valuable collection in the British Museum, and that work is illustrated with very valuable notes by Mr. Lamb. To the list of his productions may be added a small poem entitled, "Satan in Quest of a Wife"; and he also aided his sister, Miss Mary Lamb, in her elegant little work, entitled, "Mrs. Leycester's School."

On considering Mr. Lamb as diligently engaged in the pursuits of commercial life, it might surprise us that he could find leisure to write so much for the public; but the truth is, his faculties were extraordinary. The wit that he brought with him from school continued to flow uniformly and to increase through the whole course of his life. It was almost as natural with him to say witty things as to breathe; he could not enter a room without a joke, and he may be said almost to have conversed in extemporaneous humour. Nor did his discourse consist of merely sportive pleasantries; they had often the force of eloquence joined with the solidity of argument, enlivened and softened by a humanity and benevolence which invariably beamed in his countenance. Perhaps, too, they were a little increased by his infirmities; for he had a defect in his utterance, which gave

a somewhat of quaintness and peculiarity of tone to his conversation. Overflowing as his spirits were, they never exceeded the bounds of propriety and decorum; and towards the fair sex, though he was never married, he never failed to evince the kindest feeling and purest respect.

Mr. Lamb has left behind him no other relation but a sister already mentioned, who is as amiable in disposition as himself, and who shares a considerable share of literary talent. They were similar in their characters, their manners, and their studies; and there cannot be well conceived a more perfect example of fraternal and sisterly love, and untiring friendship, than that which existed between them, and which Mr. Lamb has elegantly alluded to in one of his poems, and likewise in one of his papers entitled "Mackery End," wherein he says, "I wish that I could throw into a heap the remainder of our joint existences that we might share them in equal division—but that is impossible."

The present tribute of respect to the memory of this estimable gentleman is offered by the same pen which gave a previous account of Mr. Lamb's works in the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

Although the article was not signed, as was the one in the *Christian Reformer*, the use of many of the same phrases, the similarity in the general arrangement and of its tone, with the repetition of the same blunders, such as "Rosomond Grey" for "Rosamund Gray"; "Satan in Quest of a Wife" for "Satan in Search of a Wife"; "Mrs. Leycester's School" for "Mrs. Leicester's School"; and the statement that the "Garrick Papers" (*sic*) appeared in Hone's Every Day Book instead of in the Table Book seem to point to a common authorship. But, undoubtedly, the most important evidence is to be found in the concluding sentence of the article, which states that the writer is the one who reviewed Lamb's works in the *Gentleman's Magazine;* for, when George Dyer died, in 1841, it was mentioned in the obituary notice in that journal that "his contributions to the various periodicals of the time were numerous, more especially to the *New Monthly* . . . and to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, in which he reviewed the works of his friends, Admiral Burney and Charles Lamb."

It may be of some interest to add that Matilda Betham, the common friend of the Lambs and of George Dyer, contributed to the *Christian Reformer* for September, 1841, "some biographical particulars of the late George Dyer, B.A."

S. Butterworth.

Correspondence

THE HUERTA GOVERNMENT.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The refusal of the United States Government to recognize the Huerta Government in Mexico may be magnificent, but it is doubtful if it is good diplomacy. Presumably such action is based on the disapproval of the murder of Madero (a fact) by Huerta, Díaz, and Mondragón (a questionable supposition). Presumably the purpose of this refusal of recognition is to deter the Mexicans from the commission of such a crime again. We are the (self-constituted) guardians of Mexico and the Latin-American republics, and we take this opportunity to let them know that we don't like the way they manage their politics. We protect them from exterior aggression (without being asked), and we frown when their private, domestic quarrels do not suit us.

The practical effect of such refusal on the part of the United States has been to jeopardize American lives, ruin American property, to irritate the governing powers in Mexico, and to furnish ground for our critics in Latin-America to call us hypocritical when we are not puerile. The official disapproval at Washington has about as much effect on crimes of violence in Mexico as Mrs. Partington's mop had on the Atlantic.

Can it possibly be that Mr. Bryan does not understand Mexican history and political habits? Madero was overthrown by Felix Díaz by force of arms. Madero seized the Government from the hands of Porfirio Díaz when the latter was too old and feeble to fight. Don Porfirio settled the succession between himself and Lerdo on the field of battle. Lerdo was the (for a while) peaceful successor of Juárez, who certainly had to fight for the Presidency. Bloodshed has accompanied change in administration since the days of the last viceroy.

Nor is Mexico alone in this respect. Excepting, in recent years, Chili, the Argentine, and Cuba, a change in Spanish-American rulers has almost always been accomplished by force of arms. We elect with ballots; they elect with bullets. We learned to govern ourselves little by little through a thousand years of experiment; they virtually had liberty thrust on them a hundred years ago and have not learned yet the lesson of orderly self-government.

Don Porfirio gave Mexico the best government it ever knew: just, clean, and favorable to Americans. Madero seized the government and failed disastrously to govern Mexico. The Huerta-Diaz faction represents old Porfirio's party—undoubtedly the most stable and enlightened element in Mexico. They are our friends and we are deliberately stabbing them in the back.

E. L. C. Morse.

Chicago, July 18.

CATHOLICS AND INTOLERANCE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your issue of July 17 appears a letter from Prof. Addison Hogue, of Washington and Lee University, on Catholics and intolerance, in which certain peculiar and erroneous statements are made. He says:

> Now it is perfectly well known that the Roman Catholics cherish an intense dislike to our public-school system.

Again:

> Nor is there any occasion to charge the slightest tinge of sectarianism, when we Protestants, holding tenaciously to our political doctrine of entire separation of church and state, do not feel like entrusting too much political power to those whose fundamental doctrine, held as tenaciously as we hold ours, is the union of church and state, and such a union that the state is subservient to the church, and "the" church is *their* church.

I am a Catholic; I have a son at a public school; many of his schoolmates are Catholics; several of his teachers have been Catholics; I believe in our public-school system; I am utterly opposed to a union of church and state; I have not been forbidden by the church to hold these views; I share them with a great majority of American Catholics, as I believe. So far as union of church and state is concerned, I know no American Catholic who believes in it.

G. H.

Washington, July 21, 1913.

A COMPLACENT BRITISH REVIEW.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the last number of the *Journal of Hellenic Studies*, there appeared a brief, though not unfavorable, review of the recently published "Columbia Lectures on Greek Literature." One remark in the review is rather interesting as a survival of that patronizing "condescension in foreigners" which, in the past generation, gave Lowell the material for his essay, and which still seems now and then to lurk amid the hedge-rows of English scholarship. The reviewer says: "A pleasing American weakness—a somewhat exaggerated national pride—appears in an amusing form in one passage. On page 38 we find the Greeks described as 'a highly gifted people whose civilization, if measured by the standard of the number of perfected men it produced, may well be pronounced not inferior to our own.'"

Now, of course, no person who did not himself possess a somewhat exaggerated sense of nationality could fail to see that Professor Smyth meant by "our own" not *American*, but *modern* civilization in general. Probably the *homme sensuel moyen* in this country is almost as prone as ever, and as prone as many a London "tripper" to the Continent, to wave his country's flag in inappropriate places, but to imply that this is done by such persons as the writers of these lectures is amusingly wide of the mark. The American scholar of to-day is more commonly accused of forgetting the solid achievements of his country in his impatience with certain of its crudities.

The reviewer speaks of "archaic forms" used by the writers. It would have been interesting if he had cited a few of these, because of the undoubted fact that one finds, even among well-educated people here, older forms of the language in daily use. Considerable care, however, is needed in detecting such forms of expression, lest one fall into the error of an English reviewer of Professor Shorey's "Horace," who unfortunately picked out as a specimen of transatlantic vivacity a phrase which was quoted from Tennyson.

J. R. Wheeler.

Burlington, Vt., July 20.

THE GEORGE BORROW CELEBRATION IN NORWICH.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: For a man who was generally believed to be dead long before he died, George Borrow has suffered no very long neglect; and the spectacle of a cordial commemoration of his life and genius in the ancient city of Norwich is full compensation for the brief indifference and delay. Born in 1803 and dying in 1881, he was for the greater part of his life a wandering, restless man engaged in distributing Bibles and studying the habits and language of the gypsies. Whatever repose he may have had, for at least thirty years he found in Norwich; and the house in which he lived with his father and mother has

now been bought by Mr. Arthur Samuel, the present Lord Mayor, and presented as a Borrow shrine to the corporation. It was more particularly to celebrate this generous deed that Borrow lovers from all over England and from points as remote as Australia and the United States gathered on July 5 and 6.

In company with the Lord Mayor and others of the committee, the visitors were taken on a stroll of two hours or more to most of the scenes of Borrow's life in Norwich. In the Castle Museum one room was wholly devoted to Borrow mementos—portraits, autograph letters, manuscripts, and sketches. Close by, the Horse Market, with its nervous, stamping animals, presented a scene that must have been quite the same as that which Borrow often saw and recorded. The walk continued then to the grammar school, where, between his whispered and thrilling tales to the boys, young George learned Latin; to the old Crown and Angel Inn, where his father took him when he was recruiting men for the army; to that other ancient hostelry, The Bowling Green, or what remains of it, where he met "the bruisers of England, men of tremendous renown," and frankly endeavored to add to their glory; to Tuck's Court, where Borrow was articled to the law; and finally to the Borrow house in Willow Lane, now cleared of its tenants and soon to become a memorial museum. The house sits in a retired spot overlooking a tiny court with brilliant beds of English blossom, and opening from its rear windows upon the playground presented to the town by Jenny Lind.

In the great hall of St. Andrew's, the people of Norwich and the visitors gathered in the afternoon for a programme of several things. The Lord Mayor in his scarlet robes, and the mace-bearers, with their golden braid and historic trappings, were there to bestow and accept the gift. Sir Robertson Nicoll and Mr. Clement Shorter were there to pay tribute to both Borrow and the benefactor, and a band of genuine gypsies, procured by the Gypsy and Folk Lore Club of London, were there to sing in gypsy vernacular the wild, strange songs which Borrow himself had so often heard and learned.

In the very ancient inn, The Maid's Head, a dinner was given in the evening, at which the Lord Mayor presided; and seventy or more Borrovians, as they are pleased to be called, assembled to do festive honor to the lord of gypsy lore. It is something to record that England's gifted writer and statesman, the Honorable Augustine Birrell, responded eloquently to the toast "The Immortal Memory of Borrow"; that Sir Sidney Lee, representing perhaps the great Shakespeare Memorial of Stratford, of which he is a trustee, came down from London to answer for "Borrovians All Over the World"; that sitting next to Sir Sidney was Mrs. Knapp, the widow of Dr. Knapp, Borrow's American biographer, the great authority on all things Borrovian. And it is still more worth remembering that on the following day, Sunday, July 6, in the hallowed and echoing spaces of Norwich Cathedral, the Very Rev. the Dean of Norwich preached to a great congregation on "Borrow the Seer and Interpreter of Life."

All this may mean that Borrow has come into his own and that his works are at last to be accorded a permanent place in the rich continuity of English letters. But while only a frail emphasis was put upon Borrow as the apostle of the open air, it is this doubtless that explains his new clutch upon the hearts of the English world. To live on the heath, to rejoice in the black night of stars, to taste the wind and breathe the fragrance of the open road, to be glad of all life and living things, both man and beast—this, above all things else, denotes the spirit of Borrow. In the mystery of the English twilight we walked with one who knew the man, out upon the dark rolling Heath of Mousehold above Norwich. It was there in a sheltered hollow where the gypsies pitched their tents, and it was there beneath the stars where Lavengro and Jaspar spoke together in the lines so often quoted.

F. E. P.

London, July 16.

TOURIST CHARGES AT ANCIENT RUINS

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It is not necessary to have visited Greece or Sicily many times to perceive how misleading are Professor D'Ooge's statements in the *Nation* of June 5. He complains pathetically of the two francs fifty for entrance to Pompeii and of the extra tips incurred for opening locked gates and doors. If he had shown any adequate reason, the director of excavations would have furnished him immediately with a free card of admission for Naples, Pompeii, Herculaneum, Paestum, etc. In regard to his remarks on the conditions in Sicily (the only portion of Italy in which there are Greek remains of great importance), it is not true that a charge is imposed for entrance to the temples. There is no charge whatever at Taormina, Girgenti, Segesta, Selinunte, and most of Syracusa. No payment is asked in Greece because but a handful of tourists, or even Greeks, visit the monuments outside Athens. Wait until tourists invade Greece in the same numbers as those which overrun Italy. Then there will be a change.

Yes, the inns of Delphi, Nauplia, and Olympia "are more than tolerable." In similar resorts in America there are no such decently managed hotels at such prices, although these are about a hundred per cent. above ordinary Greek rates.

It is quite true that if you go to a bank or money changer, you will find no exchange given for moneys of other countries. But Mr. D'Ooge omits to say that in some places in Greece even Greek money is refused; that banks charge a commission, place a tax stamp of two francs on checks, and if you ask for gold charge an enormous rate of exchange; while steamship companies, at least those by which I travelled, refused Greek money altogether, and some fellow-travellers who tried to exchange it out of Greece were charged, I believe, 50 per cent.

As to the restorations of the Acropolis, I should call them rebuilding, but I am not an archæologist. As to the care of remains, why, at Delphi every stone is numbered! And the director, when not peddling or permitting embroideries to be peddled in the museum, takes cheerfully six cents for showing you the door. At Corinth—a condition which the American School is responsible for—a museum has been erected with a blank wall utterly hiding the historic view of the Temple. If the American School did not commit this vandalism, they allowed it to be done, and are equally guilty of artless vulgarity. At Epidorus a Swiss châlet has been erected in the purest style of American jig-saw work bang in front of the theatre, while a luncheon bar in the same style of art decorates one side. It may be Mr. D'Ooge did not visit these spots or Ægina; or it may be he was one of the other two foreigners who the guide told me had been there—at Ægina this year. Although there was no entrance fee at Epidorus, I had to pay forty francs for a carriage; fifteen francs to the man who got it; five francs to the driver; two francs to the guardian of the theatre; I had to carry dinner for the three people, and I forget what else. This is typical. No, they don't charge admission in Greece, they "do" you in more magnificent fashion.

Joseph Pennell.

London, July 15.

"THOSE MOLASSES."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: To the communication in your issue of July 17 on "Plural Molasses" may be added the testimony of Professor Gildersleeve (*American Journal of Philology*, Vol. 32, pp. 234f.): "'Molasses' in certain parts of our country is a plural. During the Civil War it was a scarce article, and, as I have noted elsewhere, the plural might have been set down as a *pluralis maiestatis*, and there are those who can bear witness to the curious extension of analogy to the once familiar and always dire substitute for molasses. The same people who said 'those molasses' said also 'those sorghum.'"

H. H. Y.

Geneva, N. Y., July 19.

Literature

METAPHYSICAL RELIGION.

The Value and Destiny of the Individual. By B. Bosanquet. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.25 net.

The Problem of Christianity. By Josiah Royce. The same. 2 vols. $3.50 net.

Foundations. By Seven Oxford Men. New York: The same. $3.50 net.

The Concept of Sin. By F. R. Tennant. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Spiritual Interpretation of Nature. By James Y. Simpson. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.50 net.

In this group of works we find science and philosophy seeking to make room for the conceptions of religion, theology ready to meet the demands of modern thought. This reunion of philosophy and theology in the discussion of identical problems is one of the very recent signs of the times.

"The Value and Destiny of the Individual" is the second series of Bosanquet's Gifford Lectures. In the *Nation's*

review of the first series ("The Principle of Individuality and Value," August 8, 1912), it was suggested that, in Mr. Bosanquet, absolute idealism is in danger of falling over backwards into materialism. This impression is confirmed by the second series. An individualist whose imagination has been stimulated by the titles will sympathize with the English farmers who bought Ruskin on "Sheepfolds." The principle of individuality, he will learn, is just the opposite of the principle of individualism; and as for the value or destiny of the individual, that is precisely not his affair. For that matter, no materialist could show us a universe more indifferent to all that is specifically human. You, my friend, are but a finite fragment of the whole, and all that really matters is the whole.

Yet the argument is, as any idealistic argument is bound to be, a humanistic argument. For Mr. Bosanquet the absolute is a "spiritual membership" the nature of which is to be deduced from what is finest in human character and in the social relations of men. What, then, is the finest? Mr. Bosanquet's reply is: the self-surrender of greatness. For him, then, no vulgar "happiness"; in other words, no vulgar longing for personal immortality. The absolute tolerates but one individuality, and that is its own. Christianity is indeed "a great world-experience," but Christian theology (to borrow a phrase from Mr. Moberly in "Foundations") is "a piece of anthropomorphic picture-thinking." Yet we may ask whether the supreme detachment of the absolute is not itself an anthropomorphism—the detachment, namely, of a mind too great in ideas, but again too limited in scope of attention to care for individual destinies.

In any case, the point of the argument lies in the interpretation of the social relation as a spiritual fact. In the logic of things spiritual Mr. Bosanquet is easily a master; yet to the reviewer it seems that at the crucial point in the argument—in a crucial illustration—he has missed the point. Individualistic justice, with its claims and counter-claims, is, we are told, a conception doubtless suited to the economic world, but "the great world of spiritual membership to which really and in the end we belong, takes no account at all of such finite claims." For example: "we feel that to make a great poet, say, the richest man in his community would be irrelevant and self-contradictory"; among other things, "it is not what he wants." But "not what he wants" is a rather damaging irrelevancy. To make the case concrete, since poetry is not just now a "going concern," let us substitute the college professor. When comparison is made between the income of the most distinguished scholar and the many thousands earned by men of high rank in the more paying professions, the reply is rightly made that the desire for great wealth and splendid living is hardly in accord with the scholar's pretensions. They are not what your true scholar wants. In the meantime there is a scheme of things embodying what he does want, and among them a reasonable leisure, including pecuniary leisure, which will enable him more freely both to live the life that he enjoys and to do the things that he can do best. If we have read the "Republic" rightly, this specially individualized claim is what Plato, the Messiah of Mr. Bosanquet's philosophy, would have been disposed to recognize. It looks as if Mr. Bosanquet had been guilty of measuring the personal claim by the desire to fill one's purse, and thus of supposing that the only alternative to pecuniary greed (the "individualism" of popular thought) is self-sacrifice and self-surrender. But, as he is fond of remarking, "it takes all sorts of men to make a world"; and, if the sorts are real, then each has his claim, not according to quantity, but according to individual quality and significance. Mr. Bosanquet thinks that in surrendering these claims we transcend any merely finite self-consciousness. Our question is whether a transcendence of self which obliterates self is not a retreat from idealism to materialism.

The spiritual membership greets us again, but in a more approachable attitude, in Prof. Royce's Hibbert Lectures on "The Problem of Christianity"; again the central problem is the value and destiny of the individual; and again the argument is based upon what seems finest and best in the relations of men. The present work is less impressively solid than the author's "World and Individual." The ideas are fewer, and there is less ground for the attitude of leisurely suspense. The work is none the less a notable contribution to the interpretation of Christian ideas. The style is perhaps too stately, but masterly from the standpoint of clearness of exposition and often eloquent. And it must be said that the main purpose has been achieved, namely, of showing that the problem of Christianity is a problem deeply rooted in human thought and human nature.

"The Christian Doctrine of Life," treated in the first volume, presents three leading ideas: (1) The idea of the community, historically represented by the Church—it is mainly Pauline Christianity that Professor Royce expounds; (2) the idea of the lost state of the natural man; (3) the idea of atonement, with the more general idea of saving grace. In the history of the race the deepest and most universal need of man is for salvation from the burden of sin. Modern thought, to be sure, discounts the idea of sin; yet even modern thought may see the point if we ask how a corrupt and treacherous man can ever become genuinely honorable. Now, the meaning of Christianity is that salvation cannot be reached through any merely human knowledge or culture. No calculation of mutual advantage can bring about a wholehearted faithfulness. At its very best, culture leaves the individual isolated and unsatisfied. Salvation comes, then, through a loyal devotion of self to a leader, a cause, a community; and the type of such community, the universal community, is the Church as expounded by Paul. Thus it appears, not unexpectedly, that Christianity is "the religion of loyalty"; and thus far, but hardly further, Professor Royce is a Christian. Yet thus far it may seem that he has hardly advanced beyond the rather banal substitution of "society" for God. The position is saved by the argument that the genuine community is as truly a person as the individual. Nations have their personal distinctions as well as men. But the community is a wiser as well as a more powerful person—so, at least, Royce claims—and thus worthy of our reverence. The universal community, the final object of all human aspirations, is God. "There is a sense in which *all* the tragedy and the attainment of an endless past and future of deeds and of fortunes enters into my own life." One who can say this finds himself in the universal and beloved community with the saints and sages of all times and in communion with God.

This power of the community to lift a man out of himself is the Christian's "saving grace." Here we should note two striking chapters on guilt ("Time and Guilt") and atonement. In reply to Matthew Arnold's disparagement of the Puritan contemplation of sin, Royce insists that a steady gaze upon the fact of sin is not a weak, but a resolute, attitude. Except as I take my past act of dishonor precisely for the fact that it was, I cannot now claim to be a genuinely honorable man. Atonement, again, is a distinctly non-natural fact. No merely good deed in the present can reconcile me to the fact that I wilfully betrayed a trust; it must be a "creative deed," by which the world "is better than it would have been had all else remained the same, but had the deed of treason not been done at all." And, according to Royce, such creative deed can issue only from the community; in other words, atonement must be vicarious.

The second volume on "The Real World and the Christian Ideas," contains some interesting analysis of the logic and metaphysics of the communal relation. Some of this suggests criticisms, which we omit in order to state once more the main issue. Can a man by nature wicked be regenerated by culture? Or—can a man regenerate himself? When

Professor Royce tells us that such regeneration is an act of creation, we are reminded of other creations, such as the conception of evolution or the Eroica Symphony. Either of these is as difficult to explain by a natural process of cause and effect, or by the rules of formal logic, as the moral regeneration. Yet shall we deny that Beethoven created the symphony—that his genius was individual? Of course, it may be contended that genius itself comes from above, or from the community. However this may be, the cases are clearly similar. Nor is this the only point in which culture appears to perform the functions of "grace." For while it is true that refinement of individual taste makes sympathetic appreciation often a difficult problem, yet this very refinement, if not spurious, implies an insight which takes men out of their individual isolation and brings them to an understanding. If not this, what is the interest and significance of literature? In any case, Professor Royce has stated truly the issue between the church and the world. Whatever else is implied in the Christian idea, it clearly means that salvation comes only from above, through a power that transcends the ordinary processes of culture.

"Foundations," by seven Oxford men, fellows and tutors, is "a statement of Christian belief in terms of modern thought." The writers are N. S. Talbot, R. Brook, B. H. Streeter, A. E. J. Rawlinson, R. G. Parsons, W. Temple, and W. H. Moberly. The purpose of the essays, together with the uniformly high quality of scholarship, style, and thought, makes the work one of more than ordinary significance. The reader will find many points of contact with the ideas that we have just been considering. In "God and the Absolute" Mr. Moberly is rather deferential to Bosanquet's idealism, but makes it clear that his absolute is not yet the Christian's God.

"The Concept of Sin," Mr. Tennant's third work on sin, is an excellent piece of psychological analysis, but the style is rather severe. The purpose is to rescue the concept of sin from the fashionable tendency to identify sin with ignorance or disease. He makes a good point in showing that modern psychology is prevented from grasping the meaning of sin and moral accountability by a blind adherence to an objective standpoint, but his analysis of the subjective, or personal, standpoint—"psychic" in his own term—leaves something to be desired.

Prof. J. Y. Simpson's "Spiritual Interpretation of Nature" is the work of a biologist who is not only a theist, but even a rather old-fashioned orthodox Christian. The book is mainly a theistic interpretation of evolution. As might be expected, the writer shows a certain leaning towards writers such as Driesch and Sir Oliver Lodge, whose scientific orthodoxy is doubtful; and he goes so far as to entertain, in a footnote, the absurd suggestion that between the crucifixion and the resurrection Jesus may have occupied four-dimensional space. Yet, on the whole, his tone is sober, and neither his science nor his philosophy is superficial. One sentence reminds us how the theistic argument has changed: "The days are past when the unknown, the gap in our knowledge, was emphasized as the sure abode of the divine. Rather is it realized that the whole process is instinct with divinity."

CURRENT FICTION.

[IN COKAIGNE.]

Mixed Grill. By W. Pett Ridge. New York: George H. Doran Co.

The Happy Family. By Frank Swinnerton. The same.

Success. By Una L. Silberrad. New York: The same.

Cokaigne is a land of inexhaustible material for story-tellers. W. Pett Ridge is among the most successful of those who are just now dealing with the lighter humors of Cockney life. This group of stories, or sketches, borrows a motto from a city waiter: "If you can't make up your mind what to order, how about trying the mixed grill? You may not like all of it, but what you don t care for, you can easily leave!" The ingredients of the dish are less varied than the advertisement suggests, but they are all "tasty." A number of them, in their celebration of the practical joke, suggest the yarns of W. W. Jacobs. A few approach the treatment of character in contrast with type—the "character" of the stage. But perhaps their chief merit as a group lies in the fact that the author does not appear to be laboring for any sort of effect, serious or comic. If the tales suggest a series of "turns," they are the turns of a spontaneous performer, who enjoys himself in the process of holding an amused audience.

The two Cockney novels we have in hand are of serious type. Mr. Swinnerton's title should not mislead those readers who insist that fiction shall be pretty and agreeable. His is a happy family such as may be seen at the zoo, an incongruous assortment of breathing creatures condemned to live together, after a fashion, in one cage. That the members of the present group are linked by ties of kin and kind does not increase their charm as a composite picture. The Amersons are of the lower middle class. The head of the house is manager of a printing concern, a well-meaning man of limited ability and no outlook. He has married a fool and a sloven, who has brought into the world a family of children with just sense enough to despise her. They are all weaklings but one, "poor Mary," the Cinderella of the household, who by drudgery and management does what can be done towards giving the ménage some semblance of decency, with small thanks for her pains. A selfish prig of an elder son, a careless fribble of a younger, and their counterparts in two sisters, complete the group. The Amersons, discordant as they are, bow down to the clan fetich. They take for granted that the world is composed of their own inner circle and of the outer circles, near and remote, of their blood-relations. Even Mary, with her sound nature, grew up in the common creed, "had to believe what the other Amersons believed, and what her numerous cousins believed. And she was filled, as they were filled, with thoughts of family affairs only. . . . To her as to them, the greatest festivity imaginable was a party—a family party, to which all the most remote and stranger cousins should be summoned because of a tie that bound their diverse spirits more closely than any legal agreement." Her awakening is to come, slowly and with pain; and finally the revolt and secession which alone can give her a chance of happiness. Her figure and that of her lover apart, the picture remains a sombre one to the end. In the quiet relentlessness of its analysis the story is akin to Mr. Bennett's "Old Wives' Tale."

"Success" is a novel equally deficient in the commodities of popular romance. Its young man is a genius, to be sure, but not in the ordinary line; being merely a mechanical engineer, he cannot be charged with that famous "temperament" with which novelists, especially feminine novelists, are so fond of dealing. And, though something of the sort is threatened in the opening chapter, entanglements of sex have nothing to do with the story. There is a girl, and she is devoted to him and he to her—in every way but one. They understand each other perfectly, turn to each other instinctively in joy or trouble. There is no other man in her life, and no other woman in his. But that does not mean that there never may be; does not in itself constitute an argument for their marriage. There is nothing less conventional, nothing more sound, in the story than their conscious withdrawal from the brink of a union led up towards by circumstance, but not warranted by the love of those who wed truly. Annarly is a striking portrait of the genius which achieves by single-minded effort towards a specific end. But Nan Barmister, quiet connoisseur of antiques in her shop at Soho, faithful daughter and perfect friend, is, for reasons too subtle even to be suggested in a review, a figure still more likely to be remembered.

No display is made of her, she seems to do little and to talk less; but she manages to do what is, after all, a very rare thing in the pages of fiction: she lives.

Wallingford in His Prime. By George Randolph Chester. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

The Wallingford of this volume is a big, "jovially smiling" man whose "round face bore the color which could only come from years of fastidiously selected food and drink; moreover, his haberdashery, though striking, was correct and up to the minute"—and yet withal a blasé Wallingford weighed upon with heaviness and utterly consumed—at times—with weariness, who makes his moan, "looking gloomily down sunlit Broadway: 'I wish I were broke. I've got back that house on the Avenue for Fannie, and laid in a couple of bales of bonds for her and the boy, and I've bought about everything that money will buy for a man who doesn t care to be a Senator. The fun's all gone.'" Upon Blackie Daw the boredom of well-being lies even more oppressively. "'I wish I could be a sucker,' confessed Blackie sadly. 'Why, Jimmie, many and many a time I've looked at a gentle come-on being led up to the harpoon and envied him the happiness in his face.'" Not necessity, then, but that pressing need to exercise their peculiar talents which all true artists know, now takes these genial birds of prey afield, out of the safe ways of legitimate business, and sends them swooping hither and yon, seeking whose wealth they may appropriate.

This new cycle of exploits renews Wallingford's claim to being the "most enjoyable thief at large," and also recalls an earlier query as to whether he is to be regarded as a modernized Robin Hood, or as more closely akin to Buster Brown, Foxy Grandpa, and other natives of those realms of riotous burlesque of which the cartoonist is chief interpreter. The likeness of the American promoter and his loyal comedian support to the famous Sherwood robber and his good harper is superficially furthered in this volume by Blackie's acquisition of a saxophone. Indeed, the differences between them are just about the differences between a saxophone and a harp. More essential resemblances might be pointed out in several instances of financial chivalry, and in the fact that Wallingford's chief asset is always the greedy credulity of his victims. Still, it is a little hard to explain Wallingford in any way as an embodiment of outlawed justice, or (however fully he may embrace in his person all that other nations curse under the name American) as in any sense a national hero. At most, he is merely a distinctively American type of incorrigibility, lately renowned as the leading exponent of the Broadway myth.

THE BOYHOOD OF HENRY JAMES.

A Small Boy and Others. By Henry James. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50 net.

Procul, O procul este, profani! This is the inner shrine, and it may as well be said at the outset that except for the very devout there is little in it, and except to the deeply initiated it will prove almost impenetrable. Let none of rude appetite approach the volume with a hope, born of the winning title, that Henry James has reverted to his less intricate manner or has attained the serener simplicity of age. One winds into the labyrinth to a tune that makes Walter Pater sound like martial music. Yet as a child watches the milk slowly suffusing the mounded sugar on his morning cereal, so one follows with a certain fascination the capillary creeping of Mr. James's thought up the cumulated phrases, along the hair-breadth hyphens, through insidious parentheses, and ambushed shadowy digressions till it touches at last with almost lifeless finger the breathless periphery of the period.

The opening sentence announces with engaging candor "some particulars of the early life of William James." In about ten seconds William glides into the wings and Henry takes his place, but he, too, is swiftly swept off the stage by the somnambulic drift of Albany cousins, vague airs and atmospheres, dim pedagogues, ghostly odors of old book shops, dissolving scenes of old New York, faint records of social "awarenesses," hesitating perceptions, dubious apprehensions, glimmerings and fadings of consciousness. All is phantasmal; one gropes in vain for a three-dimensioned body. One closes one's eyes; direct vision is useless; one must perceive, not see, by a light that reaches the object through endless anfractuosities. One says in one's haste that the author does not care a straw *what* he recalls from the abysses of memory; how his mind is functioning in the process of evocation—that alone appears to preoccupy him. By dint of reading, say, every third sentence thrice, one fights one's way through the rolling vapors to about the author's fourteenth year, and, brushing the mist from one's eyes, sees just ahead on page 419 the blessed signal, THE END. Then, as one looks back, wearied and grateful, the astonished question leaps to the lips: "The Boy, oh where was he?"

Somewhere far back in the vast middle of the book one did hear for a single thrilling instant a boy's voice, clear, bright, emphatic: "*I* play with boys who curse and swear." That was the voice of the future Professor William James declining his brother's company on "some planned excursion." That curt sentence rings through the palled and painful stillness of the novelist's solemn edifice with the startling violence of an oath in an ancient church, reassuringly persuading us that we are not the last of the living. There was a token of the thinker who was more than half-sick of shadows and patterns and aspects, whose passion it was to feel the arterial blood warmly throbbing through the dry channels of philosophic thought. One raises, so to speak, a mental shout of demand that the young "stellar" halfback of pragmatism be put into the game. How he would enliven the field! What stunning contrasts he would contribute to the spectacle! But we Philistines, so judges the austere Master of Ceremonies, have long enough played in our crude way with the psychologizing romancer and the romancing psychologist, and William remains blanketed and silent on the bench.

Nor is our business much with that other boy, so inconceivably detached, speechless, inactive, wide-eyed. But when one abandons the search for a boy as boy, one may by indefatigable attention learn what moments precisely in the first dozen years of Henry James's life, what almost imperceptible "breathings," to use his own word, seem to him, sixty years later, to have counted ultimately towards his culture and the development of his fictive power. It is a subtle affair, this tracking back one's full-blown passion for the colors, and fragrance, and total social aspect of Europe to its first faint stirrings and intimations far away amid the unredeemed rawness of the American scene. With infinite tact Mr. James does not tell us, but only makes us aware that the land of his birth offered to his aspiring youth little in the way of native products, but the stony food of business, oratory, ice-cream, Mrs. H. B. Stowe, and Barnum's Museum. Yet all the more paradisiacally came the sacred appeal of the Old World through French schoolmistress, travellers' tales, actors, imported pictures, and the smell of English books. One heaves a sigh of relief when the half-starved boy is free at last to mix with the "*fond*" of his inward life the "thicker civility" of London.

Now come the high points of this literally incomparable narrative—the minor Pisgahs of a consecrated youth. The boy, we suppose in the neighborhood of his twelfth year, lies stricken with malaria in a London room with a "window open to the English June and the far-off hum of a thousand possibilities. I consciously took them in, these last, and must then, I think, have first tasted the very greatest pleasure per-

haps I was ever to know—that of almost holding my breath in presence of certain aspects to the end of so taking in." Another similar moment of "sacred consciousness" befell the boy in the presence of Géricault's Radeau de la Méduse in the Louvre, a moment containing a "foretaste (as determined by that instant as if the hour had struck from a clock) of all the fun, confusedly speaking, that one was going to have, and the kind of life, always of the so-called inward sort, tremendously 'sporting' in its way—though that description didn't there wait upon it, that one was going to lead. It came of itself . . . it came just there and so; there was alarm in it somehow as well as bliss."

Though this authentic note of high and thrilling experience is not often sounded in these pages, we would not leave the impression that there are not ether rewards by the way—occasional brilliant flashes of characterization, from time to time a passage of fine cold humor, plentifully scattered phrases of shining felicity, and even an entire quivering sentence or so that makes the heart dance with delight. We would mention in particular a spot in the final chapter concerning the various social aspects of Boulogne-sur-Mer, where the light comes crashing down upon the page:

> The general British show, as we had it there, in the artless mid-Victorian desert, had, I think, for its most sweeping sign the high assurance of its dowdiness; whereas one had only to glance about at the seafaring and fisher-folk who were the real strength of the place to feel them shed at every step and by their every instinct of appearance the perfect lesson of taste. . . . To hit that happy mean of rightness amid the mixed occupations of a home-mother and a fish-wife, to be in especial both so bravely stripped below and so perfectly enveloped above as the deep-wading, far-striding, shrimp-netting, crab-gathering matrons or maidens who played, waist-high, with the tides and racily quickened the market, was to make grace thoroughly practical and discretion thoroughly vivid.

Here again for a moment we have English, not broken on the wheel, but undefiled and jubilant, stepping out like the avant-courrier of Aurora. A moment before, we had—well, one was breathlessly wondering whether the samphire was worth the gathering. Having followed the high calling of letters with a pontifical majesty now upwards of forty years and in these latter days with a princely indifference to readers, Henry James is unquestionably entitled to write whatever book he pleases for his own delectation and in his own fashion. Yet when one considers the memoirs that he, perhaps better than any man of his time, is qualified to write, one cannot but regret as a kind of defrauding of legitimate expectation that he should have spent any part of his memorializing age upon, relatively speaking, such trivial fond records as these.

Our Neighbors: The Japanese. By Joseph King Goodrich. Chicago: F. G. Browne & Co. $1.25 net.

There is room for a handy, up-to-date book on Japan, by a writer thoroughly acquainted with the country and people. The "Japan" in the History of the Nations series, contributed by the late Dr. David Murray, excellent in its time, is now out of date; and the same may be said of Dr. G. W. Knox's "Japanese Life in Town and Country." The history of Japan in the last ten years has been too remarkable to be neglected in any adequate survey. Longford's "Japan of the Japanese" is too entirely British in its outlook, and leaves untouched some vital subjects, like Education.

Mr. Goodrich had therefore a fine opportunity in this attractive series. He first saw Japan in the sixties before the Meiji era began; he served in a government school in the eighties, and he has revisited the country within the last few years. Several of the fifteen chapters of his book handle their topics in an interesting and instructive way; such, for instance, as ix and x, The Farmer and The Fisherman, and xii, The Ainu. Mistakes in Japanese are almost entirely absent; "Tayotomi" (Toyotomi)—p. 80—is one of the rare exceptions. But the author has no sense of his own limitations; and when he enters the field of historical and philological discussion his lack of adequate training and scholarship becomes only too manifest. The description of himself on the title-page as "Sometime Professor in the Imperial College, Kyoto," is surely misleading; ought it not to read, "Instructor in the Higher Middle School, Kyoto"? The Imperial University of Kyoto was not founded till 1897, and its president in 1910, when Mr. Goodrich last visited Japan, was Baron Kikuchi, with whom he seems to be unacquainted, for he speaks of him on page 79 as "Mr. Kikuchi," in an uncomplimentary reference. There was certainly no "Imperial College" at Kyoto in the earlier Meiji era. His attack on the Baron's admirable "Japanese Education" is evidently based on a superficial reading of recent historians, like Murdoch, whom he quotes patronizingly on page 82.

The style at times is oddly pretentious and garrulous, with a plethora of unnecessary "I's." In chapter iii, The Japanese Family, he gravely informs us that "the first thing to say about the Japanese, and it is really astonishing, is to tell of adoption. . . . Sometimes a less pleasing way of securing a son is resorted to. It is scriptural, but I am glad to say is becoming less frequent in Japan than it was thirty or forty years ago. It is for a man to take a concubine if his true wife has no children. . . . In Japan there was nothing wrong in this semi-Mormonism."

In his chapter on the Ainu he lays claim to having contributed, in two articles that appeared in the *Popular Science Monthly* of the year 1888, "the first careful and thorough study of these people which had up to that time been given in English." This is a wilful misstatement, for at the close of these very articles he mentions among a list of authorities, Chamberlain and Batchelor's monograph on the Ainu aborigines, which appeared in 1887 as Part I of the Memoirs of the Literature College of the Imperial University of Japan. It was the fortunate combination of the trained philologer, Prof. Basil H. Chamberlain, and the painstaking C. M. S. missionary, the Rev. John Batchelor, which gave us "the first careful and thorough study of these people." In the Bibliography at the close, containing about seventy names, no mention is made of this monograph; and there are other significant omissions. Mr. Goodrich's subsequent two pieces of journalistic work, embellished with cuts taken from Miss Isabella Bird's "Unbeaten Tracks in Japan"—which appeared in 1880, by the way, not in 1878, as given in the Bibliography—have little or no importance.

Colbert's West India Policy. By Stewart L. Mims. New Haven: Yale University Press. $2 net.

Professor Mims presents in this careful and readable monograph the results of a study of an important and too much neglected phase of Colbert's colonial and commercial policy. He points out that Colbert was led to develop the West Indies largely because the enterprising Dutch were rapidly taking advantage of the rich possibilities of these French possessions. This is sound doctrine, for the unexampled prosperity of Dutch maritime investments was undoubtedly responsible for many phases of Colbert's policy and activity. But, although Professor Mims thus rightly lays emphasis on the significance, in the seventeenth century, of the "ubiquitous Dutch trader," he leaves some very important things to be said in respect to the larger interests, political and commercial, which were at stake between the French and Dutch. It is impossible, even in the special case of the West Indies, to neglect, as he has done, a broad consideration of Colbert's attitude towards Holland.

Colbert's policy, aiming to stimulate French activity by eliminating foreign competition, began with the West Indies, as in other cases, by the organiza-

tion of a Company to which were liberally granted monopolies and the privileges of high protection. Professor Mims records at length and in perhaps too much detail, the rise and fall of the Company—omitting, however, a most essential aspect of the subject. No institution of this sort can be adequately estimated without some consideration of the character and temperament of the people upon whom it depends for support. Considerable light can be thrown upon the failure of this institution, as well as upon several other phases of French economic history, by examining the contemporaneous Frenchman. Abuse and corruption contributed, as Professor Mims indicates, to the fall of Colbert's system of monopoly, but it must be added that the French themselves were not keenly interested in the Company; as shopkeepers they were still some way behind the English, or as merchants behind the Dutch. It is entirely too charitable to regard the Company's fail, "not as a check in Colbert's commercial policy, but rather as an indication that enough progress had been made to render such a Company as no longer necessary."

Several chapters of the book deal with Colbert's experiments in stimulating particular branches of commercial activity. Professor Mims is inclined to picture him as compelled by hard necessity reluctantly to impose restrictions and tariffs. He quotes Colbert's declaration: "Commerce must be left free unless there is an indispensable necessity to commit it into the hands of a company or of a few contractors." Now, we do not think that this places Colbert among the free-traders: we think, in view of Colbert's character and acts, that it amounts to saying, "Commerce can be free so long as it conforms to my system and fulfils my intentions." Colbert was sure that he alone knew what was best for France and her trade. Like his royal master, he wished things to work as he determined. It may be true, as Professor Mims says, that "the dominant note of his industrial and commercial policy was patriotism," but it does not follow that this affected his conviction as to the value of high protective duties. Whatever his ideals may have been, he acted as a protectionist, and he expected all Frenchmen to show their patriotism by acting as he directed.

The results of Colbert's West India policy were more considerable than is generally recognized. Here Professor Mims is clear. By 1683 Colbert "had driven the Dutch from the field and more than two hundred French vessels were trading annually at Martinique, Guadeloupe, and Santo Domingo. He had advanced the ports of La Rochelle, Bordeaux, and Nantes, especially, to new life, and the West India trade became henceforth a source of much profit to their merchants and traders and served as a base of their whole commercial development in the eighteenth century."

The critical and fairly extensive bibliography at the end of the book is curiously defective. It does not include many printed books cited at length in the text, and it does contain several which could have had very little connection with the subject. It is not a complete list of all the material consulted, and when it discriminates it is not always successful. The index is very exasperating: it omits a large number of proper names as well as several important titles or subject headings. Both bibliography and index fall below the scholarly level of the rest of the book.

Notes

The Oxford University Press (Frowde) will publish in a few weeks "Rustic Speech and Folk Lore," by Mrs. Joseph Wright, who was one of the editors of the "English Dialect Dictionary."

The same house has in preparation "The Early Life of Mark Rutherford (W. Hale White) by Himself." These autobiographical notes were written when Mr. White was seventy-eight years old, not primarily for publication, but "to please two or three persons related to me by affection." The volume has been seen through the press by Miss Mary Theodora White.

Forthcoming books of Doubleday, Page & Co. include "Laddie—A True Blue Story," by Gene Stratton-Porter, and "Gold," a novel by Stewart Edward White.

Henry Holt & Co. announce for publication in the autumn "Bransford in Arcadia, or the Little Eohippus" by Eugene Manlove Rhodes.

"The New Man," a story of New York life by Jane Stone, is one of the titles promised by Crowell for autumn.

Among the autumn announcements of the Century Co. are: "The Jack-Knife Man," by Ellis Parker Butler, author of "Pigs is Pigs"; Dr. C. V. Legros's "Fabre, Poet of Science," a biography; "The Thirteenth Juror," by Frederick Trevor Hill, and a volume on international trade by James D. Whelpley.

We have several times stated our belief that for the purpose of the Loeb Classical Library (Macmillan) a prose translation is more serviceable than one in verse. This is indisputably true when, as in the case of the lyrical portions of M. Edmonds's Theocritus, the English follows the Greek at a very long interval. It is true to a certain extent of Dr. Arthur S. Way's Euripides, but in the same editor's Quintus Smyrnæus, the latest of the Library to reach us, we must admit that the use of verse has been singularly successful. Dr. Way has here succeeded in following the language of the "Posthomerica," or "Fall of Troy," as he calls it, so closely as to render easy and quick assistance to any halting reader of the Greek, and at the same time has thrown a surprising amount of spirit and variety into his lines. Quintus was not a great poet, but he made a good story of the siege and final overthrow of the sacred city, with the episodes of Penthesileia and Philoctetes and the fatal horse of wood, and at times his language has the old haunting spell of Homer. If only he had been wise enough to let well enough alone, and not to pile horror on horror, and metaphor on metaphor! As an illustration of the better manner of Quintus and of the style of his translator we may take a few lines from the ninth book, which relate how Philoctetes was appeased of his wrath by Odysseus, and how with his comforters he sailed back to Troy:

"Thy woeful wound, thine anguish, shall be healed,
If thou but come with us to Achæa's host—
The host that now is sorrowing after thee
With all its kings. And no man of them all
Was cause of thine affliction, but the Fates,
The cruel ones, whom none that walk the earth
Escape, but aye they visit hapless men
Unseen: and day by day with pitiless hearts
Now they afflict men, now again exalt
To honor—none knows why; for all the woes
And all the joys of men do these devise
After their pleasure." Hearkening he sat
To Odysseus and to godlike Diomede;
And all the hoarded wrath for olden wrongs
And all the torturing rage, melted away.
. . . . . .
Then came
The balmy night, and sleep slid down on them.
Till rose the dawn they tarried by the strand
Of sea-girt Lemnos, but with dayspring east
The hawsers loose, and heaved the anchor-stones
Out of the deep. Athena sent a breeze
Blowing behind the galley taper-prowed.
They strained the sail with either stern-sheet taut;
Seaward they pointed the stout-girded ship;
O'er the broad flood she leapt before the wind;
Broken to right and left the dark wave sighed,
And seething all around was hoary foam,
While thronging dolphins raced on either hand
Flashing along the paths of silver sea.

Miss Alice Drayton Greenwood, who has already won her spurs (if the phrase is not too militant) in the field of the eighteenth century by her lives of the Hanoverian queens, has now written a volume on "Horace Walpole's World" (Macmillan). It is fairly cast in the conventional mould of these mixed memoirs, but it shows the hand of the professional writer and much more knowledge than is found in the ordinary amateurish exploitations of the age. Naturally, the book is largely composed out of Walpole's own voluminous correspondence, but some of the best and freshest illustrative matter is taken from the publications of the Historical MSS. Commission. This is notably the case in what is, perhaps, the best chapter in the book, that which deals with Modern Taste. Here Miss Greenwood draws largely on the diary of the second Viscount Grimston, who, in 1768, "endured a tour in order to study the beauties of his native land." To the noble traveller's task beauty consisted in the familiar and the regular. The coast of Wales, admired to-day by artist and "tripper," was to him merely "romantic" and hateful: "The entire road [from Aberayron to Aberystwith] is by the side of the sea, which shows a dreary prospect on one side, and the uncultivated mountains equally so on the other." This whole chapter is an illuminating treatise on the "picturesque" and the "romantic" as these epithets were applied to wild nature and to gardening.

When Miss Greenwood deals directly with the correspondence of Walpole she is, it

seems, a little drawn aside by her amiability. Any one who has read through that correspondence, as the present reviewer has done with unflagging interest, will agree with her kindly estimate of the man and appreciate her exposition of his honesty in the age of Henry Fox. But it is hard to follow her when she brushes away the rôle of scandal in Walpole's letters. Indecency he seldom descends to, but scandal!—it hisses, and roars, and whispers, and gesticulates through his correspondence in a way that can only be described as magnificent. Miss Greenwood's chapter on The Legend of C. J. Fox is on the whole better than her portraiture of Walpole himself. Her serious homily, based on Mme. du Deffand's estimation of Fox—"Qu'est ce que l'esprit sans jugement et sans un grain de bon sens?"—might seem to break through the frame of her design, were it not that she attributes to Fox, and in a measure rightly, "the débâcle of the sacred Whig system" which was really "Walpole's World." And her characterization of Fox, as a type of the closing years of the century, is in itself masterly.

The Rev. Albert H. Currier, D.D., for twenty-six years professor of homiletics in Oberlin Theological Seminary, in a volume entitled "Nine Great Preachers" (The Pilgrim Press), sketches briefly the life and work of distinguished Christian homilists from Chrysostom to Phillips Brooks. The studies are made with a practical purpose, to call attention to the methods of sermon preparation and to cultivate pulpit power. This endeavor to improve the experiences of the various divines for the benefit of young theologues somewhat mars the chapters as biographical essays. The analysis of the distinguishing characteristics of the preachers selected for treatment is discerning and fair. The author is an earnest evangelical, but that does not forbid sympathetic treatment of Bernard of Clairvaux, Bousset, and F. W. Robertson. One may perhaps question the inclusion of John Bunyan and Alexander McLaren in a volume devoted to so small a number of pulpit orators. Besides those above mentioned, the volume treats of Richard Baxter and Henry Ward Beecher.

John J. Underwood's "Alaska: An Empire in the Making" (Dodd, Mead) is the work of an Alaskan enthusiast, whose zeal for his subject, when he gets headed northward from Seattle, warms up in proportion as the mercury goes down. To him the clear gain to the United States from the acquisition of Alaska is measured simply by subtracting the amount paid out by the Government for purchase and maintenance from the total output of Alaskan industries—$460,000,000 minus $15,500,000 leaves $444,500,000. "And Alaska could be sold to-morrow at a profit of several billions of dollars on its visible assets." After this, one is not surprised that he is able to figure that the United States could save the cost of a new battleship each year by procuring coal for its Pacific fleet in Alaska rather than West Virginia. But the reader is duly warned that "the fabulous values placed on some of these coal lands by irresponsible people who are ignorant of the facts are extremely ridiculous." Through its reindeer industry Alaska is to break the power of the Beef Trust, a reindeer cut even now being served for seventy-five cents in one Seattle hotel which charges two dollars for a porterhouse steak. In some of Mr. Underwood's outbursts of descriptive eloquence the array of adjectives is suggestive of his own picture of the wild reindeer crowding through Caribou Crossing, or the pack ice grinding its way through Bering Straits. The book cannot serve as a source of trustworthy information, and it is noticeably tinctured here and there with an anti-conservation bias.

Mr. Herbert Fisher's "Napoleon" in the Home University Library (Holt) is an admirable brief biography. In simplicity, directness, picturesqueness, insight, and brief comprehensiveness it reminds one of that other biographical gem, Einhard's Life of Charlemagne. It is, in fact, the excellent kind of a book which one expects who has read Mr. Fisher's unequalled chapter on the Napoleonic Code in the Cambridge Modern History or his essays on Bonapartism. He omits no phase of Napoleon's many-sided activity. Though he here gives us nothing strikingly novel—and one does not expect novelty in such a summary account—he nevertheless, by his abundant use of happy adjectives and by his trenchant style, imparts freshness and interest to every one of the two hundred and fifty small pages. The chapter on The Qualities of Empire, in which, as a subject of the British Empire, he makes suggestive comparisons between the Roman, Carolingian, and Napoleonic Empires, is of real originality and unusual interest. As is inevitable with any one who studies carefully the career of Napoleon, Mr. Fisher is an admirer of Napoleon's genius, but with more qualifications than Mr. J. H. Rose. Mr. Fisher's apt and just conclusion is that Napoleon "took glory as his end, found it in conquest, and was too often prone to measure it by destruction. So with the grandest intellectual endowments ever vouchsafed to man, and despite many services to law, to administration, to the moral and intellectual progress of France, he remains the great modern example of that reckless and defiant insolence which formed the matter of ancient tragedy and is at war with the harmonies of human life."

In "Letters and Character Sketches from the House of Commons" (imported by Dutton), Sir Richard Carnac Temple has collated and edited a number of letters and notes written by his father, Sir Richard Temple, while he was a member of the House of Commons from 1886 to 1895. Sir Richard Temple was a man of shrewd judgment and untiring industry, and these qualities he applied to the observation of men and measures in the House of Commons. He wrote a daily journal in the form of letters to his wife, which grew gradually into eleven quarto manuscript volumes. From this mass of material the son has made a judicious selection of letters dealing with the exciting period of Irish obstruction in 1886 and 1887. The student of English politics will find much that is of value in Sir Richard Temple's notes on the questions of the day, but far more interesting are his character sketches of various members of the House who for one reason or another attracted his attention. Besides carefully studied summaries of the leading men of the day, we have his impressions of the promising young men, then on the threshold of their parliamentary career, whose names have since become famous. In general Sir Richard's estimates were shrewd and impartial, despite his sincere conviction that the Tory party alone was the trustee of England's greatness. It is interesting to note his indulgent impression of the youthful Sir Edward Grey as "one of the most presentable young men of the Radical party." The present Prime Minister is to-day particularly distinguished for the lucidity with which he can present a complicated proposal, but Sir Richard, while praising him as "a debater and an assailant," is unprepared to commit himself as to what Mr. Asquith would be "in making a constructive speech, explaining proposals, expounding a system, arranging facts, figures and arguments." Lord Morley even in those days was "Honest John," for we are told that "his rapid rise . . . is partly due to unshakable consistency of opinion joined to sterling honesty of character." Lloyd George "speaks well by natural aptitude, and has plenty of self-assertion," but he "does not seem to carry weight with the Liberal party, nor has he, so far, found his way to the esteem of the House at large." These pages are unrelieved by many touches of humor, for Sir Richard Temple was one who took himself and the House of Commons with great seriousness, but they serve to give a very vivid picture of men and events at an interesting period of parliamentary history.

Mr. Frank A. Mumby has been so encouraged by the reception accorded to his "Girlhood of Queen Elizabeth," that he proposes eventually to illustrate the whole history of England in the "gentle and familiar way" of contemporary letters. If his latest work ("The Youth of Henry VIII, a Narrative in Contemporary Letters"; Houghton Mifflin) is a fair sample of those that are to follow it, the series as a whole promises to be far less satisfactory than the initial volume. The plan here pursued is identical with that of Mr. Mumby's earlier book—a number of contemporary letters, strung together by brief and on the whole sensible comments. But the letters here chosen are far less well selected than in the "Girlhood of Queen Elizabeth," and all of them have been printed before. Some of them are transcribed from ancient and notoriously inaccurate compilations like Joseph Grove's "Life and Times of Wolsey." In others whole paragraphs are omitted, without the slightest indication of the fact (the letter of Sir Brian Tuke to Richard Pace printed on pages 221-226 is a case in point). No attempt, apparently, has been made to preserve the original spelling, yet we occasionally run across a curious archaism (e. g., "opulant," p. 226). It is not easy to recognize the real recipient of Henry VIII's letter of April 12, 1513 (p. 166)—namely, Christopher Bainbridge—under the title, Cardinal Remus, which Mr. Mumby applies to him. The index sheds no light on the matter, and is, in general, a strange mixture of inaccuracy and ignorance. By far the best thing in the book is the portrait of Henry VIII as a child (to face page 14). A good look at it will explain vastly more than the average character sketch. Mr. Mumby has embarked on an interesting and promising enterprise, in his attempt to introduce the "average read-

er" to the "sources"; but if his future volumes are to attain real success, he must take more pains in finding and transcribing his letters, and above all he must learn more about the people who wrote them.

"The Story of Santiago de Compostela" (Dutton), by C. Gasquoine Hartley, is one of the many modern books which attempt to combine a smattering of history and architectural description with practical hints to the tourist. It is prettily illustrated, and easy to read. It tells at length, without any attempt to test their authenticity, a majority of the legends and stories which have clustered around the famous shrine of Spain's patron saint. A characteristic paragraph discusses at length the question whether or not the "ethnology [*sic*] of Compostela is to be found in the Latin word *compostum*, signifying a site reserved for interments." The descriptions of the Cathedral and other buildings of the city are mediocre. The last chapter, Information for the Visitor, is considerably less valuable than the corresponding pages in Baedeker. For more than a century Spain seems to have possessed a peculiar fascination for writers of books of travel and description interlarded with observations on history, politics, and art; and the present work is a fair specimen of its class as at present produced. But comparison with earlier and classic samples of the same species, as, for instance, the masterpieces of Richard Ford and George Borrow, suggests gloomy prospects for the future.

An English publicist, Mr. Frank Fox, of the *Morning Post*, reviews the political and strategic conditions affecting maritime supremacy in a fluent little volume entitled "Problems of the Pacific" (Small, Maynard & Company). Discussions of this sort are supposed to excite amusement among trained diplomatists, who realize better than the uninitiated how fortuitously the fate of nations is ordered, but within reasonable limits they offer material of value to the common man to think about at home. Their usefulness, however, varies in proportion as they deal with facts or elaborate predictions. To give an accurate summary of conditions in all the regions bordering upon the Pacific basin is a laborious task, to divine their future prospects is pleasant and easy. In this performance of Mr. Fox there are indications of his having expended some labor and derived a good deal of pleasure. Just ten years ago Colquhoun's "Mastery of the Pacific" made a more elaborate adventure in the same region of prophecy; but the defeat of Russia, the confederation of Australia, and the Panama Canal have left the descriptive portions of that excellent work its only claim to a place on the library shelves. Mr. Fox endeavors to be fair—to the white man. He does not believe in the staying power of the Japanese or in the reality of a Yellow Peril. He concludes that "the Pacific will fall as the Mediterranean did, as the Atlantic did, to the rule of the white man." Probably the politicians of New Rome in the seventh century thought the same thing about their sea, but it has taken twelve centuries for the Caucasian to regain the hold which Rome lost over that water before that century ended.

We have no present reason to fear subjugation by any Asiatics, but a political programme that virtually ignores them and parcels out the Pacific among the white nations seems to be based upon premises which deny the Malay-Mongolian races any prospect whatever of further development, and arrogates to the European all the advantages of initiative and invention. Furthermore, we must remember the fact that Asia has thus far been the source of all religious impulses of the first magnitude. While we are estimating strength in terms of Dreadnoughts and trade reports, can we be sure that Asia will never produce another Sakyamuni or Mohammed to upset our calculations? Mr. Fox's book is frankly imperialist and Anglo-Celtic—to use his favorite term for the English-speaking peoples—but his is not a blatant imperialism. It will do no harm. But there are too many slips in his statements to inspire entire confidence in him as a guide to the careful imperialist. The Satsuma rebellion occurred in 1877, not 1884, and Argentina does not occupy 3,954,911 square miles, but 1,135,000, while Chili has 292,580 instead of 2,474—to mention only three of them.

Science

BOOKS ON GARDENING.

Success in Gardening. By Jessie Peabody Frothingham. New York: Duffield & Co. $1.25 net.

Flower Gardening. By H. S. Adams. New York: McBride, Nast & Co. $1.25 net.

The Hardy Flower Book. By E. H. Jenkins. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. $1 net.

Suburban Gardens. By Grace Tabor. New York: Outing Publishing Co. 70 cents net.

A Farm in Creamland. By Charles Garvice. New York: George H. Doran Co. $3 net.

Bacon's admonition that "there ought to be gardens for all the months of the year" is more easily acted on in England than in our country; but that there is something to do every month for gardeners, amateur as well as professional, is shown in "Success in Gardening," which is divided into twelve sections bearing the names of the months, each being further divided into four weeks, none of which escapes its share of the work. Some of this subdivision is necessarily rather arbitrary, yet in the main the author succeeds in finding the best moment for each of the multitudinous acts that go to the making and maintaining of a flower garden. The winter months are the time for planning, getting the necessary tools, and buying the seeds, in the choice of which the writer urges the selection of "the new and beautiful varieties which one misses in so many gardens. "Why not try two or three new varieties each year, and through selection and elimination attain individuality?" To facilitate this, lists are given of the best varieties of annuals and perennials, together with the names of trustworthy seedsmen and growers of shrubs, trees, and bulbs, all of which are duly considered in their place and season. Incidentally, there are many hints as to how to help along the plants; two of the most frequently neglected of such suggestions relate to the cutting of withered flowers (which the author regards as more important than weeding), and the use of wood ashes as a fertilizer, not only on the lawn, for which they are usually recommended, but in the garden, too.

The author of "Flower Gardening" also dwells repeatedly on the important work to be done in months during which the gardener is usually supposed to be idle. Much, in particular, can be done in the autumn that will lighten the labor of springtime. While annuals are not neglected, there is a bias throughout this book in favor of hardy gardens filled with perennials, partly because these involve less labor after they are once planted, but chiefly because of the distribution of their blooming season through the greater part of the year. In chapter xi an ingenious plan is unfolded for having something to admire in the garden as many weeks of the year as possible. Shrubs and evergreens receive due attention, and there are also chapters on the making of flower pictures, flowers for cutting, shaded gardens, floral hobbies, and birds in the garden, with directions for luring birds and frustrating the evil designs of the cat. There is an index, the absence of which in "Success in Gardening" is regrettable. Both these books are freely illustrated.

Exceptionally commendable are the numerous flower pictures in E. H. Jenkins's "Hardy Flower Book"; they have the advantage of being printed on very heavy glazed paper. In England, as in America, there is a growing interest in hardy gardens. Mr. Jenkins, who is a member of the Royal Horticultural Society, has devoted his whole life to this branch, and his advice on planting and watering, on the fallacy of big clumps, on what to do with shrub borders, on errors in waterside gardening, and a hundred other points, is decidedly valuable. Favorite perennials, like the peony, phlox, larkspur, are considered in detail, while Part II discusses more briefly, and in alphabetical order, all of the hardy herbaceous plants that are worth growing. In Part III lists are given of hardy plants desirable for many special purposes. The varieties that bloom in spring, in summer, in autumn, in winter, are tabulated separately, and these lists are of particular interest to those owners of gardens who are able to spend only a few weeks of the year among their flowers and who naturally wish the gardens to appear at

their best during those particular weeks.

"Suburban Gardens" is a little volume without pictures, and with only 207 pages, which contain, however, much that will interest owners of suburban homes, especially if they agree with the author that, while there should of course be flowers in abundance, these ought never to crowd out the edible plants. She has no sympathy with the ideal which sees in the suburban home a country home in miniature, being convinced that a kind of "landscape" gardening is often attempted "in the vain hope of creating an illusion of the spaciousness and splendor which the truly suburban place cannot, in the very nature of things enjoy." What should be done, instead, she attempts to show in detail with the aid of diagrams. Again and again she emphasizes the economic side of the garden question, deploring, among other things, the neglect of fruit trees, which brings it about that "all the thousands of acres of suburbs in the United States are non-producing; and fruits and foods are proportionately high." To her the *garden* is the thing; and "all that goes to make up the garden is secondary—even the trees and shrubs and flowers." Many will disagree with her in this attitude, which puts her in a class with those music-lovers who place form above content, yet she stops short at one point, remarking that of all gardening offences the flower-bed is surely the worst, and that "better no flowers at all than a flower bed." She forgets how convenient and useful such beds are to those whose time and means are too limited to permit them to attempt florally decorated grounds.

While the authors of the first four books on our list frankly and fearlessly offer hints to help readers, the writer of "A Farm in Creamland," who is a novelist, does his best to conceal the fact that his is a useful book. Such it is, nevertheless; but the helpful hints are hidden in the narrative of how he and his family tried to find out if it were possible to make farming pay in England. The result of seven years' trial was that he felt inclined to advise none to attempt such farming as a means of livelihood, unless he has been specially educated and trained for the life. And yet he himself, though "as ignorant of agriculture as the shoeblack at the corner of St. Paul's, made a small farm pay." He gives the figures in the last chapter ("which may be skipped"). The garden takes up one of the chapters, and of the others there are some that are not connected with farming as such, but deal with English country life in general—fishing, birds, snakes, rabbit-shooting. "Pigs as pets" is an unusual subject which the author treats with quite a show of feeling.

"The Infancy of Animals" (Holt), by W. P. Pycraft, is about equally balanced in its excellences and shortcomings. It contains a very great number of extremely interesting facts which are offered from a novel point of view; but the arrangement is poor and the diction is inadequate. There is little attempt at logical sequence, and the general looseness of construction is betrayed by such chapter headings as Early Days and Early Ways, Colors and Coloration, and again three chapters farther along, Coloration. Although meant for a popular work, it is sometimes made obscure by technical theories and casual references to scientific problems. The book deals almost wholly with vertebrates, the title being thus misleading. As might be expected, the generous portion of the text relating to the life and problems of young birds is by far the most satisfactory; Mr. Pycraft has done his best scientific work in this field. Such subjects as play, directive color spots in the mouth, feeding habits, and evolution of the plumage are absorbing even in this unemotional, matter-of-fact method of presentation. The evolution of maternal instinct deserves a chapter to itself. By searching through the volume we find such delicate gradations as the origin of this phenomenon among the reptiles; its fluctuating manifestation as in the kangaroos, where the young are placed in the pouch at the approach of danger, but thrown out by the mother in the last extremity of a race for life. Among birds we find the most absolute devotion to the young on the one hand, and again a degeneration to total neglect, as in the mound-builders, whose chicks are orphaned before they are born, and the cowbirds, whose offspring must enter upon life as changelings. Coloration is touched upon in almost every chapter and with commendable moderation in these days of extreme, ill-balanced theories on this subject. "Movements will betray the most cunningly devised mantle of invisibility" is perhaps the most illuminating sentence in the book.

The chapter on Young Birds and Records of the Past deals with the evidences of evolution as shown in the organs and tissues of young birds and in adults, and here Mr. Pycraft excels, making us feel the mystery of the æons of slow change which have perfected, or ultimately caused to degenerate, structures such as wings, nostrils, palates, tails, and plumages. He shows in how many ways we can see revealed, dimly but unmistakably, in the structure and form of embryos and nestlings, the adults of past ages, such as the tern-like bill of the young skimmer, the open nostrils of nestling cormorants, the usable fingers and claws of the juvenile hoatzin, and the possible teeth of the young tinamou. Of the chapters relating to the lower vertebrates, Concerning Tadpoles is excellent; while the scant thirty-odd pages treating of crabs, caterpillars, and invertebrate Puzzles and Paradoxes might well have been omitted. The illustrations, mostly photographs from life, are good; the text paper is light and dull finished; the index should have been twice as large. If the book had been written with the care and vivid description which mark the quotations from Wilson, the Antarctic traveller, on pp. 83-86, it would have been a classic. But the trail of the museum lies upon the text, whereas the subjects demand the freedom of treatment of the field naturalist.

Francis Gotch, professor of physiology since 1895 at Oxford University, died last week in London. He was born at Bristol, England, in 1853, and was educated at Amersham Hall School and University College, London. He became demonstrator in the physiological laboratory, Oxford, in 1883; Holt professor of physiology, University College, Liverpool, in 1891, and delivered the Croonian lecture on researches made with Prof. V. Horsley into the central nerve system in 1891. He had published several papers in scientific journals.

Drama and Music

WESTERN PLAYS IN JAPAN.

Tokio, June 2.

We Japanese have no language to express our modern thought and imagination; I mean simply by that that our old Japanese language, homogeneous, simple, with the beauty, if it has any, of decorative impossibility, or romanticism, and with the power, if it has any, of taciturnity, but not of eloquence, has lost its own dignity through being unable to match our modern requirement. Indeed, it is the case, is it not, of the old Japanese brocade which finds itself quite out of place against the Western dress. We present Japanese wear a sack-coat, frock-coat, even "swallow-tail," however ill-fitting and absurd they be for us dark-skinned, short-legged people; and we forget the old brocade inherited from our fathers. And so with the language—a devil's language, as once a certain Western missionary remarked a few hundred years ago; and we use the new Japanese language created by Western writers. Some of our present Japanese, I mean the intellectual Japanese, use the language of Turgenieff or Tolstoy; some of them the language of Maupassant or Gorki; and the language of Oscar Wilde was quite a fashion here a year or two ago. And what we are most pleased to use to-day is the language of Ibsen or Bernard Shaw.

When we began to use this new language, "the Western language with a Japanese sound," ten years ago, we had only a little encouragement from the general public; but when book after book had been written, as we saw, in fact, in this language, the public began to be reconciled with us, and even to find no small interest in our attempt. And let me say that it was they who called us to the stage to act the new play in the new strange language; even the general public, after all, has begun to be modernized, that is, Westernized. To speak from the history of the Japanese drama, Ibsen's "Bork-

man," Japanized three or four years ago, staged under the auspices of the Liberty Theatre Society, was, in truth, the real dawning of a new stage art in Japan. What is most interesting to dwell on is the fact of the great influence it has had in Westernizing the Japanese public of the common run; certainly you will be amazed if I tell you that the audience who barely filled two nights as in the case of "Borkman" Japanized are numbered now more than enough for the play, whether it be by Shakespeare or Shaw, by Sudermann or Ibsen, to run fifteen nights.

And here I have seen lately a more striking phenomenon in the fact that a certain English dramatic company, Wilkie, or something, had quite a prosperous one week at the Imperial Theatre, Tokio; the time is not far off, I dare say, to see a Bernhardt or a Tree coming to play before the Japanese audience. Certainly we shall soon have a large enough audience here to extend an invitation to the well-known Western players. And you will see the general tendency of thought and taste of our intellectual class when I tell you that what Wilkie offered most pleasing to us was not "Hamlet," but "Salome" and "Mrs. Warren's Profession."

Formerly we could not help applying the so-called Japanese honorification in address, even when playing the Western play; but to-day it has ceased to be uncivil or barbarous to make a wife call her husband a John or a Frank; and shaking hands is now, in fact, one of our Japanese customs or etiquettes which we are pleased to practice in daily life. And there is no one among the audience to-day who will blush when beholding the kissing scene; the remarkable thing is, above all, how the Japanese actors have learned to kiss neatly. "The West conquered Japan in literature long ago; and now she is Westernizing us even in life's ways and customs," I always exclaim when I see the Western play on our stage. And I had occasion to explain it again a few nights ago when I saw Ibsen's "Hedda Gabler" Japanized at the Yurakuza Theatre.

I think that "John Gabriel Borkman" was staged in Japan at the most appropriate time (let me admit the cleverness of a Japanese manager), and as a result it made quite a forcible impression upon our mind; because, in the year of 1909, our modern literature was reaching almost to the height of naturalism, after a Western fashion, and we, like young Erhart in Ibsen's play, were pleased to cry: "For I am young! That's what I never realized before; but now the knowledge is tingling through every vein in my body. I will only live, live, live!" This importation of naturalism made us awaken to the very consciousness of so-called true life; and, as in the West, we thought it proper to go to the extreme of individualism or Ibsen's egoism for solving that question of life. And the Japanese women, too, were not slow in their rise; when they found, as the phrase goes, their own selves, they were more often than not the victims of modern vanities and selfishness; it is surprising to see so many more "new women" in Japan than one ever dreamed of. I thought natural enough when I was told by Mr. Iba, the stage manager of the Kindai Geki Kyokai (the Modern Play Society), and the actor who most cleverly acquitted himself as Assessor Black, that there was hardly any woman who, when seeing the play, this "Hedda Gabler," in the Kozo Chiba's translation, complained of its dulness; and women more than men, even in Japan, would appreciate it. "That is because the modern Japanese women are more or less Heddas," I explained to myself.

The acting was quite an advance upon the day of "John Gabriel Borkman," when I even laughed over the awkward attitudes of Japanese players around Western tables and their faltering manner of carrying on the long dialogue; I should say it was no mean achievement, this "Hedda Gabler," when the actors and actresses, quite at home with tables, chairs, and sofa, showed a good order and general harmony. It is very difficult to discuss the real merit of Ibsen, but not so hard to think about what Ibsen means in Japan. What effect does he produce on our minds? Above all, why do Japanese play his dramas? I asked these questions of Mr. Iba, who makes a unique figure himself, as I said before, as Assessor Black.

"It is difficult," he remarked, "to play Pinero, for instance, because he is too English. There's nobody to say that Ibsen is too Scandinavian: I mean that he is universal. Besides, he is a splendid teacher for us on the stage; we have become wiser and saner in life; as a dramatist, he clearly shows where we actors have to put emphasis and force to make acting turn smoothly. We play him, because he teaches us so much, and he is easy to play."

"So you thought him easy," I exclaimed, "and you played him. You thought him easy, indeed—is it not the reason why we thought him very difficult in seeing your 'Hedda Gabler'?"

And then he laughed. That vague laughter means that we had to study him more before we could speak on him authoritatively even as Ibsen in Japan.

Yone Noguchi.

The Shakespearean summer season at the Memorial Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, England, by the F. R. Benson company, will begin August 2 and close August 30. The programme will include three of Shakespeare's plays from English history—"Henry the Fourth," "Richard the Second," and "King John"; the tragedies of "Hamlet" and "Romeo and Juliet," and six of the comedies—"The Merchant of Venice," "As You Like It," "The Taming of the Shrew," "Much Ado About Nothing," "Twelfth Night," and "The Merry Wives of Windsor." In addition, the plays will include Lord Lytton's "Richelieu," John Masefield's "The Tragedy of Pompey the Great," and G. Bernard Shaw's "The Devil's Disciple." The Norwich Players will be seen in "The Drama of Job," the Bedford Players in "Glastonbury," the Dunmow Players in "The Tinker's Wedding," and the townsfolk of Stratford-upon-Avon in "The Harvest Masque." There will also be morris dances, sword dances, and country dances in the gardens.

Thomas Tait, formerly lecturer on elocution in Melbourne University, has published an excellent little volume (Doran) on "How to Train the Speaking Voice." He has nothing new to say on the subject, of course, but the advice that he gives is generally sound, and is set down in plain language. Most essayists on this topic indulge in quasi-scientific elaborations which confuse ordinary students without enlightening or helping them. He explains, briefly and clearly, the rudimentary principles of the art, and tells how to practice and profit by them. His directions concerning the proper pose of the speaker, the management of the breath, the production of the vowel sounds, the study of emphasis and intonation, and the avoidance of vulgarisms and slovenliness are clear and pertinent. On the necessity of prolonged and intelligent study of passages of prose or poetry before any attempt is made to speak them aloud he is particularly emphatic and judicious. He realizes, as many professed teachers of elocution do not, that a full and sympathetic comprehension of an author's meaning is as essential to competent vocal interpretation as technical skill in utterance. But he seems to be a victim of the all too common delusion that an actor, to be completely successful, must "feel" his part, that is to say, must undergo in his own person the emotions which he is counterfeiting. This is just what all our second-rate performers do or try to do, thereby expressing the most diverse characters in the one inelastic mould of their private individuality. Here is the reason why true versatility is almost unknown upon the modern stage. Acting, in its highest estate, is governed by the intellect, not the emotions. It is doubtless true that very few actors in the history of the theatre have succeeded in completely merging their identity in the fictitious character, but all the great players have come very near to the achievement of this notable feat upon particular occasions. The Salvini of Othello, for instance, was scarcely recognizable, even by his bulk, in the Salvini of Conrad in "La Morte Civile." The object of the true artist is first to determine how the personage to be represented might be presumed to behave under certain circumstances, and, secondly, to materialize the conception thus formed by the resolute suppression of every personal habit or impulse that might conflict with it. The requirements to this end are thought, intuition, will, and executive abil-

ity, all of which are inconsistent with individual personal emotion.

Equally ambitious and interesting is the list of the grand operas to be sung at the Century Opera House next season, beginning on September 15, and lasting till the middle of April. With but few exceptions, each opera is to be given for a full week of eight successive performances, as follows: September 15, "Aïda"; 22, "Gioconda"; 29, "Tales of Hoffmann"; October 6, "Louise"; 13, "Madama Butterfly"; 20, "Romeo and Juliet"; 27, "Trovatore"; November 3, "Lakme"; 10, "Thaïs"; 17, "Lohengrin"; 24, "Jewels of the Madonna"; December 1, "Lucia"; 8, "Manon"; 15, "Bohemian Girl"; 22, "Carmen"; 29, "Tristan and Isolde"; January 5, "La Bohême"; 12, "The Huguenots"; 19, "Tosca"; 26, "Königskinder"; February 2, "Faust"; 9, "Tannhäuser"; 16, "Traviata"; 23, "Cavalleria" and "Pagliacci"; March 2, "Samson and Delilah"; 9, "Rigoletto"; 16, "Secret of Suzanne" and "Coppelia"; 23, "Rheingold" and "Walküre" (three days each); 30, "Siegfried" and "Götterdämmerung" (three days each); 6, "Parsifal." All of these are "subject to change."

From Rome comes the report that an overture written for "Aïda" by Verdi, but supressed by him, has been found and submitted to Toscanini, who pronounced it important. It may be played at the Verdi centenary festival in Milan next month. It is believed that Verdi decided to omit the overture because of its great length. The score covers seventy-six pages. It is dated December 23, 1872, which would indicate that it was not written or completed till after the first performances of "Aïda" in Cairo and Milan.

Italian newspapers contain pictures of the extraordinary incident of the six-year-old boy Ferrero conducting Wagner's "Meistersinger" overture at the Augusteum in Rome. He did it without looking at the score, in presence of a crowded audience, including many prominent musicians. His remarkable talent was discovered accidentally.

Kenyon Cox's interesting address on "The Illusion of Progress" is printed in No. 6 of the "Proceedings of the American Academy of Arts and Letters." In it he says regarding music:

> In melodic invention it is so far from progressive that its most brilliant masters are often content to elaborate and to decorate a theme old enough to have no history—a theme the inventor of which has been so entirely forgotten that we think of it as sprung not from the mind of one man, but from that of a whole people, and call it a folk-song.

The prix de Rome of the Paris Conservatory has been won this year by a girl of nineteen named Lili Boulanger. Nearly all the great French composers won this prize during their conservatory days. On the other hand, not all of the students who won it became famous.

David Popper, whose seventieth birthday was celebrated in Budapest recently (though Riemann says he was born on December 9, 1843), shares with Piatti the honor of having done for the violoncello what Paganini did for the violin and Liszt for the piano in developing its technique to the utmost conceivable point. His pieces are extremely effective and idiomatic. From a purely creative point of view, to be sure, they are not equal to those of Bach and Beethoven, and of Rubinstein, whose second sonata and "Trois Morceaux" will be better known in concert halls some day than they are now.

Art

Lawrence. By Sir Walter Armstrong. With 41 plates. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $6.50 net.

On first opening this well-illustrated volume, one is inclined to regret that Sir Walter Armstrong has devoted his fine critical perceptions to an artist who, after all, is only third rate. As one reads the mood changes, Lawrence's stereotyped uniformity as a portrait painter has been a challenge to the critic's adroitness. Where artistic interest lags, personal considerations atone or sagacious comment on the times or on things in general. In short, Sir Walter seems to justify Sainte-Beuve's predilection for a minor personality as the best subject for criticism.

About Lawrence as artist there is very little to say, and in his estimate our author achieves a surprising blend of severity and amenity. At six the boy could catch a likeness with the chalks. In his 'teens he was the support of a shiftless father and a numerous family. At eighteen he regarded himself as *hors concours* in the Academy schools. At twenty-one he exhibited the engaging portrait of the actress, Nelly Farren, now loaned by the Morgan estate to the Metropolitan Museum, and in his remaining forty years of tireless effort he never surpassed it. In his rare early chalk drawings Sir Walter discerns a promise which Lawrence was never to fulfil. His technic in oils, after a brief aping of Sir Joshua, was to degenerate into a dry and textureless formula. The Nelly Farren already has its perfunctory and metallic passages. Worse yet, his naturally great gifts as a draughtsman were to resolve themselves into rather cheap conventions. The famous Lawrence eye, with its fixed vivacity, is as recognizable as the hot and hard Lawrence flesh. His tricks, Sir Walter Armstrong rightly observes, are more flagrant in his favorite portraits of women. If he ever approaches greatness it is in a few of the lightly sketched heads, like that of the little Duke of Reichstadt, and in a handful of the political portraits, for example, the Curran and Warren Hastings.

It is a shrewd and just observation of the author that Lawrence really stands out of the British tradition of good color, and finds his affiliations rather with such academic French painters as Gérard, Ingres, Bonnat—Cabanel might have been added. And, in fact, Lawrence's steely sense for the stigmata of resemblance, his blindness to individual refinements of color, his firm yet insensitive draughtsmanship, his international clientèle, and productive tours abroad—all relate him to the modern peripatetic tribe of capable portrait manufacturers made in France.

As in the modern case of Bonnat, personal defects of technique did not prevent an exquisite connoisseurship. There was a moment when Lawrence, though ever financially embarrassed, had bought up virtually all the important drawings by old masters in the European market. The mere nucleus of his private collection is now the pride of the Oxford University Galleries. In the Parliamentary hearing which resulted in the purchase of the Elgin marbles, no one gave such terse and emphatic testimony as to the incomparable worth of the Pheidian sculptures as Lawrence. Many of the most important pictures of the Angerstein collection, now in the National Gallery, were found by Lawrence and bought at his suggestion. Indeed, these mediatorial services may in the long run seem a more important contribution to the cause of art than his painting.

What is always admirable about the man is a fine British candor and a rather un-British clearsightedness and absence of illusion. Of passion and prejudice he had less than a great artist's share. As a boy, on seeing a Rubens for the first time, he exclaimed: "I shall never paint like that." So just a prevision in a precocious and ambitious lad is of evil omen. At the height of his fame he wrote to his brother: "I can never expect that the labors of my pencil will have so great an interest at any future time as they now have, or their superiority be so generally acknowledged." Again, an amazing self-estimate in a painter who had stood applauded before kings. Indeed, the only shred of illusion in the man's character seems to be a belief that under favoring circumstances he might have been a great historical painter. It was a delusion entirely natural in a contemporary and friend of Benjamin West.

In Lawrence's failure to attain greatness there is, according to our author, after all only a very simple mystery. Lawrence was badly handicapped by his precocity. In any art there is peril in gaining the means of expression before one has anything to express. Under these conditions only copyism or empty displays of dexterity are likely. But Lawrence had an even sorer drawback in a curious hesitancy of character, which may be illustrated by the irresponsible way in which he fell in and out of love with the two Siddons sisters. Possibly, the assertiveness of his methods is merely the protective mask of one without much initiative and resourcefulness who does with telling em-

phasis just what he is accustomed to doing. Sir Walter Armstrong finds a further disqualification in Lawrence's lack of persistency. In almost every portrait the attack is superb, and there the interest is wholly exhausted, while the conception is successively attenuated through processes irksome to the painter, and, naturally, slurred. Which comes to saying that Lawrence was never a whole-hearted painter, lacking joy in manipulation and zest in color. Had he never passed beyond the chalks of his early period, he might well have left a deeper impress on the history of art. As a blameless, kindly, and serviceable personality his title to gratitude and remembrance is clear. Clearer possibly in England, which he loyally served in many capacities, than elsewhere.

Sir Walter Armstrong's delightful essay is accompanied by a list of works, confessedly incomplete, which comprises nearly one hundred quarto pages. How large a part in this great output Lawrence's famulus Wyatt may have had is a question that Sir Walter does not raise. It is about the only point at which his vivacious yet densely packed pages fail to satisfy your reviewer's curiosity.

Finance

AS TO A TURN FOR THE BETTER.

It is too early yet to say whether or not the sudden revival of activity and strength on the Stock Exchange, which assumed rather definite proportions last week, marked the turn from the excessive financial gloom and despondency of the past six months. A few months ago, such a demonstration as then occurred would have been taken as an ordinary incident of Wall Street. It was the fact of the complete inertia and disheartenment that had preceded the recovery, and especially the occurrence, in the preceding week, of the smallest full day's Stock Exchange business in the seventeen past years, which brought last week's stock market movement into so strong relief. Consciously or unconsciously, Wall Street had come to look at the 64,000-shares of July 11 as typifying the character of the financial situation generally, and as foreshadowing what the Stock Exchange has ahead of it for a very long time to come.

Yet it is a very well-defined tradition of the financial community that a day of utterly abnormal dulness, following gradual and progressive shrinkage of activity, is itself a sign that a turning-point is near. This tradition is not based on calculated logic, but on almost unvarying experience. On the face of things, there would appear to be no reason why one sixty-thousand-share day should not be followed by a dozen or a hundred like it. But it never is. The stock market, like all other complicated machineries, has ways and habits of its own. One of them seems to be that when the wheels, after long revolving in one direction, slacken their pace of revolution and at last cease to move entirely, they are about to start turning in the opposite direction.

It would be easy, even supposing this to be the case in the present instance, to indulge in unwarranted expectations. The public, on which all depends, is still mistrustful, suspicious, and timid. It has grown used to finding more inviting opportunities for investment in securities outside of the Stock Exchange than in it, and perhaps the strongest stimulus to its return would be news of the absorption of the unsold new security issues, and an advance in their market price above the price of issue. That this happened in the case of a few important securities of the kind last week, is not to be overlooked.

The public's mind must also be disabused, and by convincing evidence, of the carefully cultivated notion that Europe will lend no money here to "move the crops" this summer, and that therefore a crushing strain will be imposed on domestic money markets. The doctrine, lately preached in influential quarters, that we incur a debt of half a billion dollars every year to Europe, and that Europe can draw it out in cash whenever it sees fit, must lose what hold it may have had on the popular imagination. So must the pleasing theory that this is to be a "panic year," either because it is twenty years since 1893, or because the fatal number 13 appears in its title.

Something else, which has also stood in the way of financial recuperation, has been the twin belief that a tariff-revision year necessitates hard times, and that "Congress in the winter session" may be preparing to do things which will undermine all the pillars of finance. In these matters we approach the realm of the psychological; also the field of disputation where entirely opposite and conflicting reasons will infallibly be assigned for the same event.

If, in the vicissitudes of fortune, we actually were to have a "panic" this next autumn, history would preserve two perfectly developed and in all respects mutually inconsistent theories in regard to it. The Wall Street oracles, gazing at the wreck of their own pet projects, would point angrily to Congress and its legislation as the author of the mischief, while the Congressional oracles, basing their conclusions on precisely the same phenomena, would shake their fists at Wall Street as the deliberate and revengeful planner of the financial crash. Such is the habitual experience of economic "argument." A year ago, a President of the United States was going up and down the country, telling his audiences how the panic of 1893, and the low price of wheat in 1894, were caused by the tariff legislation of the latter year. Last week another echo of the past, in the shape of a speech by a Senator from Colorado, described how the whole 1893 collapse was due to a wicked conspiracy by the banking "magnates," provoked by the movement for a silver standard.

It is true that some minds devote themselves rather to inquiring what must have been the cause of such events, than to guessing what might have been their cause. There were commonplace people, after 1893, who recalled that London's "Baring crash" of a little while before, and the subsequent overspeculation in our West, had led very naturally to the crisis of that year. There are people now who ascribe the financial reaction of the past six months, and who would ascribe an even more serious reaction in the coming months, to the outbreak of the Balkan War on the top of a situation, in European finance, which was already ripe for a serious reckoning. These plain matters of record and chronology may have in them the making of sober history. But they do not inspire imagination among the market oracles of the hour. If, through the decree of a kindly Providence, a vigorous financial and commercial recovery were conceivably to mark the autumn of 1913, which philosopher would get the wider hearing in the newspapers and in Congress—the one who ascribed it to the country's agricultural good fortune and the careful retrenchment of its banking interests, or the one who awarded the whole merit of it to the reduction in the tariff and the proposals for currency reform?

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Alden, Mrs. G. R. ("Pansy"). Four Mothers at Chautauqua. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1.50.

Babcock, W. H. Early Norse Visits to North America. Washington: Smithsonian Institution.

Bingham, Hiram. In the Wonderland of Peru. Reprint from the Nat. Geographic Magazine. New Haven, Conn.: Peruvian Expedition. 50 cents.

Blake, J. C. General Chemistry. Macmillan. $1.90 net.

Boynton, P. H. London in English Literature. Univ. of Chicago Press. $2 net.

Burks, F. W. and J. D. Health and the School. D. Appleton. $1.50 net.

Campbell, W. W. Stellar Motions. New Haven: Yale Univ. Press. $4 net.

Clermont, Emile. Laure. Sixth edition. Paris: Grasset.

Coulter, J. M. Elementary Studies in Botany. D. Appleton. $1.30.

Fiske, E. W. An Elementary Study of the Brain. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

Fleming, J. R. The Burning Bush: The Story of the Presbyterian Church in All Lands, Told for Young People. Scribner.

Foster, Maximilian. The Whistling Man. D. Appleton. $1.30 net.

Golden, Peter. To Arms, and Other Poems. Privately printed.

Haney, L. H. Business Organization and Combination. Macmillan. $2 net.

Hurd, A., and Castle, H. German Sea-Power. Scribner.

Japanese Government: Annual Report of the Central Sanitary Bureau (1911). Tokio.
Levy, Hermann. Economic Liberalism. (Trans. from the German.) Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Lien, A. J. Privileges and Immunities of Citizens of the United States (Col. Univ. Studies). Longmans.
Livy. Book XXI and Selections from Books XXII-XXX. By J. C. Egbert. Macmillan. 60 cents net.
Moore, F. F. Discovering "Evelina." Doran. $1.25 net.
Moore, Leslie. Aunt Olive in Bohemia. Doran. $1.25 net.
McMaster, J. B. History of the People of the United States. Vol. VIII. D. Appleton. $2.50 net.
Malloch, Douglas. The Woods. Doran. $1 net.
Montgomery, J. A. Aramaic Incantation Texts from Nippur. Babylonian Section, Vol. III. Univ. of Pa.
Oklahoma, Field, Forest and Stream. State Game and Fish Warden.
Painton, E. F. A. U. King Desire and His Knights: A Fairy Tale for Children. Fenno & Co. $1 net.
Ransome, Arthur. Oscar Wilde: A Critical Study. Kennerley. 50 cents net.
Reynès-Monlaur. Le Songe d'Attis. Paris: Grasset.
Roberts, Isaac. Looking Forward. Philadelphia: Roberts & Co. $1 net.
Rosengarten, J. G. A Counsel of Perfection: A Plan for an Automatic Collection and Distribution of a State Tax for Higher Education. Reprinted from the Amer. Philosophical Society.
Ross, G. A. Old Glory: The Story of Our Country's Flag. Platt & Peck. 75 cents.
Roy, L. E. Five Little Starrs. Platt & Peck. 35 cents.
Savary, A. W. Supplement to the History of the County of Annapolis. Toronto: William Briggs. $2.50.
Silberrad, U. L. Keren of Lowbole. Doran. $1.25 net.
Stebbins, H. A. A Political History of the State of New York, 1865-1869 (Col. Univ. Studies). Longmans.
Stuart, Eleanor. The Romance of Ali. Harper. $1.25 net.
Trist, Sidney. The Under Dog: A Series of Papers by Various Authors on the Wrongs Suffered by Animals. London: "Animals' Guardian."
Warner, C. D. Charles Dickens: An Appreciation. Newark, N. J.: Carteret Book Club.
Whitman, Walt. Criticism: An Essay. Newark, N. J.: Carteret Book Club.

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The Week

Washington dispatches state that the Republicans in the Senate are, after all, going to consume all the time they can in debating the tariff bill. Their motive is avowed. They have no hope of preventing the final passage of the bill. Nor are they under any illusion about the state of public opinion, being fully aware that it is not possible to get the people to take any interest in their speeches against the tariff. But by taking advantage of the rules—or lack of rules—of the Senate, they can delay and obstruct under the guise of debating; and in this way they think that they can head off the passing of a currency bill at this session. It is confessedly for this reason that the decision has been come to that the "debate" must go on. The plans of the Progressive Republicans in the Senate, as reported Monday, promise to add a new terror to Senatorial debating. Two sets of amendments are to be offered to the tariff bill, one by Smoot and the standpatters, the other by La Follette and his Progressive following. In the long run, the practical effect will be to divide still further the Republican opposition, and to make the Democratic majorities on contested clauses larger yet. La Follette will not support the Smoot amendments, and *vice versa*. But in the meantime, what devastating floods of futile oratory must we face in the Senate! Speeches will increase as the square of the amendments offered, and the efforts of our Senatorial giants of debate will be to use a hundred words where one would more than suffice. Their motto is that of the mediæval Schoolman who said, at one point in an unbearably long treatise: "This I say, lest anything be left unsaid." But in spite of the dread of suffering from suppressed speech, which seems to afflict Senators, some way must be found to make their "debates" something besides devices for destroying both time and mind, and for ending them when their life has long since fled.

It is evident from the visit made by all the members of the United States Civil Service Commission to the White House on Monday that the practice of reducing the grade of meritorious Republican employees in the classified service in order to make desirable openings for Democrats has reached serious dimensions. Now that the abuse has been called to the President's attention, it is to be hoped that it will be stopped, or at least kept within narrow bounds. But this is not the only manifestation of the spoils spirit in the dominant party that has been brought to public notice within the past few days. Last Friday, Senator Sterling, of South Dakota, presented a memorandum of the National Civil Service League in opposition to paragraph O of section 2 of the tariff bill. This paragraph, which was inserted in the House bill by the Senate Finance Committee, provides that for a period of two years after the passage of the act "the force of agents, deputy collectors, and inspectors" authorized by the income-tax section of the act shall be appointed "without compliance with the conditions prescribed" by the civil service law. The reasons for condemning this provision as vicious are too obvious to need stating. The Civil Service League does, however, give them, briefly and effectively; but the most effective thing in its memorandum is this quiet statement: "We can find nowhere in the report of the Committee on Finance as printed in the *Congressional Record* any reasons stated why this large force should be recruited outside the civil service law." Mr. Sterling gives notice that he will call up the League's protest when paragraph O is reached in the discussion of the bill. We trust that the Republicans will make a determined fight on it, and compel every Democrat to stand up and be counted as for or against this indefensible assault on the civil service.

That some strong feeling exists in the House Banking and Currency Committee, to the effect that the powers of the proposed Federal Board are not adequately defined or restricted, has been made plain enough in the Committee's discussions. The dispatches have seemed to agree that, while the suggestion was made that certain of these powers ought to be conferred only with specific limitations, the nature of such proposed restriction was not indicated. Yet it appears to us that the way for doing it is reasonably obvious. The two powers of the Federal Board which are altogether too sweeping and unregulated as the bill now stands, are that whereby the Board may "in time of emergency require Federal reserve banks to rediscount the discounted prime paper of other Federal reserve banks," and that in virtue of which the Board may "suspend for a period not exceeding thirty days (and renew such suspension for periods not to exceed fifteen days) any and every reserve requirement." Both powers are manifestly of the largest sort; the premature or mistaken exercise of either might very gravely jeopardize a financial situation; nevertheless, save for the very vague stipulation that the first shall be employed "in time of emergency," there is not a word to indicate when or how or why they should be resorted to.

The comment, suggested by all experience in banking crises, is that the initiative in such cases must come from the banks themselves, because it is they that are directly confronted with the peculiar necessities of the period. Therefore, the power to require rediscount of one regional central bank's paper by another ought to be limited, first, by provision for formal application by the regional bank which desires its paper to be thus rediscounted. Such an application ought unquestionably to be passed upon by a responsible body or committee, representing the other regional banks, and that could easily be provided for if Chairman Glass's proposal of a committee advisory to the Federal Board, such committee to be elected by the several regional banks, were to be adopted. We are decidedly of opinion that some such committee should be formed, and that the law should demand submission to its consideration of such vitally important actions as the requirement of loans by one regional bank to another, and the suspension of all reserve requirements in an emergency. "Suspending the bank act" is an expedient not unknown to English banking practice; but it must not be forgotten that the Government merely offers or

authorizes such action, never requires it. In the Baring panic of 1890, the Exchequer offered to suspend the act, and the governor of the Bank of England rejected the proposal. The result proved beyond dispute that the Bank was right and the Government wrong.

Another Central American President has made public his unwillingness to accept for his republic anything like the proposed American protectorate over Nicaragua. Salvador joins Costa Rica in politely putting away the suggestion. President Meléndez of Salvador telegraphs that he has no power to negotiate such a treaty, since it would be "contrary to the aspirations of this country as a free people." Of course, these Central American nations are not refusing anything that has been offered them. For that reason they are all the more free to speak their mind. And their statement of their own position, together with implied criticism of the Nicaraguan proposal, cannot fail to have effect in both Nicaragua and Washington. What they say is that surrender of their own control of their own public debt and their own foreign relations and, virtually, their own independence, would be intolerable to a free people. This is only the natural attitude of a self-respecting Government, and an enormous burden of proof is put upon the Nicaraguan Government and the State Department at Washington, to show why that attitude should be departed from in this case. Thus far it has not been shown.

Most Americans have an impression that the rush to Northwestern wheatfields has populated Western Canada with Yankees. But this is rudely dissipated by the latest Canadian census bulletins. Of the 11,086 homesteads entered in the three prairie provinces during the five months ending May 31, 1911, nearly three-fourths were taken by Canadians or emigrants from the British Isles. Figures now available show that 55 per cent. of the Dominion's population is of British origin, while in the last few years the French inhabitants have fallen from 30.71 to 28.51 per cent. of the whole. In the last census period the number of English in Canada rose by 562,251, or 44.55 per cent.; of Scotch by 800,154; of Irish and Welsh by 73,628. All this has far more than offset the current of American immigration. The ties of tradition, sentiment, and blood which bind five-sevenths of the Canadians to Great Britain are thus broadening, not narrowing. When it is considered that more than a million Canadian-born have recently found homes in the United States, these 1911 bulletins throw new light on the old assumption that the Dominion is in danger of absorption by her southern neighbor.

Something besides Mrs. Ella Flagg Young's reputation as an educator, and prominence as the first woman to be the head of a great city's school system, gives her resignation at Chicago wide interest. Her motive was to end friction with a wing of the School Board which she accused of blocking any measure she advocated, regardless of its worth. This meant withdrawal from all but a clerical performance of assigned duties. With the issue thus one of executive responsibility and the hold of politics upon school administration, not of the Superintendent's ability, the merits of the case seem clear. So thinks the Chicago press, the great body of newly enfranchised women, the president of the School Board, and Mayor Harrison. No matter how the affair ends, the prompt public indignation which Mrs. Young's resignation has provoked, and the pressure exerted to have her reconsider it, can scarcely fail to improve conditions for her successors.

The interesting thing about the anti-tipping ordinance that has been adopted at St. Louis is not that it is an attempt to stop tipping by law, but that it originated in the desire of the waiters themselves. The tip-giver has no means of knowing whether the system to which he conforms when he makes his ever-recurring offering is a benefit to those whom it seems to favor, or the reverse. The tip-taker has a better chance of knowing, and it seems to be the verdict of the St. Louis takers of tips that they would be better off without them. So far as concerns the waiter who spends a considerable amount of time in attending to one's wants and gets a small fee in acknowledgment, it is at least a possibility that what he gets he is allowed to keep; though even then one may be sure that something like the average amount of his tips is taken out of the wages he would otherwise get. But where the standard tip is a big sum, or where the ridiculous practice exists of tipping—even though it be but with five cents—for a service that occupies but a few seconds, it is clear that what you give ostensibly to the servitor really goes into the pockets of his employer.

The success of the American tennis players in carrying off the Davis Cup gives ground for national satisfaction. In what is one of the cleanest and best of sports the team has won a clear-cut victory after the hardest kind of struggle for it. To defeat the Englishmen anywhere would be a remarkable achievement; to defeat their veterans on their own ground, after beating the Germans, Canadians, and Australasians as well, argues pluck, stamina, and skill of a rare kind. In Mr. McLoughlin America has a young player whose brilliancy is conceded by the English press, with prophecies of still greater achievements to come. By his ability to pull himself together after having apparently gone stale, and perhaps overtaxed himself in trying for the English championship, he has shown rare grit and determination. But the whole team deserves praise, and will receive it in full measure, and the warmest kind of reception, on its return. Lawn tennis has so long been the Englishmen's pet and preëmpted domain, that this defeat will, like their showing at the Olympic, compel them to more heart-searchings—and perhaps even fresh fears of an oversea invasion.

College athletics is in no need of boosting, but might get it from the English tributes to the sportsmanship, as well as the political services, of the late Alfred Lyttelton. His death drew attention to a personality of unusual charm and force, interested in every social and philanthropic activity, and prominent as a member of Parliament and Colonial Secretary. But none of his eulogists failed to mention his career on the fields of Eton and Oxford. "The sight of him smiting the cricket-ball to the boundary with lightning-like play of the wrist," wrote one, "or dribbling the football at headlong speed down the field, or scoring stroke after stroke in the Elves Court, lingers a magnificent exhibition of youth in its strength and beauty." Later he became the best ama-

teur tennis player of his time, and still later a first-class shot and a passionate lover of golf. "No Englishman," remarked the London *Times*, "has had so unique a faculty of excelling in every form of game, or practiced it with so gay a mien, or turned it so entirely to the enjoyment of his friends as well as himself."

In the comment on the Irish Secretary's announcement that $300,000,000 is still needed to carry out the Irish Land Act, one of his proposals has escaped general notice. Mr. Birrell proposes that the landlords be hereafter paid half in cash and half in stock, and that the latter payments be made from a wide range of Imperial securities. Already Canadian cities are elated over the prospect that Irish trustees will be allowed to invest in bonds of Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, and Vancouver, and Canadian provincial securities. A recent Montreal issue of $8,000,000, at 4¼ per cent., is reported as still three-fourths unabsorbed; while the city of Winnipeg is meeting similar difficulties in disposing of a loan at 4½ per cent. The total sum ultimately available, one of the Montreal papers observes, will probably reach $250,000,000, and "quite suffice to place these classes of securities on a new footing with the British public."

It is pleasant to read of the high tribute paid at last week's meeting of the British Medical Association to the great improvement in surgical methods worked out by an American, Dr. Crile, of Cleveland. The problem to which he set himself years ago was the doing away, as far as possible, with that baffling and dreaded thing, "surgical shock." He studied deeply the processes by which vitality is drained through unconscious strain upon the brain and nerve centres, while the patient is undergoing a painless operation. His conclusions, and the extraordinary results attained in his own hospital practice, he recently set forth in a medical journal. The matter is too technical to be described at length, but it may be said roughly that Dr. Crile's method is, first, to dull the patient's nervous activity before the operation, so that mental apprehension is removed; then by means of local anæsthetics to separate the area containing the site of the operation from all connection with the nervous system; and, finally, when the surgery is over, still to keep the involved tissues isolated, as it were, from the rest of the body. It should be added that this brilliant technique, which has now received such distinguished recognition as an American contribution to the relief of human suffering, was elaborated by Dr. Crile only after a long series of experiments with animals.

Dr. Friedrich Franz Friedmann is not finding everything pleasant sailing, now that he has returned to his native heath. True, Prof. Carl Schleich, the distinguished surgeon, still stands up for him and declares that his methods "tower high" above those of any other. But this latest eulogy has brought forth volleys of protest from the medical world. Prof. Felix Klemperer explains in the Berlin *Tageblatt* that the reason why every reputable clinic was closed to Dr. Friedmann is simply that he would not take the medical world into his confidence; that, until the facts were let out here, the Friedmann remedy was a secret one. Moreover, he asserts that even in Germany Dr. Friedmann "did not take the always open path to an above-board testing of his specific." Naturally, the profession looked upon him with suspicion. Professor Klemperer points out further that Dr. Friedmann has no right to claim that his remedy will cure; that all he might reasonably assert is that it is a preventive, like vaccine or the typhoid serum, which has so largely reduced the soldier death-rate from that disease. It might conceivably render a patient immune, but to talk of its curing is utterly beside the mark. Unfortunately, the almost daily report of the death of one of Dr. Friedmann's patients in this country affords confirmation of Professor Klemperer's charges. Who shall measure the additional mental suffering undergone by these invalids and their families because of the false hopes held out to them?

A recent bye-election has added the one hundred and eleventh Social-Democratic member to the German Reichstag, Ferdinand Ewald having been elected in a district which never before chose a member of his party, by an increase of 1,000 votes over the balloting in 1912. On two successive days the Conservatives were twice badly beaten, by the Social-Democrats and by a representative of the Peasants' Alliance. Counting in the Radical groups, which at times act with the Social-Democrats, the Left now numbers no less than 203 members, which gives to it a commanding position—the total is 397 members—when it holds together. When it is recalled that the Social-Democrats had but eleven seats so lately as 1887 their extraordinary progress is plain. What if they should gain another hundred seats in the next twenty-six years? Herr Ewald's victory is the more significant because every effort was made to defeat him on the ground that the Social-Democrats, having voted against the increase of the army, were "anti-national" and semi-traitors. But the electorate cared nothing about that; perhaps it realized that that vote was but half-hearted, and perhaps judged it to have been chiefly for consistency's sake. At any rate, the Radicals having refused to vote with them, the Left did not constitute a majority in that case, but registered merely the Socialist strength. At the same time the possibility of the Left's carrying through reforms and blocking further the plans of Agrarians and Conservatives has come much nearer by reason of these last two bye-elections.

A "poet's bank" for poets who have not yet won recognition is the brilliant suggestion of some Paris writers. For generations the French capital has been the resort of struggling artists, literary and other, who frequently are confronted at the start by starvation or disease. Tide them over this preliminary period, and they can take care of themselves. The plan is so simple that it is nothing less than tragic that it was not thought of long ago. The poet in financial straits goes to the bank, we suppose, with his verses in his pocket. There the officials examine his manuscript with the same attention that in other banks is bestowed upon other kinds of collateral. Finding that the writer is a genius, certain of success if only he can keep body and soul together a few years longer, they advance him the necessary number of francs to buy luncheon or discharge the rent of the attic that he calls home, and he returns to his abode with renewed spirit, to write more verses to submit as collateral upon the next pressing occasion. The idea is capable of wide application.

THE MEXICAN DIFFICULTY.

Ambassador Wilson is probably not far wrong when he declares that our relations with Mexico are now critical. If they were not, his indiscreet talking would have made them so. His course since returning to the United States has been more ill judged than one would have supposed that even tho most incompetent or reckless diplomat could have shown himself capable of. That he talked to the reporters at all about his delicate mission was a huge blunder. A talking Ambassador is always a nuisance and generally a peril. We do not hold Ambassador Wilson to all that he is reported to have said. Some things put into his mouth he has repudiated. But this is the mischief of allowing himself to be interviewed at all. His language will be embroidered or added to. The one safe course is to refuse to say anything for publication. That is what Ambassador Wilson would have done if he really knew his business. We omit mention of loyalty to his chiefs, who were keeping absolutely still in the trying circumstances preceding the announcement of a policy, and who had a right to expect their subordinates to have a close tongue. If Ambassador Wilson is seeking to get himself replaced for indiscretion, his conduct has been admirably fitted to that end; but even so he should not have forgotten that something larger is at stake than his personal interests.

Without, as we say, pinning Ambassador Wilson down to everything in the press purporting to come from him, it is clear that he returned with a definite plan to urge upon the Administration. It is plain, too, that he regarded himself as the only man in Washington entitled to speak on Mexico with authority. This attitude of his, we may remark, is one of the elements of danger. Even if Ambassador Wilson were the wisest and most energetic of men, the mere fact that he had filled an official post in the City of Mexico would not warrant him in setting himself up as an oracle on all the affairs of so large and varied and, at present, so distraught a country. Lord Palmerston once made a powerful exposure of the folly of taking it for granted that foreign policy is to be dictated by "the man on the spot." Nobody is more subject to mistake and to acquiring narrow views than the man on the spot. His reports constantly need to be checked by information gathered from others; and a really able and conscientious Foreign Minister or Secretary of State will insist upon getting all the evidence possible and then making up his mind for himself. In this aspect of the matter, the Washington Administration is to be praised, not blamed, for having had its own private agents in Mexico, to supplement the official reports of Ambassador Wilson and others. Only in such ways, and by fortifying themselves with all the knowledge attainable, could Mr. Bryan and the President put themselves in a position to discuss with the Ambassador his plan for solving the Mexican difficulty.

That plan, as made public in general terms, contains some plausible features. It is Ambassador Wilson's conviction that the way for this Government to work for pacification and a settled order in Mexico is in coöperation with the Huerta régime, now unquestionably the only *de facto* Mexican Government. In dealing with the Provisional President of Mexico there would be an obvious advantage, provided it led immediately to the settlement of outstanding American claims, and also to an official undertaking by Gen. Huerta not himself to be a candidate for the Presidency, and to do everything in his power to obtain a fair election in October, by the results of which all Mexicans would abide. But the folly and danger appear, as soon as we come to the proposal which Ambassador Wilson would link with the foregoing—namely, that the military forces of the United States undertake to put down the rebellion in Coahuila and the other Northern States of Mexico. It seems evident that President Wilson rejected this suggestion on sight; and it seems unnecessary to dwell upon its glaring absurdity.

Nevertheless, the problem remains, and how to solve it will still tax all the skill and patience of President Wilson. All the indications from Washington are that he is putting resolutely aside any thought of using armed force, unless it be as a last dire necessity, and that his mind is dwelling upon demonstrating American friendliness to Mexico in this time of her trouble, with readiness to aid in every peaceful and legitimate way in bringing about better conditions across our Southern border. It may prove that the idea of friendly mediation, through a special commission or otherwise, is not feasible. Its success would, of course, depend upon Gen. Huerta and the various revolutionary leaders agreeing to deal with such a commission, and to accept its advice. This seems highly doubtful. At the same time, the President should be upheld in pressing along the line of offering Mexico our good offices in every practicable form, instead of threatening her with our guns. By persisting in this attitude of determined friendship, President Wilson will go far towards disarming Mexican suspicions. Another step in the same direction would be an early selection as Ambassador to Mexico of the most large-minded and skilled man he can find. No other diplomatic appointment made or to be made is the equal of this in critical importance.

A RIVAL ISTHMIAN CANAL.

One of the provisions of the pending treaty with Nicaragua has been tacitly assumed to be of enormous value to the United States. It is the cession to this country of the exclusive right to construct an interoceanic canal through Nicaraguan territory. Ever since Secretary Knox first had this embodied in the original treaty, it has been taken for granted that it was a fine stroke both of business and diplomacy. And Secretary Bryan's statesmanlike foresight has been supposed to be demonstrated by his retaining the provision in the new treaty. We have nowhere seen any scrutiny of the matter. It is one of those things that pass into general acceptance without examination. Farmers out in Nebraska will read of our forestalling any other nation in building a possible Nicaraguan canal, and will say: "That's a good idee. We can't have anybody else cutting into our Panama tolls or sending battleships to the Pacific unbeknownst." And this cross-roads view is as good as anything we get from Washington. Bill Jones's opinion is about the same as Henry Cabot Lodge's, and fully as well founded. Everybody says that the canal provision is a fine thing, but nobody explains why.

It is time to ask for information. What are the facts? Is there any likelihood whatever of this country ever wanting to dig another canal across the Isthmus? The canal we already have would seem sufficient to fill up the

measure both of our pride and our purse. We have spent at Panama more than we shall ever get back. The most optimistic estimate of the amount of shipping that will use the Panama Canal does not figure that the tolls will begin to pay interest charges until some twenty years from the opening. And this does not reckon in maintenance. Uncle Sam is easily bled, but he will not repeat at Nicaragua the Panama outlay unless for overwhelming reason. Commercial reasons there will exist none whatever. Supposing that trade developments now unforeseen, or a great increase in the size of steamships, were ever to make the Panama Canal inadequate or obsolete, it could be enlarged and improved at one-tenth the cost of a new canal through Nicaragua. What has had to be undertaken for the Kiel Canal and at Suez could be done at Panama. For contemplating a rival to the latter, there is absolutely no business argument.

Ah, it is said, but it is not that we mean to do it; we are only heading off skilfully and betimes any project of the kind that England or Germany might otherwise undertake. But either of them could undertake it for only two conceivable reasons—to make money, or for some military advantage. The money-making motive, however, is at once ruled out. If a single Isthmian canal will have to struggle along to meet its fixed charges, two would smell of bankruptcy from the first. Some may assert that the leading shipping nations regard the tolls at Panama as too high, and so might decide to build an interoceanic canal for themselves. But that is not at all the way in which the matter presents itself practically to ship-owners. What they figure on is simply the question whether it is cheaper to use the canal or to keep on going round the Cape or through Suez. If the tolls are too high, they will not go to the Isthmus at all.

The naval argument is not explicitly stated, but seems to run about as follows: Foreign nations would not, indeed, be justified in spending $400,000,000 for a commercial canal across Nicaragua, but might be for a canal mainly for naval purposes. They would regard it as an immense advantage to be able to pass their ships across the Isthmus without coming within range of American guns. But what does this amount to when it is reduced from vague talk to precise definitions? The only case in which this alleged superiority of a Nicaraguan canal over that at Panama, purely for the military objects of European countries, could possibly exist would be a war with the United States. In all other wars foreign battleships can freely pass through the Panama Canal, under the ordinary rules of neutrality. And if it be said that it is exactly the possibility of war with the United States against which foreign Powers might seek to provide by a canal through Nicaragua, the answer is clear. They could build such a canal against our will only by being able to beat us in a great naval battle. But if they could thus beat us, they would not need to build another canal, for they could take away from us the one already built.

By itself, it may not seem worth while to expose the fallacies in the scheme of a rival Isthmian canal. Probably neither the Nicaraguan Government nor our own really regards the matter of so much importance as is gravely pretended. Certainly, if Nicaragua is selling this tremendously valuable right for a beggarly $3,000,000, with a lot of naval and coaling stations thrown in, she is making an extremely bad bargain. To the actual negotiators, the canal concession very likely appeared a sort of makeweight that might as well be thrown in; but in the public press and in Congress it has been sagely discussed as if it were big with the fate of nations. Such loose ideas about it may help create opinion favorable to the Nicaraguan treaty; which is a good reason for seeking to show how loose they are. From any really serious discussion of the Nicaraguan protectorate, this canal fancy ought to be cut out. It is one of those things which float about in the popular mind, winning general assent mainly because nobody challenges them or shows how without foundation they are. And illusions about the second Isthmian canal ought not to prevent people from looking intently at the really substantial provisions of the treaty, and asking one another soberly whether this far-reaching national policy ought to be entered upon lightly or unadvisedly.

THE HAND THAT PULLED THE STRINGS.

The witty Frenchman's definition of history as *le mensonge convenu*, the lie agreed upon, we have always regarded as a fine epigram, to be sure, but nevertheless as a gross libel on the labors of the historians. But the Mulhall revelations stagger our confidence in what has been accepted as the true story of the nations. For here has been going on, right under our noses, a gigantic manipulation of the political forces of our country, the very existence of which, but for a fortunate chance, would have remained unknown forever. Had Mr. Mulhall been treated by his employers according to his plain deserts, the flood of letters containing the inner history of our time which have now become the possession of all the world would surely never have been let loose. And the consequence would have been that the history of our time would have been made up in the usual way. It would have spoken of the influence of the acts of Presidents and Senators and Representatives and party leaders; of the pressure of public opinion in this direction or that; of the high cost of living and the growth of monopoly; in short, of all those things which, according to the French epigrammatist, form the staple of the conventional lie that we call history. And all the time those who knew what was actually going on would have maintained an absolute silence about it. The historical student in the next generation would have searched the books, and even the newspapers, in vain for the name of Mulhall; except the Baltimore city directory it would be difficult to mention a place in which his name was to be found in print. And yet now we know that it was Mulhall who pulled the strings which set the puppets going this way or that.

Take the latest instalment of the revelations. Over it was appropriately placed, in one of the morning newspapers, the conspicuous headline, "Mulhall Active in New York Politics." Active! We should say so; not active like the ordinary intriguer or politician of conventional history, but active in a free, broad, comprehensive way, such as the plodding historian has no inkling of. In his simple and straightforward letters to his employers, he tells fully, and

without any false modesty, of the big work he is doing:

> I made arrangements through Congressman William S. Bennet to have the Republican candidate for Mayor, Mr. Bannard; Mr. Prendergast, who is running for City Controller, and Mr. Mitchel, chairman of the Board of Aldermen, take luncheon with Messrs. Bird, Boudinot, Hoile, Nevins, ex-Congressman Watson, Col. Thayer, of Indianapolis, and others at the Machinery Club, in this city. The candidates for office clearly outlined their plan of campaign, and their manager, Congressman Bennet, anxiously solicited our aid for the next few weeks.
>
> I have been very successful in getting help for them through the Retail Dry Goods Association of Greater New York, and I have secured for them, through the secretaries of different organizations, over 100,000 names, and we will organize meetings for them to help them out for the balance of the campaign. This work will be done entirely without cost to our Association.

Note the Colonel's mastery of all sides of the art of political strategy; the bringing together of the big leaders on the one hand, and on the other the engineering of a big popular campaign "entirely without cost to our Association." Similar energy and ability were evidently exerted in connection with the State campaign in New York in 1910, Mr. Mulhall going so far as almost to have seen Mr. Murphy in relation to the Democratic nomination; and if he did not quite attain that end, it may reasonably be supposed that this was because Murphy, with the instinct of political genius, realized that Mulhall was a bigger man than himself at his own game, and didn't care to match himself against him. And all this New York business was but a side matter, which we mention merely as a sample of the numberless activities of this amazing master of political intrigue.

There are, to be sure, some considerations which the defender of the conventional historian may adduce to break the force of the Mulhall story. Some explanation, he will say, ought to be forthcoming of the failure of the great National Association of Manufacturers to maintain good relations with a man capable of wielding such mighty influence with such consummato skill. But this objection can easily be disposed of. It is evident throughout the Mulhall correspondence that the chiefs of the Association were wholly unfitted to play the part which the genius of their agent made possible for them. Nowhere does one find a constructive suggestion from them, or even a truly intelligent appreciation of the work that Mulhall was doing. His reports of progress are indeed acknowledged with courtesy and with expressions of pleasure, but it is merely such acknowledgment as a child or a novice might make of the work of a professional whose ways are wonderful to his mind, but quite beyond its powers of analysis or estimate.

Another thing which some will regard as casting doubt upon the significance of the Mulhall story is the money side of the matter. The manufacturing interests of America, measured in dollars, run high into the tens of billions. The promotion of the objects that these interests held to be most important was entrusted, so far as political forces were concerned, to this man. And yet he lived, during all those years, and lives still, in a simple house, in a very modest semi-suburban quarter of Baltimore. There is every reason to believe that the salary he drew from the Association was on an extremely moderate scale. Moreover, the money that was paid out by him for the purpose of advancing the friends and crushing the enemies of the manufacturers amounted, even according to his own account, to an absurdly small sum; and his own accounts, as shown by such statements as that recently made by Mr. McClave, are the result of what psychologists might perhaps call a magnifying memory. It must be admitted, therefore, that the mighty manufacturing interests which were behind Mulhall showed a degree of parsimony in promoting their own interests which it is difficult to account for upon any ordinary view of human nature. Some may, therefore, incline to the view that Mulhall was not doing all this wonderful work with which he credits himself; that, stupid as they showed themselves in so many ways, the officers of the Manufacturers' Association were not quite so stupid as really to believe everything that Mulhall told them; and that, in short, the Mulhall story is made up of a few grains of fact and an intolerable deal of fancy.

FACTS ABOUT THE DEPARTMENT STORE.

The thanks of everybody who has been left in a state of confusion and disgust by such "investigations" as that of Lieut.-Gov. O'Hara, of Illinois, are due to the National Civic Federation for its report upon "Working Conditions in New York Stores." The report fills the thirty-two large pages of the last number of the *National Civic Federation Review*, and is just what such a document should be. It goes after the main things; it is detailed, but has numerous tables and summaries; it is careful to supply the sources of its information and conclusions; and it is judicial without being colorless. Its presentation of masses of facts and series of inferences constitutes the sort of knowledge upon which, and upon which alone, we ought to base agitation for legislative and individual improvements. An initial investigation was begun in January, 1911, which extended over a period of one year. When this report was ready, the Federation was asked by the Retail Dry Goods Association to make a second survey, bringing the report up to date. The Association also offered to facilitate the work of ascertaining the facts regarding wages by permitting the payrolls of all its members to be examined at its own expense. This offer enabled the Federation to widen the scope of its inquiry, and the result of its willingness to wait is a report that will command confidence in all quarters.

The report deals specifically with industrial conditions in nineteen of New York's retail firms, and involves twenty-two establishments and 39,000 employees, of whom 22,000 are women. But its importance lies in the circumstance that its recommendations probably apply to conditions under which not less than 500,000 saleswomen earn their bread in this country. This figure does not include other women employed in stores. The first question that one asks of these investigators is, What are the facts about these saleswomen's earnings? And it is to be noted that these facts are presented upon the authority of a firm of public accountants and auditors. The average rate of wages of saleswomen is $9.31 a week. If we add the commissions paid in certain stores, this figure rises to $9.58. But "average" is a very deceitful word. Analysis shows that nearly 40 per cent. of the 9,000 saleswomen in these New York stores, and more than 50 per cent. of the 20,000 women employees of all sorts, receive less than $8 a week. But there are only 27 saleswomen who receive less than $5; on the other hand, 2,600 other women employees receive less than $5, and 654 receive less than $4.

These amounts mean little by themselves. Comparisons may be odious to "investigators" who start out, not to learn the truth, but to prove a thesis, but they are essential to the rest of us. And comparisons of earnings in department stores with those of women in factories or in stores of all sizes are favorable to the large store. In 1909, the Government Bureau of Labor found that the average weekly wage of saleswomen in twelve department stores in this city was $8.84, while that of women employed in factories here was $6.12. The same Bureau found that the average pay of women in twenty-six department stores in the four largest cities in the country was $7.93, while that of women in all the stores in those cities was $7.21. And there is an upward trend in the pay of saleswomen. A Government investigation of one store in April, 1909, found the average wage of saleswomen to be $7.89. Two and a half years later the Civic Federation found the average pay to be $8.27; and the Federation's figures for April of this year are $8.61. The same result is seen in a comparison of the Government's figure of $8.84, quoted above, for twelve department stores in this city in 1909, with the Federation's figure of $9.31 for seventeen stores in 1913. Other instances of the same sort are given in the report.

It thus appears that, if the department store is responsible to any extent for "white slavery," it sins in a large company. And this, in the opinion of the Federation's experts, is exactly the impression which it is sought to make. Nothing less than an indictment of our whole industrial system, and with it our whole political system, is the aim of those who are raising the alarm. Such persons cannot be expected to fasten their rolling eyes upon so stolid a thing as a fact, still less upon a bit of reasoning. Others, however, and this still means the mass of us, will find something very rational in the comment of an employer who, as a young man, believed rumors of this kind. "It would be poor business policy," he remarks, "for how could a company expect employees to deal honestly with it if those employees were induced by it to lead lives of shame?" The strange thing in these reckless charges is the evident supposition that only a soulless corporation was attacked, the possible slander upon scores of thousands of girls and women not being even remotely perceived. This phase of the attacks is not absent from the minds of the Civic Federation's investigators, however, and they demolish the whole rotten structure with a completeness that ought almost to convince even the wildest of those who set it up. For column after column, one impartial authority after another gives testimony to the falsity of any supposition that there is any important connection between occupation and immorality, or even want and immorality, among women.

The department store is not the last word in industrial organization. Yet it seems to be, not merely no worse than its fellows, but rather better. We have considered only the most damaging of the criticisms that are levelled against it, saying nothing about what it is doing to improve working conditions for its employees. Yet eighteen of the thirty-two pages of the report are upon "Welfare Work and General Recommendations for Improvements." These pages bristle with details of what these stores are doing to make life more livable for those dependent upon them, ranging from the distribution of a cooled beverage twice a day in summer to saving and lending arrangements which make mightily for thrift and self-respect. Doubtless no store is doing all it can in this direction. Doubtless every store needs to be under the eye of the fire inspector, and to take heed to what this report has to say, for instance, about long hours. But what was required before all else was more light and less heat, and this the Federation's clear-headed examiners have given us.

THE PEDANTRY OF HUMORISTS.

Our age has grown accustomed to seeing pedantry ranging far from its native heath. There are many kinds of pedants at large. Mr. Hilaire Belloc wrote not wisely when he classified mankind into the lawyer, the merchant, the doctor, etc.—and the pedant. The class is not so isolated. In America, at all events, we have the factory owner who runs his shops according to the latest monograph on efficiency; the mother who fears to love her child more than the accepted treatise permits; and the child himself who reads what he is to play. Even our humorists have turned pedants. Formerly they had the consolation of knowing that when all other "copy" failed, they might look in their hearts and write. But that time, to judge by the way things are going, is past.

For humorists, it would appear, have taken to using card catalogues and books of reference. This, for aught we know, may be necessary, conditions having greatly changed the scope and details of humor during the past quarter of a century. Consider some of the old standbys which are now outworn: the mother-in-law, the commuter, the country cousin, the village beau, the big shoes of Chicago, the sleepiness of Philadelphia, precocious Willie, Uncle Josh. Apparently the mother-in-law has learned her lesson; the parcel post has deprived the commuter of his funny packages; the suburban trolley has wiped out of existence the country cousin and uncle; wise little Willie died from competition with all the actual prodigies of enterprising newspapers; and the "drums and tramplings" of Bull Moose conquests have somewhat staled Chicago in the humorist's eyes. If familiarity breeds contempt, it also blunts the edge of all but the finest wit. For the rough-and-ready joke depends for its effect upon a considerable exaggeration which for the moment may pass for the truth. So long as the alleged crudity of the Westerner caused him irritation because he knew that the Easterner more than half credited it, it furnished the humorist with the necessary zest. But now that the cultural conditions of the West are generally known to be much like those of the East, the salt hath lost its savor. Humor of old followed a few conventional lines; it was artificial, but not very bookish.

It was not so bookish, that is, as it is to-day. There were, of course, perennially the modern rehabilitations of stock characters in history and mythology which are supposed to be funny, such as Mark Twain's "Diary of Adam," an afternoon tea given by Calpurnia, Achilles playing centre rush. For the present change of front several things are responsible. Not the least is the inrush of cleverness. When smartness and paradox became the leading fashion, even men with scholarly interests were impelled to fall in line. Mr. Belloc, by a good deal of research, essayed to disprove the principal qualities usually assigned to the Anglo-Saxon. Mr. Frank Harris had his fun with the Shake-

speare myth; another writer set out to show that the cannibal is in reality most human and lovable. But the main impulse has come from the "news interest" which in the press of all sorts has grown to be such an important factor. Tho popularity of Signor Ferrero's writings on ancient Rome sent the humorists to their reference books, and we had a large output of grotesque conduct ascribed to Julius Cæsar. Much, too, can be done by studying the calendar. Every day is the anniversary of important happenings, and these have to be scrutinized and indexed and brought into proper (that is, improper) relations. If every newspaper has its "graveyard," against the death of some notable, the humorist, it may be inferred, is equally far-sighted. He has not forgotten that human types in Panama will soon be much in demand, that the Colonel is going to Argentina, and that Shakespeare will one of these years be three centuries dead. Not all the variations of this scholarly humor need be mentioned. One is the mechanical method of developing a joke into a series calculated to do service for several days. It is very different from Shakespeare's splitting a lie up into seven categories, being manipulated somewhat as follows: Some comical incident having been related in the press concerning a German bassoonist, we are furnished with a serial on the whimsies of musicians.

Now, some of these excesses are apparently inevitable. The humorist must follow public interest, which in a cosmopolitan centre like New York ranges widely. The whole world is his oyster. Some jest has to-day to be wrung from China, to-morrow from Somaliland, next week from the underworld, and he must be prepared. "Front steps" repartee will get him no farther than it did Rousseau. And the level of intelligence with reference to the world at large has been raised so greatly that in default of the first-hand observation which travel would give him, he must perforce read up. The problem is how to keep his work from smelling of the lamp. He has also been led to believe that the public demands a certain number of jokes each day. Is it any wonder that he has felt the need of becoming an historian and several kinds of specialist?

Still, many will feel regret that the old familiar faces have dropped out of humor. They were human, even if trite, and had the broad free lines which stick in the memory. Of more recent creations, "Mutt" and "Jeff" perhaps came nearer than others to the former manner. They were the outgrowth of no accidental happening or anniversary or particular celebration, but corresponded to recognizable figures in everyday life. Naturally, they could not live when such enormous demand was made upon them.

AN OLD REVIEW IN NEW HANDS.

London, July 18.

The journal which, as Herbert Paul puts it, represents "the most highly cultivated form which philistinism has ever assumed," is about to come under a new régime. It is announced that at the end of August Harold Hodge will relinquish the editorship of the *Saturday Review*, after holding that post for fourteen years. Its chief proprietor, the Hon. Gervase Beckett, M.P., will then become editor-in-chief, with the assistance of George A. B. Dewar as literary editor.

Forty or fifty years ago such a notice would have made as great a stir in journalistic circles as a change in the editorship of the *Times*. For sheer cleverness the *Saturday* is still hard to beat, but somehow the range of readers to whom this type of writing appeals has greatly narrowed since the days when John Douglas Cook's young men provided a tingling sensation for every week-end. The average standard of culture in the community is a long way higher than it was then, and only an optimist without a conscience would say that there is less philistinism. But for some reason or other—partly, perhaps, through Matthew Arnold's preaching—the mixture of culture and philistinism is a less common blend. The result is that the *Saturday*, with all its brilliancy, exercises nothing like the influence that it once did. Tory clubmen continue to chuckle over its invective, but the public men at whom its shafts are aimed are hardly aware that they are serving the purpose of targets.

Yet in the history of English journalism the *Saturday Review* holds, and always will hold, a distinguished place. Its establishment really marked the beginning of a new era in the British press. In its independence of parties, its frankness and pungency of style, and its scholarly tone, it introduced a new note. In James Bryce's opinion, there never was a journal which enlisted so much and such varied literary talent as the *Saturday* did between 1855 and 1863. A paper that could count among its regular contributors such men as Goldwin Smith, Edward Augustus Freeman, John Richard Green, William Vernon Harcourt, Lord Robert Cecil (afterward Marquis of Salisbury), Charles Henry Pearson, Charles and Edward Bowen, Fitzjames and Leslie Stephen, and Henry Maine might well take a confident attitude.

"As memoirs are published," said the late F. W. Maitland in his biography of Leslie Stephen, "it becomes always more evident that any one who never wrote for the *Saturday* was no one."

There is scarcely any exaggeration in the statement of one of the historians of English journalism that "where the *Examiner* and the *Spectator* had depended on the wit or intelligence of one man, a Fonblanque or a Rintoul, the *Saturday Review* enlisted the services of a dozen men, and by making it a distinction in itself to contribute to its pages, soon obtained contributions from all the best men at Oxford and Cambridge, all the best men in the Temple and Lincoln's Inn, and all the best men in the Church." This notable band was collected and kept together by an editor who never wrote an article in the paper himself, but whose skill as an editor goes far to justify Sir William Robertson Nicoll's tribute to him as "the most remarkable journalist, all things considered, of the century." 'Cook," he says, "was nothing as a writer, but nobody was ever so successful as he is in surrounding himself with a strong staff of writers, in getting the best work out of each, and in ruling them all with an iron club."

The astonishing thing was that Cook contrived to procure and retain the services of men whose opinions were very different from his own; and he did this without any pressure upon them to write other than according to their own convictions. It is a marvel to find such names as those of Harcourt, Goldwin Smith, and the Stephens on the staff of a paper whose general attitude was conservative and high church. But the biggest Radical is a Conservative on some points, and Cook kept the peace within the office by employing the Liberals to write on subjects which they would approach in a Conservative frame of mind. His successors were not so adroit or so fortunate, and the time came when no one but a Tory could feel comfortable in contributing to the *Saturday*, on public questions, at any rate. Perhaps the last Liberal to go was Freeman, who broke off his connection with the paper—a step that involved the sacrifice of an income of $3,000 a year—because of its support of the Disraeli policy on the Eastern question.

Freeman's work on the *Saturday Review* was an example of a valuable type of service rendered by that journal to

scholarship and literature. The slashing reviews that were a feature of the paper from the first were doubtless in many cases unduly censorious, but they did at any rate teach authors to mind what they were about. They inflicted a swift penalty upon carelessness and conceit, and the fear of them was a wholesome discipline for slovenly writers. When slipshod publications were slashed by the historian who, according to the two-edged compliment, "has illustrated so admirably for us the savage manners of our ancestors," the individual may have winced, but the public was a substantial gainer. No one can estimate the extent to which historical studies in England profited from the zeal with which Freeman scourged incompetence and presumption when he found them in the books sent to him for his notices in the *Saturday*.

A more intimate personal interest attaches to J. R. Green's association with this paper. One of his friends, Stopford Brooke, has told how he began to write for it while rector of one of the poorest parishes in the East End. He spent every penny of his stipend upon his parish, and used to send two or sometimes three articles a week to the *Saturday Review*, in order to get money for his own needs. One night he told Mr. Brooke, who was just then staying with him for a few days, that he had three articles to write for the *Saturday Review*, and they must all be done within thirty-six hours. One was a review of a volume of Freeman's "Norman Conquest"; the second was a "light middle"; the third was on the history of a small English town. Green had worked them all into form as he was walking that day about the parish and in London. Of these three articles, one was finished before two o'clock in the morning, while his visitor was talking to him, and the other two were ready by the end of the next day.

The same friend, as quoted by James Bryce in his biographical notice of Green, gives a striking account of how he used to prepare these historical sketches of towns which were a notable feature of his work for the *Saturday*. Early one morning Green reached Troyes with two companions, and at once started off to explore it, darting hither and thither through the streets, like a dog trying to find a scent. After lunch the party of travellers went on to Basel. Green sat down to write when his companions went to bed, and the next morning he laid on the breakfast table an article on Troyes, which was really a history in miniature. Yet he had never been in the place before or made a special study of it. Green's connection with the *Saturday Review* was ultimately broken off, not for political reasons, like Freeman's, but for literary. After a good deal of his "Short History" had gone through the press, he felt that its style was too much in the manner of his weekly articles. He therefore cancelled a good deal of what had already been set up and stereotyped, recasting it in another fashion, and giving up journalism altogether, in order that he might complete the work in the way he thought it should be written.

Leslie Stephen was another Liberal in politics who found it possible to write largely for the *Saturday Review* for many years, usually on neutral subjects. In a letter of his to Lowell, dated 1869, he says that he writes two articles a week for that paper, one a review of a book, and one a "middle." "I never," he says, "or very seldom, write about America directly, because I disapprove of the whole politics of the *Saturday* on that and on most other points. The fact is that my opinions are not very salable among the classes which buy the *Saturday*, and I only give them vent occasionally." Only a few years after the close of the Civil War, Stephen expressed his belief that most of the writers to the *Saturday* were on the side of the North, although the paper itself supported the South. But, in spite of his Liberalism, Leslie Stephen was a contributor whom even a Tory journal might well be anxious to keep, if by any editorial ingenuity he could be shunted off dangerous topics. As one of his chiefs has testified, "the sensation of the editor when he broke open an envelope and caught a glimpse of Stephen's neat, small handwriting in the customary long lines was as that of the man who spies a bright banknote."

It is a big jump from Freeman and Green and Stephen to Mrs. Lynn Linton. But her work illustrated much better than theirs the characteristic attitude and outlook of the *Saturday*. She is chiefly remembered nowadays as the author of several novels which, though once popular, have long ceased to be widely read. Her real distinction, however, was as one of the pioneers of the profession of journalism for women. She used to contribute editorial articles to the *Morning Chronicle* before Harriet Martineau had joined the staff of the *Daily News*. When the former paper had to be given up and its editor, Cook, started the *Saturday Review*, he enlisted Mrs. Lynn Linton among his helpers, and for many years, both under him and under his successor, Philip Harwood, she wrote for it numerous articles and reviews. The best known were the "Girl of the Period" series. They created quite a sensation at the time they appeared, and they cannot safely be neglected by any one who attempts to write a history of recent changes of opinion with regard to the duties and rights of women.

The decline of the *Saturday Review* preceded that of its great rival, the *Spectator*, though from different causes. Just now the Unionists are in sore need of a really strong weekly to help steady the party and save it from being blown about by every wind of doctrine. The new directors of the *Saturday* have, at any rate, a rare opportunity.

H. W. H.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

It may not occur to every student of Americana that he would find something about the New England Independents in Alexander Ross's "Pansebeia," as the work has no section devoted to the Western Hemisphere. But turning to the edition of 1658, in its view of the religions of Europe, we find this:

Q. 18. What tenets are held by the Independents of New England?

Ans. Besides those opinions which they hold with other Independents, they teach that the Spirit of God dwells personally in all the Godly.

2. That their Revelations are equall in Authority with the Scriptures.

3. That no man ought to be troubled in his Conscience for sinne, being he is under the Covenant of grace.

4. That the law is no rule of our conversation.

5. That no Christian should be prest to practise holy duties.

6. That the soul dyeth with the body.

7. That all the Saints upon earth have two bodies.

8. That Christ is not united to our fleshly body, but to the new body, after the manner that his Humanity is united to his Divinity.

9. That Christ's Humanity is not in heaven.

10. That he hath no other body but his Church.

11. They reckon all Reformed Churches, except themselves profane and unclean.

"All these opinions," he concludes, "savour of nothing but of pride, carnall security, blasphemy, and slighting of God's written word, which is able to make the men of God perfect and wise unto salvation."

No New England Independent of the present day would recognize a reflex of his theological ideas in these eleven paragraphs. The controversialists of the seventeenth century had apparently a strong belief in their own infallibility and glibly attributed to their opponents the most preposterous opinions. It was a short and easy method: "You do not hold my opinions, *therefore* you are a heretic instigated by the devil and full of blasphemy and unrighteousness." Such would be a fair epitome of many wearisome tomes of polemics. Ross, who died in 1653, was the author of many books, mostly with pedantic titles (as "Rasura Tonsoris," "Mel Heliconium," and "Arcana Microcosmi"), and had sufficient courage to "refute" Bacon, Harvey, Hobbes, and Sir Thomas Browne. The first edition of the "Pansebeia" appeared in 1653, and the author died in the following year. Here is the title of the edition already quoted:

PANΣEBEIA: or, A view of al Religions in the World: With the Severall Church Governments, from the Creation to these times. Also, a Discovery of all known *Heresies* in all Ages and Places: And Choice Observations and Reflections throughout the whole. *The Third Edition, Enlarged and Perfected*, by Alexander Ross. To which are annexed The Lives, Actions, and Ends of certain Notorious Hereticks. With their

effigies in Copper-plates . . . Printed for *John Saywell*, and are to be sold at the sign of the *Greyhound* in Little Britain, and at the *Pile of Bibles* in the Stocks Fish-market, looking into Lombard Street over against the Post-house, London, 1658.

In the "Booksellers' Advertisement" we are assured that this larger book has been faithfully printed from the author's MS. and with so much care that it is "needless to prefix an *errata*." For the biographies at the end Ross had no responsibility. Although the signatures of this appendix run on, the pagination is separate, and there is an independent title-page which reads:

Apocalypsis: or the Revelation of certain notorious advancers of Heresie: Wherein their Visions and private Revelations by dreams, are discovered to be most incredible blasphemies, and enthusiastical dotages: Together with an account of their Lives, Actions, and Ends. Whereunto are added the effigies of seventeen (who excelled the rest in rashness, impudence, and lying,) done in copper plates. Faithfully and impartially translated out of the Latine by J. D. The second Edition, ... Printed for John Saywell. . . . London, 1658.

This forms a duodecimo book of 78 numbered pages, preceded by 20 and followed by 4 unnumbered pages. The dedication is signed Jo. Davies—the well-known though little-read Davies of Kidwelly. The book is inscribed to "the excellently learned" Edward Benlowes, who was a patron of Ross, a benefactor of the library of St. John's College (of which Davies was a member), and the author of "Theophila," a poem once admired and now forgotten. Davies says that the book he translated was "written in Latine by a most elegant pen by one who hath concealed his name, as I conceive out of this reason, that living near the times and places of this representation, it might have proved dangerous to him to have published it." As nearly a century had elapsed, this does not seem very likely. In the sixth edition of Ross's book all evidence that the "Lives" were the work of Davies of Kidwelly is omitted! The literary genealogy of the book appears to be as follows: In 1607 the publisher Haestens, of Leyden, issued "Grouwelen der voornaemste Hooft-Ketteren," and this was reprinted by Dorp in 1623. In 1608 Haestens published a German translation entitled "Greuwel der vornaemste Haupt-ketzeren," and a Latin version which appeared as "Speculum Anabaptistici furoris," and also under the title "Apocalypsis insignium aliquot Haeresiarcharum, interprete H. S. F. D. M. D." This is the Latin version which was turned into English by Davies of Kidwelly. The text is not remarkable either for clarity or accuracy, but fairly represents the attitude of the "orthodox" party towards the "heterodox." There are portraits of Thomas Muntzer, John Mathias, John Buckhold (Jan of Leyden), Hermannus Sutor, Theodorus Sartor, David George, Michael Servetus, "Arrius," Mahommed, Balthazar Hubmor, John Hut, Lodowick Hetzer, Melchior Hofman, Melchior Rinck, Adam Pastor, and Henry Nicholas. Many of these names are associated with the Peasants' War in Germany, which, in spite of the excesses by which it was in part marked, was a struggle of the down-trodden poor against their oppressors. The authorship of the "Apocalypsis" remains unknown, and indeed the main interest of the book is now in its portraits. But he would be a bold man who vouched for the authenticity of these effigies of Jan of Leyden, and of the others concerned in the grotesque tragedy of the Kingdom of God in Münster. Let those who are horrified by the excesses into which the Anabaptists were driven remember the bloody persecution and grinding oppression endured by the peasants before they rose against their tyrants. "When the poor have nothing else to eat," says Victor Hugo, "they will eat the rich." At least they will try to do so. It is a fact which the rich in all ages will do well to remember.

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

Correspondence

NATURALIZATION FOR JAPANESE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I take the liberty of writing you in regard to the situation of the Japanese in America, and especially concerning the Japanese Franchise League, which has for its purpose the obtaining of naturalization for our race.

To hosts of foreigners who swarm to these shores, and to the negro, the right of citizenship is granted, while it is refused to the Asiatics. This is obviously a rank and glaring injustice, and on many of us who have permanently settled in this country it imposes a handicap in every field of enterprise. It is the foundation for innumerable other discriminations—the California Anti-Alien Land bill being a striking example. The Government unquestionably has the right to legislate as it sees fit regarding labor, immigration, and naturalization; but its laws should apply equally to all, regardless of race and nationality.

Racial prejudice is at the very root of all this trouble, notwithstanding the fact that the Japanese are probably more hard-working, law-abiding, and less associated with scandal and crime than other foreigners in this country; ambitious, forever seeking to improve themselves and their surroundings, they would work to its economic interest. The strangest and most consoling part of it all is that the best element, the most educated of Americans, are not responsible for these injustices—in fact, know surprisingly little about them. The lower classes, trade unions, and the politicians who cater to them, are the real trouble makers, and it is this that should be brought to light.

"I recommend to the Congress that an act be passed specifically providing for the naturalization of Japanese who come here intending to become American citizens." Such was the measure suggested by former President Roosevelt, and such is the actual and direct object of our League.

H. OHASHI.

New York, July 25.

THE AMERICAN ATTITUDE TOWARDS ART.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Is there anything in the world more discouraging than the attitude of the American public towards art?

As a people we profess to take a great interest in art, yet there died a few days ago, in Paris, one of the first of modern painters, a man whose position in his profession is recognized everywhere but in this enlightened country, where the notice of his death was tucked away in a remote part of the newspapers that printed it, which announced simply the fact of his having died at a hospital in Paris, adding casually that he had exhibited several times in the Salon—nothing more!

The fact that thousands of painters exhibit annually in the Salons would seem to render this piece of information, to say the least, inadequate as interesting news.

For twenty years and more the work of Gaston La Touche has been a feature of the best exhibitions of the world, and as long ago as the Paris exhibition of '89 it created a sensation.

His mastery of composition, color, and the fine decorative quality of his painting prove him a master in his profession.

He was one of the great men of the most artistic nation in the world, and it is most mortifying to realize from the meagreness of his death notice the dense ignorance of the American public in everything vital relating to art.

When, a few years ago, a jury of artists, elected by their fellow artists for the purpose, awarded the gold medal at the Carnegie Institute at Pittsburgh to La Touche for his admirable picture, The Bath, the press of this country fairly teemed with comments upon this selection, not because the picture was recognized as a masterpiece by a distinguished painter and selected for honor by a distinguished jury, but because it happened to include a nude figure.

It was reproduced and sensationally gossiped about for weeks afterwards, and never a word published in regard to its great artistic quality.

To-day also I read in my newspaper this item: "There was surprise at a sale of pictures at Christie's to-day, when a small painting of a fête champêtre fetched $5,760."

The newspapers know very well what will most interest their public, viz., the price.

They therefore ignore the fact that those who really care for painting as an art are only able to judge of the value of a work they have not seen if they know the name of its author. Price to them is a negligible matter.

We speak of "a Velasquez," "a Whistler," "a Sargent," and so establish the standing of a work.

In this case the very unconvincing title "Fête Champêtre" is given as summing up its complete news value.

Again and again, our papers report the unveiling of a picture, or statue, giving long accounts of the ceremonies, the speeches, the music, and the people who attend the function, and never a mention of the artist who created the work.

In no other country do we find such self-satisfaction and complacency in regard to art as we do over here, and nowhere else such a lack of real intelligent appreciation, although we hear a great deal about art and profess to feel deeply interested in all that concerns it.

Is it necessary to cite as an instance of the quality of this interest the proposed duty on works of art which is to be included in our revised tariff?

I will confess to a completely hopeless feeling in finding this utterly indefensible

and uncalled-for protection of our artists included in this revision.

It simply puts one more spoke in the wheel of our artistic progress.

We, the artists of this country, do not want it; we have not asked for it. On the contrary, we beg and pray that obstacles which keep out art work that aids and stimulates us may be removed and not arbitrarily imposed upon us by people who do not understand our needs and who take not the slightest interest in our profession.

The more we can see of what is being accomplished by artists all over the world the better it will be for our young art.

New, strong work stimulates, invigorates, and helps us in our efforts to produce something that each sincere worker cannot help hoping may some time stand as worthy and representative examples of American art. JOHN W. ALEXANDER.

New York, July 17.

SHORT-WINDED DRAMA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The recent experiment of the Princess Theatre in New York, with its intimate auditorium seating less than 300 and its repertory of one-act plays, is the most significant event of the theatrical year. It is but natural that people who have grown to prefer magazines to novels should also welcome a dramatic evening made up of three or four short, varied impressions rather than one long, consecutive, well-developed dramatic idea. Such a taste is, however, only a reversion to type. Sorbière, visiting London in the seventeenth century, wondered at the pot-pourri of scenes the English plays presented as compared with the well-built drama of his native France. He was told, however, that people liked the hodge-podge, enjoying one scene at a time and having no thought for the total effect.

Besides tending to make us less long-winded and conservative in our theatrical amusements, a theatre like the Princess is likely to stimulate the production of one-act plays just as the American magazine has fostered the short story. If the public demands artistic dramatic driblets, it will certainly get them, though the three and four-act play will never become extinct any more than the novel. We have only to look at the repertory of the Grand Guignol in Paris to see what is likely to happen in New York. This Grand Guignol has long been the prototype of all small theatres. Its little Gothic auditorium seats only 235, and the number of one and two-act plays it has given in the ten or more years of its existence is notable for variety and dramatic worth. A list of them is printed on the theatre programme. First one notices that the short story has been a dramatic mine for French writers of short plays. They have gone to their own Maupassant and Marcel Prévost, and have also borrowed largely from Poe and W. W. Jacobs. Probably O. Henry is too distinctively American for them, but that should be the best of reasons for giving his stories a dramatic setting at the Princess. The biggest success of the Grand Guignol in this line was a dramatization of Mark Twain's "How I Became the Editor of an Agricultural Paper." Played under the name of "The Chicago Farmer," it lost none of its original humor and delighted Paris for months with its satire on journalism. The best dramatic writers of Paris do not scorn the stage of the Grand Guignol. Mirbeau, Capus, Pierre Veber, Georges Berr, and Georges Courteline have all contributed to its repertory. Its manager, Max Maury, is also a noted playwright. Most remarkable of them all is André de Lorde, who by his dramatizations of Poe and his own originality has shown how much tense horror can be compressed into a short play. It is the mission of the Grand Guignol to make people laugh and also to make their blood run cold. The chance has at last come for American playwriters to produce some exquisite Tanagra bits of dramatic literature.

FRANK R. ARNOLD.

Logan, Utah, July 20.

TOURIST CHARGES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It seems unfortunate that two such able gentlemen as Professor D'Ooge and Mr. Joseph Pennell should fall out over the question of tourist charges at ancient ruins, especially as some part of the difference appears to be due to varying premises. Professor D'Ooge has been very recently in Athens and Sicily and should speak by the card. PHILIP SANFORD MARDEN.

Lowell, Mass., July 26.

A NEW PUNCTUATION MARK.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I hope I shall not be numbered with the Athenians if I give expression to a desire for a new mark of punctuation.

To find in an article devoted to a certain author or book, among various quotations from the author or book under consideration, one or more quotations from another source (not indicated), all between the same kind of inverted commas, is very confusing to such poor mortals as have not the wide range of allusion of a Lowell or a Meredith.

A case in point occurs in your review of Hugh Walpole's "Fortitude," this week. The reviewer writes: "So far he [the hero] has been able to take hardships as adventures, 'and nothing hurt where everything was romance.'" Now, all the other quotations in the review article are unmistakably from the book under review; this one is not. It may be, and it may not be; there is nothing in the external form of it to show whether it is or not. If it is not, then to one ignorant of this fact it would be exceedingly embarrassing if he were to make use of this quotation, adding with a fine show of up-to-date knowledge—"as Mr. Walpole says in his latest book"—only to be met with the crushing rejoinder, "Oh, but it was not Mr. Walpole who said that; it was Shakespeare or Mr. George Bernard Shaw."

The same confusing state of affairs is constantly encountered in encyclopædia articles. For example, I found in the new edition of Hauck's "Realencyklopädie," a fine thing I should very much like to use, but dare not, not being sure how to introduce it. The writer of the article on Adolf Hausrath, in volume 23, refers to the last years of Hausrath's life, during which his loneliness and deprivations awakened in him the longing "den hölzernen Schlafrock anzuziehen." Is that Hausrath's phrase or is the author drawing upon his own dictionary of quotations?

By common consent a satisfactory distinction might perhaps be arranged between the single and the double inverted commas; or, better yet, why could not the quotation marks frequently employed in German and French books («—») be used for all quotations not taken from the author directly under discussion?

This would make for clearness and for the diminishing of ignorance in the world—surely a most worthy cause.

ALBERT T. W. STEINHAEUSER.

Allentown, Pa., July 10.

Literature

TREVELYAN'S "BRIGHT."

The Life of John Bright. By George Macaulay Trevelyan. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $4.50 net.

John Bright could not be got in his life-time to take any interest in a possible biography. "My life is in my speeches," he said simply. That was true, for into his speeches he had wrought the thought and purpose and struggle of his life. Yet they were as a fine product to the making of which went much that we can understand only by all that can be extracted from his letters and diaries, as well as from current records and the contemporary judgments of his friends or foes. This aid to knowledge of the true Bright Mr. Trevelyan has given us in this volume with the literary skill, the restraint, the penetration, the entire fairness which we have learned to expect of him. The result is a rich and repaying book.

The secret of Bright's oratory is the secret of genius. This is the only conclusion one can come to after noting all the explanations offered. We are shown Bright forging the formidable weapon of his speaking-power through years of agitation and of practice. His voice was nature's gift, and so was his impressive port; his noble bearing bespoke a noble soul; but where did he get his style? The question is more piquing and baffling than in Macaulay's case. Macaulay's speeches can still be read, though with difficulty. Gladstone's are now impossible, except for the historian. But Bright's live on because they are literature. The uneducated cotton-spinner easily surpassed the best that the universities could do. Bright himself once said that if there was anything good in his manner of speaking it was largely due to his having steeped himself in good reading. He was at home in the great English poets; he often echoed the organ voice of England; he was mighty in the English Bible. Yet to say this merely throws us back on the selective taste and the genius for combination and arrangement and for

majestic utterance which Bright possessed and which made him, even on the confession of a political enemy and an unsentimental critic like Lord Salisbury, "the greatest master of English oratory that this generation has produced, or I may say several generations back." "I have met," added Salisbury, "men who have heard Pitt and Fox and in whose judgment their eloquence at its best was inferior to the finest efforts of John Bright."

Great themes upon which to wreak his eloquence, John Bright did not lack. The wrongs of millions of his countrymen, economic freedom, enfranchisement, the high issues of peace and war, the pursuit of human slavery to its extinction —these were the subjects on which he won the ear of England and of the world. To Bright the Corn Laws, into the long fight for the repeal of which he poured all the energy of his young manhood, were no mere legislative blunder, no pale abstraction. He saw their effects written in human misery all around him in Lancashire. The dwarfed and blighted lives of the factory-workers were to him the express results of law-making by a class against a class —what he described in his private diary as "the selfishness and fraud which distinguish the government of the English oligarchy." So the tow in Bright was ready for the spark which Cobden let fall upon it; and when the two made their memorable pact not to rest until the Corn Laws were stricken from the statute-book, it was Cobden who furnished the logic and the generalship, Bright who supplied the massive passion. His speeches throughout this prolonged and hard-fought campaign rose higher and higher in tone, as he felt the burden on his heart grow heavier. Indeed, in a poignant sense of the suffering which wicked laws were causing men and women and children, Bright seems to have led all his generation. No churchman appears to have been so deeply touched with this feeling as was the Quaker. One does not recall John Henry Newman, for example, ever alluding to the Corn Laws or to the agitation to undo them; there is no entry under the word in the index to Mr. Ward's Life of him. But Bright was overwhelmed by the concrete sorrows of his kind which left the theologian unmoved—perhaps but dimly knowing. Yet the intensity of the great agitator's emotions did not throw him off his balance. He wonderfully kept his head, and when success at last crowned his labors, he gloried in the demonstration that a way to freedom had been found "not through violence and bloodshed." His motto was, "Moderate but irresistible in our moderation." This, be it remembered, came at a time when a Chartist orator was declaiming: "If they will not reform this . . . we have sworn by our God, by heaven, earth, and hell, that we shall wrap in one awful sheet of devouring flame the manufactories of the cotton tyrants and the palaces of those who raised them by rapine and murder." The dead failure of the Chartists, over against the triumph of Bright—even in the matter of obtaining what the Chartists wanted, the vote for workingmen—has its historic warning for the modern violent school, from syndicalists to militant suffragists.

By the compulsion of his mission, rather than by personal preference, Bright went to Parliament, just as much later he took office against his will under Gladstone, the first Nonconformist ever to sit in the English Cabinet. From the first in the Commons he was neither over-awed nor truculent. But he was soon found to be not only a speaker of the highest charm and power, but a man-at-arms in debate. It was said of him that if he had not been a Quaker, he would have been a prize-fighter; and certainly he laid about him with lusty blows. Palmerston was the man at whom he most frequently squared off in those years; and at the time of the Crimean War Bright more than once put the veteran to rout, with such stout declarations, backed up by ample proof, as: "I am not afraid of discussing the war with the noble Lord on his own principles. I understand the Blue Books as well as he, and I say that the war cannot be justified out of these documents."

What Bright did for America and for freedom during our Civil War is part of the history of that struggle. Again he set himself against aristocratic and official England, and again he was right. His constant appeal was that in the future it might not be said by Americans that "in the darkest hour of their country's trials, England, the land of their fathers, looked on with icy coldness and saw unmoved the perils and calamities of their children." When the news came of Lee's surrender, Bright wrote in his journal: "Slavery has measured itself with freedom, and slavery has perished in the struggle. How often have I longed and prayed for this result, and how much have I suffered from anxiety whilst it has been slowly working out, I only know!" And in the same private record he set down this remarkable estimate of Lincoln:

> Heard of the shocking tragedy in Washington—the murder of President Lincoln. For an hour or near it, I felt stunned and *ill*. . . . I will not write an eulogy on the character of President Lincoln—there will be many to do that now he is dead. *I have spoken of him when living*. . . . In him I have observed a singular resolution honestly to do his duty, a great courage—shown in the fact that in his speeches and writings, no word of passion or of panic, or of ill-will has ever escaped him—a great gentleness of temper and nobleness of soul, proved by the absence of irritation and menace under circumstances of the most desperate provocation, and a pity and mercifulness to his enemies which seemed drawn as from the very fount of Christian charity and love. His *simplicity* for a time did much to hide his *greatness*, but all good men everywhere will mourn for him, and history will place him high among the best and noblest of men.

By this time Bright had conquered his place in the public life of England. On one agitated question after another the country had swung round to him. His power of "sympathetic foresight"—that essential quality of a statesman—had been vindicated on many occasions. He had been right, when the weight of fastidious opinion was against him, on the Corn Laws, right on the extension of the suffrage to the working classes, right on the Crimean War, right on the American Civil War, right on the Irish land question. Long after his death, it appeared that he was right on another question on which his position was ridiculed while he was alive—we mean his proposal, in 1883, to override the veto of the House of Lords, almost exactly in the way provided by the Parliament Act of 1911. With such a record and with such an influence, it was inevitable that Bright should be summoned to a share in the counsels of the Government. The offer had frequently been made to him, but declined. Even Disraeli had pressed Bright to join his Ministry. It was easy for Bright to refuse the man whom he characterized in his diary as the possessor of "intellect and courage and patience and unscrupulousness, employed in the service of a party full of prejudices and selfishness and wanting in brains." But he could not deny Gladstone in 1868, though he felt—and he was right in this—that he was not well fitted for the routine work of office, and shrank from both the cares and the compromises of a Cabinet position. "I abhor the very idea of joining the Administration," he wrote to a friend. "*I am in office now*, and who will take my place if I relinquish it?" His instinct was, indeed, sure in this matter. He was never happy in office. And some of his deepest chagrins came in his differences with the great Liberal leader under whom he undertook to serve. All this later period of Bright's life Mr. Trevelyan passes over hurriedly. It was the twilight time of the great orator and agitator. Failing health and political worries robbed him of his early spontaneity, and swayed a little the balance of his judgment. It was really a tragic moment for John Bright—the man who had again and again cried from the battlements, "Coercion is no remedy"—when on March 22, 1887, he went into the Government lobby on the motion to give precedence to the "Criminal Law Amendment (Ireland) Bill." This break with his past and wrench away from old associates unquestionably sprang from the highest sense of duty in Bright, but that did not diminish for him the disappointment and

grief and suffering of the last years of his public life.

We can but repeat our praise of the way in which Mr. Trevelyan has done his work. The necessary political framework of his picture of Bright's life he has kept, as it should be, in skeleton. He explains without overloading. Nor is he an indiscriminate panegyrist. He is frank in dealing with Bright's few mistakes. And an occasional shrewd comment reminds us how the lapsing years often leave even a sane and honest political judgment looking awry. Thus Bright was never tired of speaking of the aristocracy, opposed to the workingmen, as the "tax-eating" class. But Mr. Trevelyan quietly remarks that had Bright lived to our own day, he would have seen "the working class do a little 'tax-eating' on its own behalf, through state-provided education, old-age pensions, and other schemes." But the total impression of Bright which the volume makes is that of the finest strength and most complete courage blent with a tenderness of heart like a woman's. The letter which he wrote at the time of the death of his little son is a precious thing in itself and reveals the unaffectedness of his compassionate soul. When Cobden died, he essayed to speak in the Commons, but could not. He uttered a few broken sentences, then burst into tears and sat down overcome. And John Morley has said that "the most impressive and pure piece of religion" that he ever witnessed was John Bright reading a chapter of the Bible to his maid-servants, shortly after the death of his wife, "in his beautiful and feeling voice, followed by the Quaker silence."

CURRENT FICTION.

The Turning of Griggsby. By Irving Bacheller. New York: Harper & Bros.

"The Turning of Griggsby" is a humorous sketch on the plane of Mr. Bacheller's "Keeping Up with Lizzie," a fact which the author recognizes in his subtitle, "A story of keeping up with Daniel Webster." Griggsby is merely one of the scores of American villages in which, twenty years after his death, Webster still set the fashion:

> All through the North, from the Atlantic to the far frontiers beyond the Mississippi, men in beaver hats and tall collars were playing Daniel Webster. They dressed as he had dressed, and had his grand manners, while their diaphragms were often sorely strained in an effort to deliver his deep resounding tones. The peace of most farms and villages was disturbed by Websterian shouts of ready-made patriotism from the lips of sires and sons.

Especially in his capacity of "sublime toper" he served as a comfortable model for pretentious feebleness. Griggsby is a town of drunken speechmaking. Its leading lights are equally devoted to rum and oratory. The younger generation is successfully following the example of the leading lights. "Flowers of rhetoric grow on it as naturally as moss on a log," and it has mastered the principle that a tumbler of rum is an essential preliminary to all effort. Mr. Bacheller, chiefly by way of a citizen of Griggsby, Mr. Daniel Webster Smead, enlarges upon this theme in a very amusing way. The upshot is that by the joint efforts of Mr. Smead and a determined schoolgirl who gets hold of the village paper, Griggsby is awakened to the absurdity of its position, the leading lights are brought to see the error of their ways, and the days of the beaver hat and the Websterian period are numbered.

The Adventures of Dr. Whitty. By G. A. Birmingham. New York: George H. Doran Co.

Dr. Whitty, of Ballintra, is another of those joyous and irresponsible young gentlemen who appear to hold most positions of responsibility in Mr. Birmingham's Connacht. Ballintra is a very small coast village, and a good deal of ingenuity is needed to extract as much amusement from its modest resources as Dr. Whitty contrives to do. His quality of physician and surgeon to the whole village yields certain opportunities, but it is clear that he does not depend on them. The smallest incident out of the common is capable of serving as the fulcrum by which he moves his world. If Michael Geraghty has a pair of anchors to dispose of, the Government must be caused to supply Ballintra channel with two buoys to attach them to, and the whole community must be cajoled into working towards that end. If the widow Canavan is evicted from her farm, Dr. Whitty may be trusted to nurse the simple incident into a political broil. Visitors to Ballintra are his natural prey, and the local magnates, the priest, the rector, the squire, and the chief publican, are clay in his hands. In short, he is fully worthy of the kindred heroes of "Spanish Gold" and "The Search Party." There is a suggestion of the casual whimsy of the late Frank Stockton in Mr. Birmingham's humor which must endear him to American readers of the elder generation.

Parrot & Co. By Harold MacGrath. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

The heroine, wandering oversea in the hope that time and absence will clarify her intention regarding a highly suitable but not quite satisfactory engagement, is discovered voyaging down the Irrawaddy River from Mandalay to Rangoon. Now, as we all know, thanks to Mr. Kipling, in that part of the world the difficulty of telling a good man from a bad man is enormously aggravated. Imagine, then, the perplexity of the maiden who shall undertake, in these problematical climes, to decide upon the relative merits of her absent fiancé and the stranger who, but for khaki, sunburn, and an accompanying parrakeet, appears his exact counterpart. From Prome to Rangoon, from Rangoon to Singapore, the mystery of the likeness deepens, while Elsa's preference for present company grows, and the weather-beaten adventurer ever more insistently denounces himself as an undesirable acquaintance, barred from polite society by a criminal past. That Elsa is in time to declare for the parrot-fancier, and that in the end her judgment is to be abundantly vindicated, we are constantly encouraged to expect, but the exact nature of the dénouement and the circuitous path by which it is to be reached are discreetly guarded from too ready surmise. It is in prolonging the revelation that the author displays his skill—and, we are tempted to add, his only skill. Popular fiction contains whole hosts of American heroines whose wealth, beauty, and virgin scorn of conventions render them alike indistinguishable from Elsa and from one another, whole regiments of muscular Don Quixotes endowed with formidable business ability, among whom Warrington could never be identified without his parrot.

Ever After. By Juliet Wilbor Tompkins. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

As the title indicates, this is a story of domestic life—but not of a course of smooth felicity, even after marriage. Its originality lies in the temperamental peculiarities of the pair, for the theme is the old one of a poor young man, full of lavish *bonhomie*, allying himself to a rich girl who has inherited the precise economical traits of her grandparents. At first Dana's and Lucy's common tastes for art keep their affection strong; but in spite of his insouciant acceptance of life upon her funds, the money question finally becomes as dominant a spectre as in any of Balzac's stories. In the midst of music and painting, irritation grows to an open breach. "When you spend a dollar, you should remember it is all twenty dollars can earn in a year," is her reproach; and "It is right to save, it is often wrong to spend, but to love to save, to hate to spend—that is evil," is his. It is clear to the reader, charmed into liking both young people, that both are somewhat wrong; and the solution, a separation which teaches the husband in New York the value of money, and the wife in Boston its valuelessness, is convincing of the final reconciliation. Indeed, the unhappiness of the book is glossed over with a fine feminine optimism and a brave disregard of psychological ten-

sion; while the happy passages stand out as frequent milestones. For a novel of its length, the story is curiously without minor characters. But perhaps this is the reason the two main personages, moving through scenes of artist life none too realistic, have still an air of reality.

CHURCH-GOING.

The Country Church: The Decline of Its Influence and the Remedy. By Charles Otis Gill and Gifford Pinchot. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

Some twenty years ago Gov. Rollins, of New Hampshire, issued a proclamation on "The Increasing Paganism of New England," in which he asserted that the rural churches in New Hampshire and the other Puritan commonwealths were losing steadily in members and attendants, and that there was a consequent decay of morals. His opinions were combated vigorously, while others supported them, but no one seemed to have in hand facts to settle the question. Investigation has now been made with such thoroughness and care as to establish entire confidence in the results: since the Governor of New Hampshire issued his alarming proclamation church attendance has diminished one-third in representative regions of New England and New York. There is abundant indication that the movement had an earlier origin, and that comparison with a period fifty or sixty years ago would show a much more serious decline.

Four years ago the Rev. Charles Otis Gill, a graduate of Yale College and Union Theological Seminary, and a man of experience as a country minister, began an exhaustive study of church conditions in Windsor County, Vermont. He collected facts for a comparison between the situation in 1888 and 1908 as to membership, church attendance, contributions, ministers' salaries, the education of ministers, the effect of too many churches for the population, the difference between churches in the village and in the smaller communities, and the changes in population and in agricultural conditions. Every town and every hamlet in the county was thoroughly investigated. From the tax lists in each township—the poll tax in Vermont secures the enrolment of every voter—a complete list of families was obtained, and the church-going habits of every resident were ascertained from a number of trustworthy witnesses. Any one acquainted with the character of the people of rural New England will not doubt the possibility of reaching sound results by such methods. There can be no question as to Mr. Gill's thoroughness or impartiality, and fortunately he has been able to check his results by records of attendance kept in a number of congregations. These confirm the accuracy of his figures to a surprising degree, and show that, if he has erred in either direction, he has understated the seriousness of the decline. Similar methods were employed in a study of Tompkins County, New York, of which Ithaca is the only large community, and the results are even more depressing than those obtained in Vermont.

The most impressive fact derived from this painstaking investigation is that church attendance has fallen off in the last twenty years 31 per cent. in Windsor County, Vermont, and 33 per cent. in Tompkins County, New York. Town after town is listed in which the attendance has diminished 40, 50, and even as high as 76 per cent. The smaller losses for the counties as a whole are reached only by inclusion of the larger villages, in which church life has been better sustained than in the agricultural communities. In the strictly rural districts the loss in attendance in Tompkins County was 40 per cent., and in Windsor County 53 per cent.

There has, to be sure, been a decrease of population in these regions, the number of inhabitants in the farming portions of Windsor County having diminished steadily since 1850. This in itself is a serious fact, but the loss in church efficiency is more serious, since, when allowance is made for the decline in population, the loss in church attendance in Windsor County was more than 29 per cent., and in Tompkins County more than 19 per cent.

Financially the country churches make a somewhat better showing. In the Vermont county expenditures in the Protestant churches increased 23 per cent. in the twenty years, and in the New York county they advanced 7 per cent. But in purchasing power this is turned into a loss of 2 per cent. and 9 per cent., respectively. The salaries of 34 out of 53 ministers in Windsor County, when measured in purchasing power, were less in 1908 than in 1888, and in Tompkins County 21 out of 29 ministers suffered a similar loss of income. Above one-fourth of the ministers in Windsor County received $600 or less in 1908, and the average for the entire county was $814. Other facts are cited which justify the statement that "the average minister in Windsor and Tompkins Counties does not receive a living salary: much less does he receive a working salary."

One who regards the old-time power of the New England clergy and the traditions of intellectual seriousness in the religious life of its country towns will be especially grieved by the presentation of the educational equipment of the ministers. In Vermont only one pastor out of four had received both a college and seminary training, and fully one-third were deficient according to any reasonable standard of ministerial preparation. Windsor County is just across the Connecticut River from Dartmouth College. Vermont itself has three colleges, while New England is overcrowded with theological seminaries, the most lavishly endowed educational institutions in America. Something is evidently wrong with these institutions, when their influence has extended only to one clergyman out of four in their immediate vicinity.

In only one respect are the data collected by Mr. Gill at all encouraging, and that is in the matter of church membership. Church membership in the period under review increased in Windsor County 4 per cent. and in Tompkins County 2 per cent. This fact, however, when compared with the statistics as to attendance and expenditures, is shown to be misleading. The conclusion is not that the church is maintaining its hold on the community, but that the responsibilities of church membership are sitting more lightly upon communicants, and that church rolls are usually grossly padded. Mr. Gill found one church in Vermont with an average attendance of 75, an enrolled membership of 271, of whom only 186 were found to be actually living. His research has revealed a striking diminution of attendance in proportion to membership, the number of worshippers formerly exceeding the membership, but in recent years being much less. This fact suggests that conclusions of undue optimism may have been drawn from the figures frequently published as to the millions of church members of the various Protestant denominations of the United States and the growth of communicants from year to year.

It is unnecessary to examine at length the remedies suggested in this volume for the situation which it presents with such depressing abundance of detail. The chief significance of the volume is its presentation of facts in a field where opinion had varied according to temperament. That the facts as stated are correct, no one who knows the rural East can doubt. That they condemn the prevalent methods in "Home Missions," by which parsimonious subsidies are doled out to decadent congregations, which are allowed to continue the methods through which they are languishing, is equally clear. Messrs. Gill and Pinchot quote with approval the programme of the Inter-Church Federation of Vermont, which pledges the churches of the State to work for the uplift of the smaller towns and to subordinate their own promotion to that end. Just how these organizations can do this with their present leadership is not clear, but that the problem is one of prime importance to the religious and moral life of the nation is not open to question, and the facts which must lead to facing it with resolution are presented in this

volume with a definiteness and completeness which no one has achieved hitherto.

A Wayfarer in China. Impressions of a Trip Across China and Mongolia. By Elizabeth Kendall. With illustrations. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.50 net.

One of Congreve's characters in "The Old Bachelor" urges another to "dress up your face in innocence and smiles and dissemble the very want of dissimulation." Without much further contrivance than an unconscious following of the Old Bachelor's advice Miss Kendall, who is a professor in Wellesley College, appears to have accomplished a really extraordinary feat of travel in Eastern Asia and emerged buoyant and unharmed. She had acquired in other journeys the sense and serenity necessary for such adventures, though she attributes the success of her solitary enterprise to friends, both foreign and native. Her route carried her from Tongking across the provinces of Yunnan and Szechuan to regain the railway at Hankow, and subsequently along the old caravan road from Kalgan to Urga. Two such trips in a single summer indicate considerable fortitude, but no weariness of travel seems to have lessened her relish for unbeaten trails or her interest in the people along the way. Her immunity from harm was due, she thinks, partly to the fact that she was a woman and partly to her ignorance of the language; it is more likely that it was the result of her own urbanity and discretion, for the Chinese are both appreciative and reasonable, and in a country which enjoys no adequate police protection the people realize that security of life and property depends upon moral restraint. Moreover, they enjoy novelties, and now that the old antipathy of the literati has disappeared, there is no reason for apprehension that the common folk will regard a wandering foreigner—particularly a woman—otherwise than as a preternatural curiosity, and so exempt from attack.

Miss Kendall is not presumptuous enough to "have any impressions at all of anything so huge, so old, so varied, so complicated as China and its people," but her few concluding observations are marked by unusual penetration. The Chinese she holds to be "more like ourselves, or may be our ancestors, more like us at one stage or another, than any other people of the East that I had known." Her point of view is worth noting. Though making no pretension to any intimate knowledge, she has some advantage over residents in the empire in that she also knows the other original civilizations of Asia, the Semitic races, Turkey, and India, and is able to advance opinions of her own that are interesting and suggestive. Elsewhere the type has been moulded by dominant religious or military ideas; China and the Anglo-Saxon lands, though influenced by religion and arms, are chiefly devoted to material advantage:

> The Chinese, to be sure, is one of the most superstitious of men, but there is little more religion in his fears than is implied in the practices of many a Westerner. He never builds a straight entrance into his house, for he believes that evil spirits cannot move in a curved line; and across the world people who call him names because of this refuse to sit thirteen at a table. The malign influences appeased, the average Chinese goes his way untroubled or unconsoled by any thought concerning that which is to come, or at most he strives to acquire merit, not for a week only, but for a whole year, by some pilgrimage much more strenuous than church-going. Like the Western man of to-day, he also is impatient of priestly control, and is apt to say slighting things of his spiritual leaders. His mind is set not on things above, but on the bread-and-butter, or, more precisely, the rice, aspect of life. The scale of rewards is different, but the mainspring of daily living is much the same in the Far East and the Far West.

From her brief experience in the heart of China the author returns with an impression of tremendous force that she confesses to have been rather overwhelming. If their racial capacity for sobriety and organization is brought into play she believes that their new experiment in government will be successful. It is the problem rather than the past of China which concerns her most. The record of her journey chiefly reflects her human interest in the life of the common people about her. There is little in the volume that adds to our knowledge of the notable places in these remote regions or supplements the accounts of previous travellers. She made the ascent of the famous Omei, China's noblest sacred mountain, but one fails, somehow, to respond to her restrained description of that stupendous precipice. She has, evidently, a keener interest in the coolies that carried her and in a "Friends' Institute" which has been shrewdly organized by a missionary at Chung-king, where Chinese and foreign gentlemen meet socially, and occasional lectures present "the best of Christian civilization to a class often repelled by missionary propaganda." It is a reproach to the missions that clubs of this sort have not been introduced elsewhere in China. Miss Kendall's retreat from China was made across Mongolia on the old camel road, which, we are told, is still used as a post-route by the Russians, who find it convenient for purposes of "peaceful penetration" to have a mail forwarded once a month on a road of their own. The Mongol of to-day seems to be curiously similar to the degenerate Indian of our Western plains, but there is a rough good-nature about him that renders him more liked by Europeans than most Asiatics. Few inaccuracies mar the pages of this readable narrative, but for purposes of a possible future edition of the book it ought to be noted that Kublai was not the brother of Genghiz Khan, and that the Wusung railway from Shanghai was removed in 1876, not 1870.

A Turkish Woman's European Impressions. By Zeyneb Hanoum. Edited with an Introduction by Grace Ellison. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.75 net.

In this volume Miss Ellison gives us a series of letters received by her from one of the heroines of Loti's "Les Désenchantées" during her six years' residence in Western Europe. Read in sequence, the letters present a very human and a very pathetic story. In the beginning we learn of the disenchantment with her lot of the modern Turkish lady, highly educated, speaking three or four languages, and imbued through the literature of Western Europe, and often as a child through the teaching of a French or English governess, with admiration for the ideals and modes of life of the West. We are made to realize vividly the gloom, and often the horror, of her existence after she has assumed the veil and is virtually a prisoner for the rest of her life. The cruelty of her fate lies in the fact that the ideas and ideals of the West have been superimposed on the traditions and life of the East.

The two sisters, the impressions of one of whom are recorded in these letters, took their fate in their hands and escaped from their captivity; but still their story is one of disenchantment. The earlier pages are full of hope and expectation of what the promised land of the West holds in store for them; but as they proceed disappointment is piled on disappointment, disillusion added to disillusion, till we take leave of Zeyneb on board an eastern-bound steamer returning voluntarily to Turkey and the veil.

In the process of Zeyneb's disillusioning we discover anew the gulf that is fixed between the East and the West, and we are reminded that the good and the beautiful are not absolute terms. If some of her comments on our Western civilization are naïve and attributable to lack of understanding or of sympathy, others are exceedingly shrewd. All are interesting and reveal, both in matter and manner, a woman of exceptional intelligence and powers of observation. She flays the sports, the women's clubs, and the hospitality of the West, and shrewdly indicates her opinion of its society when she explains that in Turkish there is no word for "snobbery." On the other hand, she is enthusiastic about the London policeman, hansom cabs, the Empress Eugénie, and Ellen

Terry. Englishmen, we are told, remind her of Turks, an appreciation that is intended on the whole to be complimentary; English women "are pretty, but are deficient in charm." They are also "pig-headed, undiplomatic, brutally sincere," but good and faithful friends. All in all, Zeyneb admires most her own countrywomen, because, "in spite of the slavery of their existence, they have managed to keep their minds free from prejudice."

Zeyneb is in full sympathy with the Young Turks, and there is much illuminating comment on the terrors of the Hamidian régime. The letters close before the outbreak of the recent war, and one wishes for a series, written from her own harassed land since her return, that shall cover that period. It is to be feared that the elimination of Turkey as a European Power must add to the perplexities of the women of the harem in their struggle to reconcile the education of the West with the traditions of the East.

Notes

Mr. Frank H. Spearman's new novel, "Merrilie Dawes," announced by Scribners has a background of big financial battles in New York.

A. C. McClurg & Co. have in preparation "The Story of California," by Henry K. Norton.

Doubleday, Page & Co. have in hand two new novels, one by Mrs. Mary Austin, the other by Bouck White.

Announcement is made by Henry Holt & Co. of a new novel by Beulah Marie Dix, and of "Schwarzwaldleut," a collection of five Black Forest stories—three by Heinrich Hansjakob and one each by Hermine Villinger and Auguste Supper—edited with vocabulary by Prof. E. C. Roedder.

Forthcoming novels of the Century Co. include "The Tinder Box," by Maria Thompson Daviess, and "The Truth About Camilla," by Gertrude Hall.

"The Social Rubalyat of a Bud" (Paul Elder & Co.) is the title of a forthcoming satire by Mrs. Ambrose Madison Willis.

The Stratford Publishing Co., of Boston, announces for publication in the autumn "The Passing Singer and Other Poems," by Samuel Henry Marcus.

The following are new works of fiction promised by Houghton Mifflin Co. for autumn: "The Story of Waitstill Baxter," by Kate Douglas Wiggin; "Otherwise Phyllis," by Meredith Nicholson; "Hagar," by Mary Johnston; "O Pioneers!" by Willa Sibert Cather; "Valentine," by Grant Richards; "The Confessions of a Débutante," anonymous; "Happy-Go-Lucky," by Ian Hay; "The Hand of Petrarch and Other Stories," by T. Russell Sullivan; "Simpson," by Elinor Mordaunt (Mrs. E. M. Wiehe); "The Spare Room," by Mrs. Romilly Fedden, and "November Joe," a detective story by Hesketh Prichard.

That neglect of Apollonius Rhodius by English Classicists which Mr. Mahaffy is wont to deplore is deprived of its last excuse by his colleague Mr. G. W. Mooney's well-executed and well-printed edition of the "Argonautica" (Longmans). The information which the strenuous student of the Teubner or Oxford text had to gather from every corner of his library, he now, without stirring from his easy chair, finds conveniently assembled in Mr. Mooney's introduction, footnotes, and appendices. There are at least seven English translations of the "Argonautica." But the only English annotated edition is, if we may say so, the Latin one of Shaw, dating from the eighteenth century. Wellauer's edition of 1828, containing the scholia, is indispensable to scholars, but not very inviting or helpful to students. Mr. Mooney has compiled and digested the nineteen more or less critical text editions enumerated in his preface, and a large number of dissertations on special points of style and metre. He has interpreted the difficult passages, transcribed the parallels from Homer, Hesiod, Pindar, Virgil, and Valerius Flaccus, and in general furnished all the aids that the ordinary classical student will need for the intelligent enjoyment of the poem. Those who ask for more will note that he has missed a few points in the game of text criticism by overlooking the investigations and discoveries of the past ten years, in his reliance on the 1901 Oxford text of Seaton; that his study of Hellenistic language and literary art is virtually confined to a comparison of the epic usage of Apollonius with that of Homer and Virgil; and that his judicious, but not notably illuminating or penetrating, literary appreciations are derived chiefly from Mahaffy, Couat, and Sainte-Beuve. From his own reading he contributes a few Miltonic parallels which are of interest, but hardly prove that Milton was thinking of Apollonius rather than of Homer, Hesiod, and Virgil. At iii, 160, he records Preston's suggestion that Milton took from Apollonius's *καταιβάτις κέλευθος* "his idea of the sunbeam bearing the angel Uriel slope-downward to the earth." But Milton's Uriel returns "slope-downward to the sun," and the beam that bears him to the earth is plainly suggested by the shooting-star in Theocritus xii, 52.

We can best characterize Mr. Mooney's work as a whole, in the words which Quintilian uses of his author, "non tamen contemnendum reddidit opus æquali quadam mediocritate," giving him the benefit of the interpretation that *mediocritas* means "neither rising on the one hand to the *genus grande*, nor on the other hand descending to the *genus subtile*." The chief service of the book will be to increase the number of English-reading students and teachers of Homer and Virgil who will attempt the "Argonautica" in the Greek. They may well still be few. For in Way's admirable translation Apollonius is little inferior to William Morris, and he is not much better in the original.

"The Notebooks of Samuel Butler" (Mitchell Kennerley) is an admirable compendium of the peculiar ironical wit of the author of "Erewhon." There is abundant amusement in the volume, and much profit for one who can keep apart the felt and the merely verbal aphorisms. H. Festing Jones, the author's old friend, has considerably rearranged and combined the journal entries. He promises to deposit in the British Museum a copy revealing his editorial procedures. Such matters, however, hardly concern the average reader, who will not challenge the compilation of a book so full of wisdom and diversion. In quoting a handful of the maxims it should be said that they often lose something in being torn from the neighboring and supporting epigrams. On life in general: "Life is the art of drawing sufficient conclusions from insufficient premises." The saying links Paley with Bergson. "A sense of humor keen enough to show a man his own absurdities, as well as those of other people, will keep him from the commission of all sins, or nearly all, save those that are worth committing." On the right of well-bred people to live by tradition and instinct Butler always insisted. "Life is like music, it must be composed by ear, feeling, and instinct, not by rule. Nevertheless, one had better know the rules, for they sometimes guide in doubtful cases—though not often." We cannot follow the Notebooks through the categories of letters, painting, music, travel, philosophy—under each there is abundant wit and wisdom. Let us take leave of Butler with a maxim which illustrates the peculiar concreteness of his sententious vein: "Attempts at classification are like nailing battens of our own flesh and blood upon ourselves as an inclined plane that we may walk up ourselves more easily; and yet it answers very sufficiently."

Prof. Charles A. Beard modestly speaks of his "Economic Interpretation of the Constitution of the United States" (Macmillan) as a fragment, and such it is, but as a pioneer work in a new field it has first-rate importance. Leaving at one side, save for a few significant allusions, the time-honored political view of the origin and nature of the Constitution, Professor Beard has sought to indicate, largely from a study of the records of the conventions of 1787-88, and of unpublished documents in the Treasury Department, the extent and character of economic influence in the formulation and acceptance of the instrument. To this end, he not only studies the economic situation and the content of public discussion in the States under the Articles of Confederation, but also analyzes the personnel of the Convention of 1787, the business, professional, and social relations of its members, their ownership of certificates of the public debt, and their financial interest in the establishment of a more efficient national government. His main conclusions are that the personal property interests of money, public securities, manufactures, trade, and shipping, which had suffered under the Articles, were those which chiefly originated and carried through the movement for the Constitution; that the masses without property, under the prevailing conditions of suffrage, were not represented in the Federal Convention, and that the members of the Convention, with a few exceptions, were "immediately, directly, and personally interested in, and derived economic advantages from, the establishment of the new system." The protection of property as "anterior to government and morally beyond the reach of popular majorities," and consequently entitled to special protection at the hands of the Federal Government,

was the underlying motive of the Constitution. No popular vote was had on the question of calling the Convention; the vote on ratification probably did not exceed one-sixth of the total adult male population; while in New Hampshire, Massachusetts, New York, Virginia, and South Carolina it is doubtful if a majority of those who voted for members of the State ratifying conventions were in favor of ratification. The bearing of Professor Beard's conclusions on the juristic theory that the Constitution was the work of "the people," is obvious. We note one important misprint: "Portland," at page 255, should clearly be Portsmouth.

The primary aim of Oliver W. Norton's "Attack and Defence of Little Round Top" (Neale) appears to be to credit Gen. Strong Vincent with the honor of perceiving the strategic importance of Little Round Top, and of occupying it with his brigade though without specific orders to do so. Some hitherto unpublished letters of Gen. Gouverneur K. Warren, printed by Mr. Norton, make it clear that Warren, to whom the credit for the movement has been given, neither detached Vincent's brigade nor led it to the hill, but himself acknowledged the importance of Vincent's independent action. Mr. Norton's own account of this part of the battle fills only about twenty pages, the bulk of the volume being made up of extracts from other well-known narratives, with criticisms of their inaccuracies, and of the texts of official reports.

A weighty volume and a full one is "Mexico: The Land of Unrest" (Lippincott), by Henry Baerlein, the London *Times* correspondent. Chiefly an account of what produced the outbreak in 1910, together with the story of the revolutions that followed, it contains a mass of detail in regard to the present tangled state of affairs in Mexico. At the same time, it develops clearly the main outlines of Mexican history since the deposition of Diaz. The writer prides himself chiefly on showing that, in Diaz's increasing age, Mexico was not so blessedly without a history as she was thought to be and that below apparent order a smouldering discontent lay not five fathoms out of sight. There is a full account in the later pages of the interregnum after Diaz, of Madero's Administration and death, the death of Reyes, and the probable future of Huerta's Administration; while more than one hundred pages are given to the national background of the troublous times, with such themes as Poetry in Mexico and The Gamblers of Mexico.

The Mexicans, he asserts, in spite of the danger of generalizing about a race so mixed, are childish; and this childishness he finds in a mixture of engaging and horrible qualities:

> Have you ever seen a boy tear up a living beetle, and a moment later say that yonder ripples of the olive tree are like his mother's hand when he is lying in his bed? So are the Mexicans. I fancy that a number of the miscreants who massacred 300 Chinamen in Torreon not long since, cutting some into small pieces, beheading some, pulling others apart by horses, are on other days delightful citizens.

His characterization of Felix Diaz and Gen. Huerta, now at the helm, is not flattering: "They are merely Mexican savages in blue uniforms."

Even erudite Dantists will find novelties in Paolo Bellezza's "Curiosità Dantesche" (Milan: Ulrico Hoepli), a collection of more than a score of literary *causeries* on bizarre or unexpected topics. One chapter, for instance, is devoted to some of the crazy interpretations of commentators; another traces the varieties of "Dantophily, Dantology, and Dantomania"; a third discusses the theories of Dante's mountain climbing. One of the most fruitful, and the longest, follows his influence on the Risorgimento. The author has even assembled a dozen or more *isms*, the devotees of which claim Dante as their founder; spiritualists on one side, pacifists and feminists on the other, think they have his support. Professor Bellezza does not neglect parodies, nor such evidences of Dante's popularity as dialect versions of his famous passages furnish. Innumerable anecdotes, opinions, and citations attest the breadth of the author's reading and add greatly to the entertainment he provides. His lists of articles and authors referred to will please bibliographers. This book should be in every library which has a shelf for Dante. It will delight any reader, not necessarily a professed Dantist, who does not wholly frown on literary gossip and the showing up of the aberrations of the expositors.

Those who feel alarm at the atrocities which are reported to be committed in the name of futurist cookery—veal and violets and the like—may find some comfort in the fact that our ancestors in the Middle Ages encountered even more portentous combinations and still lived to be our ancestors. A fifteenth-century cookery book directs the cook to take a capon, scald it, clean it, and "smyte" it in two at the waist, and to do the same to a pig, and then to sew the fore part of the capon to the hind part of the pig, and the fore part of the pig to the hind part of the capon, and to stuff them like a pig. This delectable dish was known as "cockatrice," a name appropriate to its form and even more appropriate, one might think, to its ability to slay at sight. The above recipe is taken from A. Abram's "English Life and Manners in the Later Middle Ages" (Dutton), in which the motley pageant of English life from Edward III to Henry VII passes under review. The modern reader, if he sees the period as chiefly Canterbury pilgrimages and tournaments, will remark the intense spirit of commercialism which in the fifteenth century was partly responsible for a large falling off in attendance at the universities, because they did not teach things which could be immediately useful in business. Henry VII laughed at tournaments. In a period of fierce protectionism, it is interesting to note, books were imported duty free. But we must remember that mediæval commercial notions were extremely naïve. It was thought unjust to drive a hard bargain or take advantage of another's ignorance or misfortune, to corner the market or exact interest, and much fruitless effort was expended on the task of maintaining, not a minimum, but a maximum wage. Besides cookery and commerce, there are chapters on life among the aristocracy; town, monastic, and family life; houses, dress, education, amusements, travelling, and so on. Without attempting to exhaust these subjects, the book offers many interesting facts, some good illustrations, and an appendix of authorities which documents the statements of the text.

The fame of the Rhone country has been revived and enhanced by Frederic Mistral, who, as a young lawyer, "threw his gown to the winds and gave himself up to the contemplation of what he loved—the splendor of his native Provence," and who has devoted his life to the working of a miracle in recreating a moribund language. Cecil Headlam is one of many writers who have been caught by the fascination of this land of romance, and in "Provence and Languedoc" (Doran) we have a compilation, half history, half guidebook, which is admirably calculated to illuminate the travels of the intelligent tourist. An early chapter gives a good general survey of the story of Provence and later chapters deal with particular phases in its history. Settled in turn by Phœnicians, Phocæans, and Romans, and having numerous relics of each occupation, as well as of their Iberian and Celtic predecessors, the land of the troubadours, and, as such, "the cradle of modern literature," Provence has a history commensurate with that of civilization in Europe; and Mr. Headlam has done well to compress an intelligent précis of a vast subject into the limits which he has set himself. The book is well illustrated and indexed, and an interesting appendix gives the music of some Provençal airs and dances.

In "Burma under British Rule" (Scribner), Joseph Dautremer, of the School of Oriental Languages, Paris, formerly Consul for France in Rangoon, gives an encyclopædic survey of the country, including routes, railways, excursions, products, trade, and a review of the chief industries, together with introductory chapters on historical and ethnographical points, all very concisely and clearly stated. M. Dautremer does not hesitate to criticise the methods of France in colonization as compared with those found in Burma, but, on the other hand, he does not fail to note the obvious weaknesses in British administration. Sir George Scott, who has translated M. Dautremer's work and furnished it with a vigorous introduction, helps one to read between the lines of the courteous Frenchman's criticism: "There is a sort of polite sarcasm in the way in which he chronicles roads which start with the idea of going somewhere and end nowhere in particular." The chief difference, however, between French and British is that formulated by M. Dautremer's words: "The Lieutenant-Governor of Burma does not need to trouble himself about Members of Parliament in London. The Governor-General of Indo-China always has, whether he likes it or not, one ear turned in the direction of the Palais-Bourbon. That is the evil point of the French method." The many hints on trading possibilities ought to make this work useful not only to the French, but to others desirous of enlarging business in the Orient. To others many an occasional observation will be of interest, such as those on the origin of "bee-holes" in teak; the poisonous nature of beans in Burma (Pythagoras got wisdom from the East!); the conditions of a society which permits a man to marry at the same time a mother and a daughter, etc. There are a few good photographs.

"Modern Golf" (Outing Publishing Company), is too ambitious a title for the little book which has been made out of articles by Mr. Harold H. Hilton, and seems to bring him into a competition with Mr. Vaile's comprehensive book, similarly named, in a way from which Hilton would naturally shrink. The pages are pleasant enough in their way, and here and there instructive, the best being those in which Mr. Hilton describes the ideal temperament and physique of the golfer. Several of the bodily qualifications for the game he declares that he himself is without!

Anthony F. Wilding, the New Zealander, who recently defended his title of lawn tennis champion of England against Maurice E. McLoughlin, gives some practical advice to players in "On the Court and Off" (Doubleday, Page). Mr. Wilding contends that the best form of practice is stroke play, in which a stone wall may be used if no kindred spirit is available; and he discusses strokes in the making, pointing out the right and wrong methods of hitting the ball. All the tactics, training, and experience in the world, he says, are of no avail to a player whose strokes are inaccurate, and he counsels the man who would improve his game to concentrate his efforts on its weak spots. Mr. Wilding is an advocate of training off the court, and declares that a safe rule in match play "is to start off hard and go hard all the time." Regarding tactics, he says that the two main principles are to cover your own weakness and mercilessly attack your opponent's most vulnerable points. Incidentally, he remarks that McLoughlin, in one of his inspired moments, can pierce the strongest defence ever constructed. Mrs. Larcombe contributes advice to women players, and André Gobert writes about the game in France. Mr. Wilding does not neglect to say a word about another of his hobbies—motorcycling.

Science

Frederick Irving Anderson, in his interestingly written "Farmer of Tomorrow" (Macmillan), puts his finger on two of the great problems of the future of farming in the United States. The first of these, the increasing of our farming area, is in the course of solution. Our free public lands being now virtually gone, there remains to reclaim those which so far are naturally unfit. We have more than three hundred million acres under actual cultivation, with nearly half as much of pasture land, on existing farms, to be improved. Dry farming has apparently reached its limit (will other authorities agree to this?), but there are a hundred million acres to be cleared, thirty-five million to be added by irrigation, and seventy-seven million to be drained. The total number of acres capable of profitable cultivation Mr. Anderson reckons at 672,000,000. On these acres must be supported our future population, which will in time equal the density of that of Europe. Yet to sustain our present sparse population on our present acreage is already somewhat of a problem, as indicated by our notably diminished exports of foodstuffs.

Our future difficulties must be met by better farming, the crucial problem of which occupies the second part of Mr. Anderson's book. We are learning what our farms are best fitted for, and the trend towards specialization is very hopeful. But the great question is one of plant food, and here we find Mr. Anderson distinguishing himself among recent writers by his advocacy, remarkably temperate and uncontroversial, of the theory which the United States Bureau of Soils stands almost alone in supporting. "The soil," says Milton Whitney, chief of the Bureau, "is the one indestructible, immutable asset that the nation possesses. It is the one resource that cannot be exhausted, that cannot be used up. It may be impaired by abuse, but never destroyed." The statement applies to mineral constituents alone, and the question is virtually whether we need to apply chemical fertilizers, at least in accordance with present practices. Against the Bureau stand most of the scientists of the world, American as well as foreign. The theory of Liebig, according to which our plant-food supply, continually exhausted, must be continually replaced by chemical fertilizers, is intrenched in all our schools and colleges; but against it the Bureau of Soils brings puzzling facts. Here can be mentioned but a few of them. Certain tests tend to show that, at least as far as potash and phosphoric acid are concerned, however much of these elements may be added to the soil, the plants themselves are able to utilize but a certain amount. "Nature herself," says Mr. Anderson, "has provided a definite ratio at which she liberates the mineral food of plants, and this ratio is fixed." Tested differently, in the case of potash but a certain fixed amount can be dissolved at one time out of the soil, although many times that amount may have just been added. The Bureau of Soils contends that the surface of the soil grains, holding the soil water by tremendous capillary pressure, will yield only a definite amount of plant food at a time; that the supply of this mineral food is continually furnished by the breaking up of chemicals already present in abundance; and that it is therefore not necessary to supply chemical fertilizers. To avoid the accumulation of plant poisons by proper rotations, and meanwhile to add organic matter in the form of either green or stable manure, is the proper procedure.

The Bureau points to the example of China, where for four thousand years the soil has maintained its fertility through no other treatment than this. Nearer at home is the case of the famous Agdell field at Rothamstead, England, where for more than fifty years wheat has been grown in a four-year rotation on fertilized and unfertilized plats, the latter growing the more wheat. "We cannot," say the English experts, "accept the explanation of the Americans, yet we have no theory to offer in exchange." American experts, notably Dr. Cyril G. Hopkins, of Illinois (whose Circular 155, University of Illinois Agricultural Experiment Station, controverts some of Mr. Anderson's figures), are positive in denying the conclusions of the Bureau of Soils, and maintain the theory of Liebig. Here is the germ of a great controversy, affecting every inhabitant of future America, but not to be settled for another generation.

Meanwhile other and minor problems of the future of our farms are discussed by G. Harold Powell in his "Coöperation in Agriculture" (Macmillan's Rural Science series). To most of the public such co-operation means chiefly the self-defence of milk farmers or fruit-growers, protecting themselves against the rapacity of the middleman. Such purely commercial enterprises form, of course, a large proportion of agricultural coöperative societies; but more interesting and promising for the development of our farming are associations for cow-testing, cattle-breeding, or seed improvement. Even the simple and almost accidental expedient of gathering and marketing a local egg supply through a co-operative creamery has led to the improvement of breeds, the prevention of much loss, and a fine uniform product; but the deliberate agreement among neighbors to apply coöperative methods to the improvement of stock or seed means much more. Of great importance are associations for rural credit, which in Europe have relieved farmers of a heavy incubus, and which are slowly entering into our own country districts. The book distinguishes between associations for profit and for mutual benefit; it is valuable in its warnings as to the application and changing of existing laws, as to the methods of operation, and as to the spirit of membership, so vital to success. Mr. Powell quotes numerous forms of association and rules of operation, among the dry phrases of which the reader is cheered to find the summarized purpose of the Farmers' Union (Southern): "To garner the tears of the distressed, the blood of martyrs, the laugh of innocent childhood, the sweat of honest labor, and the virtue of a happy home as the brightest jewels known." There is appended to the book an excellent bibliography.

An entirely different aspect of farming is treated in "Modern Farm Buildings" (McBride, Nast), by Alfred Hopkins, a New York architect with much experience in designing for the rich. As an expression of the application of the principles of beauty to advanced agricultural ideas the book is significant. It will somewhat surprise the ordinary reader with its apparent luxury, for under Mr. Hopkins the process of milking becomes a ritual, and the cost of milk may well equal that of champagne. Yet the author's conclusions and remarks are often very practical, while at the same time the outlines and grouping of his buildings are artistic. On the planning of the cow barn, the hay barn, the stable, the piggery and hennery, and of course the garage, his remarks are of value. We recommend the study of the book to any one considering the erection of farm buildings.

"The Dry-Fly Man's Handbook" (Dutton), by Frederic M. Halford, appeals primarily to the devotee of the chalk-streams of Great Britain, though its elucidation of the general principles of dry-fly angling would serve for American trout streams as well. Mr. Halford is well known to readers of the literature of angling as an *ultra-purist*. First, find your trout, actually engaged in rising to the surface for the real fly. Find out the particular kind of fly on which he is feeding, and cast the artificial insect of the same variety so that it

will float as naturally as possible over the spot where the fish is rising. To let yourself be tempted into casting for a trout which you can see lying on the bottom, but not actually rising for real flies, is to prove yourself not an ultra-purist at all, but at best only a purist. And if your eagerness should lure you into allowing your fly to get water-logged and go under the surface even a little, your right to be named with the dry-fly men at all is forever gone. And yet Mr. Halford is perfectly willing to admit that there is respectable angling outside the limits of the dry-fly code. The first half of the volume deals directly with the technique of dry-fly angling. This is followed by four chapters on the Fisherman's Entomology, giving a careful description, with many illustrations, of the various flies in which the angler is interested. The gaudy colored plates of artificial flies so common in angling literature are happily absent. The last hundred pages of the book are devoted to suggestions for the preparation, stocking, and management of private fisheries.

Drama and Music

Mr. Henry Thomas Schnittkind will bring out in the autumn, through the Stratford Publishing Company, a play on the Prometheus myth, together with a poetical version of Plautus's "Mostellaria."

Any conscientious attempt to contribute to the fabric of a genuine American drama is welcome, and from this point of view the "Jacob Leisler" (Mitchell Kennerley) of William O. Bates deserves a word of recognition. Moreover, it comes at an appropriate time, when a statue of the hero has just been placed in the grounds of the Huguenot Association of New Rochelle in commemoration of his connection with that place. The endeavor to awaken public interest in a man who played a prominent part in stirring events in the early history of New York, who was the first to hold the position of Governor by virtue of a popular vote, and who paid with his life the penalty of a loyalty which, whether or not it was misguided, is generally admitted to have been unselfish and sincere, was well worth while. And the subject has the advantage of being comparatively fresh to the vast majority of readers outside the ranks of historical students, as well as being clearly susceptible of effective dramatic treatment. Unfortunately, Mr. Bates has not proved himself equal to his opportunity. He has not succeeded either in making a good practicable drama or in re-creating, with any plausibility, the atmosphere of the period. So far as the known facts in Leisler's career are concerned, his acceptance of the popular election, his seizure of the fort in the name of King William, his refusal to surrender it except to a properly accredited successor, his ultimate loyal submission, his subsequent trial at the instigation of his Jacobite enemies and his summary execution as a rebel against the King whom he was eager to serve—the author follows the existing records with sufficient closeness, but the supplementary details with which he has embellished them and many of his characterizations are grotesque; while his dialogue, with its curious mixture of the modern with the antique, rarely rises above the level of cheap melodrama. Structurally the piece is very loose and slipshod, and it would require much remodelling to fit it for stage representation, although several of its scenes contain good theatrical material. As a narrative it is interesting in spite of its many absurdities, and it suggests a field which might be explored with much profit by a capable dramatist.

Edwin Davies Schoonmaker is the author of "The Americans" (Mitchell Kennerley), which is one of a series of racial dramas, including "The Saxons," "The Slavs," and "The Hindoos." It is an ambitious effort, not without a certain measure of force and imagination, but not very impressive in its illustrations or its philosophy. Professing to deal with "the industrial conflict that is now raging," it offers as its principal figures a timber king, a capable and adamantine materialist—who might have been taken from any one of half a dozen recent melodramas—and his son, an ardent idealist. When the former would crush his striking workmen by starvation and military force, the latter advocates liberal, conciliatory, and coöperative measures, identifies himself with the cause of the rebels, and finally is murdered by a walking delegate, who has no sympathy with plans which might put an end to the profits of professional agitators. Afterward, in the moment of his apparent triumph, the timber king himself is slain and the militia make common cause with the workers whom they have been summoned to repress. The implication of the whole play is that capital must concede the demands of labor, adopt socialistic and coöperative systems, or prepare to face general armed revolution. Mr. Schoonmaker exhibits familiarity with certain phases of existing social conditions, but no broad-minded grasp of the whole situation. His illustrations are both conventional and extravagant, and his evident sincerity lacks the ballast of experience. He deserves credit for imaginative dealing with a weighty problem, but contributes nothing particularly helpful towards its solution. Why he should have elected to write some of his dialogue in the blankest of verse is a mystery.

The object of two volumes recently published, "Dramatization" (Scott, Foresman & Co.), by Sarah E. Simons and Clem Irwin Orr, and "A Dickens Dramatic Reader" (Ginn & Co.), by Fanny Comstock, is to furnish passages from English classics adapted for dramatic representation in schools. Whether the encouragement of the theatrical instinct in children, without skilled and capable instructors, is altogether desirable is a question which need not be debated here. Of course, there is no great difficulty in the selection of passages from great authors, which, with very little alteration, lend themselves readily enough to stage enactment, and most of those collected in these two books are famous, but many of them are hopelessly beyond the interpretative faculties of boys and girls. The time expended in drilling children in the mechanical and parrot-like recitation of such pieces is wholly wasted, and the result of all the labor is likely to be mischievous in more ways than one. The chief practical value of such compilations is to whet the appetites of juvenile readers for the works from which the samples are taken.

One of Massenet's last compositions, not yet printed, had its first hearing the other day in Paris. It is a "melodic poem" entitled "Loti's Visions," text by Edmond Noël. It was sung by four artists of the Grand Opéra, Gall and Arbell, Dubois and Dulos, and it pleased the audience so much that it had to be repeated. The critics pronounced it one of the happiest of Massenet's melodic inspirations.

The house at Pillnitz in which Wagner composed "Lohengrin" in 1846 was sold at auction the other day. The buyer is a butcher.

It is possible that the Russian Opera Company, recently heard in London, will appear in New York at the Century Opera House next May.

English composers cannot complain that they are entirely neglected in London. Sir Henry Wood has selected thirteen native works—many of them absolute novelties—for the Queen's Hall Orchestra's nineteenth season of promenade concerts.

An illustration of Liszt's generosity is given by a Russian journal. When the great pianist was in Moscow, in 1863, it happened that an actor had obtained permission to have a benefit at the theatre; but the public was so taken up with Liszt that the poor fellow ran a good chance of having an empty house. When Liszt heard of this he promptly offered to play several pieces during the intermissions. The result was that the theatre was jammed and the actor took in more than 2,000 rubles.

English bands are accounted second to none. There is a special institution, Kneller Hall, for the training of bandmasters and instrumentalists. At a recent garden party, the official band of this institution rendered a programme which is interesting as showing the attention paid to English music. It included Sullivan's "Macbeth" Overture, Balfour Gardiner's "Shepherd Fennel's Dance," Coleridge Taylor's Characteristic Waltzes, the March from Sir Edward Elgar's "Crown of India," a selection from Edward German's "Tom Jones," Sir Alexander Mackenzie's "Rhapsodie Ecossaise," and Herbert E. Haines's "Woodland Serenade."

Portugal has only one conservatory of music, situated at Lisbon. The highest salary paid is $500 a year; assistant teachers get $150. Orchestral players, though they have a union, are paid at the San Carlo Theatre no more than $40 to $80 a month; at vaudevilles and musical comedies they get 60 cents to $1.20 a performance.

A lecture on kettledrums was given in London the other day by Gabriel Cleather. He commented on the fact that for generations the drum has been regarded to a great extent as a comic implement—something to be used effectively at bye-elections and public demonstrations of war or peace—and proceeded to demonstrate that the kettledrum is a genuine musical instrument the player of which must not only have a knowledge of rhythm and dynamics, but a very keen sense of pitch and a most sensitive touch. By way of illustrating this lecture, as many as six timpani were used in a composition for pianoforte and drums by Julius Tausch, and in others three, four,

and five. One of the critics wrote that "especially in the Schumann 'Sketch in D flat' and the Grieg 'Berceuse,' the effect was most suggestive and charming."

Plans are making to collect funds for erecting a monument to the composer Ethelbert Nevin at Sewickley, Pa., where he was born and died. It is probable that there will be given a concert at which eminent musicians will coöperate.

Art

The Mediæval Church Architecture of England. By Charles Herbert Moore, author of "Development and Character of Gothic Architecture" and "Character of Renaissance Architecture." With 23 plates in half-tone and 49 illustrations in the text. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.50 net.

This interesting and scholarly work, by a writer whose two previous books have acquainted students of architecture with his critical methods and point of view, embodies the results of Professor Moore's personal investigation and study of a large number of the most important mediæval English churches, the author having taken up his residence in England for the special purpose of pursuing this work. The contribution he makes to the literature of a most interesting subject is so serious and so valuable within the field to which the author has confined himself, as to deepen one's regret at the narrowness of his approach to it. The work might with propriety have borne the title and sub-title "Structural and Logical Deficiencies in English Churches; An Analysis and Criticism of the Design of their Piers, Vaulting-Shafts, and Vaulting."

His purpose, as stated in the preface, is "to set forth the character of mediæval church architecture in England in the light of a structural analysis and comparison with the French Gothic art and of the conditions under which it was produced." The special incentive to writing this book lay in "the great misunderstanding of the art of England shown by recent, no less than by earlier, English writers," who are charged with a "fragmentary method of study" and with a "patriotic bias fatal to impartial judgment." Professor Moore has never lacked the courage of his convictions, and in thus boldly challenging English judgments on English architecture he has set forth his contentions with pungency and force, supporting them by careful analysis and acute observations leading to arguments which are in many cases logical and convincing. In so far as he endeavors to establish the general contentions that the English Norman architecture, first introduced from France, developed on lines which show a lack of that logical evolution from structural exigencies which characterizes the French Romanesque; that the fundamental characteristics of this Anglo-Norman style persist without essential change in the Early English style; and that throughout the entire Gothic period the English church builders, in their treatment of the bay-system and of the clustering of piers, in their design of vaulting-shafts, and in the relation of shafts to vault-ribs, ignored the logical considerations which controlled the French Gothic builders, Professor Moore's reasoning is entirely sound. He is also on solid ground in tracing the evolutionary relations of Canterbury, Lincoln, Salisbury, and the transepts of York, and in his view as to the relative proportions of French and English influences in the design of Westminster Abbey. In all these matters he has made an important contribution to the critical understanding of English mediæval architecture.

Unfortunately, the force, or at least the acceptability, of these contentions is weakened by the narrowness of the author's view of the philosophy of architectural design. In his preface Mr. Moore restricts "the use of the term 'Gothic' to the French art, using the term 'pointed' for that architecture of the Middle Ages, whether in England or elsewhere, in which the pointed arch and other details are merely applied to forms of building that retain the structural character of the older art." Now it is true that "the question of names is of secondary importance," and that any writer may define his terms as he pleases, provided neither he nor the reader is misled by either the name or the definition. But Mr. Moore is constantly misled, and misleads his readers; for by quietly ignoring the rightness of any other system, method, or point of view than that of the Ile-de-France as developed between 1140 and 1260 and calling all else "non-Gothic" or "not truly Gothic," a habit of mind is acquired, and a tone of criticism developed, which stamp everything else as inferior. Moreover, in taking this position he centres attention on the "logic" of design as the one supreme consideration; and this "logic" is furthermore restricted to the visible expression of a scientifically designed structural framework. And as the author assumes the particular forms and methods of this structural expression in the Ile-de-France Gothic to be in all points the most perfect forms and methods, every deviation from these is criticised as inferior or "non-Gothic." Thus the fundamental narrowness of Mr. Moore's definition of "Gothic" comes to be far more than a mere question of names, and is found to vitiate his entire critical position. For it leads him to err widely in two most important particulars. He ignores the very existence of the logic of æsthetic expression, which in a work of architecture may claim equal importance and validity with the logic of structural expression; and he condemns the application even of structural logic in the English examples, when it deviates from the French applications of the same logic. Thus the English multiple-ribbed vaulting, which was primarily developed to simplify the construction, was an extension of the fundamental principle of vault-ribbing which lies at the very heart of Gothic architectural development; but Mr. Moore calls it a *violation* of that principle! So also the superb hammer-beam trusses of Westminster Hall and other like examples are condemned because the only correct form of truss is assumed to be that which exerts *no thrust* on the walls, *i. e.*, the truss with a tie-beam. Why it is not as permissible to build a timber roof that exerts a thrust as a stone roof that exerts a thrust, is not explained. Parity of reasoning would either condemn all vaulting in favor of a lintel construction, or compel the use of the iron or timber tie for vaulting, as in many Italian churches.

Furthermore, the criticism of the structural logic of English churches is to such an extent confined to the design of the pier sections and the relation of the vaulting shafts to the vaulting ribs as to make these appear to be not merely important elements, but almost the whole, of Gothic architecture. Mr. Moore's contention on this point appears to be that the failure of the English mediæval builders, in any one of their churches, to carry continuous vaulting shafts from the floor, or at least from the main pier-caps to the spring of the vaulting, with a distinct member for each vault-rib, stamps all their work as fundamentally illogical and hence "not truly Gothic," and that their multiplication of shafts, ribs, and mouldings was not motived by any sound or truly Gothic structural logic. He never allows the reader to suspect that every vaulting shaft in every Gothic building is a structural superfluity, which can be cut away at any point or dispensed with altogether, without endangering the stability of the vaulting; that, indeed, the vaulting shaft was a purely decorative device—a product of æsthetic, not structural, logic, intended to give the eye the æsthetic satisfaction of an *apparent*, though actually unnecessary, support from the ground up; and that the clustering of shafts so as to give every supported member its own apparent support is also a purely æsthetic device, the structural essential being a sufficient sectional area for the pier, rather than any particular form of section. The coördination of supporting and supported members is a means of æsthetic effect based on apparent structural relations which do not really exist. It is not really more "true," though

it is from one narrow point of view more "logical," than designing these various members with a view to purely decorative effects. In other words, the entire apparatus of the greater part of the criticism of English architecture in this book is based upon critical assumptions which are fundamentally open to question, though urged as axiomatic by the author; and upon which, even granting his point of view, he has built, along with many perfectly sound and just criticisms, many that are unfair and erroneous.

One contention which is repeatedly urged is scientifically incorrect. The author appears to think that the load on the groin-ribs varies materially with the section and form of the vault-cells, so that a domical transverse vault (*i. e.*, one with a concave rising ridge of the French type) "bears more effectively" on the groin-ribs than one with a horizontal straight ridge (p. 27). His figure 20 in support of this curious contention is wholly misleading. The transverse cells, whatever their form, are carried wholly by the groin-ribs, and "bear" upon it in proportion to their weight, not their section. So also he contends that the widening of the "conoids" of English vaults towards the clear-story prevents the "concentration of the vault thrust" which would be possible if they were narrowed against the clear-story. It is not easy to understand the system of statics implied in this singular contention, on which there is considerable insistence.

One might fairly expect in a careful study of English mediæval church architecture some description, analysis, and appreciation of the polygonal chapter houses of Lichfield, Wells, Salisbury, and Westminster. They are the most original creations of that architecture, absolutely English, and as logical, in the French Gothic sense, as the nave of Amiens. There is no discussion of the planning of English churches, except in the references to the inferiority of their square east ends to the apsidal east ends of French churches—a fair criticism, most architects will agree. But the plan as a whole is nowhere discussed as an architectural conception in itself, and this every architect will feel is a serious defect in a work which professes to treat of church architecture. The towers and spires of English churches are in like manner ignored; and nowhere are the fundamental ideas, the basic artistic conceptions, that underlie the design of the great churches, the considerations both practical and artistic that differentiate their plans and proportions from the French, recognized or even referred to. The exquisite beauty of the carved ornament, the marvellous perfection of execution of the mouldings, especially in the thirteenth century, are disparaged as departures from the French ideals. All the charm and loveliness of the English Gothic churches, which appeal so strongly to tourist and architect alike, are outweighed, in the author's stern judgment, by their nonconformity to the French logic of design in respect to pier sections, vaulting shafts, and vault-ribs. The magnificent octagon of Ely is condemned *in toto*, in conception, detail, and execution, as inappropriate; it is a gigantic mistake. For all the products of the perpendicular style Mr. Moore expresses disfavor amounting to contempt.

In spite of these deficiencies, the student of mediæval architecture will find this a stimulating, informing and suggestive book. It is sound in its scholarship and in its statement of facts, keen in its analysis, and simple and direct in its style. The illustrations are excellent, the author's own drawings being models of faithful and brilliant delineation. Nearly all the more important cathedrals and abbeys of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries are passed under longer or shorter review, though in no case is any church considered as a whole, either historically or critically. The book is admirably printed, but the proof-reading is not faultless in the matter of foreign names. Viollet-le-Duc is twice printed Voillet le Duc; Rivoira is misprinted Rivoïa; San Ambrogio (or Sant' Ambrogio) becomes the bilingual St. Ambrogio; the French quotation at the bottom of page 3 contains six errors in two lines; St. John's Chapel, in the Tower of London, is St. Joseph's, in the list of illustrations.

"Colonial Furniture in America," by Luke Vincent Lockwood, will be published by Scribners this summer.

Mr. Charles H. Caffin's "The Story of British Painting," originally announced for publication in 1912, is in hand for issue in October or November this year (Century). It will show reproductions of forty famous British paintings.

Finance

THE NEW ERA IN AMERICAN FINANCE.

With the substantial recovery on the Stock Exchange, these past two weeks, from its exaggerated gloom and despondency of the two or three months preceding, and with the passing of the markets into something resembling normal conditions, the mind of the financial community has turned once more to the question, whether complete restoration of financial equilibrium will bring us back to the familiar episodes of the decade past, or whether, in finance as in other things, a new era lies before us. The problem is deeply interesting. The death, last week, of another of the promoting capitalists whose names were constantly on the lips of Wall Street, in the exciting days of 1901 and 1906, is a reminder of the extent to which even the actors on that memorable stage have ended their several careers, in the few years since the era of promotion, combination, and speculation itself came to an end.

Announcements of this kind show how far and how rapidly the world has moved. It is sometimes hard for people who have lived through such an era—who have seen its beginning, its climax, its waning, and perhaps shared in the common delusion that it must go on forever—to realize how completely its particular qualities and phenomena have disappeared from the social, political, and financial scene.

The period itself sometimes seems only yesterday; sometimes a generation ago. But the reminder of what it actually was comes forcibly when the conspicuous leaders, in an extraordinary era of the kind, pass away from the present scene. Of the typical figures in the dramatic chapter of finance, which appropriately ended in the great crash of 1907, very few are left. When one mentions only Morgan, Harriman, Gates, and Keene, it is possible to understand how soon the active figures of that period will be to the rising generation as much mere matters of tradition and past history as the exploiters of 1869 and 1870 were to the men of 1893.

With attention thus directed to the fact that the era of speculative exploitation, in and out of Wall Street, is actually dead and gone, conjecture as to the character of the coming period grows interesting. It is a curious fact that a great financial panic is invariably the landmark separating such financial and economic eras from one another. The succeeding periods never resemble one another, except in the mere fact of their alternate depression and expansion, and, what is equally impressive, the social and political characteristics of the period change with the financial.

To realize how far we have already drifted from the days of 1901, it is not necessary even to point to the present attitude of great railway and industrial corporations towards the people, to the revolt of the Stock Exchange itself against the abuses practiced on it barely half-a-dozen years ago, or to the vanishing of the financial dictators with their Wall Street court. The manner of life which was pursued by the extraordinary body of overnight "multi-millionaires" in that famous period, their flaunting personal display, their spectacular gambling exploits after Stock Exchange hours, would be as inconceivable in the surrounding circumstances of today as would the charter of a Fall River steamer, after the plan of Fisk and

Gould in 1869, for an evening's personal conversation on financial affairs with their guest, the President of the United States.

People with a wholly disinterested point of view—if there are any such people in America—will probably agree that finance, as well as society at large, is very well rid of that demoralizing period. As the panorama of the new era which has succeeded it gradually unfolds, we shall begin to see more clearly just what the character of the next period is to be. It has certainly not yet displayed its qualities—except that, so far as this country is concerned, a spirit of well-balanced conservatism, of working on the basis of real rather than imaginary things, has already come plainly into evidence.

One conclusion, however, may be safely adopted. The day of reckless experiment in finance and business is for the present definitely past. Nobody hears any longer of old-fashioned economic law being obsolete and negligible, and our material prosperity is bound to be built up on a far sounder basis for that reason. Whether the social and political worlds are destined similarly to settle down to that sober and rational basis is perhaps another question. That the course of events on the Stock Exchange, and with finance in general, is very apt to foreshadow at long range the course of events in these other quarters, would at least suggest that the wild ideas and extravagant commotion, which have lately beset all fields except finance, will eventually subside as they have done in the financial field since 1907.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Alexander, C. B. Moral Science and Academic Freedom: An Address. Lexington, Va.: Wash. and Lee University.

Annals of the Astrophysical Observatory of the Smithsonian Institution. Vol. III. Washington.

Benda, Julien. The Yoke of Pity (L'Ordination). Trans. by G. Cannan. Holt. $1 net.

Bridges, Robert. A Tract on the Present State of English Pronunciation. Second edition. Frowde.

Brown, R. G. The Judiciary as the Servant of the People: An Address. Minneapolis: The Author.

Carter, Huntly. The New Spirit in Drama and Art. Kennerley.

Charles, R. H. The Apocrypha and Pseudepigrapha of the Old Testament in English. 2 vols. Frowde.

Clark, A. C. Prose Rhythm in English: A Lecture. Frowde.

Deutsch-Amerikanischen Historischen Gesellschaft von Illinois. Jahrbuch, 1912. Vol. XII. Chicago.

Ellis, Robinson. The Second Book of Ovid's Tristia: A Lecture. Oxford Press.

Foster, William. The English Factories in India, 1642-1645. Frowde.

Geddes, J., and Tesson, L. Oral Instruction in Modern Languages: A Paper Read in Boston, 1912. Boston: The Palmer Co.

Grocer's Encyclopedia. Compiled by Artemas Ward. New York: The Author. $10.

Henderson, C. R. Social Programmes In the West. (Burrows Lectures, 1912-13.) Univ. of Chicago Press. $1.25 net.

Hill, L., and others. The Influence of the Atmosphere on Our Health and Comfort. Washington: Smithsonian Institution.

Kuhns, Oscar. A One-sided Autobiography. Eaton & Mains. $1 net.

Lauber, A. W. Indian Slavery in Colonial Times (Col. Univ. Studies). Longmans.

Marriott, J. A. R. English Political Institutions. Second edition. Frowde.

Montessori, Maria. Pedagogical Anthropology. Trans. from the Italian by F. T. Cooper. Stokes. $3.50 net.

Newman's Apologia Pro Vita Sua, preceded by Newman's and Kingsley's Pamphlets.

Pali Text Society Publications. Psalms of the Early Buddhists; II, Psalms of the Brethren, by Mrs. Rhys Davids. Frowde.

Palmer, W. S., and Haggard, A. M. Michael Fairless. Dutton. $1 net.

Rattray, R. S. Hausa Folk-Lore, Customs, Proverbs, etc. 2 vols. Frowde.

Richards, C. C. Village Life in America, 1852-1872: The Diary of a School Girl. Third edition, enlarged. Holt. $1.30 net.

Robins, M. E. Songs Through the Night. Woodstock, N. Y.: The Maverick Press.

Royal Historical Society Publications. Vol. XXII, Official Diary of Lieut.-Gen. Adam Williamson; Vol. XXIII, English Merchants and the Spanish Inquisition in the Canaries. London: The Society.

Sheldon, H. C. Christian Science So-called. Eaton & Mains. 50 cents net.

Tod, M. N. International Arbitration amongst the Greeks. Frowde.

Townsend, C. W. Sand Dunes and Salt Marshes. Boston: Dana Estes. $2 net.

Walcott, C. D. Cambrian Geology and Paleontology. Vol. 57, Nos. 11 and 12. Washington: Smithsonian Institution.

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 7, 1913.

The Week

Are Texas Democrats really collecting a fund of $50,000 for Mr. Bryan on condition that the Secretary of State shall abandon his Chautauqua work and devote himself exclusivcly to his duties at Washington? Mr. Bryan will probably lose no time in squelching a project which may lead some people to confuse him with Walter Johnson, who only the other day received a silver cup three and a half feet high full of money. The friends and cnemies of Mr. Bryan would be equally delighted to contribute. His friends, however, should remember that the Secretary of State cares for the excitement of Chautauqua as much as for the profits. Mr. Bryan off the lecture platform is inconceivable. And it has yet to be shown that his work in Washington suffers as a result of his platform work. Like Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. La Follette, and other popular exhorters, he probably finds oratory no strain on the mind. While delivering "The Prince of Peace" he may easily be thinking out the Mexican situation.

The tariff bill has reached the stage where already the attentive ear ought to discern the first ominous groanings of the nation's industries preparing to crumble into ruin; but our industries are ohviously refusing to crumble. Foreign trade, domestic trade, railway receipts are all picking up. Instead of the carpenter's hammer upon the walls of temporary soup kitchens, the tattoo is of the ironworker on the steel of ascending skyscrapers. The nation is showing keen concern with regard to our interests in Mexico, our interests in Nicaragua, our interests in Venezuela, thus justifying the assumption that after the tariff bill is passed we shall still have a few fragmentary interests left somewhere. It is true that hy dint of hard research Senator Penrose has discovered a manufacturing concern in northeastern Pennsylvania which has suspended operations; but Senator Penrose has presented his instance more in a spirit of duty than of enthusiasm. It is plain that Prosperity has played the Bulgarian trick on its ancient ally, the Republican Party.

As it passed the House, the tariff bill contained a clause prohibiting the importation of the plumage of wild hirds. This provision has been so altered hy the Senate Finance Committee as to make it useless for the purpose for which it was designed. Under the clause as it now stands, all feathers excepting only aigrettes may he admitted. Since this action has been ratified by the Democratic caucus, the only hope of defcating it lies in the Senate as a whole. There can be little doubt regarding the sentiment of people in general upon the subject. No one who realizes what the use of plumage of this sort means for the wild-bird life of vast areas can be long in condemning it. Already the slaughter of birds has gone so far as to threaten the extinction of certain species. The only way to stop it is to make it pecuniarily unprofitable. And that is just what the provision in question contemplated. So effective was it deemed to he by the commercial interests concerned that they exerted themselves to get it changed by the Finance Committee of the Senate, and successfully. Those who took the trouhle of writing members of the House when the contest was on there, need to redouble their efforts with members of the Senate, if all their work is not to be lost.

The decision of the House Banking and Currency Committee, providing for an advisory hoard of hankers to act in coöperation with the central "Federal Reserve Board" under the pending bill, is a distinct step in advance. As the provisions of the amendment are described in the dispatches, the new Board is to consist of as many members as there are regional reserve banks, and each regional bank is to select one member. It is also stated that its functions are to be advisory only. Under such conditions, its actual power and usefulness would naturally depend on the extent to which the Federal Board consulted it and deferred to it. That cannot be predicted with ahsolute assurance; but it is hardly open to doubt that the presence of so authoritative a committee in the field, created by the law, would make such consultation inevitable. Otherwise the Federal Board would be placing itself in direct antagonism to the whole system of regional reserve hanks; and this would be a far more difficult and unpopular policy to pursue than defiance of the Wall Street hanks alone. Whether by law, or hy custom having the force of law, the authority of the Federal Board to "require Federal reserve banks to rediscount the discounted prime paper of other Federal reserve banks"; to suspend for stipulated periods "any and every reserve requirement," and to "grant in part or reject entirely" the application of any Federal reserve bank for note circulation, ought never to be exercised without the approval of this advisory committee.

It was to be expected that the express companies would find grounds for dissatisfaction with the new rate schedules promulgated by the Interstate Commerce Commission. In a matter of such complicated nature the outsider must assume that the findings of the Interstate Commerce Commission, hased on the most elahorate investigations extending over a period of threc years, and after prolonged hearings in which the express companies were represented by counsel, are just and reasonable. This, in spite of the fact that at first sight there is some justification for the complaint made hy the head of one company that the new schedules aim to force the companies into impossible competition with the parcel post. Thus, for packages between five and twenty pounds, for virtually all distances, the new rates prescribe a lower charge by the express companies than the parcel post exacts. Since the Post Office is not conducted with a view to profit, and presumably fixes its charges at an irreducihle minimum, the companies have a *prima facie* case against being compelled to go even below that minimum. But the position of the Interstate Commission is that the general nature of the express business is such that the discrimination is justified. Increase of business, on the one hand, and the ahalition of franks and rebates, on the other, are counted upon to do more than make up the initial decrease in revenue.

The amusements of legislators would be a suitable subject for some hard-pressed candidate for a Ph.D. Material is abundant. Among the perennial diversions in which lawmakers engage, more especially in the West and South, is the introduction of bills for the removal of the State capital. This always arouses the spirit of local patriotism, and gives large opportunity for repartee. Oklahoma has devoted rather more attention to locating her capital than to anything else, except guaranteeing bank deposits. Now, after an extraordinary session of the Legislature, a decision by the United States Supreme Court, and resort to the initiative, Oklahoma City seems to have put Guthrie out of the running. Georgia is not so easily satisfied. Her General Assembly is facing the question of calling a special election to accept or reject a Constitutional amendment removing the seat of government from Augusta to Macon. The issue presents itself to residents of the latter city as simply whether the people of the State shall have the right to say where their capital shall be situated. Residents of Augusta see no reason for going to the trouble and expense of a special election to determine a matter which all people outside of Macon regard as having been settled, and settled right, long before any of them were born.

That favorite weapon of educators, the *questionnaire*, has been turned against them. Members of school boards in Ohio have received from the State Department of Education a list of such questions as these: "Are your teachers strong leaders in your community? Have your teachers made any effort to have flowers, shrubs, good lawns, and trees on school or church grounds? Have your teachers tried to organize a lecture course to help the community? Have your teachers tried to secure a farmers' institute at State expense for your community?" The replies show with emphasis how many things at once it is possible for a teacher to leave undone. Only 202 teachers are reported as being "strong leaders" in their communities, while 445 are not so regarded. This proportion, or a worse one, holds for the other questions. Only 71 teachers have sought to obtain a farmers' institute, as against 570 who have not. No wonder that to another question, "Do you believe that teachers are as thoroughly competent to teach as they should be?" only 121 trustees say yes, and 543 say no. Persons in other occupations may well pray to be saved from this modern Inquisition.

Many questions of prison management give rise to differences of opinion; but on one point none exists. Wherever the shortcomings of the penal system are looked into, in any State of the Union, the elimination of politics is set down as an indispensable requirement of its sound administration. In Texas, a legislative committee appointed several months ago has just made a voluminous report, covering a great many aspects of the question, ranging from the need of fireproof construction to the hours of labor for the prisoner and the salaries to be paid prison officials; but the report winds up with this paragraph:

> The prison system has suffered long and greatly from the demoralizing power of political interference, and neither the financial independence of the system nor substantial advancement in the moral reformation of the convicts may be expected until business considerations in the management of the affairs of the system supersede political influence, and merit supplants favoritism.

The formal regrets of Great Britain and Russia over their inability to attend our big party in 1915 will be received with disappointment and something like consternation at San Francisco. Was it for this that the California city lobbied at Washington and finally defeated New Orleans in the contest for the location of the Panama Exposition? What is a world's fair without world Powers? They have their reasons, to be sure. England lets it be known that she has been spending too freely for such functions, and that she proposes to stop —for a year anyway. Germany, who is hesitating along with Austria, fears that her designs may be copied if they are exposed to the gaze of her rivals. But it is not necessary to resort to a reader of the stars to learn that, as often in the case of formal regrets, part of the reasons, and perhaps the controlling part, are not given. Our European friends do not quite see the advantage to them in contributing to the success of a celebration which would remind them of the discrimination that we intend against them in the use of the very Canal whose completion was the occasion of glory. Japan, too, may find that she "cannot" come. Will California be puzzled over such an answer from her? And which of our toll-discriminating Senators will be so absent-minded as to say anything about international bad manners?

It is not necessary to dwell upon the retirement of Ambassador Wilson. That became inevitable long since. If anything were needed to complete the demonstration of his unfitness for a delicate work of diplomacy, it would have been supplied by his gross indiscretions since returning to this country. No one denies that he was laborious and energetic while in Mexico, or that he did everything within his power to safeguard American citizens there during the troublous times of his service. He evidently earned the good-will of the American colony in Mexico. But this did not warrant him in setting himself up as the Sir Oracle on Mexican affairs; did not justify him in seeking to force his opinion on our Government; certainly did not excuse him for his foolish and offensive talk on arriving in New York. If he got a cool reception at the White House, followed by a curt announcement that his resignation had been accepted, the fault was his own. The time had plainly come for a new man and new methods.

Mr. John Lind, ex-Governor of Minnesota, it must be confessed, does not appear to have special qualifications for the task on which the President has sent him. He has no command of Spanish, but this is not a very serious handicap in dealing with Mexican officials, many of whom speak English. It is admitted, too, that Mr. Lind has had no occasion to study Mexican questions. But he goes with the reputation of a man honest and clean-cut, and it is only fair to remember that, at least in the beginning, all that he will have to do will be to carry out President Wilson's instructions. As it is stated that these will be published here at the same time they are made known in Mexico, the net result will be that the whole world will be advised of the proposals that Mr. Lind is making. That should simplify his mission, even if it does not make it easy.

The treaty for the Nicaraguan protectorate was not in completed form when Secretary Bryan submitted it to the Sen-

ate for the purpose of getting advice before signing it and seeking its ratification. In that form it has been negatived by the Foreign Affairs Committee. Indeed, its reception by the country at large, as well as by the Senate, has been unfavorable—the praise coming mainly from Republican jingoes like Senator Lodge. In general, the people were unconvinced of either its necessity or its wisdom. They denied the alleged parallel with Cuban conditions. We have and can have no such relations with Nicaragua as with Cuba. Moreover, the advantages we were to win were slight and dubious, while the obligations we were to incur were large and all the more dangerous for being vague. And the fact that the proposed protectorate over Nicaragua awakens such unconcealed dislike and suspicion in the other Central American republics is strongly against it.

Friends of Venezuela who have anxiously traced ex-President Castro's wanderings will not welcome reports of his return home. Ever since his political début in 1900 calamity has followed his footsteps. The only question will be as to the strength of the faction he can command. He is widely hated. Yet after ex-Minister Northcott's recent assertion that "Castro is such an international outlaw that if he should venture back the majority would throw him into the sea," the stir he is already making gives color to a new view of Latin-American revolutions. They are less a habit than a malady. But there is no doubt in this instance as to the position of sound sentiment both in Venezuela and abroad. Memory of Castro's eight-year oligarchy should throw unexampled fervor into resistance to him. In his four years of virtual peace the country has made genuine progress in development. Experience of this tranquillity should lend vigor to the defence of the Government and to its appeals for moral support from outside.

Despite many evidences of success, some features of the English Workingmen's Insurance Act are testing the logic on which Bernard Shaw derided the old system. Men, he said, having seen that they could provide for a supply of bread by giving bakers a pecuniary interest in baking for them, insanely went on to give surgeons a pecuniary interest in cutting off legs. But if it was formerly too much to the physician's interest to discover ills, there is some evidence that it is now too much to society's. With the ignorant always fond of taking medicine, it is alleged that where state and fraternal benefits permit a thirty-shilling-a-week laborer to earn forty by staying abed, some have succumbed to the temptation. Malingering still implicates the ethics of the profession, moreover, for the great number of sickness claims has nearly doubled the income of the English doctor. But the authorities seem right in denying that it exists to any serious degree. They can reasonably point out that one of the purposes of the Act was to bring to light the great amount of ill-health that has hitherto gone neglected among the poorer classes, and that much genuine illness has been revealed for the first time. At any rate, the proposal that independent medical referees shall pass upon doubtful claims seems an easy way out of the difficulty.

It seems incredible that an English statesman should set out deliberately to discourage thought, but how else are we to speak of Lord Loreburn's bill "to prohibit certain prize competitions"? One form of these competitions is aptly termed "the Thinklet." The Thinklet is described as an entity with two parts. These are the example and the derivative. Words are given in ones, twos, or threes, the final letters of which you are to use as the initial letters of a similar group "bearing apt relation to the example." A simple diagram will make the process clear:

Example.	*Thinklet.*
HomE	Every
froM	Mother's
schooL	Lad

Now, there are perhaps a score of weekly journals in England engaged in this thought-provoking business, in connection with which they offer Mammoth Cash Prizes. The other day, we read, a Scotsman in Barrie's Thrums received £500 for this masterpiece:

Example.	*Thinklet.*
SweetheartS	Shillings
anD	Differently
WiveS	Survey.

And this high intellectual effort Lord Loreburn would have the Mother of Parliaments stigmatize as a lottery!

The French Chamber having voted the new army bill by an enthusiastic majority, the Socialists have now demanded that the Government shall come down to the question of ways and means. As usual, the agile Ministers had leaped over this distasteful topic with a statement showing a surplus of $10,000, though everybody knows that actually there is a large deficit. But the Socialists desire to see the Government live up to its promise that the new financial burdens shall be placed on the shoulders of the rich; and, borrowing a leaf from Germany, they suggest a tax not merely upon incomes, but upon capital. The Government had introduced a bill taxing incomes of $2,000 and above, depending upon this to pacify the extremists until the budget goes through. That the real deficit of 1913, and the threatened deficit of 1914, require some provision, no one denies. But many suggest expedients other than the working out of a whole new system of taxation. As at Washington, the perspiring wail in Paris is, "What mood are we in for such a subject?" The one sure result seems to be the killing of many costly measures of social legislation, and the stripping of the army bill of all but its essentials.

An aspect of the Rand strike which loomed largest in Africa has attracted the least attention abroad. It was fear that the discontent of the whites would spread to the natives. And if the strike was nearly negligible in its economic results, it has had one important effect in directing new attention to the race problem in South Africa. Upon this topic the new Fiftieth Anniversary Edition of the "Negro Year Book" has some notable comment. Only a few months ago the first congress of all the tribes gathered at Bloemfontein and made a statement of their attitude towards the Government's policy. "There are signs," said the president, "that the European and colored sections of the country are daily drifting into hostile camps." Most of their demands seem highly reasonable. They ask the Government to restrict the sale of liquor in the mining camps, to give them an arts-and-crafts education, with native agricultural colleges, and to protect them from specified injuries. They cannot plead white responsibility for their presence, but they have the more valid claim to a land-ownership which certain legislative measures have undermined.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE NEGRO.

Mr. Wilson finds himself thus early in his Administration at the parting of the ways in the matter of the negro citizen. His nomination of Mr. A. E. Patterson, of Oklahoma, as Register of the Treasury, has been withdrawn at the nominee's request, and for the first time in a quarter of a century the office is to go to some one other than to a negro. Mr. Patterson asked to be allowed to withdraw because of the violent opposition of the negrophobe Southern Senators—Vardaman, Tillman, Hoke Smith, and the rest. That he lacked the courage to stick it out and to insist on having his name passed upon is greatly to be regretted. In a sense, he was recreant to his race; that he has not helped either Mr. Wilson or the colored people appears clearly from Vardaman's glorying. No negro, says the confident Senator, shall be appointed to any executive office in which there may be subordinate white employees; and his platform contains these further demands: "Segregation in all forms of Government employment; the entire separation of the races in Federal employ; negroes and white people must not be compelled to work side by side." The integrity of the Anglo-Saxon race, Mr. Vardaman adds, depends upon the "faithful consummation" of this programme. What a delicate integrity it must be!

For the first time since we have heard of him, it occurs to us that this Senator from Mississippi is serving a useful purpose. He has flung down a challenge to this Democratic Administration which Mr. Wilson cannot avoid. Shall the President give up the historic right of the Executive to appoint to office, to the extent at least of permitting a fraction of the Senate to bar out ten millions of American citizens from serving the Government, save in the lowest positions, and then as lepers set apart? Does he sympathize wholly or in any degree with the attitude of Hoke Smith and Vardaman? Is he going to ignore the colored man in his appointments hereafter, or is he going to select some one who will stick, and then fight it out on that line, whether it takes all summer or the rest of his Administration? Shall he fling the negro overboard after more of that race voted for Wilson than for any other Democratic candidate; shall he be a just President of *all* the American people, or only of those of the white race? Is the "New Freedom" to be accepted as preaching political doctrines whose truths are no longer truths when they meet the color line?

We understand, of course, how uncomfortable it must be for the President to encounter the enmity of the Southern Senators at this time. His tariff bill and his currency measure are before them, and his whole legislative programme not yet formulated will go before them next winter. But he has excellent Democratic precedent for stubbornly taking his position against them and sticking to it. Mr. Cleveland nominated a colored man to this same office of Register of the Treasury, and when, after a long struggle, he could not obtain his confirmation, he sent in the name of another one and had his way. Mr. Roosevelt's long fight on behalf of the confirmation of Dr. W. D. Crum, of Charleston, S. C., was altogether one of the finest things in his Administration. Can Mr. Wilson do less? We do not see how it is possible for him to steer a course of compromise and expediency in this matter, and we can not believe that he wishes to do so. The assurances that he gave to the negro delegations which called upon him during the campaign would forbid it, did he not naturally subscribe to the doctrine of all men up and none down.

So far as the colored people are concerned, they are already deeply stirred by the action of several of Mr. Wilson's Cabinet officers in segregating the negro employees within their Departments—in some cases they are screened off in corners as if even their aspect were contaminating. As usual in such cases, the excuse is that it is all for the negroes' welfare. That they are thereby rendered more safe in the possession of their offices, and are less likely to be discriminated against, is the sincere belief of some who have had part in this innovation. They do not see that this for the first time officially establishes a caste among the citizens and employees of the Federal Government; that within a short time the negro sections will be pointed to as the "nigger departments" and made the objects of the derision and hate of such men as Vardaman and Hoke Smith and their less conspicuous imitators; that the "nigger sections" will become as despised and as neglected as the "Jim Crow" car. So far from helping the negro to retain office, it will soon make it impossible for self-respecting negroes to enter a service which begins by classifying them as people who must be set off lest mere contact with them should result in some kind of moral contamination. In the Far South every fresh act of discrimination, every additional effort to degrade and to humiliate, will allege its justification by this action of the Federal Government.

That all of this will go without challenge is not to be expected. The Progressive Senators are already alive to their opportunity. The colored people themselves are beginning to be heard from, and their political influence is not to be despised. But we do not believe that this phase of it will concern Mr. Wilson. We think that when the matter is put before him in its true light, he will withhold his sanction from it, just as we believe that he will not permit any Southern reactionaries, however influential, to deter him from giving, in the matter of offices, fair play to a heavily disadvantaged race.

THE DEBTOR CLASS REDIVIVUS.

The introductory paragraph in the statement issued by Representative Henry, of Texas, concerning the amendments proposed by himself and others to the banking and currency bill has attracted less attention than it deserves. It is notable as reintroducing upon the political stage, after a long absence, an old friend who at one time attracted a large share of public attention. The bill, says Mr. Henry, has been drawn wholly "without provision for the debtor classes and those who toil, produce, and sustain the country." The wrongs of the "debtor class" were the very centre of the free-silver agitation. It was against that class that "the crime of '73" was committed. It was the cruelty of the gold conspirators towards the poor farmer that put upon them the deepest brand of infamy. "Putting the dollar above the man" was not, in those days, a mere general designation for plutocratic rapacity; it meant most specifically what was happening to the mortgage-burdened farmer. Prices were falling, the purchasing power of the dollar was rising; the dollar which he had to give in payment of his debt was worth more than the dollar he had borrowed. The same thing was true of debtors in general. And yet the heartless "creditor class" insisted on the dollar being kept unaltered;

they wanted their pound of flesh. They put the dollar above the man. They were crucifying mankind upon a cross of gold.

About fifteen years ago there set in a movement of prices in the opposite direction. It soon reached very marked dimensions, and for the past eight or ten years has resulted in so rapid an advance of prices as has seldom been witnessed. The world is ringing with discussion of the extraordinary high prices of the time. It is quite as universal, and quite as intense, as was the low-price talk of the '80s and the early '90s. Debtors have been redeeming their obligations in dollars having less purchasing power than had the dollars that they borrowed. Creditors have been accepting in full payment the number of dollars called for on the face of the transaction, without any allowance for the fact that the dollar returned is not worth as much as the dollar lent. Under these circumstances, it might be expected that there would be a great outcry on the part of the "creditor class," corresponding to the outcry of the "debtor class" twenty and thirty years ago. But one hears nothing of the kind. If the creditor class really committed "the crime of '73," for the sake of squeezing an unearned increment out of their debtors in the shape of dollars of excessive value, they are certainly now showing amazing self-control in accepting without a murmur dollars of deficient value. Nowhere is there the slightest sign of their attempting to check the process of depreciation, or promoting legislation to offset it. And on the other hand, we hear nothing from the "debtor class" as to its remarkable good fortune.

It is interesting to note a circumstance which throws this singular attitude of indifference on the part of the "creditor class" into a peculiarly strong light. A plan has been proposed, and urged with great ability, by Prof. Irving Fisher, of Yale, for keeping the purchasing power of the dollar stable. There can be no ethical objection to it, on the ground of its disturbing existing contracts, as was the case with the 16-to-1 proposal; for Professor Fisher's plan of the "compensated dollar" would start with the dollar as it is; its adjustments are designed only to counteract future changes in the purchasing power of gold. But, so far from the "creditor class" jumping at this chance for preventing future losses, we have yet to hear of a single financial magnate who takes the slightest interest in it. It is left to be threshed out by professors of political economy, and such-like harmless people. With billions trembling in the balance, the Morgans and the Rothschilds are content to putter along with the crude old dollar, or pound sterling, defined as so many grains of gold of such a degree of fineness. They do not even seem to think it worth while to subsidize the professors to write in favor of Professor Fisher's plan, though its theoretical merits are such that advocates of it would be perfectly safe from the suspicion of being hired agents of a conspiracy of bankers. We had occasion recently to draw attention to the admirable article in which Professor Taussig, of Harvard, while admitting the ability of Professor Fisher's argument, gave convincing reasons against it, grounded on the difficulties and uncertainties of its practical operation. It seems plain that, if the "creditor class" were wicked and heartless in standing by the gold dollar when it was working in their favor, they are at least showing exemplary consistency in standing by it when it is working against them.

The particular language used by Mr. Henry suggests another reminder of old-time discussion. He speaks of "the debtor classes and those who toil, produce, and sustain the country." This association of the idea of the "debtor class" with that of the working classes generally is perhaps not unnatural, but it is certainly a delusion and a mischievous one. Apart from the mortgaged farmers, the only "debtor class" of any serious magnitude is the owners of the great business enterprises of the country, which are carried on, in considerable measure, by borrowed money. The wage-earners' interests are rather those of the "creditor class," if one is to use this misleading phraseology of "classes" at all; and still more is this the case with the great army of salaried men and women, whether their yearly pay is six hundred dollars or six thousand. No argument against Bryan's scheme of currency debasement was more sound than that which warned the people that a cheapened dollar meant immediate rise in the price of commodities, while the compensating rise in wages would necessarily be attended with difficulties, and the advance of salaries would be sure to lag painfully behind. All this has been amply illustrated in the story of the past fifteen years. The spokesmen of the free-silver mania were deaf and blind to it; but much water has flowed under the bridge since those days. People will neither be hypnotized into imagining that they belong to the "debtor class" when they do not, nor moved to tears over grievances of that class which have no existence.

POLITICAL PROPHECY.

All men are intuitive prophets. This is part of their proud claim to the possession of reason looking before and after. On all sides one meets Happy Warriors professing to see in current events only what they foresaw and predicted. Especially in public affairs are the most unlikely Sauls found among the prophets. Who of us has not been drawn aside by a man bearing none of the outer insignia of a prophet, who begs his hearer to mark his words as he proceeds to unroll the book of fate? His favorite field is political campaigns. He will tell you who is going to be elected and why. Near and far his eye rolls in a fine frenzy, and his forecasts are as universal and sweeping and—we regret to say—usually as inaccurate as those of the old-style almanac. Despite frequent ludicrous confoundings by the event, this kind of prophet comes up smiling after every failure. He is stayed by no consideration of probability or the doctrine of chances, and openly flouts the maxim not to prophesy "onless ye know."

These displays of the ordinary fallible mortal are usually looked upon by the judicious with a kind of pitying amusement. They are regarded as merely one proof more of human vanity. But what are we to say when a distinguished scientist comes forward with the idea that exact prevision of events ought to be a part of the equipment of every statesman, and that politics can be raised to the dignity of a full-fledged science, of which one of the marks is that it is able to predict the future? The authority we refer to is the famous chemist, Prof. Wilhelm Ostwald, formerly of Leipzig University. An article of his, written for the *Independent*, bears the title, in translation, "The Wave Theory of History"; and the au-

thor seeks to show that economic and political movements can be reduced to a definite law, with the result that "politics can be transformed from a mere knack, as it has been regarded since olden times, into a science like technology with the power of sure and far-reaching prophecy."

Professor Ostwald's "wave theory," as he explains it in this short article, seems to be not so very different from our old acquaintance, "the swing of the pendulum," or "action and reaction." To be sure, he makes some nice observations and helpful qualifications; and in the sphere of economic changes, makes out a fairly good case for the belief that they move in cycles. If you only know in which part of the cycle you are, at any given time, you can roughly tell in what direction you are going. But when it is attempted to apply this notion to political evolution and to the whole sweep of politics, difficulties at once arise and are immense. To these Professor Ostwald is not the man to be blind. He merely insists that if the analysis of political movements could only be made delicate enough, we should be able to make out the "general oscillatory law" which determines "the political condition of a given group," and so to know what the future had in store. This, of course, is a tremendous *if*, in which there may or may not reside great virtue. We can all be prophets with an "if." But what most strikes us in this discussion by Professor Ostwald is his omission of all notice of two factors that admittedly sway human affairs, often in most powerful fashion, and yet that seem related to no law and that accordingly vitiate rash prophecies. We mean the elements of accident and of personality.

From the standpoint of Omniscience there is no such thing as accident, but upon the best foresight and plans of mortal men disconcerting and unforeseeable events frequently fall with a crash that disarranges everything and renders prediction futile. What we have in mind is such occurrences as the murder of Cavendish in Phœnix Park, Dublin, which made Parnell sick at heart and almost inclined to abandon the long fight for Home Rule. No one could have foreseen that crime or its effects. It seemed at a stroke to reduce statesmanship to imbecility. In the same way the assassination of President McKinley could no more have been foretold than the end of the world, yet it meant the most profound change in the political life of the United States. How can such things be got into a wave theory, or made to fit an oscillatory law that enables us to predict the future from the present? These accidents come wholly without the prevision of the wisest men, and they have a terrifying way of upsetting the nicest calculations. Confident prophecies they cause to appear ridiculous.

Equally unpredictable is the appearance of a great personal force in public life. We cannot tell when a political genius will rise, or what he will do when he has risen. Strive as we may to reduce everything to order and to observed causation, this personal element, this individual dæmonic energy, is all the time thrusting itself in unexpectedly to break up our classifications and to discredit our prophecies. In politics, too, the greatest thing is man; and without some philosophy of the production of towering genius, we cannot have a philosophy of history on the strength of which the future will be plain to us. What would Germany have been from 1856 to 1870 without Bismarck? Who could have predicted the rôle that Joseph Chamberlain played in English politics from 1900 till the time of his physical break-down? Yet how dissolving and shattering an influence it was which his single personality exerted. Leave out Theodore Roosevelt, and who would dare to attempt to write the political history of the United States for the past dozen years? It is not necessary to cite other examples. The most that even "old experience" can hope to attain to is "*something* of prophetic strain." As for anything like a science of political prediction, we must still side with Professor Ostwald's countryman, Lotze, against the possibility of anything of the kind that is worth the name.

THE DE-NATURING MANIA.

A learned Italian physician has been discoursing in the *Corriere della Sera* about de-coffeeized coffee—*caffè decaffeinato*. A great deal of research has been expended upon the subject in English and German laboratories. The final word is stated by our authority to be that of Professor Lehmann, of the University of Würzburg. According to him, what we need to get rid of in coffee is not *caffeone*, but *caffeina*. Minus the latter, the drink which has been called "the intellectual beverage" may still be used by those who find the infusion of pure coffee harmful.

Into these niceties of chemistry and nerves it is not for the layman to go. What most interests us is to observe that coffeeless coffee is symptomatic of a widespread tendency to take things out of their nature. It shows itself perhaps most prominently in matters of food and drink. Cheese which means indigestion can be eaten with impunity if only it be doctored or served aright. If certain elements can be got out of beer, some can go on drinking what, as it stands, is poison to their system. In Germany there is almost a rage for "Alkoholfrei" drinks that shall yet, somehow, produce the old exhilarations. We say nothing of the thousands of pitiful "substitutes." What is craved is the de-natured article; the injurious viand or beverage disarmed. We want the stimulus without the danger.

But the idea, as every attentive and philosophically minded person must have noticed, has more than merely physical applications. In mental and moral food, too, there is a widespread desire to find a way of indulgence without bad after-effects. We are impatient with the stern old "Touch not, taste not, handle not." Disguise the vice in evil literature, and why can we not go on reading it without harm? If indecent and debasing plays can only be de-natured, or be made to appear de-natured, for the spectator, they can be frequented without moral injury. Similarly, there are all kinds of shifts or pretences to take the sting out of gambling, the bite out of licentiousness, or the loathsomeness out of political corruption.

If one were to dig for the intellectual roots of this tendency to try to take things out of their nature, one would doubtless find them in inability or unwillingness to think clearly and see straight. Few of us like to see the thing exactly as it is. We share the mental vice which Carlyle attributed to the Irish—reluctance, that is, to face the facts as they actually exist; all the time saying to the hard fact: "Thou are not *that* way but *this* way." Men and women love to deceive themselves, as Goldsmith said, and in no way do they more

often prove this than by fancying they can change realities by giving them some other appearance. By glossing over or covering up, by "treating" or modifying, by looking hard at what we want to see and being blind to all the rest, we imagine that we can make ourselves masters of all things by twisting them out of the rigid forms into which nature poured them. It may be a public office which a man has obtained. This means certain fixed duties, certain hazards, and certain opportunities and rewards, and in general a routine that must be followed. But you will occasionally encounter an office-holder who thinks that he can de-nature his job. Instead of sticking to his desk, he will go off lecturing. Not content to limit himself to either the duties or the salary of his office, he will seek to swell the latter by neglecting the former. This is de-coffeeized coffee in politics.

All these dodges and evasions and efforts to make black appear white—or, at least, a passable gray—will not, in the end, relieve us from making the distinct choices which a rough world imposes upon us. Whether it be food and drink, or a mental habit and moral indulgence—there the thing stands. We can take it or leave it. We can incur the peril open-eyed, or we can avoid it resolutely. But we cannot do both. There are limits beyond which the denaturing process cannot go. Poison will remain poison, however disguised. The more you expel nature with a fork, the more will she return. After all the moral de-coffeeizing that the most artful can do, there is nothing for it but to come back to the old and sane position of Bishop Butler: "Things are what they are, and none of our attempts to make them appear different can alter their essential nature. So why attempt to deceive ourselves?"

THE POET'S BREAD AND BUTTER.

Some attractive letters by the late William Vaughn Moody in the *Atlantic* raise a question that has been, unfortunately, of little moment recently in America. What of our poets' youth and youthful vocations? Even waiving James's maxim that letters is a better avocation than a profession, few young poets can boldly exist, as Alfred Noyes has surprised his contemporaries by doing, on poetry alone. Since Lanier no one has made the topic even one of curiosity; and social conditions have swung through a whole cycle of change since Longfellow and Lowell had professorships or diplomatic posts. The light that Moody sheds on the matter, moreover, would argue the change unfavorable. How was he, fresh from college, to make his living in this hustling twentieth-century America, and yet live to write? Teaching classes at the University of Chicago he found "work heavier far than he fondly hoped it would be." As his leisure contracted, he sometimes believed that "this meaningless drudgery, this crowd of spiteful assiduous nothings that keep me from It (ah, vague, sweet-shrouding, mute, arch vocable!), was tantalizing me into stupid rage." Trundling his "little instructorial droning-gear" into Lake Michigan, he might have turned tramp; but he knew his state of mind was really at fault. I should, he writes, "wake up some night to find my haystack bristling with such goblin dissension as now swarms over my counterpane." His attitude is exactly that of the half-fledged poet, compelled to maintain himself in Pittsburgh or St. Louis till his voice is heard.

What the poet rebels against is a sentiment that the more worldly of his tribe have themselves airily expressed. The practical-minded R. L. Stevenson, for one, felt that this reckless and poverty-stricken son of joy should efface himself before men of real use, or go to work. The world is equally determined that the hanger-on at the feast shall pay his way. This feeling is accentuated in a land where young men are expected to assimilate their fibre to the harsher side of affairs. England has its instances in Masefield, or Francis Thompson, whose works have just been collected. The latter, launched into a legal world where his powers fell nerveless, underwent a whole Iliad of sufferings before he found a sheltered corner to practice his art in. Disinherited, left for three years to house himself under old bridges and in the lee of tenements, he was in his life the extreme, as Moody was the average, expression of the impossibility of poetry as the profession of a minor talent. And in a busy country with no half-tasks, and an urgent demand for enthusiasm in daily work, the artist's ancient dilemma becomes even harder.

There are optimists who think the world more kindly planned; who with eyes on the great athletes of letters, running a vigorous race from the outset, imagine that dash and self-confidence are alone required. No man can justify any profession if he does not believe himself bred to it, and in addition think it highly useful to the world. The aspiring poet can thus defend his choice, and if he meet a little poverty, eke out more than an average of content by a Thoreau-like happiness in his independence and his product. Let him gird up his loins and set about his useful task with the same confident consecration as the missionary or patriot. But this view is of little service to lyres that begin with a doubtful and far-away sound. Poets are troubled, apart from the bare need of bread, by their own uncertainty, and the pressure of friends and society. Even genius, as Hazlitt was at pains to show, is often unconscious of its powers, and unable to establish the worth of what it does except by others' judgment.

All this is, of course, the individual's problem, not the community's. His is the task of balancing between future hope and present necessity. Any patronage but public patronage for the modern poet would be unhealthful. Even if he shared the limited assistance which endowments give to scientists and scholars, it would sap society's sense of duty towards the arts. No struggling versifier could wish that he had any surer means of launching forth than the lawyer or doctor. And he may find various sweet uses in his adversity—a closer acquaintance with life, a call to perseverance, and the protection of his art from the soiling hand of money-grubbing. Yet it was Henley who warned a young friend that he might write verse without swimming far into the work-a-day tides of existence, but not fiction.

We are not, however, without consolation in watching the discomfort of men like Moody and Thompson, counterparts of many other poets. The necessities of occupation in an unkind environment seldom rob us of anything of the highest value. It is only the body of minor verse that is imperilled. The commanding figure, under modern conditions that make a Chatterton's fate almost impossible, will be discovered ere the shades of the counting-house close round him. Or if, like Browning, he remains undiscovered, some appreciation lets his gen-

erous spirit still work along the plan that pleased his boyish thought. It would be going too far to say that to the minor poet's imprisonment is due the practical note of his verse, from Kipling's engine-room to Masefield's sail-tops.

MAKING IT EASY FOR THE TRAVELLER.

Globe-trotting is so universally catered to nowadays that no traveller ought to be in doubt exactly what he would find, or precisely what he should do, in even the most remote country on earth. Guide-books swarm like novels. Books of travel are kept religiously up to date. Foreign correspondence in the newspapers has, in some forms, largely gone out of style, but letters from abroad are still abundantly printed, which touch upon out-of-the-way routes and detail the methods of life and are full of character sketches. With all this information showered upon the intending traveller, one might think that the least expert could go on his way rejoicing in the certainty that nothing he encountered could take him by surprise.

However, the old question frequently arises, who will guarantee the guarantors? Who will certify to the accuracy of the guide-books, and give a bond that the information published is correct? These doubts concern not so much the ordinary facts, as the niceties of observation, the peculiarities of manners and customs—all those little points about life and travel in a strange land which the foreigner would like to know in advance, but which many there be to tell him that he can by no means ascertain from the printed page. Hence the practice of turning for certitude to "the man who has been there." Hence, also, the impulse of the man who has been there to step forward and tell his departing friend all that he ought to know, but can find out from no other source.

One such lot of volunteered information, based on personal experience, was lately offered by an Englishman to a fellow-countryman about to travel in the United States. It contains many things which must have been news to the traveller—as also many that would be news to the people among whom he was to travel. He was told, for instance, that the "black attendant" on his train in this country would slap him on the back and ask him how he was. At this the Englishman was to show no surprise. The Briton is also advised that every American he casually meets will invite him to take a drink. This he must not refuse, for it would only expose him to the charge of displaying English "side"—this slang term being, of course, familiar to all saloon-frequenting Americans. The Englishman about to sail for this country was informed, likewise, that he would be almost torn apart, on landing, by "runners" from the hotels. At these gentry he was not to swear. The thing to do was to take them quietly, although they "will probably make your life a hell." In fact, he was to take everything quietly; certainly excellent advice for any traveller anywhere. The United States he was not to expect to find "anything like what you have read." This was the reason why his friend was doing him the kindness of letting him into all the inner secrets of the country. But even with this aid he would not be equipped at all points, and so the final all-embracing word of counsel was: "Don't be surprised at anything."

According to this mentor on the pleasing ways of Americans, all of them on board the ship with the British traveller would begin, as soon as they sighted the Statue of Liberty, to rub their hands and to exclaim: "Thank God, we shall soon get a good bit of roast beef now!" At this the forewarned Briton is not to "laugh satirically." But why is not explained. Possibly, the oracle on American affairs thought that the remark quoted was intended to get a "rise" out of the Englishman, and that he could frustrate the malicious jesters by remaining impassive. Or it may be that he felt that the satiric laughter ought to be deferred until the Britisher sat down as a guest at some American table, and proceeded to tell his host that we do not know how to cook roast beef in this country.

Let it not be thought that we are caricaturing this friendly lecture on America, or that it was not written in good faith. It was all printed soberly in the *Manchester Guardian*, and was vouched for as coming from one who had had a "wide experience of the States." But it is so easy to assume wide experience! Thus Mr. Clement Shorter recently wrote a letter to prove how unfounded is the prevalent notion that the hotels in Spain are poor. He knew, because he had just been there. In Madrid he had stayed at a fine hotel. There is another gorgeous one in Granada. In Algeciras there is the Reina Cristina. If he had stopped over at Ronda he would have found the Reina Victoria equally excellent. But what does this prove about Spain as a whole? As well affirm that the cuisine in American hotels is good simply because you had been in New York and fared sumptuously at the hands of a French *chef*.

CLERKS OF THE WOODS.

I.

Edward Martin Taber, a young American artist who died in 1896, never accomplished what, by every token, his sensitive and spiritual nature promised. Harassed by ill health throughout his brief life, and exiled to his "Vale of Paradise" in northern Vermont in 1887, he painted intermittently and kept a meagre journal. This journal, together with a handful of verses and extracts from his letters, has been edited by Mrs. Henry Holt and published in a handsome memorial volume illustrated by reproductions of some of his oil paintings and pencil drawings.* The impression produced by these writings is that of a fragile but brave nature tremulously responsive to the beauty of the outer world, yet never strongly impelled to re-create this beauty in forms of art. In a letter written to his sister shortly before his death, he exclaimed: "What a gift life was, not a right!" He always regarded life as a gift, to be enjoyed subtly as well as deeply; his Epicurean spirit, though overlaid with a dauntless endurance, was fundamental. Life was to him a gift of sunset, bird-song, and human friendship, rather than an opportunity to reproduce experience in color and line, or in letters.

Given the advantage of health, it is probable that Mr. Taber would have been less of the dilettante and more of the artist; enough of the artist, at all events, to have achieved distinction in painting. This "character that is an undying possession to those who knew him," in Mrs. Holt's words, was, after all, instinctively reticent, and even in the exuberance of health would doubtless have shrunk from the explicitness of literary revelation. A distinguished painter he might well have become; but certainly there is not a great deal in "Stowe Notes" that suggests literary power. The dozen poems are delicate, but not effective; the letters reflect the winning personality of the writer much too elusively; and the out-of-doors jour-

**Stowe Notes.* By Edward Martin Taber. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $3.50 net.

nal is disappointing. A good journal, no matter how modest the author, reveals his personality clearly. In Taber's journal, however, the temper of the writer is hardly suggested. He was inveteratcly Epicurean, in the finer and more spiritual sense, and his Epicureanism took the form of delight in color and line. The following extracts are only typical:

Lilac sunset sky, green sea, same value; hot Oriental-like sunset, dense ragged cloud above burning waters; black stretches of shore. . . .

A rainy outlook; heavy, moist clouds stretching gray across the sky, lifting low above the western horizon to admit a pale yellow strip of light. . . .

How beautifully Luce's Hill descends to meet the nearer ridge, the crumbling edge of l's snow-fields rounding down into a blue hollow, against which is imposed the cloudy wood with its dark points of evergreen on Cady's Hill!

In these examples, description of form, which the reader can visualize with fair success, is interwoven with description of color, which can be visualized much less readily. Ordinarily, however, form is subordinated or neglected:

Shadows thrown from the belts of purple woodland are a clear light blue; where the wind has packed the snow to form a crust, the surface presents a purple or pinkish shade; the drifting snow is a yellow-white near at hand, in the distance threading the blue or purple fields with lines of golden pink. . . .

What delicate snow-tints, purple, pink, changing to a blue so clear that it becomes greenish in contrast—indeed it may be green rather than blue—I cannot tell.

Who does not linger over that human "I cannot tell," and read with relative indifference the cluttered adjectives of color? What the diarist set down with loving faithfulness results finally in a blur. Very likely these fragmentary illustrations are effective taken by themselves; but when such fragments are strung together interminably, without more than a moment's descent to the region of dogs and horses and rustic folk, or ascent to the region of "A feeling of exaltation and of loneliness crept over me," the result is at last something like confusion and disappointment. We are willing to believe that the diarist is recording sights that made his heart beat with rapture, and yet the record leaves us cold.

II.

The reason is that an Epicurean or Mr. Taber's type does not point out the human significance of nature. He enjoys, he does not seek to interpret. Now, to find human significance in nature is precisely the task of whoever writes of nature. Yet this duty of interpretation is not often directly confronted by our modern diarists and essayists. It is easy enough to describe natural beauty; it is supremely difficult to wrest meaning from nature, or, if you will, put meaning into her. Bradford Torrey, in his "Clerk of the Woods," remarked that his business was "not to be witty or wise, but simply to 'keep the records'"—which, fortunately, does not indicate his own practice. But although Torrey was both witty and wise, and rarely contented himself with keeping the records, most of our latter-day writers on nature, in their essays as well as in their journals, are persistently impersonal. They paint what they see, and often in a slapdash manner far removed from both impressionism and photographic distinctness. The air is fresh, the grass is green, the birds sing melodiously, and there's an end on 't. Like owners of large estates, they take your arm and lead you through garden and grove and valley, pointing at the beauties and talking till you are weary; and they exhibit their hoard of photographs till all the world's a fluid picture. It may be

that we love
First when we see them painted, things we have passed
Perhaps a hundred times nor cared to see;

but when painted, not when described. In the painting the meaning shines through; in the written description the meaning is so vague that only an omnivorous reader feels repaid for his trouble. Modifying Jowett's remark about logic, one might well say that "artistic description" of nature is not literature, but a dodge.

III.

A second and allied evasion that is peculiarly popular to-day is scientific description. Just as emphasis on artistic "effects" and "values" impairs the literary value of writing about nature, so does emphasis on digitate leaves and superciliary lines. The graceful exposition of scientific fact is, of course, a legitimate procedure, but one does not think of calling it literature when the effect is wholly impersonal. In the writings of Mr. Burroughs there are long passages that are quite devoid of literary value, because they are barren of personality, although most of his work has literary value through what he happily calls an "intellectual intercourse" with nature. Rarely does he present fact as if it were blank, as if it meant nothing. Fact is related with fact, and with human life, through an intellectual warmth—never spiritual heat—that suffuses all of his better essays. In the eminently readable books of Bradford Torrey, again, there is ever present, as in the letters of Gilbert White, a charming, if not vigorous, personality, through which nature acquires a meaning that she did not wear previously. And the same may be said of all excellent nature-writing.

Ours is indeed an age of observation, and only too often does the faculty of observation prevent the operation of nobler faculties. Walt Whitman, though his catalogues show how fact hypnotized him, was not unaware of the danger. "I do not very particularly seek information," he wrote. "You must not know too much, or be too precise or scientific about birds and trees and flowers and water-craft; a certain free margin, and even vagueness—perhaps ignorant credulity—helps your enjoyment of these things." Yet he succumbed to the influence of a Mr. Whitall, "who posts me up about the stars," and basked in such a factual atmosphere as envelops the following journal entry:

The moon in her third quarter—the clusters of the Hyades and Pleiades, with the planet Mars between—in full crossing sprawl in the sky the great Egyptian X (Sirius, Procyon, and the main stars in the constellations of the Ship, the Dove, and of Orion); just north of east Boötes, and in his knee Arcturus, an hour high.

One need hardly say that it is well to be on friendly terms with Boötes and Arcturus, but to write about them, and about swamp sparrows and four-leaved loosestrife, in Whitman's manner, is unliterary and perhaps altogether futile. To the unfortunate confusion of the arts of painting and literature we have added a confusion of literature and science that is equally persistent and undesirable. A large proportion of the "nature books" that are published so abundantly to-day are crude fact thinly disguised as literature. Even in Thoreau's "Walden" (though Thoreau was essentially a literary artist rather than a naturalist), there are dreary passages composed of crude fact, reposing in the book like so many glacial boulders in a New England landscape. Thoreau's Journal, one of the dullest diaries extant, contains several entries that indicate that he, like Whitman, felt the tyranny of observation.

Under the date of November 8, 1851, for instance, is a paragraph in which he tells of Ellery Channing's infelicitous efforts to set down notes in the field:

In our walks [writes Thoreau] C. takes out his note-book sometimes and tries to write as I do, but all in vain. He soon puts it up again, or contents himself with scrawling some sketch of the landscape. Observing me still scribbling, he will say that he confines himself to the ideal, purely ideal remarks; he leaves the facts to me. Sometimes, too, he will say a little petulantly, "I am universal; I have nothing to do with the particular and the definite"—

certainly a charmingly typical bit of Transcendental dialogue. Taking as a text, "he leaves the facts to me," Thoreau then enters in his Journal a defence of his attention to facts, to the particular and the definite: he, too, would fain set down something besides facts—facts should be only the frame to his pictures. Now, whoever reads the fourteen volumes of Thoreau's Journal—if any one is so untrue to his proper "genius"—cannot fail to note, first, the

enormous amount of fact as compared with the amount of comment (the picture insignificant in the ponderous frame), and, secondly, the constant increase in the proportion of fact to comment as the Journal proceeds. Well might Channing leave the facts to Thoreau! Open at random any of the later volumes, and you will be reasonably sure to meet a passage such as this:

> Amelanchier bare. Viburnam nudum half fallen or more; when wet and in shade, a light crimson. Hardhack, in low ground, where it has not withered too soon, inclines to a very light scarlet. Sweet-gale is not fallen, but a *very dull* yellowish and scarlet. You see in woods many black (?) oak sprouts.

Compare this with an entry in Swift's "Journal to Stella"; again opening at random, you may read:

> It rained this morning, and I went to town by water; and Ford and I dined with Mr. Lewis by appointment. I ordered Patrick to bring my gown and periwig to Mr. Lewis, because I designed to go to see Lord Oxford, and so I told the dog; but he never came, though I stayed an hour longer than I appointed; so I went in my old gown, and sat with him two hours.

The difference is less a difference in diarists than in subject-matter. Who will say that the premature withering of hardhack equals in interest the fate of the gown and periwig? Patrick acting like a dog is incomparably more significant than hardhack inclining to a very light scarlet. Not that hardhack is necessarily a barren theme; it might be made significant, as is the dicksonia fern when Thoreau imputes to it "the early morning fragrance of the world, antediluvian, strength and hope imparting." It would be difficult, on the other hand, to make Patrick meaningless: even a police description would doubtless contain a phrase that our emotions would seek to dwell on, perhaps a nose inclining to a very light scarlet. Man is perennially interesting to man; nature is so only when man relates himself to her, puts purpose or meaning into her. Thus Thoreau tells us elsewhere that he has an impulse to "stroke and kiss the very sward, it is so fair"; that nature is a panacea, for men "bury poisoned sheep up to the necks in earth to take the poison out of them"; that a field might be cleared of grasshoppers by sending "a bevy of fashionably dressed ladies," in hoops and crinoline, across the field and then leaving them "to clean their skirts when they got home," a particularly good method because "the motive power is cheap"; that a remarkable sunset had little charm for him because of his absorption in thought about Captain John Brown—"so great a wrong as his fate implied overshadowed all beauty in the world." Nature here has meaning, a diversity of meanings, and we read with animation. But such comment is amazingly rare in our modern nature-writing. That Thoreau strove to free himself from the tyranny of observation is attested by the following: "I must let my senses wander as my thoughts, my eyes see without looking. . . . I have the habit of attention to such excess that my thoughts get no rest, but suffer from a constant strain." One could not desire a better statement of the error of Thoreau and of many of his followers. But the remedy is not easily discovered; he continues: "Be not preoccupied with looking. Go not to the object; let it come to you. When I have found myself ever looking down and confining my gaze to the flowers, I have thought it might be well to get into the habit of observing the clouds as a corrective; but no! that study would be just as bad." Yet so ingrained was Thoreau's habit of close observation that in his next entry he does no more than record the weather and set down tentatively, as the name of a plant on Emerson's muck-heap in the Turnpike, *Amaranthus hypochondriacus!*

How many of the followers of Thoreau have the habit of attention to such excess that their thoughts get no rest! In the case of not a few of them, one might be uncharitable enough to remark that they have no thoughts, and could have none anywhere, and so might as well go to the object and proceed to tell us that they saw it. That may have an educational, if not literary, justification. But those who would think might profitably combat, and not woo, the habit of attention. The thinking man, however much he may enjoy nature, however the beauty of the external world may be woven into the texture of his thought, usually shuns nature when he desires to think. Goethe's bare little room in his Weimar garden-house serves admirably as a symbol of the kind of relation between man and nature that a wise man chooses to establish.

There are others, however, whose thoughts are rather moods, who do not find in "nature and the language of the sense" substance to be wrought into form, but a shifting spectacle, as delightful as mystifying; who, neither having nor seeking the equipment of the professional author, are satisfied when they devote their best hours to delight in the external world. Such a person was Taber, who is, after all, to be judged, not as a writer of books, but as a fine, high-dreaming soul seeking comfort in all elusive charms. There he found both peace and incitement, and also, one must think, something of the old sad suspicion that nature is tempting and taunting us even when we feel most dearly related to her. But it is venturesome to say what Taber found in nature, since his spirit, as reflected in the casual, glancing notes of his Vermont journal, is always tantalizingly evasive. Of only one thing can we be sure: that in him the noble and the frail were once more conjoined.

NORMAN FOERSTER.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Mr. Arundell Esdaile, of the British Museum, has compiled, and the Bibliographical Society has issued, as one of their publications for the year 1912, a "List of English Tales and Prose Romances printed Before 1740." It might have been called a "Bibliography" instead of a "List," though collations are not given except in a few cases where necessary to distinguish editions. The work is in two parts, the first extending from Caxton to 1642, and the second bringing the record down to 1740. This latter date was chosen, because the year 1740 saw the publication of Richardson's "Pamela," which has been called by numerous critics the "first English novel." This Catalogue contains, as the compiler remarks, a "substantial list of English novels which preceded the first."

Mr. Esdaile takes pride in the fact that the first book printed in the English language, Lefevre's "Recuyell of the Histories of Troye" (Bruges: Caxton, 1475), finds place in his list, also that Caxton so well judged the taste of his reading public as to print not less than eleven books which can be called romances, or, as we should say, fiction. Besides the Troye book, these are the "History of Jason," "Godfrey of Bouillon," "Reynard the Fox," "The Pilgrimage of the Soul," Æsop, Malory's "Morte d'Arthur," "Charles the Great," "Paris and Vienne," "Blanchardine and Eglantine," "The Four Sons of Aymon," and a prose condensation of the "Æniad." He wonders why Caxton did not print an edition of Mandeville's "Ways to the Holy Land," and surmises that possibly he did and that all copies are lost. Wynken de Worde printed the first edition of Mandeville, "The Three Kings of Cologne," "Robert the Devil," "Helyas," "The Seven Wise Masters," and others. Some of these earliest romances were very popular and were frequently reissued by later printers.

The earliest book of novels was Painter's "Palace of Pleasure" (1566), followed by Fenton's "Tragical Discourses" (1567), Guicciardini's "Garden of Pleasure" (1573), and Pettie's "Pallace of Pleasure" (1576). One of the most popular books seems to have been Thomas Deloney's "The Gentle Craft," "shewing what famous men have been Shoomakers in time past in this Land," some twenty-four editions being recorded between 1598 and 1737. Of "The Seven Champions of Christendom," twenty-six editions and abridgments are recorded between 1596 and 1738.

The second part describes the writings of Bunyan, Defoe, and Swift, and this volume will be the one consulted for lists of editions of "The Pilgrim's Progress," "Robinson Crusoe," and "Gulliver's Travels," although the lists of editions of pieces which failed to achieve position as classics, being new work, will be of greater value to students.

The location of one copy of each edition in one of the larger libraries in England is noted, when possible the British Museum. If the British Museum is not mentioned, the reader may infer that it contains no copy of the work mentioned.

Correspondence

AN ESKIMO ARTIST.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: About twenty years ago, while incidentally engaged in procuring ethnological objects for the Smithsonian Institution, I noted among miscellaneous Eskimo carvings from the Nushagak district of Alaska the presence of sundry articles wanting in the formalism which, combined with truth to nature, characterizes Eskimo carvings of animals in general. These special articles were small, three or four inches in length at most, for the single figure, and comprised birds, dogs, seals, foxes, men driving a sledge with a team of five Eskimo dogs, and dance houses or *Kashimi*, of which the roof could be lifted off, revealing in the interior a set of dancers in the middle and an audience in various postures on the benches against the walls. The figures were cut from the soft fine-grained white spruce wood of the country, and were rarely touched with color.

These figures were artistic to a surprising degree; the attitudes of the dogs in a team differ each from the others; the spirit and naturalness of the expression of each figure surpassed anything I have ever seen of native origin. Truly, here was the work of a real artist free from conventionalism.

For years I endeavored to find out the individual carver, but with no success, learning only that the carvings came from one of the purely native Eskimo villages near the Nushagak River. These articles with the decline of the trade in furs had become a part of the trader's commerce and were sold as "curios." Specimens of the work of the particular artist I have reference to are to be found in the Museum established by the late Dr. Sheldon Jackson at Sitka, in the collection given to the University of California by the Alaska Commercial Company some years ago; and in the collection of the National Museum at Washington there are some remarkably fine pieces, a few of which are tinted with native pigments.

Two years ago a friend was appointed to an official post in the Nushagak district, and before he started I explained what I wished to know and begged him to search for me. The first year no important data were obtained. This year, however, I received a letter of which an extract follows:

> Since my return here this spring I have made some more inquiries about the carver you spoke of. Acting upon your suggestion, I have interviewed several old women, and from one I learned that the man you refer to doubtless was named Constantine Ky-yuk-suk. He was a resident of Ekuk, a village twelve miles below Nushagak proper. By referring to his name I have been able to find others who have heard their parents tell stories of the old man. These stories are to the effect that he was an old man at the time he did his carving. He was looked down upon by all his people because he would sit around and whittle through the summer, instead of putting up fish. He was regarded as a little bit crazy by all.
>
> When asked why, the little old woman who gave me his name, said it was because he did not make his animals right. She said his seal and walrus looked exactly like these animals, but they were not like the pictures and carvings his forefathers made, and so they were not considered equal to what any of the other natives could make.
>
> It seems he whittled merely for his own amusement and he worked both wood and ivory. The Russian, Cassin, at Nushagak who was in the old trading post there does not remember the man as distinct from the other natives. He says all the natives used to make carvings. I endeavored to find out when the carver died, but as none of the natives in this section are able to figure years yet, I could learn nothing more definite than "a long time ago." The natives here are the least progressive ones I have seen. They still live in underground huts and eat rotten fish.
>
> Artists the world over will recognize the fate of the innovator, in the attitude of his fellows towards the carver, who would rather carve than put up fish, and broke away from the conventions of his forefathers in art.

William H. Dall.

Smithsonian Institution, July 27.

CATHOLICISM AND THE ROMAN HIERARCHY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your correspondent of July 24, "G. H.," says that he is a Catholic who sends his son to a public school; that many of the boy's schoolmates are Catholics; that many of his teachers have been Catholics, and furthermore that he himself believes in "our" public-school system.

It has been my good fortune to know many Catholics who held this opinion and conformed their practice to it in greater or less degree. I was once a member of the Board of Education in a large city where eleven of my fellow-members, more than one-fifth of the entire body, were Catholics. I have never thought that these men were there for any other purpose than to serve the public schools to the best of their ability. It was a pleasure to work with them to that end. Nor was there any evidence that they thought themselves in a false position. And yet they were acting in flagrant opposition to the commands of the church.

But "G. H." not only sends his boy to a public school; he also avows himself "utterly opposed to a union of church and state," and adds that he has "not been forbidden by the church to hold these views." Certainly an amazing statement.

In his Encyclical Letter, *Quanta cura*, dated December 8, 1864, with its accompanying Syllabus of Errors, containing eighty distinct, numbered sections, Pius IX expressly and specifically "reprobates, proscribes, and condemns," among others, the very opinions which "G. H." says he has not been forbidden by the church to hold. This Encyclical, with its Syllabus, is an elaborate arraignment and condemnation of about everything that distinguishes modern civilization from the most barbaric period of the Middle Ages. "G. H." ought to read it carefully, especially sections, 45, 47, and 48, which relate to public schools, and section 55, relating to the separation of church and state.

The position of the Roman Curia has not changed in any respect concerning the matters covered by this famous document. Did not Leo XIII warn American Catholics that the Government of the United States is imperfect on account of its policy of the separation of church and state? And did not the present Pontiff, Pius X, in his Encyclical, *Vehementer nos*, addressed to the French people, declare in so many words, "that church and state should be separated is a most false and in the highest degree pernicious doctrine"? Yet, notwithstanding all this, "G. H." says he believes that "a great majority of American Catholics" share his views. If this be so, there is promise in the fact.

One thing more I think it opportune to say—it is high time that Protestant speakers and writers should stop their indiscriminate condemnation of Catholics, stop confounding all Catholics with the Roman hierarchy. While I, too, am "utterly opposed" to the whole papal system from beginning to end, this does not blind me to the momentous fact that the Catholic religion and Catholic forms of worship evidently meet the spiritual needs of millions of my fellow-men. I deeply sympathize with those who are silently but surely breaking away from papal control, as well as with those who are openly and stubbornly protesting against the ghastly anachronism that rules in the Vatican. If with the passing of the present Pope the papacy itself should lapse, and the whole Curia Romana should melt into thin air, it would be an inestimable blessing for every Catholic community on earth, and rid the world of what is at once a menace and a disgrace to modern civilization.

T. V.

Montgomery, Ala., August 1.

LETTERS OF HORACE WALPOLE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: As I am collecting material for a supplement to the late Mrs. Paget Toynbee's edition of the "Letters of Horace Walpole," published by the Clarendon Press at Oxford, may I through your columns appeal to owners of letters not included in that edition kindly to supply me with copies, for publication in the supplement? I need hardly say that due acknowledgment would be made. I have had the promise already of a certain number of letters, and as it is very unlikely that another supplement can be published for many years to come, I am anxious to obtain as many as possible on the present occasion. Among those sought for are a series of eleven letters written to King between the years 1759 and 1787; a letter addressed to Mrs. Horace Churchill, dated February, 1789, and a letter dated September 25, 1793.

Paget Toynbee.

Fiveways, Burnham, Bucks, England, July 19.

"THOSE MOLASSES"—FINIS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: When I was a very little boy, I was a favorite of an ambitious young clerk in a store in the village near which I was born (in eastern Virginia). While my father, who was a lawyer, was in the court house, this friend used to set me upon the counter, regale me with bon-bons, and give me good advice, the affectionate sincerity of which I have never forgotten. One day a negro girl came in and said, "Mr. ———, my mistis wants a pint of that same molasses." When she was gone, my friend said: "Edward, see that poor ignorant girl! She should have said, 'A point of those molasses.' I hope you will study your les-

sons well at school and never forget the value of a good education."

EDWARD S. JOYNES.

University of South Carolina, July 27.

THE "UNITY" OF ENGLISH AND AMERICANS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the issue of the *Nation* for July 17, in the review of Mr. Bryce's book, "University and Historical Addresses," there appear these words: "His is the argument of a scholar, an historian, a jurist discovering for the layman *the deep and radical unity of the two peoples* in their common blood and ancestry, in their heroes and their institutions, in their energy," etc. The italics are mine. Now it seems to me, your reviewer has allowed himself to be carried away by his high regard for James Bryce and his admiration for the deep insight of this gentleman into our institutions. I hold, however, that there is today no proof of "radical unity" between the virtually homogeneous, set, and conservative people of the British Isles, and the conglomerate of races, characters, and wills of our own country, where all seem groping forward towards an as yet unrevealed future.

The "community of blood," too, which is adduced by this writer, never existed except theoretically, and the "radical unity" claimed did not prevent our waging two wars with Great Britain nor spare us the dread possibility of a third, during the dark days of our Civil War when we were smarting under the ill-disguised animosity of Great Britain while fighting for the cause of liberty and enlightenment.

Yet in the face of these experiences there is going on, of late, a glorification in some quarters of things English, and there is an effusive display of friendship for this people which cannot but call forth some strong resentment on the part of other nationalities making up our population.

The conviction that the matter of our courting the friendship of the "cousins" of our Anglo-Saxon element is pushed too far was certainly the main cause of the disruption, a year or so ago, of the great peace meeting at Cooper Union, under the leadership of Dr. Koelble, and it has contributed materially towards swelling to the two-million mark the membership of the National German-American Alliance.

JULIUS GUGLER.

Milwaukee, July 26.

Literature

THE ENGLISH COLONIES.

The Old Colonial System, 1660-1754. By George Louis Beer. Part I: The Establishment of the System, 1660-1688. In two volumes. New York: The Macmillan Co. $4 net.

Mr. Beer, having treated the era of inchoate beginnings in a volume issued in 1908, embracing the period from 1578 to 1660, and the transitional years preceding the American Revolution in an earlier volume issued in 1907, embracing the period from 1754 to 1765, now enters on his task of dealing with the intermediate years from 1660 to 1754 in a series of six volumes. The first two carry the subject to the year 1688. After having solved with considerable success the intricate problem of origins and threaded his way with skill through the mazes of pre-Revolutionary controversy which have perplexed so many students of the period, he undertakes the simpler but no less important task of analyzing and describing the "establishment, development, and operation of the British colonial system from the days of its formal creation down to the period leading to its disintegration." His theme is the "Colonial System," which he interprets as a "complex system of regulations whose fundamental aim was to create a self-sufficient commercial empire of mutually complementary economic parts."

It is a question open to discussion whether he is justified in using the term "Colonial System" in so restricted a sense. "British Colonial Policy" is one thing and "British Colonial System" is another, and the two cannot be deemed synonymous terms. In the development and operation of the system political relations were quite as important as were those that were commercial and economic, and we cannot be wholly content with a treatment that limits itself almost entirely to the British commercial and fiscal scheme and to the administrative machinery that was called into existence for the purpose of carrying into effect the measures laid down for its enforcement. Such a treatment should be described by a more qualified title. The danger lies in the excessive stress laid on but one aspect of the colonial problem and in the undue prominence given to phases of colonial history that cannot be explained on economic grounds only. Mr. Beer has laid bare a fundamentally significant and essential part of the colonial system, but he has not allowed the reader to see how intimately bound up that system was with other parts equally significant and essential.

The plan of treatment here adopted is as follows: The first volume deals with the colonial policy of the period, the laws of trade and navigation and imperial defence, the English fiscal system and imperial finances, the central and local machinery, and the place of the slave trade in the general scheme. The second volume, carrying the reader from England to America, describes the operation of the commercial regulations in each of the colonies, beginning with Barbados and the Leeward Islands, and continuing through Jamaica, Virginia, Maryland, the Carolinas, and Newfoundland, to Massachusetts and the Dominion of New England. Very little is said of the Jerseys and Pennsylvania, probably because of their slight commercial importance in the period before 1688, and New York is treated, briefly, in the chapter devoted to New England. Valuable as these volumes are in presenting a detailed and accurate picture of the conditions under which England gave form to her colonial and commercial ideas and of the actual working out of these ideas in the colonies themselves, they are less novel in the facts presented and opinions expressed than were the volumes previously issued. Much has been written already on the period; more, indeed, than Mr. Beer's references would lead the unsuspecting reader to believe, and more aids to the execution of the work have been prepared than Mr. Beer's bibliography discloses, and though the wealth of accumulated detail gives to the volumes a special value of their own, the conclusions are in many cases hardly different from those already reached.

At the same time the fulness of presentation, the vigorous manner with which Mr. Beer has handled the many problems involved, and the understanding which he has shown of the spirit of the times with which he is concerned give to the work a place of preëminence among other similar writings on the period. In a number of important respects the treatment has no predecessor. All that is said regarding England's early efforts to furnish the colonies with military and naval protection, regarding customs duties, the 4½ per cent. and other royal revenues, and regarding the slave trade, is new, and forms a contribution of first importance to the history of the subject. Much the same can be said of the commercial and economic history of Newfoundland and the West Indies, phases of colonial life that have been largely ignored in the past. Then, too, quite apart from the relative merits of individual chapters, is the greater merit arising from the treatment of the subject as a whole, in which the general and the particular are so brought together and welded into a single scheme of commercial control that the reader can discern without difficulty the essential unity of the many parts and can determine the place of each colony in the general system. One of the most important conclusions, reached by virtue of this detached and scholarly method of dealing with the subject, concerns the place of Massachusetts just before the loss of the charter in 1684:

> The position of the colony [says Mr. Beer] was wholly untenable. The policy of its leaders was fatuous, as its logical conclusion was either the abrogation of the charter or the severance of all political ties with England; and the colony was prepared to accept neither of these alternatives. . . . Massachusetts was satisfied to remain within the Empire, but while claiming all the privileges of a colony, disavowed and disregarded most of the com-

plementary duties and obligations. It was this anomalous situation that inevitably brought about the revocation of the charter.

In another particular Mr. Beer's point of view is noteworthy. Rejecting as "dangerous and well-nigh incurable" the "tendency to infer subjectively that, because men of the present day would have found a system insufferably restrictive, their predecessors, living several hundred years before under radically different social and intellectual conditions, must necessarily also have done so," he approaches the navigation acts in the following fair-minded spirit of interpretation:

> Such a system of rigid control over the commerce of dependent communities was the current practice of all colonizing nations. It necessarily implied the subordination of the colony's economic interests to those of the metropolis, and as a result, in theory at least, if not always fully in practice, it is repugnant to modern economic, political, and ethical ideas. But these modern ideas are largely the result of changed conditions and were totally inapplicable in the seventeenth century, when they would have seemed, and correctly so, merely the vagaries of an unpractical utopian out of touch with the forces that were making history. . . . It would have been deemed the height of folly to leave colonial trade unfettered and to allow foreign rivals to reap where England had sown and where she was still obliged to expend considerable energy in preventing the intrusion of lawless marauders and well-organized enemies. The system was by no means one-sided, and did not appear to be so to the men of the day. As compensation for the restrictions on the trade of the colonies, England protected them and gave such of their products as were needed and wanted the monopoly of the home market.

When we attempt to imagine older historians, Bancroft or even Winsor, committing themselves to such a view of the navigation acts and of England's reason for adopting them, we realize how far removed we are from the days of those who stand in the popular estimation as the great interpreters of our history. And this change of attitude has come about largely through an honest desire on the part of younger American writers to deal with American history as a subject for exact and careful scholarship in the broadest sense of the term, and not as an object lesson for the encouragement of patriotic virtues.

Mr. Beer's work is not free from errors, but such as are to be found are comparatively trifling. Spellings such as "Quarry" and "Phipps," incorrect titles such as "Secretary of the Admiralty" (Pepys), "Auditor General of the Colonies" (Blathwayt), and "London Record Office," are not serious mistakes. Less defensible is Mr. Beer's wasted expenditure of five pages in the task of refuting Fiske's contention that Bacon's uprising was "In part, at least, against the laws of trade and navigation"; and still more blameworthy is his reversion to the old classification of the colonies, as royal, proprietary, and charter, based on the nature of their internal political organization, when the superficial and inaccurate character of such classification has been demonstrated for many years.

CURRENT FICTION.

The White Hound. By Frances Forbes-Robertson. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

The questioning of old moral standards which has become so common a note of fiction takes in this story a rather unusual form. Various crimes are committed by persons with whom we are led to sympathize. The heroine's father, a fine unworldly old scholar, defrauds a life insurance company by suicide in order that his family may continue to live in the comfort to which they have been accustomed. The rightness of suicide is not even questioned; the rightness of the fraud is questioned only to be asserted. The heroine herself is a girl with a sort of double personality; and the reader is skilfully carried into the mood to sympathize with a deed of shocking violence which she commits in her second person. But the circumstances of both these acts are unusual, and the perpetrators might be excused on the theory of the license of genius. Very well, the writer seems to say, I will represent and defend a perfectly sordid and commonplace crime: that of a seduced servant girl who kills her illegitimate child. Poor Phoebe is exonerated at some length. "Phoebe loved, and in loving shed immortal light on things human for the moment of her passing—that torture and the cross were to be hers, is the mystery that surrounds all beauty." The mystery, one is tempted to say, lies not in the facts, but in the author's attitude towards them.

But this is only one phase of the book. The chief interest is in the character of the heroine, with her wayward frankness, her charm, and her strange transformations. The illusory white hound, into which at times she seems to be metamorphosed, symbolizes one side of her nature. Only in the sheer animal delight of racing over the moors is she able to find respite from the terrible knowledge of her father's sacrifice—a knowledge which she cannot share with her mother and sisters. She is in constant rebellion against their kindly and narrow conventionalism, as it appears, for instance, in the dismissal of the seduced kitchen-maid. A rather perfunctory love affair concludes the story.

A Superman in Being. By Litchfield Woods. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co.

The hero is a blind historian, Professor Snaggs. We are asked to accept him as a superman for three reasons: first, he constantly tells us that he is one—"the universe has produced me, and I am not so foolish as to expect it to do any better"; secondly, he has seduced his stenographer, a girl of twenty-two; thirdly, he persuades her lover to marry her in the full knowledge of this. The Professor himself attends the wedding and most appropriately gives away the bride. It is presumed that they all live happily ever afterward. Besides being a superman, the Professor is a terrible bore. He talks through chapter after chapter, with a labored pseudo-brilliance which shows considerable familiarity with Oscar Wilde. "This dominating, brilliant, perverse, subtle, humorous, paradoxical, and ebullient" hero is made to stick more fiery off by contrast with the extraordinary stupidity of his associates, Mr. Drannle, who plays a sort of Dr. Watson to his Sherlock Holmes, and Richard Densume, the stenographer's lover. The unconscious burlesque is sometimes amusing. It is evidently the work of a singularly innocent and moderately clever young man, who, having well steeped his mind in decadent literature, has resolved to write a novel. Perhaps he can best be described in his own words as "conversant with many ideas without a correspondent mastery of those facts of human life which had given them birth."

The Right of the Strongest. By Frances Nimmo Greene. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The conflict between the old and the new in the Georgia mountains furnishes both theme and background for this story. We are introduced to a community of mountain whites struggling for its life against dispossession at the hands of John Marshall, a bold and enterprising young capitalist who wishes to turn the valley into a great reservoir for the development of electric power. He meets with an unexpected obstacle when he falls in love with the school teacher, Mary Elizabeth Dale, a native of the valley, who has been educated by a philanthropist in order that she may help her people. She is in love with Marshall, but will give up neither her work nor her opposition to his plan. He on his side will not relinquish the project, though to save her from slander and to give her standing among the mountaineers he allows her to reveal it before it is carried through. Apparently defeated by this, he yet remains, at the risk of his life, because he believes that she still needs protection. The story is unfolded in a series of dramatic situations to an unusually satisfactory conclusion. The characters, not excepting the hero and heroine, are strongly presented. Mary Elizabeth is a very real and lovable girl; Marshall is an excellent specimen of the best type of promoter, resolute, farseeing, chivalrous,

but blinded by the modern superstition of progress. Of the mountaineers, "Trav" Williams and the admirably named Shan Thaggin represent the worse element, and "Uncle Beck" Logan, the philosopher-storekeeper, is the fine flower. Many of Uncle Beck's sayings deserve quotation, but we have space for only two. He has been telling the loafers at the store about the sale of some groceries to Marshall's conceited servant. "After I had done got all his money, I up and says, says I, 'Sonny, you have got a 'complishment what I ain't never met up with before—you air the fust mortal man I ever see what could strut settin' down.'" On another occasion, ridin' by meetin' with Darius Slaton, he remarked: "Ri, ol' Sister Thaggin's done treed the Lord agin; don't you hear her yelpin'?" Altogether this is a strong and well-balanced novel, free from the taint of hysteria which so often weakens stories of its type.

The Air Pilot. By Randall Parrish. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

The reader who looks forward to a story of adventure in cloudland will be disappointed, for the "air-piloting" is confined to a single short flight. Except for this, the famous Dessaud monoplane might as well have been a machine gun. The story is really one of improbable international complications, similar but inferior to some of the yarns of E. Phillips Oppenheim. Lieut. Dessaud has brought to America for exhibition his new monoplane, which has a virtually soundless motor. Col. Brandt, of the German secret service, plots to kidnap the aviator and learn the secret. He bribes a German editor to help him, and the editor uses as a decoy a reporter, who is, of course, a pretty American girl. Is it necessary to add that Helen tries to help Dessaud, but gets him deeper into trouble; that she is threatened with dishonor and he with torture, and that the monoplane saves them and smooths the path of true love? The only remarkable thing in the story is the power of abstraction which enables the lovers to hold long and intimate conversations at times when to all appearances only the promptest action can save them from disaster.

ASSYRIAN NAMES.

Personal Names from Cuneiform Inscriptions of the Cassite Period. By Albert T. Clay. Yale Oriental Series. Vol. I. New Haven: Yale University Press. $2 net.

The study of proper names occurring in the Cuneiform literature of Babylonia and Assyria is one of the most important branches of Assyriology, throwing light on the prevailing religious ideas and on historical conditions as well. We have tolerably complete lists of such names for the older period of Babylonian history and for the latest—the so-called neo-Babylonian period—but for some of the middle periods, notably for the six centuries (c. 1750-1173 B. C.) during which Cassite rulers occupied the throne of Babylonia, such lists were lacking. Professor Clay has now filled the most important of these gaps by his compilation of more than 10,000 names occurring chiefly in business and legal documents of the Cassite period. Professor Clay was pre-eminently the person to furnish scholars with such a list, by virtue of his publication of no less than three large volumes of texts from the days of the Cassite rulers. These volumes form the basis for the work before us, as they comprise our chief source of study of the social, religious, and political conditions during the six centuries in question. In addition to published texts, Professor Clay has also availed himself of unpublished material in the collections of the University of Pennsylvania, and of the General Theological Seminary of New York, and has utilized also the hundreds of names occurring in the famous Amarna letters. Lastly, distinctly historical texts and names occurring in seal cylinders have been drawn upon to make the compilation represent a complete survey of the material at present at our disposal. But Dr. Clay has done far more than merely to compile a list. He has made a thorough study of these names, dividing them up into the elements of which they are composed.

The study of these elements is particularly instructive. A name in Babylonia, as throughout early antiquity, was much more than a convenient appellation. It belonged to an individual as a part of his equipment, and in many cases was regarded as too sacred to be used on all occasions, so that in addition to his real name an individual generally had some less solemn sobriquet by which he was known, often chosen to emphasize some physical peculiarity or distinction, and invariably briefer than the real name used on official occasions, and which, in most cases, formed a complete sentence with subject, object, and verb, though the third element in very many cases was omitted. An invariable element in the case of a person's full designation was the name of some deity, by the introduction of which the name became a prayer, or an expression of some hope, or praise of some deity. Thus, a name which has as one of its elements the moon-god, Sin, invokes Sin, directly or indirectly. "O Sin, protect the son," "Sin is gracious," "Sin grants life," "Sin has given a brother," "Sin is the Lord," "Sin has hearkened to me," and so on. We are reminded, of course, of Biblical names where we find similar combinations with the names of the Hebrew deities, El Jah, and Jeho, while the explanations so often attached to the names point to a further agreement in the ideas associated with the divine element among Hebrews and Babylonians. Thus, when Rachel is represented as explaining the name of her son, Joseph, as "Jahweh has given me another son," it is precisely parallel to a Babylonian or Assyrian name like Sin-akh-erba, "Sin has added a brother," or to Ashur-akh-iddin, "Ashur has given a brother." The explanation, in fact, points to the full name of Joseph having been something like Jeho-ben-asaph, of which Joseph is an abbreviation—a sort of pet-name or *hypokoristikon*, to use the forbidding technical term.

In the case of Babylonian-Assyrian names, while some of the deities occur in all periods, others are particularly prominent at certain epochs. Thus, in the neo-Babylonian period, names compounded with Nebo and Marduk far outnumbered the rest, which is in accord with the almost exclusive devotion given to these two deities in Babylonia during the sixth century, though, to be sure, other gods were still worshipped in the old temples erected in their honor. During the Cassite period, as we now learn from Professor Clay's important contribution, we find Enlil (or Ellil), the chief god of Nippur and the head of the older Babylonian pantheon, entering more frequently as an element in proper names than any other, and next to Ellil is a deity whose name has occasioned considerable discussion, though the weight of evidence is now in favor of the form Enmashtu, proposed by Professor Clay.

In the survey of the names compounded with Enlil it is interesting to group together some of the attributes and hopes associated with this chief deity. Enlil is represented as "creating," "taking care of," "protecting," "judging," "giving," "granting life," "establishing," "completing," "hearing." A name, Enlil-nûr-gabba, celebrates him as "Enlil, the universal light"—a close approach to "The Light of the World"; another as "Enlil is my help," "Enlil is our mountain" (shadû-ni), which recalls the famous El-Shaddai, one of the early designations given to the Hebrew deity in the Bible, and which may be rendered as "el is the mountain," i. e., the mighty one. The divine name does not necessarily stand as the first element; frequently it occupies the second place. So we find a series of names beginning with *iz-kur*, "he has proclaimed," followed by the name of a god, Izkur-Addu, "Addu proclaims," "Izkur-Ea," "Ea proclaims," and another series beginning with the *iddin*, "he has given." In fact, no less than twenty-

five deities are associated with this element, which thus incidentally furnishes us with a survey of the chief gods of the pantheon of the Cassite period.

Instead of gods, the names of temples dedicated to them are substituted. Thus, the name of Enlil's temple in Nippur, E-kur, signifying "mountain-house," appears as an element in E-kur-nadin-shum, "E-kur has given an offspring" where E-kur clearly stands as the equivalent to Enlil; or the names of stars take the place of the deities with which they were identified, as, e. g., in Dilbat-bani, "Dilbat creates," Dilbat, the planet Venus, identified with Ishtar, here standing for that goddess. We also come across such names as Kakkab-Ea, "star of Ea," from which or from a simila combination, a name like Kakkabâ, "star-like," is an abbreviation with an endearing element attached, such as a lover might apply to his sweetheart. Professor Clay has added largely to the usefulness of his work by adding a complete list of elements occurring in the names with careful references.

Through this list, the rather curious fact is revealed that during the Cassite period names containing the element *ilu*, "god"—the equivalent of the Hebrew *El*—without further qualification, are very common. Indeed, the number of such names with *ilu* as the first or second or third element outnumber all other formations. This points to a development of religious thought not unlike that which may be traced among the Hebrews. No doubt, *ilu* always refers in the Babylonian names to some specific deity, but so does the Hebrew *El* always indicate Jahweh as a specific deity. The important point is, that among Babylenians and Hebrews the chief deity becomes the "god" *par excellence*—"god" without further qualification, which represents a step eventually leading to a monotheistic conception of divine government.

Lastly, a feature that is particularly prominent in names of the Cassite period is the large number of foreign names and of names containing foreign deities as one of the elements. Naturally, a large proportion of such foreign deities are Cassitic; and, as a matter of fact, the chief personages of the Cassite pantheon pass in review before us in this nomenclature. Through these names, many words of the Cassite language, as yet little known to us, are revealed. Still more interesting are the large number of foreign names that lead us to the Hittite regions in northern Syria and in central Asia Minor. Dr. Clay groups these names under the designation of Hittite-Mitannian. For the present, it is not possible to differentiate sharply between such as are Hittite and those that belong to a region in northeastern Syria, known as Mitanni. It is not unlikely that the Mitannians belonged to one of the Hittite groups. In this connection our author raises the question whether the Khabiri, who play an important rôle in the Amarna letters dealing with affairs in southern Palestine during the fifteenth century, and who have been identified with the Hebrews, do not belong to the Hittite-Mitannian groups. In favor of this view is the fact that we find among the Hittite-Mitanni names a number which contain the element Khabiri, and it is also of significance that on a tablet of Boghaz-köi—the site of the capital of the Hittite Empire—in northern Asia Minor the "gods of Khabiri" are mentioned. If Dr. Clay's contention is correct, most important conclusions would follow, especially if it also turns out that these Khabiri are indeed the same as the Ibri or Hebrews to which Abraham belongs. Abraham finds Hittites in southern Palestine, for such the sons of Heth undoubtedly are, from whom Abraham buys the cave of Machpelah. This region appears, therefore, at a very early period to have contained Hittite groups, and the question arises whether the Hebrews may not have been at least affiliated with some of these Hittites, as the prophet Ezekiel, in fact, suggests. However, we know so little as to who the Hittites were, what language they spoke, and whence they came, that for some time to come all speculations on the subject must be more or less tentative. Meanwhile, Yale University is to be congratulated on inaugurating its series of Oriental publications with a volume that sets so high a standard for the ones to follow.

The New China: A Traveller's Impressions. By Henri Borel. Translated from the Dutch by C. Thieme. With 48 illustrations. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $3.50.

M. Borel is an official Chinese interpreter in the Dutch East Indies who has made the standard translation of the Confucian Classics into his native tongue. He made his first journey to the capital of China in 1909, surcharged with reverence for its ancient ideals and eager to derive the essence of a national soul beneath the scrap-heap that is left of its former wisdom and beauty. "The chief object of my book," he declares, "is to avail myself of the poet's right to give a chain of personal and subjective impressions and to describe how I felt the tragic death of ancient beauty, overpowered by all that is ugly and vulgar in modern things." Here is a scholar who, after years of residence among Chinese, confesses that he never discovered the soul of the people until he visited the mistreated temples of that shabby old city upon which has been poured the scorn of thousands of unseeing trippers from the West.

As an interpreter of modern China he cannot be acquitted of some exaggeration. All that is vulgar and impious in the present aspect of her society must not be ascribed to foreign influence. There was a wider gap than he is willing to acknowledge between the spiritual conceptions which once controlled that society and the selfish materialism which obtained when the foreigners first arrived. A pride of learning remains, but it is overlaid with formalism and must be accounted unproductive since no priest or statesman in a century has arisen to direct any effective reform or guide his countrymen to new aspects of truth or religion. That Young China at present derives all its inspiration from abroad is in itself a proof that the "ancient eternal essence" of her intellectual life is so jejune as to be sterile. Yet the movement towards the formation of a conscious nation is already well begun, and a resurgent China may in the future find her way back to some, at least, of that antique loveliness which the author laments as dying a tragic death in the dawn of her new day.

Though calling his book a discussion of modern China, M. Borel is not compellingly lured from the monuments of the past to considerations of political and economic conditions. The "call of the East" is strong upon him, and it is a mediæval, not a modern, East that calls. As an artistic appreciation of the temples of Peking his volume should be welcomed by intelligent tourists, whose elementary education in the meaning of Chinese art is seldom even begun. Taken in connection with a few descriptions of the city, such as those of Dr. Edkins and Mrs. Little, it ought to serve as a useful guide—though this is perhaps the last desire of the æsthetic author whose scorn is often voided upon the globe-trotter. However, there is work to be done with this class in Peking as in Paris or Rome, and some few of them can always be educated out of their smug preconceptions. They may cavil at the author's recurring insistence upon the "mystical and esoteric" meanings discovered in old monuments, but these are to be found even in the dilapidated buildings of Peking, if sought for in the right spirit. Here is his plea for a more appreciative attitude in the visitor to the Lama Temple, notorious for its train of truculent priests, the disorderly scum of their order:

> That besides these wretched mendicant friars there are others who pass their life in prayer and meditation; that there is in this temple a library of incalculable philosophical value, full of rare works on esoteric and exoteric Buddhism—all this they do not consider. Nor do they dream it possible that the so-called *huo fo*, the "Living Buddha," who dwells there invisible to the outer world, might be a spiritually advanced being, highly developed by some mystical initiation. Nor do they know that Eastern music possesses more delicate

shades and finer gradations of sound and vibration than the whole and half-notes of our Western scales. The consequence is that the unpracticed or shallow Westerner, unable to discern these more subtle differences of tone and more finely divided vibrations, declares Eastern music to be discordant and unbearable. Nor does such a one understand that Eastern orchestras, as, for example, the Javanese *gamelang*, use different pitches and rhythms for the morning, daytime, evening, or night, because the vibrations of the ether also differ. After all, is this not the case with all beauty, be it that of line, color, or sound?

One gets from these pages an altogether new conception of a China redolent with subtle emanations and odors beneath the rather grimy exterior of work-a-day life seen by most casual visitors.

Notes

The Harvard University Press has in hand "The Granger Movement, a Study of Agricultural Organization and its Political, Economic, and Social Manifestations, 1870-1880," by Solon J. Buck.

The Encyclopedia Press, Incorporated, is the name which the publishers of the Catholic Encyclopedia have adopted in place of Robert Appleton Co.

Doubleday, Page & Co. announce the following list of autumn fiction: "Laddie, a True Blue Story," by Gene Stratton-Porter; "Gold," by Stewart Edward White; "In Search of a Husband," by Corra Harris; "The Friendly Road," by David Grayson; "A Son of the Hills," by Harriet T. Comstock; "The Lovely Lady," by Mary Austin; "Refractory Husband," by Mary Stewart Cutting; "The Mixing; What the Hillport Neighbors Did," by Bouck White; "The Spotted Panther," by James Francis Dwyer; "The Golden Barrier," by Agnes and Egerton Castle; "Jack Chanty," by Hulbert Footner; "The Confessions of Arsène Lupin"; "The Man Between," by Walter Archer Frost, and "Under the Christmas Stars," by Grace S. Richmond, specially illustrated.

Autumn announcements of the Methodist Book Concern include: "It is Not Lawful," a romance by Arthur H. De Long; "Blossom Babies," by M. Louise Chadwick; "Marching Manward, a Story of a Boy," by Frank Orman Beck, and "Christ and the Dramas of Doubt," by Ralph T. Flewelling.

In "The South African Scene," announced by Smith & Elder, Miss Violet Markham sketches the development which has taken place in South Africa since the war.

A Florence-type edition of Stevenson's poems is in preparation by Chatto & Windus.

Hall Caine's new novel, "The Woman Thou Gavest Me," will be brought out shortly in this country by Lippincott.

The autumn list of Houghton Mifflin Company includes, under biography and letters: "The Memoirs of Li Hung-Chang," edited by W. F. Mannix, with an introduction by John W. Foster; "The Life of John Bright," by G. M. Trevelyan; "The Letters of Charles Eliot Norton: A Biographical Comment," by Miss Sara Norton and M. A. De Wolfe Howe, two volumes; "Harrison Gray Otis: His Life and Correspondence, 1765-1848," by Samuel Eliot Morison, two volumes; "The Life of Lyman Trumbull," by Horace White; "William Ernest Henley," by L. Cope Cornford; "Some Letters of William Vaughn Moody," edited by Daniel G. Mason; "Hawthorne and His Publisher," by Caroline Ticknor.—History: "The Writings of James Breck Perkins: France Under Mazarin; France Under Louis XV; France Under the Regency; France in the American Revolution," six volumes; "The Americans in the Philippines," by James A. Le Roy, with an introduction by William H. Taft, two volumes; "Bull Run: Its Strategy and Tactics," by R. M. Johnston; "The Nation and the Empire," by Lord Milner, and "Greek Imperialism," by William Scott Ferguson.—Educational: "Newspaper Writing and Editing," by Willard G. Bleyer; "Chief Middle English Poets," by Jessie L. Weston; "Modern Prose and Poetry for Secondary Schools," by Margaret Ashmun; "Representative Cities of the United States: A Geographical and Industrial Reader for Grammar Schools," by Caroline W. Hotchkiss; "Problems of Educational Readjustment," by David Snedden; "Rural Life and Education," by E. P. Cubberley; "Evolution of the Educational Ideal," by Mabel I. Emerson; "Studies in Foreign Education," by Cloudesley Brereton; "The Teaching of Spelling," by Henry Suzzallo, with an introduction by Frank M. McMurry; "Interest and Effort in Education," by John Dewey, and "Teachers' Annuities and Pensions: A Study of Teachers' Retirement Allowance Systems," by C. A. Prosser.—Religious: "Revelation and the Ideal," by George A. Gordon; "Three Lords of Destiny," by Samuel M. Crothers; "Charles Gordon Ames: A Spiritual Autobiography," edited by Alice Ames Winter, and "The Religious Revolution," by James T. Shotwell.—Poetry: "The Poems of Joseph Beaumont," edited with notes by Eloise Robinson; "The Little Book of Modern Verse: Selections from the Work of Contemporaneous American Poets," by Jessie B. Rittenhouse; "The Ride Home," by Florence Wilkinson Evans, and "Story-Telling Poems," edited by Frances Jenkins Olcott.—Miscellaneous: "Mont St. Michel and Chartres," by Henry Adams, with an introduction by Ralph Adams Cram; "Dandies and Men of Letters," by Leon H. Vincent; "In the Old Paths," by Arthur Grant; "Emerson's Journals," Vols. IX and X, edited by Stewart W. Emerson and Waldo E. Forbes; "The Summit of the Years," essays by John Burroughs; "The Greatest Books in the World: Interpretative Studies," by Laura Spencer Portor; "More Letters of an Idle Man"; "The Publisher," by Robert Sterling Yard; "The Age of Power," by Jonathan Lincoln; "The United States Federal Internal Tax History, from 1861 to 1871," by Harry Edwin Smith; "Mediæval Industries," by L. F. Salzmann; "Auction Developments," by Milton C. Work; "In Freedom's Birthplace," conditions of the Boston negro of to-day, by John Daniel, and "Summer," by Dallas Lore Sharp.

The first edition of G. Harvey Johnston's "Scottish Heraldry" was published in 1904, and the reissue of the book now, with revisions and considerable additions, by Scribners, shows that the spirit of the clans is still alive. Any one of Scottish ancestry will find his own account in the book, but we may recommend it also as a very clear exposition of heraldry in general—a difficult subject. There are many illustrations in proper colors.

To the picaresque section of Dutton's Library of Early Novelists has been added Smollett's lively version of "Gil Blas." The introduction, by W. M. Fullerton, undertakes to explain how Lesage used, and transcended, the picaresque form to give a survey of the whole of life. Smollett's English has not the fineness and swiftness of the French, but the Bishop of Granada and Dr. Sangrado play their immortal parts here as in the original, and the interest and wisdom of the story are immortal in any tongue.

The University of Manchester (Longmans) issues, as the fourth number of its English Series, "The Early Life of George Eliot," by Mary H. Deakin, M.A. Prof. C. H. Herford in an Introductory Note calls attention to it as an essay in the direction of M. Emile Legouis's study of Wordsworth's youth. He, says Professor Herford, may be said to have established "the adolescence of genius" as a distinct study. Relatively little stress has been laid hitherto upon the girlhood and early womanhood of George Eliot. The work for which she is remembered was done in middle age, and her biographers have been too intent upon it and its maker as native products to do more than hint at the early conditions and experiences from which both sprang. "Many readers of George Eliot's works," says Miss Deakin, "look on her as a woman of strong, massive, independent nature, and are entirely unfamiliar with the loneliness and pain of the long years in which she lay "inert and suffering, craving for support and encouragement, and fearing that no meaning and no good would ever grow out of her life." In girlhood her strength of mind and feeling wreaked itself on questions of religious belief. From the quiet conformity of her family she swung first to a violent Evangelicalism, and later to free-thinking. In the earlier phase she went to extremes of asceticism, denied herself the simplest pleasures, and painfully followed rules of living which were naturally distasteful to her and which she later saw to be false. Her release from the bondage of Calvinism brought intellectual peace, but no escape from conscience. She now regarded happiness as a duty, and "practiced it steadily, though often her sensitive nature broke bounds and asserted its right to be miserable." On the whole she was successful in her efforts to be happy; her nature was not buoyant, but it was sound. Much of her melancholy belonged to insatiate youth, and was to be outgrown. But though the solemnity disappeared for the most part, the seriousness remained. That distinction is not always apparent in the work which occupied Marian Evans as essayist and reviewer to the verge of middle age. The present study emphasizes the fact that the mellowing of her character and her art was due not merely to the ripening influence of time, but to the development of a single human relation. The nature of Lewes was in many ways complementary to her own. He was brilliant, exuberant. Thackeray once de-

clared that "it would not surprise him to meet Lewes riding on a white elephant in Piccadilly." His high spirits as well as his deep sympathy served to nourish the genius of the woman to whom he could give his life if not his name. But for him, Miss Deakin believes, the novels would never have been written; certainly they would not have been what they are. In her attitude towards this famous union the author is particularly happy; she is successful throughout in subordinating the rôle of critic to that of biographer.

In "Trails and Tramps in Alaska and Newfoundland" (Putnam), William S. Thomas has made a really delightful addition to outdoor literature. The camera rather than the gun has been the chief weapon of his hunting trips, and in catching birds and animals in natural situations he has been highly successful. He does not confine himself to the geographical bounds of his title, one of the longest and pleasantest chapters dealing with the bird life of his home State, Pennsylvania. In the closing chapter he pleads sensibly for a policy of conservation which shall extend a uniform protection by the several States to *all* bird life, whether technically game birds, song birds, or not, except as long-continued and competent investigation shall prove conclusively that the restriction of numbers of any given species is of substantive value from an economic standpoint. In other words, let our Legislatures cease compelling the bird-lover to prove the right of any given bird to live and positively assume that right until incontestable evidence is presented to the contrary.

"The Critic in the Orient" (Paul Elder), by George Hamlin Fitch, a companion volume to "The Critic in the Occident," is a series of desultory sketches of a dozen cities from Tokio to Cairo. Each represents selections from a mass of newspaper letters by a literary reviewer who found that "even in the debilitating heat of the tropics it was always a pastime, never a task, to put into words my ideas of the historic places I knew so well from years of reading, and which I had just seen." The book is not verbose, however, for the author has rigidly excised all the minutiæ of travel in favor of "the beauty of scenery, the grandeur of architecture, the appealing traits of various peoples." Indeed, the most apt criticism of it is that as a volume of travels its highly colored, interesting scenes want connection, while, as a criticism of foreign lands, it attempts no penetrative interpretation of what is new. But its clear, facile style, its appended hints for travellers, its bibliography, and, above all, its seventy excellent plates and photographs should make it of interest to the general reader, and of value to the tourist.

Five years ago Macmillan published a translation of Paul Dahlke's collection of essays ("Buddhist Essays"), in which, among other things, the author maintained that Buddhism is the only religion in the world "free from the poison of hypotheses." The same firm has now published a companion volume entitled "Buddhism and Science," wherein the author goes a step farther and shows that neither faith nor science can solve the riddle of the universe, but that Buddhism does so very satisfactorily. Every individual has an energy of his own. A force that is "universal" would exist of itself and be "a creation of faith"; an in-force (energy, Karma) is existent only in dependence on its material, corporeality, sensation, perception, discrimination, consciousness. Every being is adequate cause to itself; as a flame maintains itself by its own heat, so every I-process maintains itself by its volitional movements. At death the pulse of energy of this process makes itself known in a new location, passes into a new abode, kindles a new I-process. I am my Karma; without beginning. No entity passes over. The I-process has its in-force from a previous existence. Faith believes; science recognizes only the material world; Buddhism conceives of the I from the standpoint of itself, i. e., intuitively.

The weakness of science is shown in its treatment of physics, physiology, biology, etc. Scientific men demand proof in space and time before they will believe in this "passing over." They call it "telekinesis," they say it is a fact only for faith. They must learn that individual beginninglessness, which is the key-word of Buddhism, is intuitively recognizable. As one falls in love and something passes over from lover to beloved in the very glance of love, and this is intuitively recognized, so Karma-processes are to be recognized. I am a process burning in virtue of a genuine energy that never can be demonstrated, but which demonstrates itself in consciousness. The summation of individual experience is the world. I am a world-maker; there are no worlds in themselves. To put the matter clearly: "The self-integration and self-disintegration of worlds is nothing but the functional concomitant phenomenon of the beginninglessness of the I."

In reviewing Dahlke's previous work, the *Nation* asserted that his argument rested upon pure hypothesis. Buddhism is as much a religion of faith as is Christianity. It is bolstered up by logic and keen analysis, but it stands and falls with the Karma doctrine, and belief in Karma is a pure act of faith. That "consciousness is Karma" and that "thinking is Karma" is the teaching of Buddhism, but all the pretentious modern *Apologiæ pro Buddha* have failed to remove that stumbling-block. One might just as well believe in a soul passing over as to believe that consciousness and memory pass over, fasten on new material, and keep on living thus as the various I's in various bodies. Nor will any scientific man be led to believe that the Milky Way and star-clusters are Karmaic energies in passing phases. All this would not be worth three paragraphs of the *Nation* were it not that these pseudo-scientific expositions of Buddhism are really looked upon by a large number of people in the light of revelations. As a matter of fact, the authors of such works, and Dahlke is *princeps inter pares*, are neither scientific nor even fair commentators on the texts they extol.

"The Old-Fashioned Woman" (Putnams), by Elsie Clews Parsons, is a very readable book which differs from most books of its kind in the fact that it is based upon some real knowledge of anthropology; for under this gently ironical and slightly misleading title Mrs. Parsons undertakes to show that all the conventional ideas of what is appropriate to sex have their origin in the fancies of primitive men. But why not? Only a little anthropology is needed to show that, not only in sex, but in all other matters, the child of nature is bound by a rigidity and complexity of convention to which culture presents no parallel. And if the object be to show that the mind of woman does not in reality differ from that of man, the tired reader may be tempted to suggest that an important step towards this conviction would be the disappearance of feministic literature.

"Calendar of Letter Books of the City of London. Letter Book L. Temp. Edward IV-Henry VII" (London: Guildhall), edited by Reginald R. Sharpe, is the last to be issued in the present series. According to the original plan, the Letter Books were to be calendared only to the end of the fifteenth century, when the journals of the Common Council and the repertories of the Aldermen begin. That period has now been reached, and though the Letter Books themselves actually extend to the year 1688, no more will be calendared under the present arrangement. At the end of his preface, Dr. Sharpe announces the termination of the series and begs the general reader "to select some one or two of the more full and lively of these Calendars for attentive perusal, since he may gather from them in a week's diligent reading a more vivid idea of the England of his forefathers than he will get from the most brilliant pages of the professed historian." No advice could be more reasonable, and in accepting it the reader will not only acquire a remarkably clear notion of life in London during the Middle Ages, but will be impressed with the value of the material that Dr. Sharpe has rendered accessible. These eleven volumes are a witness, besides, to the learning, energy, and good judgment of the editor, whose labors in this field have found all too little recognition at the hands of historians.

The present volume, covering the period from 1460 to 1497, contains very little that is of importance for the general history of the kingdom. It is, however, rich in all that relates to the administrative and economic life of the City. It is indispensable to students of the history of the craft guilds, supplementing and completing the works of Herbert ("Twelve Livery Companies of London"), Unwin ("The Gilds and Companies of London"), Kingsford ("Chronicles of London"), and the authors of the histories of the various companies. We learn much about the City and the Hanse merchants; about the relation of the companies to the municipal organization, elections, and finance; and more than all else about the activities of the companies through the large number of ordinances, administrative, religious and charitable, and technical, that were submitted to the Mayor and Aldermen for approval and enrolment. Among other matters here mentioned that concerned the guilds are the relations with "foreigners," the wearing of liveries, the rise of the yeomanry organizations, the admission of women, and the question of precedence. In the matter of precedence, it is interesting to note that the "Billesdone award" of 1484, settling the quarrel between the Tailors and the Skinners, is still in force. Two or three additional points may be noted. The Hanse merchants, though in occupation of the

Steelyard as early as 1320, did not become the actual proprietors until 1475; the title "Lord Mayor," though known in the fifteenth century, was not generally used until 1534 or 1535; and buildings in London were still roofed with straw as late as the beginning of the fourteenth century.

"The Fringe of the East: A Journey Through Past and Present Provinces of Turkey" (Macmillan), by Harry Charles Lukach, is neither a guide book nor exactly a book of travels. It is the narrative of an inconsequential ramble, illustrated by photographs, with a considerable amount of chit-chat, sometimes historical, sometimes jocose. The author is conversant with the near East and has compiled at least one guide book. In the present ramble he starts from Athens, going to Mount Athos, then to Rhodes, Cyprus, Jerusalem, Samaria, Damascus, Aleppo, then eastward to the Euphrates, back again through Antioch to Latakia, and so down the coast to Beirut. He seems to have had no particular reason for the journey. Most of the places which he visits have been frequently visited and described. There is absolutely nothing new, with the exception of a couple of castles in the Nosairiyeh country. There are no adventures, except the ordinary infelicities which the Oriental traveller experiences at times, and there are no discoveries. The first chapter consists of stories, chiefly familiar, from Nasr ed-Din Khoja. Other chapters are enlivened by stories Occidental and Oriental, credible and incredible, and illustrated by photographs, principally taken by the author, some good and others not. It is a pleasant book with which to while away an irresponsible hour, when one does not wish to be seriously instructed or intensely interested—the sort of book which we would especially commend to the libraries of ocean steamers.

The Rev. Hiram Collins Haydn, D.D., who died at his home in Cleveland on Thursday of last week, aged eighty-one, had been pastor for many years, and since 1903 pastor emeritus, of the First Presbyterian Church of that city. He graduated from Amherst in 1856, and from the Union Theological Seminary three years later. From 1887 to 1890 he was president of Western Reserve University. Among his writings are the following: "Lay Effort: Death and Beyond," "Amusements," "American Heroes on Mission Fields," and "Western Reserve University."

John Haughton Coney, professor of history in Princeton University, died on July 25 in New York city. Professor Coney graduated from Princeton in the class of 1885. After engaging for a time in secondary school work, he became associated about 1895 in the department of history with Prof. W. M. Sloane. When Professor Sloane accepted a chair in Columbia, virtually the entire task of historical instruction in Princeton devolved for a time upon Professor Coney. He came well prepared for the work by a number of years of previous study in Berlin University, where he had given his time largely to the study of Prussian and modern European history. After the enlargement of the historical teaching staff in Princeton, Professor Coney devoted his lectures to modern European history. In this subject his courses were universally recognized as a sterling piece of solid value in the historical curriculum. He did an enormous amount of college work, without noise and without adequate recognition. His colleagues, even better than his numerous students, knew and appreciated his remarkable erudition. Perhaps no more complete master of the detail of Prussian history in all its minor ramifications ever taught in an American college, and his death will leave a distinct void among historical scholars and in the teaching force of his university. *Egregii mortalis altique silenti.*

Louis-Paulin Passy, historian and archæologist, known as the "father" of the Chamber of Deputies, died at Gisors, France, last Thursday, in his eighty-third year. He was a cousin of the late Frédéric Passy, the peace advocate. He was a monarchist, and had been a member of the Chamber since the foundation of the Third Republic. A prolific writer, he ranged easily over several fields of knowledge.

Science

The Genus Iris. By W. R. Dykes. Cambridge University Press. (University of Chicago Press, American agents.) Folio, with 48 colored plates and 30 line drawings. $37.50.

The horticultural attractiveness and botanical interest of Irises have at last led to a publication befitting their worth. The rather dry and uninteresting, though scholarly, monograph of J. G. Baker of Kew, in 1892, has been the only reliable work on these plants available, either to the gardener, for whom it was too erudite, or to the botanists, who have always deplored its lack of keys. It is greatly to the credit of Mr. Dykes that he should have prepared a volume that, while successfully addressed alike to the horticulturist and to the botanist, is no mere gathering of Iris literature, but a thoroughly comprehensive monograph on the genus. Containing admirable technical descriptions of all the species known to the author, in English, and giving, also, for each species as much of horticultural information as the gardener would ordinarily demand, the book is unique among monographic works of its kind.

As in previous works, Mr. Dykes divides the genus into ten sections segregated by differences of root-habit or by more technical flower-characters; and this is the only method by which one can possibly thread one's way through a group of such size and complexity. There is a key separating these sections one from the other, and keys for each section separating the different species in it. That these keys will be more readily available to the botanist than the gardener goes without saying, but considering the difficulty of the task, the result is admirable. An explanatory chapter, with illustrations on the structure of the Iris flower, will help the uninitiated in the use of these keys. For each species the author has given all the synonyms known to botanists, and a complete account of the distribution, citing all the better known collections of the plant by collector's name and field number, so that from the technical side the work is very complete. Wherever the species presents horticultural difficulties and is of sufficient merit to warrant cultivation, special notes have been added under the botanical description, together with interesting historical notes on its introduction into general cultivation. Both from the botanical and horticultural standpoint the work is quite up to date, including several species from China, new to cultivation through the recent collections of Mr. E. H. Wilson from that country.

In view of the fact that there are many hundreds of magnificent named forms and hybrids of Iris, it is unfortunate that the author has virtually dismissed this phase of the subject in two pages. But it is also probably true that the botanical affinities and parentage of many of these forms are doubtful; nor would the scope of the present work allow of further elucidation. The forty-eight colored plates are beautiful in themselves and satisfactory botanically; they are fitting illustrations for a sumptuous and really comprehensive volume.

The following are science books in Houghton Mifflin's autumn list: "Letters and Recollections of Alexander Agassiz, with a Sketch of His Work and Life," by George R. Agassiz; "The Health Master," by Samuel Hopkins Adams; "The Resistance of the Air and Aviation," by G. Eiffel, translated by Jerome C. Hunsaker; "The Housekeeper's Handy-Book," by Lucia Millet Baxter; "Calm Yourself," by George L. Walton; and "The Hygiene of the School Child," by Lewis M. Terman.

Mr. George Shiras, 3d, gives in the *National Geographic Magazine* for July a vivid account of his twenty-six years' work as a pioneer in photographing wild animals, especially at night. Many of the sixty-seven illustrations represent the home life of the animals, some of which wander every night within a stone's throw of rural homes. An interesting discovery made a few years ago was the existence of moose in large numbers in the Yellowstone National Park. There are several very remarkable flashlight photographs of deer. A brief description, with seventeen illustrations, of some unfrequented parts of Burma is given by Mr. Charles H. Bartlett.

The distinctive characteristics of geography are the subject of the leading article, by M. P. Vidal de la Blache, in the *Annales de Géographie* for July. By emphasizing these he aims to show that the conception of geography no longer oscillates between that of geology and of history; that geography has a domain of its own among the sciences. Other articles concern a remarkable earthquake in France in 1682, the description of it being based largely on contemporary records; an atlas and gazetteer of Finland in four volumes which has

already reached a second edition; and the Sierra de la Lumbrera in Argentina. Considerable space is devoted to showing the methods employed for the development of the French colonies. Among these is the railway connecting Tongking with western China, which it is believed will make the port of Haiphong a rival of Hongkong. Much work is also going on at Dakar on the West African coast in the construction of docks, for when the projected Trans-Saharan railway is constructed it will be the shortest route between Europe and South America.

Among imported English garden books "Gardens for Small Country Houses" (Country Life Library), by Gertrude Jekyll and Lawrence Weaver, is of much interest. It treats not of plants and seasons, in considering which our practice must always be different from the English, but of garden design, a study which we greatly neglect. It is another book of luxury, for the cost of the average garden here displayed would stagger the average American suburban dweller. Yet it preaches principles which we may well take to heart, of privacy, completeness, and of making nature do her best for us. It is true that the copious illustrations of the book make us, in the midst of a hot and dry summer, envy the Englishman his climate; but apart from this we may very well admire the intensity with which the English designers apply themselves to make the best of their limited plots. The transplanting of selected bits of natural scenery, the beautifying of these by architectural adornment, and the endeavor to create an atmosphere of rest and permanence, are the central intentions. Home-makers can learn much from the study of both text and pictures, especially those which deal with the treatment of slopes and walls, rocks and water, pavings and gates.

The schoolboy of to-day possesses a very different textbook on geography from the one which his father or grandfather carried to and fro. Instead of a thin quarto atlas he generally has an octavo or even duodecimo volume, and instead of predominant political boundaries and statistics of population, he learns of land-forms and their influence on peoples; of map-making in the several types of projection; of the causes of winter and summer; of day and night; of zones of climate; of the depths of the sea; and, besides all these matters, he hears economic questions discussed in so far as they are conditioned by natural resources. Geography has drawn to its aid geology, astronomy, mathematics, and economics, and has become revivified in an extraordinary manner. These new methods are illustrated in two books just published—"High School Geography, Physical, Economic, and Regional" (American Book Company), by Charles R. Dryer, and "Elements of Geography" (Holt), by R. D. Salisbury, H. H. Barrows, and W. H. Tower. Mr. Dryer's book is somewhat more elementary than the other, and is primarily designed for the high school. The boy or girl who goes through its pages will find it no child's play, but will in the end have a very intelligent grasp of the earth. Beginning with astronomical relations and geological processes, the student is conducted through economic geography to the "regional" part of the subject, in which the earth is described by physiographic provinces. Special stress is laid on resources. The volume by the three professors in the University of Chicago is written for somewhat older students, and is designed to cultivate the reasoning powers, as well as to instruct in the physical features of the earth. If anything, more emphasis is laid upon geological processes, and less upon economic resources. The earth is treated in a more general way, and there is less description of special provinces. The volume is largely the discussion of general principles with the earth as an illustration of their application.

Prof. John Milne, an eminent seismologist, died July 31 on the Isle of Wight, England, aged sixty-three. He was well known the world over, having travelled extensively in the United States, Australasia, China, Japan, the Southern Seas, and Europe. For twenty years he was employed by the Japanese Government, for which he established a chain of nearly 1,000 earthquake-recording stations. He also completed a seismic survey of the world for the British Association. Born in Liverpool, he had worked at his profession in Newfoundland and Labrador for Cyrus Field, Sir James Anderson, and others. Later he was geologist to Dr. Beke's expedition into Arabia before taking up his work for Japan. He was the designer of seismographs and of instruments to record vibrations on railways. Among his publications are "The Miners' Handbook," "Earthquakes," and "Crystallography."

Drama and Music

A legendary incident in the life of St. Francis of Assisi has been taken by Josephine Preston Peabody for her poetical comedy, "The Wolf of Gubbio," which Houghton Mifflin Co. announces.

James J. McCloskey, actor and playwright, died Monday in Brooklyn in his eighty-seventh year. He was born in Montreal and was one of the original California '49ers; later he managed a theatre in Marysville, Cal. In 1856 he went to Australia with Charles R. Thorne, and on his return to America played at the old Broadway, Bowery, and other theatres. Among his many melodramas are "Across the Continent," "Through by Daylight," "On Hand," "The Twelve o'Clock Man," "Across the City," and "Nuggets."

Among the soloists to be heard next season with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra are Ernestine Schumann-Heink, Margarete Matzenauer, Leopold Godowsky, Leo Slezak, Harold Bauer, Eugen Ysaye, Carl Flesch, Jacques Thibaud, Fritz Kreisler, and Paderewski.

In order to facilitate the efforts of American composers to obtain a suitable libretto for the $10,000 prize competition offered by the National Federation of Musical Clubs the *Musical Courier* offers a prize of $200 for the best libretto on an American subject which shall conform to the regulations of the above mentioned prize competition.

The Maine Music Festival, which annually is given in Portland, under the direction of William R. Chapman, will take place this year on October 6, 7, 8. The list of soloists includes Mme. Schumann-Heink, Lillian Blauvelt, Mildred Faas, Roberta Beatty, Cornelia Rider-Possart, George Harris, Cecil Fanning, John Finnegan, Max Salzinger, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest J. Hill. The festival chorus includes 800 voices from the cities and towns of western Maine, and the orchestra is that of the Boston Opera House.

"The Caruso among basses," is what some Londoners have called Chaliapin, who recently delighted them as Boris Godounoff. Others call him "a bass Tamagno," and "strangely enough there is an element of truth in both," says Alfred Kalisch in the London *World*. He declares that

> operagoers of long experience are agreed that there has never been a case of an instant conquest of London by an operatic singer comparable to that achieved by M. Chaliapin. . . . Chaliapin triumphed not only as a superb singer, but as an actor of magnetic personality. It is hardly possible to recall a singer whose voice is sweeter, or one whose legato is more perfect, or one who has the art of caressing a phrase more highly developed; while as regards power (by which I mean not only volume but skill in suggesting strength by the quality of the voice) he has no rival.

"German Motet" is the title of Richard Strauss's latest composition. It is for four solo voices and sixteen-part choir, unaccompanied. The words are by Rückert, and the publisher is Adolph Fürstner, Berlin.

On September 24 one hundred years will have elapsed since the death of Grétry. The Belgians are preparing to commemorate this date. They have reason to be proud of this composer, for in his day (he was a contemporary of Mozart) he was one of the most famous musicians in Europe. Following the advice of Voltaire, he went to Paris, where he soon became prominent and popular as an opera composer, and exerted a deep influence on other writers of comic operas, notably Isouard Boieldieu, Adam, and Auber. His operatic principles, which he discusses in his "Mémoires," are similar to those of Gluck; but while Gluck unblushingly wrote pleasing tunes, Grétry held that the singers should eschew melody and content themselves with recitative. In this respect Debussy is his pupil. The first instance of a leading motive (recurring melody) is found in one of the operas of Grétry, who also anticipated Wagner in suggesting that the orchestral players should not be visible.

One of the sensations of the next musical season will be Verdi's "Aïda" overture. He wrote an overture to his greatest opera, but was dissatisfied with it and refused to allow it to be played or printed. Interesting details regarding this affair are now made public in the *Giornale d'Italia* by the well-known critic, Eugenio Checchi, who got them from Franco Faccio in 1887. Faccio was conductor of the Scala Opera House in Milan at the time (1872) when "Aïda" had its first performances there. He relates that two days before the first public performance of "Aïda" Verdi came to him and said that he should like to have an orchestral rehearsal of the overture. Faccio was surprised, for this was the first intimation he had had that Verdi had composed an overture. The orchestra was promptly summoned, and the piece was played at sight. At the end all the musicians rose and applauded the mas-

ter. Verdi quietly waited till they had given vent to their feelings, and then he called Faccio to his box and said: "Your orchestra played admirably, but I regret to have called for its services needlessly, for I am going to withdraw the overture." When Faccio asked why, he retorted: "I withdraw it because I do not like it." Faccio's efforts to make him change his mind were all in vain. Verdi had a habit of stubbornly adhering to what he had made up his mind to do; and so it came about that until the present year no one ever heard the "Aïda" overture except its composer and Faccio and his musicians. It is to be played again in the same opera house on the occasion of Verdi's one hundredth birthday, on October 10 next.

"The new Mozart" is the name now given in Vienna to Erich Korngold, the fifteen-year-old son of the musical critic of the *Neue Freie Presse*. He was only eleven when his pantomime, "The Snowman," was produced at the Imperial Opera in that city. It will be remembered that his "Schauspieloverture" for orchestra was played last winter by the New York Philharmonic, under Josef Stransky, and scored a genuine success. It most agreeably dispelled the current notion that this boy was simply a musico-mathematical freak, a precocious imitator of Strauss, Reger, and Schönberg. While his harmonies were entirely modern, he proved to be not a cacophonist for discord's sake; and, what is far more important still, he proved that he has that rarest of gifts, the faculty of creating melodies. The indications are that he deserves the name of "the new Mozart." His future doings will be watched with intense interest. He bids fair to become one of the great masters. The best article on this wonderful boy that has so far appeared is one by Hiram K. Moderwell in the July *Harvard Review* (which, by the way, has already taken its place among the leading musical periodicals).

Art

Houghton Mifflin Co. announces for autumn: "The Life of Charles F. McKim," by Alfred H. Granger; "Personal Recollections of Vincent Van Gogh," by his sister, Elisabeth Du Quesne Van Gogh, translated by Katherine S. Dreier, and "The Significance of Art," by Eleanor H. Rowland.

When Mr. Howard C. Levis's "Descriptive Bibliography of the Most Important Books in the English Language relating to the Art and History of Engraving and the Collecting of Prints" (reviewed in these columns September 26, 1912) appeared in London in 1912, the need of an index became speedily apparent. This want has now been supplied by the author in a 141-page "Supplement and Index," the latter occupying more than 90 pages. Print collectors and others who own the original book will welcome this key to its store of information.

Henry W. Poore's "The Conception of Art" (Doubleday, Page & Co., fully illustrated), is, as the title suggests, intellectualistic in tendency. The idea of a special æsthetic sense Mr. Poore scouts. Art arises in the intelligence, borrowing power from the emotions, and its appeal is to the intelligence chiefly. In short, Mr. Poore virtually accepts Croce's dictum, though he does not seem to have read him, "art is expression." Beyond this fundamental conception, Mr. Poore's criticism is entirely relative. Art he constantly reminds us, quoting Coleridge, is "a way." John La Farge, more comprehensively, used to call it "a transaction." For Mr. Poore the concepts of art and beauty do not coincide. A work of art may contain more or less beauty, or none at all, without forfeiting its title. It suffices that the artist's interest be deeply engaged and his idea expressed. Similarly, Mr. Poore tends to break down the sharp distinctions between realism and idealism, etc. All this is in the direction of things as they are. On the point of impressionism our author is less satisfactory. To say that the impressionist paints not a thing but his impression thereof is badly to beg the question. So broad and tautological a definition defines nothing. The isolation of the single impression is what really counts, with a corresponding swiftness and directness of execution. The last chapters, which contain Mr. Poore's comment on the latest schools of art, have been published already in a separate booklet and recently noticed by the *Nation*. As a whole, the book is of curiously uneven texture. It contains cogent and closely analyzed criticism, much chat and anecdotal illustration, many misprints. Our chief issue with Mr. Poore is that, insisting on a scientific definition of art, he accepts the loose and popular idea of beauty. Perhaps beauty is only our satisfaction in successful expression—the completed transaction between artist and amateur.. This would make beauty relative, but also would constitute it a necessary concomitant of every sensation of art. In general this is a suggestive and interesting book, full of common-sense on topics that are often beclouded by mere rhetoric.

To commemorate its loan exhibition of fine color-prints in May, 1911, the Japan Society of New York has published a carefully illustrated catalogue, prefaced by the lecture delivered by Frederick William Gookin at the opening of the exhibition. The volume is a thin folio in cartridge boards, is beautifully printed on fine paper, and is called "Japanese Colour-prints and their Designers." Mr. Gookin managed to pack a remarkable amount of information within the compass of a public lecture. His paper measures up very well with such compact manuals as Strange's. An even greater distinction of the volume is the illustrations. There are some two dozen color-plates, real facsimiles, mounted on Japanese vellum. These reproductions are made from famous prints in the best condition. Accordingly, this memorial album becomes a necessary auxiliary to the scrupulous collector. Besides, it is a beautiful example of book making, and the Japan Society doubtless will be under pressure to permit a wider circulation than is usual with similar club publications.

Java possesses some of the most wonderful Hindu and Buddhist temples of the world, built probably for the most part between the eighth and eleventh centuries of the Christian era. But they have suffered greatly from many causes—earthquakes, the fanaticism of the Mohammedan conquerors since the close of the fifteenth century, and the utter carelessness and callousness of the Dutch Governors who have allowed innumerable statues to be carried away by greedy collectors and who have permitted these immense temples, built without mortar, to fall to pieces for the want of a little care. Only within the last dozen years have Dutch archæological societies and colonial officials begun to awake to a sense of their duty. They have finally begun to restore, to photograph, and to study intelligently their neglected treasures. The purpose of Mr. J. F. Scheltema, who has just published, through Macmillan, "Monumental Java," is to sum up in popular fashion, with comments of his own, the results of these recent archæological investigations.

Mr. Scheltema is able to speak with some authority, owing to a very wide reading and to personal visits and studies in Java itself for thirty years. He is nothing of a Schliemann or a Winckelmann, and does not deal in exact descriptions in precise feet and inches. Rather he strives to do for the Boro Budoor and the other Javanese temples what Ruskin did for St Mark's and Santa Croce. Like Ruskin, too, his scorn for the ordinary tourist and philistine is unmeasured. Visitors to the Paris Exposition of 1900 will remember the Hindu temple which housed the East Indian section and which Cabaton, in his excellent general account of the Dutch East Indies, refers to as a "very successful copy of the Tchandi (temple) Sari," a "beautiful specimen of Indo-Javanese architecture." It is characteristic of Mr. Scheltema's spirit that he anathematizes this same building as a "sorry spectacle prepared by the miserable bungling of mischievous quasi-scientific enthusiasts," a "mean, ridiculous imitation of one of the Buddhist jewels of central Java, a caricature of the Chandi Sari, the exterior in nondescript confectioner's style, daubed dirty white, the interior made hideous by a purple awning, abomination heaped on abomination." His volume is illustrated by good photographs and is enriched by a good deal of interpretation of Hindu mythology. It is a pity that, in the interests of clearness and good taste, the author did not submit his manuscript to some kindly friend more familiar with English idiom who would have excised some of the metaphors, improved the punctuation, and shortened the sentences.

The second edition of Margaret E. Tabor's "The Saints in Art" (Dutton, illustrated) shows more defects than one usually finds in such compilations. There is in fact little evidence of first-hand knowledge in the book. Since the attempt is made to name a famous picture for each prominent saint, the thing should have been done consistently. A reading of the first three letters suggests the following addenda: St. Agnes, Tintoretto at the Orto, Venice; St. Alexis, Lower Church of San Clemente, Rome; St. Anthony and St. Paul, Jan van Eyck at Berlin and Velasquez at the Prado; St. Barbara, Jan van Eyck at Antwerp; St. Benedict, frescoes at Subiaco and Monte Oliveto; St. Bernard, Perugino at Munich; St. Bruno, Eustache Le Seur at Paris; St. Christopher, Mantegna and others in the Ermitani, Padua; St. John Chrysostom at his titular church in Venice. Oddly enough, this lovely

picture is the frontispiece of the book, but is misread a St. Jerome. It would be difficult to find a St. Cecilia "by the Van Eycks" at Berlin. is it necessary to carry these observations further?

George Hitchcock, the American painter, died suddenly Monday on the island of Marken, Holland, in which country he had made his home for many years. He was born in Providence in 1850. He graduated from Brown in 1872, and two years later from the Harvard Law School. But he soon gave up law for art, and studied in Paris under Boulanger and Lefebvre, and then at The Hague under Mesdag. For twenty-five years he had a studio in Edam, Holland, during which time he specialized in flowers, his Tulip Growing, painted in 1885, having first won him recognition in Paris. Some years ago Mr. Hitchcock turned to religious subjects. in this branch of his work may be mentioned The Flight into Egypt, Madonna and Child, Sainte Geneviève, and Hagar and Ishmael. He won gold medals in New York, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Munich, Chicago, and Dresden, was an officer of Franz Joseph Order of Austria, and a member of the Munich Secession, the Vienna Academy of Arts, and American Painters.

Tho death is announced from Gloucester, Mass., of William Pitt Prebie Longfellow, architect, and nephew of the poet. He was born in Portland, Me., in 1836, and graduated from Harvard in 1855. In 1869 he was appointed assistant architect to the United States Treasury Department, and later was editor of the *American Architect*. He was the author of "Abstract of Lectures on Perspective," "Cyclopædia of Architecture in Italy," "Greece and the Levant," "The Column and the Arch," and "Applied Perspective."

Finance

TWO WAYS OF DOING IT.

Two incidents of last week, affecting the relation of the Government to the financial situation, have shown with unusual clearness how not to do it and how to do it. Government honds decline sharply on the market; the finance minister of the United States publicly declares that the fall is due to a conspiracy of New York banks. Waiving consideration either of accuracy of the assertion or of official propriety in the action, the immediate conclusion of all experienced people was, that the market for Government securities had been injured by it. This was true for two reasons—that so unprecedented an action would be taken by many holders of such securities as evidence of a desperate situation, and that, even where this was not inferred, a desire to get free from connection with a market where such accusations were flying would have heen instilled. Had that statement actually heen the precursor of a continued campaign of incrimination, the effect on the value of Government bonds would have been most unfortunate. The statement left the Government bond market as weak as it was hefore.

Three days later came the announcement that the Treasury would increase the puhlic deposits with interior banks, but with the stipulation that banks desiring such accounts must increase their bond-secured note circulation to a given ratio, if they had allowed it to be retired. Here was an expedient to which capahle Treasury officers have in the past resorted. It is the husiness of a finance minister to support the public credit. The British Exchequer buys freely for tbe sinking fund when a fright has seized investors in British consols; the French Treasury does the same in a break in rentes. It is a matter of history that Secretary McCulloch actually sent to the Stock Exchange heavy Government buying orders for national securities, on the day after Lincoln's assassination. The present expedient, of granting legitimate facilities on conditions the performance of which would involve purchase of Government securities, has been successfully pursued before. This time, it put up the price of tbe 2 per cents two points, on the very day of its announcement.

The moral, as tbe improving tales of our childhood used to put it, is that when a troublesome prohlem has to he solved, in government or anywhere else, the thing to do is to set practically to work at its solution—not to complain and rail at some one else who is imagined to have created it. This principle has a much broader scope than its application to such passing incidents as those of last week. It concerns the attitude of all hranches of the Government towards problems of the day.

It is an old rule, and a very good one, that when something is amiss in the body politic, it is the husiness of capable puhlic men, first, to find out by calm and dispassionate inquiry what is wrong; next, to discover what will cure it, and then, in a sober and statesmanlike way, to apply the remedy. That was the commonplace method of another period. Nowadays, a suhstantial part of our legislators seem to prefer, under similar conditions, first, to let their imagination run wild as to what the real trouhle is; next, to accuse the most conspicuous persons in the neighborhood of having caused it for their own wicked purposes, and thereupon, to discuss with the utmost heat and fury what punishment ought to be inflicted on them.

But even a child should know which of the two plans contains the larger possihility of usefulness. The first sets things right when they are wrong; the second merely stirs up a cloud of confusion and bitter feeling. As a matter of fact, both have heen tried repeatedly in the world's past history. Tbe use of the "conspiracy" theory is itself as old as the application of common-seuse remedies—probably much older. But the one has the same relation to the other as the drowning of old women for practicing witchcraft on a farmer's cattle had to the later development of veterinary science, or as the mediæval charge that Jews were poisoning the wells had to the trained physician's struggle with typhoid. From one point of view, therefore, it might be imagined that repeated recourse to the idea that everything unpleasant is the work of malicious enemies and conspirators marks reversion to the public sentiment of the Middle Ages.

Happily, however, every one is aware that these are not the Middle Ages, with their ignorance, bigotry, and superstition; that the times we live in are, in fact, characterized in most fields of activity, as none have been before them, hy a spirit of determined inquiry after the facts behind every phenomenon that attracts attention. Sooner or later, this spirit is hound to he wearied and disgusted with the practice of meeting every unpleasant development in a political or financial situation with the cry that some one is "conspiring." Most people are aware from experience that, in the practical affairs of life, such an assertion, if it does not mean hopeless superstition on the part of its author, is apt to mean intellectual laziness or outright incompetency. But tbis is not a period when any one of these three weaknesses is tolerated. It is not unreasonable, with such facts in mind, to predict that in due course it will be recognized, at Washington as elsewhere, that the practical common-sense way of remedying what is wrong is the wisest way, and that no individual or community ever helped its own condition hy permitting its mind to be governed by the delusion of persecution.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adams, E. L. Word-Formation in Provençal. Macmillan.

Autograph, The. Vol. I—1911-'12. P. F. Madigan.

Bithell, Jethro. Life and Writings of Maurice Maeterlinck. Walter Scott Pub. Co.

Briggs, T. H., and McKinney, I. A First Book of Composition. Boston: Ginn. 90 cents.

Clifford, Hugh. Malayan Monochromes. Dutton. $1.50 net.

Cooper, Lane. Aristotle on the Art of Poetry. Boston: Ginn. 80 cents.

Countryman, Edwin. The Supreme Court of the U. S. Albany: Matthew Bender & Co. $2.50.

Crittenden, John Jordan. Calendar of Papers in the Library of Congress, Washington.

Dudeney, Mrs. Henry. A Runaway Ring. Duffield. $1.25 net.

Ebert, Justus. The Trial of a New Society. Cleveland: I. W. W. Pub. Bureau. 75 cents.

Goltz, Colmar. Jena to Eylau. Trans. by C. F. Atkinson. Dutton. $2.50 net.

Hemenway, H. B. Principles of Therapy under Modern Biology. Reprinted from International Clinics, Vol. ii.

Hewlett, William. Uncle's Advice: A Novel in Letters. Duffield. $1.25 net.

Hosmer, G. W. The Battle of Gettysburg. (Reprint from the N. Y. World.) Press Pub. Co.

Hough, Emerson. The Lady and the Pirate. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1.25 net.
Hughes, Charles. Mrs. Plozzi's Thrallana. London: Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co.
Ingelow, Jean. Poems. Frowde.
Jenkinson, Emily. The Soul of Unrest. Duffield. $1.25 net.
Johnson, W. J. Abraham Lincoln, the Christian. Eaton & Mains. $1 net.
Negro Year Book. 1913. Alabama: Tuskegee Institute.
Norton, H. K. The Story of California. Chicago: McClurg. $1.50 net.
(Oxford Ed. of Standard Authors.) Longmans.
Oxford English Dictionary. Vol. VIII, Several—Shaster. Frowde.
Perrin, Alice. The Anglo-Indians. Duffield. $1.25 net.
Report of the Department of State Fire Marshal for 1912. Albany, N. Y.
Ridley, Alice. Margery Fytton. Duffield. $1.30 net.
Rhys, Grace. The Charming of Estercel. Dutton. $1.35 net.
Ryan, W. P. Daisy Darley. Dutton. $1.35 net.
Shelley, Lady Frances. Diary. Vol. II, 1818-73. Scribner.
Smith, Mrs. Chetwood. The God of the Bees. Boston: Butterfield. $1.25 net.
Spencer, Sherwood. The Flood of Youth. Second edition. London: Fifield.
Wilkinson, Spenser. The Early Life of Moltke: A Lecture. Frowde.

The Yoke of Pity (L'Ordination), by JULIAN BENDA, is "certainly the novel of the year in Paris—the book which every one reads and discusses," says *The London Times.*

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 14, 1913.

The Week

President Wilson expresses his belief that a lobby has been at work in Washington seeking to embroil this country with Mexico. This is a grave charge which should not be lightly made. But the fact had been explicitly asserted in the Senate. On Thursday, August 7, Senator Smith, of Michigan, a member of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, declared it as his opinion that "there is at the present moment in this capital a thorough, practical, systematic lobby, putting forth their revolutionary propaganda with a serious and a definite object of affecting the American attitude towards the Government of Mexico." He was referring to the activities of the former friends of Madero, and to the present supporters of Carranza, with the Constitutionalists in general. But on last Saturday, when the matter came up again for debate, Senator Williams was at once more definite and more sweeping.

In the statement which President Wilson authorized, he intimated that the war lobby was no longer formidable. He believes that it will not now be able to interfere with the Administration's patient and cautious course in dealing with Mexico. Indeed, there has been a marked and grateful falling off in war talk. Senators are speaking less on the Mexican difficulty, and more temperately. Most significant of all, the Hearst newspapers, which for some time pursued a campaign for war with Mexico, lampooning Secretary Bryan, caricaturing President Wilson, and seeking to work up a furor for a "strong" policy towards Mexico, have suddenly shown signs of quitting. They were getting no response; their own motives were falling under more glaring suspicion; and one fiasco after another marked their agitation. The latest is the outcome of urgent appeals for American protection based upon sensational stories of atrocities committed against Americans on a Hearst ranch in the state of Tabasco. A war vessel was sent to investigate, and its commander has reported:

> American subjects not in danger; American subjects have not been threatened; American subjects and foreign subjects have received proper protection from the Mexican authorities. Americans do not desire transportation to leave; American property has not been destroyed, and American interests have not been endangered. The Mexican rebels have committed depredations on an American ranch sixty miles distant, but nobody has been endangered.

When Senator Lippitt, of Rhode Island, declares that the cotton schedules in the tariff bill favor the manufacturers of the South as against New England, he touches upon one of the vital principles of protectionism. Against whom does protection protect? At first thought, any child can answer the question. Fifty years of Republican oratory have made it plain that Dingleyism protects the industries of the nation against the outside world, and the American workingman against his pauper competitors. But now comes a fervent protest against the removal of a tariff wall which protects New England against the South. This is what the patriotism of the high tariff brokers simmers down to. It is not one for all and all for one when it comes to cotton schedules, but Rhode Island against Georgia and Alabama. It is not nationalism, but sectionalism in a geographical sense, even as protection in essence is sectionalism in a class sense when it assures high profits to the mill-owner, the wool-baron, and the lemon-king, at the expense of the public at large. The special interests are not worrying about their enemies abroad; what they demand is to be "protected" against the great mass of their countrymen.

With the assent of more than twenty nations to the general provisions of Secretary Bryan's peace plan, the drafting of the first treaty with San Salvador gives hope of future agreements of the same definite sort. In this instance it may seem hard to regard the first step as the most important. From one point of view, assurance that full arbitration will always precede war with little San Salvador is not a great note. But Salvador may view the matter differently; and if the treaty leads to others in Latin-America, the benefits of the plan will have become tangible. Treaties with and between the great European Powers may then begin to seem possible. In the light of Secretary Bryan's declaration that to further world peace would be his chief ambition in office, this first bit of real accomplishment entitles him to a feeling of gratification.

The resolution for the impeachment of Gov. Sulzer smacks rather too much of drag-net procedure. It looks as if the Frawley Committee were not sure of its ground and had put in about everything it could think of—including some matters upon which it has not taken testimony, so far as we are aware—in order to meet every objection. Lest it be alleged that it is seeking to impeach the Governor for acts committed prior to his inauguration, it asserts that he has been corrupt in office. Was it its duty to report that the Governor "wilfully and corruptly made false public statements"? This only weakens the effect of the indictment. There should have been no appearance of haste in this matter. It is of the utmost importance to the State that this State trial should proceed in an orderly and dignified way, and that the Governor be given not only every right, but due and proper consideration. We believe that he should have resigned, but if he chooses to face trial, then he is entitled to fair play, and the State's reputation will suffer further if this most solemn proceeding is not conducted with scrupulous consideration for the rights of the accused.

If the case of Judge Ben B. Lindsey is to be submitted to the voters of Denver under the recall, we do not envy the task of the citizens in deciding whether the Judge has or has not made good in office. Writing to the Boston *Transcript*, a well-known Boston clergyman, the Rev. A. A. Berle, just back from Colorado, says: "If you want thrills in Denver, all you have to do is to mention Judge Lindsey. He is the best of men, the worst of men, the idol of righteousness, and the demon of iniquity. You take your choice." . . . Mr. Berle thinks that in the last analysis the question will turn upon the character and intelligence of

the authorities one consults and accepts. Many men of eminence in public affairs assured Mr. Berle that Judge Lindsey was "neither by temperament, ability, nor any other qualification, the man to be at the head of the Juvenile Court." Among the university-bred population, he reports, "I could not run down any man who would give him unqualified endorsement, while the overwhelming opinion was such as to make the whole Lindsey story as the country knows it and his Juvenile Court one of the hugest gold bricks the country has ever had passed out to it." He feels, too, that the court record of Judge Lindsey's action in eighty-four cases of criminal assault upon young girls shows that the court "sadly needs overhauling." On the other hand, we have newspapers, like the Philadelphia *North American*, asserting that all this is merely "the Beast" at work again, and raising funds to help Judge Lindsey defend himself. It seems to be a case rather for a careful judicial inquiry than for rough judgment by the voters.

The death of Senator Johnston, of Alabama, is the second event of the kind to impair the narrow Democratic majority in the upper house of Congress. The loss of Senator Rayner was peculiarly hard, from a party point of view, not only because of his fine debating ability, but because it came at one of those rare times when a Republican Governor sits at Annapolis. Accordingly, as the Legislature was not in session and would not be for a year, a Republican took Rayner's place. Equally untimely is Senator Johnston's death. Ordinarily, the Governor of Alabama would have named a successor, a Democrat, of course, and the party strength would remain as before. But with the adoption of the Seventeenth Amendment, all existing laws relating to the filling of vacancies in the Senate were swept away, along with the old provision for the election of Senators. And in Alabama, as in Maryland, the Legislature has not met since the adoption of the Amendment. If Senator Rayner's death had occurred after the adoption of the Seventeenth Amendment, the Democratic majority would have been reduced by one instead of two.

The extraordinarily heavy mortality among aviators in the course of the present year may be accounted for in two ways. One is that airmen are constantly pressing forward to the solution of more difficult problems involving greater hazard to life. The other explanation is that the proportional number of accidents is really no greater than formerly. Airmanship has become a profession that must now count its followers by the thousand. Aeroplane flights which a few years ago were topics for newspaper record are now a matter of almost daily routine; it is aerial journeys across or between continents that we are now interested in. If complete statistics of the number of miles traversed by all aviators since the beginning of the present year were available, it might well appear that the mortality rate is not so high as we imagine it to be. At the same time, it must remain a puzzle why, after so many years of aeroplane building, fatalities due to structural defects should be common. It seems to be agreed that Col. F. S. Cody was killed because his machine buckled and broke under the weight of its engine. Surely, if a standard for testing materials is essential in any field it is in this hazardous profession.

People who form their ideas of Chicago from the sort of novel that ocean liners carry should notice the verdict of Maurice Browne, the English founder of the Little Theatre there. He went to Chicago with the usual misgivings. His thought was that he would need five years to establish himself. But as in the first season he not only paid all expenses, but recouped half of his capital outlay, he would naturally be expected to say handsome things of the city. Is it against the charge of rampant commercialism that he defends it? Not at all—a public that would crowd to see Professor Murray's translation of Æschylus, besides Synge, Yeats, Maeterlinck, and Sudermann in an amber and white setting, with Japanese designs, makes such considerations ridiculous. Mr. Browne's defiance is hurled instead at those who accuse the city of the effete and degenerate neuroticism of Vienna. He cites the failure of attendance upon Schnitzler's "Anatol" and Strindberg's "Creditors" as evidence that "public taste in Chicago is not so decadent as has been maintained." On the contrary, sanity of view leans to the other extreme. Commenting on the Chicagoans' desire for an American drama, he predicts local playwrights and a local theatre, "if they can steer clear on the one hand of their sentimental enthusiasm, and on the other of their moral uplift idea." Londoners can probably form little idea of Chicago's amazement when it learns that this manager thought such a line of vindication demanded. Her citizens may appreciate modern drama—but Schnitzlerism and old-world decadence! As a French critic has just pointed out, they regard themselves as altogether too busy for such things.

The case against the shabby policy pursued by this Government with regard to its Ambassadors abroad is too strong to be prejudiced even by the somewhat exaggerated position assumed by our Ambassador to Germany. That Mr. Gerard should be compelled to pay out in rent $1,500 more than his salary is, at first sight, an imposition and a disgrace, but the sense of outrage is somewhat mitigated by the consideration that $1,500 more than the salary means $19,000. For that sum one can obtain a very comfortable home, even in New York. In Berlin a rental of 80,000 marks is a very handsome figure indeed. It recalls what Mr. Dooley said about our Ambassador at St. Petersburg driving from his residence to the comparatively squalid quarters of the Czar.

For some years there has been a rather acrid debate over the relation of Charlotte Brontë to Prof. Constantin Heger (the name is properly so spelled, without an accent), the master of the school at Brussels and the original of the hero of "Villette." Now, at last, Dr. Paul Heger, son of Charlotte's teacher, has presented to the British Museum four letters of Charlotte to his father, and these have been published in the London *Times* of July 29 and 30, with an English translation by Marion H. Spielmann and various comments. There is nothing to regret in the publication. The writer's character comes out unscathed, rather ennobled, if changed to us in any way. But the letters show that she brought back with her to Haworth a longing for the society of the man she revered as her master, and a craving to hear from him. In one letter, the third, the note becomes passionate

with revolt against the isolation of her life. We transcribe a few lines from Miss Spielmann's translation:

Mr. Taylor has returned. I asked him if he had a letter for me. "No; nothing." "Patience," said I, "his sister will be here soon." Miss Taylor has returned. "I have nothing for you from Monsieur Heger," says she; "neither letter nor message." . . .

Day and night I find neither rest nor peace. In sleep I am disturbed by tormenting dreams in which I see you, always severe, always grave, always incensed against me. . . .

I know that you will be irritated when you read this letter. You will say once more that I am hysterical [or neurotic]—that I have black thoughts, etc. So be it, Monsieur; I do not seek to justify myself; I submit to every sort of reproach. All I know is, that I cannot, that I will not, resign myself to lose wholly the friendship of my master. I would rather suffer the greatest physical pain than always have my heart lacerated by smarting regrets. . . .

It would not be easy to characterize with a word the state of the writer's heart and mind as she made this piteous appeal; she herself would have shrunk from any such analysis of her feelings. But it is clear that this passionate regret helped to form the genius that went into the making of "Villette" and "Jane Eyre."

A recent suit for libel in England was treated by press and public as if it were big with the fate of the Empire. The newspapers printed columns about the trial, and it was the one subject of conversation. Yet it was only a horse-trainer prosecuting the editor of a Turf paper for asserting that he was crooked. This trainer, however, Wooton by name, had for years been a great figure in the racing world. As a skilled handler of horses, he had had noble and even royal clients. As witnesses to his good character Lord Derby and Lord Durham appeared in court. And he had the eminent K.C., Mr. F. E. Smith, conduct his case. The defendant's plea was justification. Himself not above suspicion for having been mixed up in racing scandals, he managed his own trial in a somewhat irregular way, legally speaking, but with a great deal of effect. His cross-examination of Wooton was most severe; and on the strength of admissions wrung from that witness, and of independent evidence introduced, he boldly argued to the jury that what he had alleged was no libel but the exact truth—namely, that there was a betting "ring" on the Turf, of which Wooton was chief agent, and that horses were "pulled," that there was "in-and-out racing," and that stables deliberately waged in private against the horses with which they had "declared to win." Apparently, the jury was impressed, for it promptly brought in a verdict giving Wooton one farthing damages, and at its announcement the courtroom broke into applause. The grave implications of this outcome are everywhere admitted in England. It is taken as proof positive that, as one newspaper puts it, the Turf in England has become too "slippery" for an honest man to stand on. We know, however, that there is Scriptural warrant for saying that sinners stand on slippery places.

The findings of the court-martial in the case of the German War Office and the Krupps are in line with the contentions advanced by an exceptionally tender-hearted prosecutor, that the charge of betrayal of army secrets resolves itself into a question of a few "quill drivers babbling over their beer." An odd half-dozen lieutenants have received light sentences. No army official of standing has been involved. The principal lesson of the whole affair would thus seem to be that the Krupp management ought to revise its office procedure in the direction of avoiding waste. The agents of this huge corporation have been spending time and money in the entertainment of petty lieutenants and clerks, when all the world knows that the Krupps are virtually a department of the German Government and army, and as such in possession of secrets of the highest importance. This close connection between Berlin and Essen stands affirmed in the words of the court, and so lends added strength to the main implication of Dr. Liebknecht's original charge that there is in Germany, as in other countries, an unduly intimate bond between the war-makers and the gun and armor-makers.

The Balkan allies emerge from the recent conflict with gains disproportionate to the value of their achievements against the hereditary enemy, the Turk. Without accepting the theory that it is Bulgaria alone that decided the outcome of the war, her efforts in Thrace making the Greek and Servian campaigns a matter of routine victory, it is true that on Bulgaria fell the heaviest fighting and loss. Her gains under the treaty of Bucharest are estimated at 10,000 square miles of territory, with a population of one million. The new Bulgaria will have about 45,000 square miles. Servia apparently doubles her original area of 18,000 square miles. Greece's territorial gains are about the same as Bulgaria's, but it is choice ground, with a large population, including Salonica, the second largest city south of the Danube; her new area should be about the same as that of Servia. Since the latter country gets no foothold on the sea, and is therefore dependent upon Greece for an outlet, it is to be assumed that the alliance between the two countries will hold for some time, and that Bulgaria's dream of a confederated Balkan State, with herself playing the part of Prussia, remains a dream.

The reported flight of Sun Yat-Sen apparently signalizes the failure of the revolutionary movement in Southern China. Even the cycles of modern Cathay can move too fast. What the President of the Chinese Republic, in his statements to the press, would describe as a rebellion set on foot by self-seeking and disgruntled politicians, is, of course, something more than that. The Peking authorities cite a number of revolutionary leaders by name, but they make no mention of Dr. Sun Yat-Sen, who appears to have been the animating spirit in the present uprising of the radical South against the North, precisely as he was the prime mover in the revolution which drove the Manchus from the throne. Self-interest may or may not enter into Sun Yat-Sen's motives, but his political views are sufficient in themselves to explain the revolt against Yuan Shi-Kai. The aim of Sun Yat-Sen has been the establishment of a socialist republic. If he retired from his post as Provisional President of China to make way for Yuan Shi-Kai, it was because he probably perceived that, for the time being, the firm establishment of the republic, as against a monarchical reaction, was the immediate need of the moment. Whether he considers that the time has now come for putting his radical beliefs into effect, or only regards President Yuan as a menace to the entire republican order, a principle is at stake in the present contest. People who know Sun Yat-Sen have described him as an interesting blend of the man of action and the visionary.

WILSON AND LEGISLATION.

President Wilson made it abundantly clear, both before and after his election, that he expected to have a very real and direct connection with Congressional legislation. He spent no time in explaining the justification of such a course by the Constitution; though we suppose that a good lawyer could, if pressed, find all the warrant necessary in the provision entitling the Executive to "recommend" to Congress "such measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient." This power, with all its implications, Woodrow Wilson quietly took for granted; and never veiled his purpose to have an active part in law-making. This intent of his was, of course, heightened in expression when he went in person to Congress to read his two messages, and when he calmly referred to the members of Congress as "colleagues" with him in the legislative branch of the Government. Thus his theory of the relation of the President to legislation has never been in doubt. But what of his practice? This extraordinary session of Congress deserves the name in more senses than one; in no respect more than for showing the country how a leading man as President can powerfully affect the passage of laws.

It is well to stand off a moment and see what has been happening. In the midst of momentous changes and events, we become habituated to them and lose a due sense of their significance. We may have lived, with the poet, in a perfect star, yet seen it not when we walked therein. But it is certain that any intelligent and detached observer of American affairs—Mr. Bryce, for instance, or Ostrogorski—would regard what has been going on at Washington since April 7 as of capital importance in the history of the development of the President's function. For he would not fail to see that it is the President who has been the chief driving force behind the two great measures that have been occupying the attention of Congress. Both these measures it is now expected will be enacted into law before the extra session expires. If they are, they will constitute an achievement without a parallel in the annals of the American Presidency.

The tariff bill it was comparatively easy to get going. To it the Democratic party was freshly pledged, and the country was ready for the work. But the personal wishes of President Wilson were early stamped upon the bill. It was on his initiative that wool was made free, and sugar ultimately free. This was much to have accomplished, yet the President has done a great deal more by holding his party together successfully, and acting as a kind of dynamo to furnish energy for pushing the bill. But the great wonder is that, along with this bill, by itself enough to fill the mind and exhaust the strength of the ordinary Executive, President Wilson should have had the resource and boldness to devise a measure of still more far-reaching importance. Last May, the possibility of getting a currency bill through at this session of Congress was openly scoffed at by the old Congressional hands in Washington. The President was dreaming. The thing was preposterous. But Mr. Wilson steadily kept at it. First he succeeded in getting the plan tolerated; then it was discussed; then a bill was framed, which was sharply criticised—as it deserved to be—has since been amended and improved until, in its essentials, it has won the approval of the best economic and banking opinion of the country; and now, as crowning miracle, the belief in Washington is veering round to the conviction that the bill will actually be made law before the snow flies.

There is something impressive in the mere promise of such a remarkable record of work done in Wilson's first six months; but the more deeply interesting thing, after all, is the man behind the work. Nothing is so fascinating in public life as the study of a new personality wreaking itself upon old tasks. What are Wilson's methods? Who will tell us the secret of his influence? Outwardly, he has been the least assertive and ostentatious of Executives. To his immediate predecessors he offers the sharpest contrast. He has made no speeches. In blustering or bragging he has never indulged, and he has not gone out on the steps of the White House and called any man a liar. Nor has he allowed himself to be pulled hither and thither in good-natured non-resistance. He has stuck closely to his job. No head of a great corporation could have more rigidly kept office hours, or displayed more industry. Yet somehow, from this business President sitting at his desk, there has come an impulse and a sustained force which have made the legislation that looked impossible two months ago seem to-day almost within sight.

Such effects come by cause, yet it may not be easy to analyze the cause. The work which President Wilson has done ranks him among the skilful politicians, in the high sense of that term, and we are always trying to get at the sources of a politician's power. But we can seldom put the finger on them. Gladstone said that the successful politician was the hardest of all men to understand; he himself had studied many, but was not sure that he had really comprehended more than one or two. It would be folly to attempt as yet anything like a complete account of the ways in which President Wilson works his will. It is evident, however, that he is a firm believer in the light which comes from the striking of mind on mind. He has the historic English conception of taking counsel as a means of arriving, first at wisdom, and then at action. No discussion seems to him properly ended which does not close with the words: "Now, let's to business." And he must also have a fine instinct for the higher strategies of public affairs, knowing when to strike and when to bide his time; and withal a just idea of the value of steady pounding on one idea. Whatever his secret—and we can only guess at it—the fact remains that in the deftest yet most unpretentious manner President Wilson has thus far more powerfully shaped more important legislation than any Executive of our time.

THE REVISED BANKING BILL.

The important changes made by the House Committee in the banking and currency bill, which they submitted to the party caucus in the House last Monday, affect three main divisions—that which prescribes the powers of the national supervisory board, that which provides for issue and redemption of notes, and that which arranges for disposition of the 2 per cent. bonds now pledged against national bank circulation. Criticism from the start converged largely on the power, granted to the national board, to require one regional central bank to discount paper of another. This power, in the original bill,

was wholly unrestricted. As amended, it may be exercised only "in time of emergency," only on a vote in which "all members of the board are present and concurring," and only on the basis of a higher interest rate than that prevailing in either of the districts affected.

Certain other powers assigned to the national board—to suspend for thirty days, and for fifteen-day intervals thereafter, "any and every reserve requirement"; to "grant in whole or in part, or to reject entirely," the application of a regional reserve bank for notes; to hold subject to its own review the official discount rate fixed by the regional central banks, and, in the matter of rediscounts by such regional banks, "to determine and define the character of the paper thus eligible for discount"—were also criticised, when the original bill was published, as altogether too unrestricted. In the amended bill, the clauses conferring these powers are left unchanged; but they are modified by a wholly new provision for an Advisory Council, to be made up of as many members as there are regional central banks; each of those banks to elect one member.

This Council is to have power, of its own initiative, to confer directly with the national board, to present to it formal recommendations of policy, and to call for information on any fact relating to that policy; but the fact that it is to have no actual veto power on policies of the national board, has caused a good deal of not unnatural question as to its usefulness in operation. Inevitably, however, a council of so official and representative a character, and endowed with such specific functions by the banking bill itself, would exert great influence. In the light of ordinary precedent, we can scarcely imagine the national board exercising any of the very large powers above referred to without first consulting the Advisory Council. We are inclined, nevertheless, to regard as a weak point in the bill the lack of any provision requiring at least the submission of such proposed policies to the Council, for its advice and judgment, before taking action on them.

The section regulating issue of notes has been radically altered. In its original shape, the bill merely provided for note issues, up to $500,000,000, based on deposit of commercial assets and secured by 33 1-3 per cent. of "gold or lawful money." No provision was made either for automatic retirement of such notes, or for retirement or conversion of the present bond-secured circulation. It established, therefore, nothing except an "emergency currency," with undoubted possibilities of inflation.

This section was first amended so as to provide for the funding into 3 per cent. Government bonds of the 2 per cents now pledged against circulation, at the rate of 5 per cent. of a given bank's holdings every year. The new bonds would not possess the "circulation privilege"; no bank should receive the new notes to a greater extent than its previous holdings of the old ones, and, after the passage of the law, no bank should be allowed to issue circulating notes in any other form than that established in the act. It was at once pointed out, first, that this was bound to depreciate the 2 per cents, because their "circulation privilege" was thus summarily withdrawn, and, secondly, that no provision was yet made to insure automatic redemption.

In the bill as finally amended and as now before the House, both of these very serious defects are dealt with. The first objection has been met by a provision that, pending the twenty years in which conversion of the 2 per cents into Government 3s without the "circulation privilege" is allowed, "every national bank may continue to apply for and receive circulating notes . . . based upon the deposit of 2 per centum bonds," or of any other bonds available for such purpose under the present law. Quite as important as this, an amendment is added whereby notes of the new description, issued by banks in a given district, shall bear a distinctive letter or number, and such notes, when received by the regional central bank of another district, "shall be returned for redemption to the Federal reserve bank through which they were originally issued," or shall be redeemed and cancelled through the United States Treasury. This new provision is of the greatest importance; it converts a potentially inflationist measure into one which provides scientifically for an elastic currency.

THE COST OF EUGENICS.

Good causes, like good people, must often pray to be saved from their friends. The eugenic idea has suffered much at the hands of the eugenists. If one needs assurance on this point one need only compare the extraordinary welter of beliefs and claims which have gathered around the term eugenics with the provisions of such a law as went into effect in Pennsylvania two weeks ago, and has been consistently described in the newspapers as the "eugenic" marriage license law. Henceforth, in that State, it is necessary for candidates for marriage to appear at the License Bureau in person and make sworn reply to forty-eight questions. Among other things, one is required to say whether he or she is imbecile, epileptic, or suffers from a transmissible disease. Pennsylvania is not so exacting as Wisconsin, which requires a physician's certificate instead of a mere affidavit. But the principle is the same. Studying that principle in all its implications, one may approve or doubt, but there is no incentive to the feeling of contemptuous aversion and disgust which the eugenic idea as exploited by its reckless votaries has aroused among thinking people.

For what these facile race-breeders, human stud-farm trainers, and supermen cultivators have done is to violate the sense of the dignity of life and of the individual, the complex of tradition and sentiment and instinct rooted in the heart of man, the wisdom of civilization's experience. It has been hard to keep patient with these peculiarly offensive examples of the "forgawdsaker" class, as H. G. Wells has called it. "For Gawd's sake, let's reconstruct the human type, just as we are reconstructing the art of bricklaying." To be sure, there has been no occasion for alarm. One might know that their absurd claims would yield before the commonsense and the higher sense that regulate the broad conditions of life. As embodied in a marriage license law, like those of Pennsylvania and Wisconsin, eugenics ceases to be a fantasy of magazine science and becomes an issue of distinct appeal to the minds and consciences of reasonable men.

The usual objection to sumptuary laws will hold only in part against this drastic example of sumptuary legislation. It is not a paradox to say that Wisconsin's or Pennsylvania's marriage regulations may be generally evaded without destroying their usefulness. For many years to come their results must

be expected to be educational rather than actually preventive. The Philadelphia newspapers speak of the embarrassment of the prospective brides when confronted with the awkward question concerning transmissible disease. It is precisely this hesitation to confront a question so deeply affecting a woman's happiness and that of her children that the new law ought to educate away. The law may not be directly effective in preventing diseased parentage; but it can set a stigma on disease. By dint of mere repetition the law can popularize the ideal that men should enter marriage free from guilty physical taint. Fear of the law's penalties for perjury will be far less efficacious in the outcome than the daily process of emphasizing the need of higher standards of conduct and greater frankness in the relation between prospective husband and wife.

Such is the gain which one may reasonably expect from legislation of this nature. The gain will have to be paid for; that is certain. How large the cost will be, the future must say. The price may be a heavy one; it will be exacted in many forms. We have already spoken of the first obvious result that attends all sumptuary legislation. There will be evasion of the law; there will be false swearing; there will be wide opportunity for maladministration of the law by the agents of the State. A broader consideration is connected with the well recognized rule that when marriage is made too difficult, immorality ensues. The tragic fact must be faced that the physical effects of vice among the men of every civilized community are widespread, and the strict enforcement of a law no more drastic than Wisconsin's would produce marked social changes. Will the eugenist's gains be counterbalanced by the statistics on the social evil?

Objections of a broader nature are based on the consideration that in many phases the modern spirit is hostile to the perfect functioning of laws of this kind. The physician is to be made the arbiter of our most intimate destinies at a time when a great many people are increasingly disinclined to take the physician and his craft so seriously as might be. It may be that this growing skepticism is due to the very progress which has been made in the study of the laws of health and disease. Discoveries are coming so fast as to render few discoveries absolutely stable. How, for instance, shall we define "transmissible disease"? With regard to one form, and the most serious of all, of course there is general agreement. But what of plagues like cancer, or tuberculosis? The latter is, strictly speaking, not a transmissible disease, in the sense that it is not an hereditary disease. But tuberculosis in the tenement districts is virtually as transmissible as if it were hereditary. How will the law regard it? The wide implications of eugenic marriage legislation can only be suggested here.

LOCAL AND SPECIAL EXPOSITIONS.

The refusal or hesitation of various European nations to exhibit at the San Francisco Exposition, to the apparent chagrin of its directors, should do more than call attention to the fact that such fairs have been overdone. Since 1901 we have had the Pan-American, the St. Louis, the Jamestown, the Alaska-Yukon, the Lewis and Clark Expositions, and now we are planning a sixth. The recent international decision that it was inadvisable to attempt exhibits more than once in three years would fall heavily on the United States alone. But the present attitude of European countries might point another lesson. Why insist that all our expositions should be international?

There seems to have been a feeling that it is impossible for a national or local exhibition to attract either tourists or interested inquirers. Since the Centennial there has not even been a State exposition that has aroused marked attention. Some municipalities—Boston, Chicago, and other cities—have planned industrial exhibitions upon a small scale, as an evidence chiefly of city patriotism. But no enterprise of this kind has ever reached any magnitude, while a national exposition has as yet been all but unheard of. The genuine artistic and industrial impulse has been wanting. The public base their judgment of an exposition too largely upon its size, its pomposity, its cosmopolitan air, and the gay waving of foreign flags above it, to have taken kindly to the other idea.

The local or special exposition should not come, of course, as a mere substitute forced by the impossibility of procuring exhibits from abroad. It ought to answer to a definite demand. When the various sections and States become competitively interested in one another's products—their arts and crafts, their styles of architecture, interior and exterior, their schools of furniture and metal design, the lines along which painting and sculpture are developing—it will follow as an educational and commercial need. As exchanges of ideas these expositions will not require huge palaces of stucco and plaster; simple, substantial halls, designed with an eye to lighting and interior attractiveness, will better harmonize with the exhibits. Nor will they be founded upon a patriotic fervor. They may seem to hark back to such occasions as the early European fairs, of which Paris alone held a dozen between 1800 and 1835. But their spirit, at once utilitarian and artistic, will be different. They should represent not so much the impulse towards amusement or sight-seeing or celebration, as an effort to compare the best social and household conveniences, the best articles of ordinary manufacture, of the various workshops, designing rooms, and factories of the country. Withal, they should be to the casual European or South American visitor an index to the products and artistic by-products of American life.

In Germany notably, fairs of this kind have become almost a matter of course in recent years. In Munich, in Baden, in Dresden, in Nuremberg, in Leipzig, frequent expositions of the work of local and national shops and *ateliers* draw studious visitors from all over Western Europe. Arts-and-crafts exhibitions have virtually become an annual affair, moving from city to city. That at Dresden in 1906, and at Munich in 1908, attracted wide attention, if from nothing but the novelty of the designs offered. This summer three *Kunstausstellungen* have been held in three different sections—one at Berlin, one at Munich, and one at Düsseldorf. In spite of the fact that all three, and especially the one at Munich, with its 3,600 objects, have provided foreign rooms, they are predominantly German. Nor do the expositions of art and industry differ greatly in a land whose chief boast is that it has united art and manufacture. From the interiors of Biedermeier to those of Müller's disciples, from the exhibits of the Berlin Porcelain Company to those of the Dresden works, the rooms are imbued with an artistic personality

which gives the keenest zest to competition. And from a long succession of model dining-rooms, offices, kitchens, and halls filled with manufactured goods, the visitor passes into galleries hung with paintings or set with pedestalled statuary. It is possible for an architect or designer to found a school through the medium of such exhibitions alone. And their commercial and advertising value, as well as their contribution to public taste, is incalculable. Munich recently enrolled its millionth visitor for the year. Their educational value has resulted in a great expansion of their scope. Leipzig is now engaged, as Frankfort was some years ago, in an exhibition of books and bookbinding. Karlsruhe has originated a travelling *Kunstausstellung*. Düsseldorf last year held an "exhibition of city building," with 600 exhibitors, and 4,000 articles grouped under such heads as Industry, Civil Engineering, and Sanitary Arrangements. With its historical and modern town pictures, its models and photographs of remarkable monuments and buildings, its reproductions relating to the designing of streets and drainage plants, the whole was nothing short of an illustrated history of German towns.

From such local and popular expositions, founded upon a sober, businesslike desire for instruction in industry and art, and a hope to further their development, the promoters of American expositions might learn much. Our present State fairs are remotely comparable to them. They are attended by a class seriously intent upon the lessons to be derived from a comparative range of farm products, machinery, and appurtenances, they depend upon public and not governmental support, and their exhibitions are local in character. Such expositions as the Europeans have could well take the place of half our struggling international exhibitions, exchanging for the glitter of foreign bazaars a healthier interest in national endeavor. They would relieve us of the charge of a silly infatuation with world's fairs, as also of their expense and waste.

ROBERT C. OGDEN.

A whole section of this country should mourn the death of Robert C. Ogden. A man of unusual business sagacity and rare success, living in a prosperous Northern city, what was it that led him to devote every spare moment to the educational awakening of the South? What made him the leader in a crusade for learning which for unselfishness and in devotion to the interests of the lowly has scarcely been surpassed? Why was it that in ever quiet, modest, unassuming ways he went about the South laboring for its mental and spiritual advancement, unsparing of his purse and of himself? Primarily, we think, it was the greatness of his heart; no just appeal to it ever failed. Then it was the genuine patriotism of the man, that earnest wish to be of help to the masses of his fellow human beings, which is at the bottom of every deeply religious nature. It was as if he saw in every little child upon which his gaze fell on his trips to the South the possibility of a Phillips Brooks, an S. C. Armstrong, or a Lincoln, and he burned forthwith with the desire to smooth that child's path so that it might have free play for such talents as Providence had bestowed upon it.

As a boy, Mr. Ogden was one of the New York militia called out to repel the raid of Lee into Pennsylvania. Not unnaturally for one of his sympathies, he enlisted after the war at Hampton under a great general of peace—Armstrong. He was one of those quick to see that the real problems of the war did not end with Appomattox, and that many of dread import began upon that field. Without guile, without enmity towards anybody, he brought to the work at Hampton a zeal and a skill which, after many decades, ended but yesterday. Hampton without Mr. Ogden? It hardly seems possible, were it not that Dr. Frissell is there to labor on, and had not they together builded for the future as well as the present. But modest as he was, and ever insistent upon effacing his own personality, the time came when Mr. Ogden had to enter the whole field of education in the South. With Dr. J. L. M. Curry he was a leading spirit at the Capon Springs Conference in 1898, which must ever be recalled as a landmark in the true reconstruction of the South.

Out of this gathering has grown the annual Southern Educational Conference over which Mr. Ogden regularly presided with rare grace, dignity, and tact, until failing health forbade. To it he took for years, on a special train, men and women who labor in similar fields, and mould public opinion—in the North at least. "Excursions into ennobling experiences"—a gifted pen has termed these trips with complete accuracy; such they are, not only for those pilgrims from the States with compulsory education, but for those who come in ever-increasing numbers from the South itself. Momentous things have happened since that small beginning. In almost innumerable communities the public conscience has been quickened and the community spirit aroused. As a result of these conferences came the Southern Education and General Education Boards, with their stupendous Rockefeller benefactions, and a great movement is thus well under way.

Rarely is it given to a man to reap such a harvest of good will and behold such fruits of his labors as did Mr. Ogden. This, we fancy, may have made it hard for him to feel that the end of his labors was at hand; such demonstrations of personal affection as were his at the annual gatherings no man could receive unmoved or relinquish without pain. The attacks of prejudice, the abuse of those special interests and capitalists who saw in State-wide education in the South merely an effort to end the exploitation of the bodies and souls of mill-children, these recoiled from the serenity of his character all but unnoted. He knew how to value and how to disregard them, and his gaze was bent not upon the obstacles, but upon the incalculable benefits to be gained when every Southern child, white or black, should have that education which is its birthright. To some it seemed at times as if his methods were too complacent and too conciliatory; as if there was some lack of the fiery indignation of the reformer. But Mr. Ogden's tactics and his character corresponded; and out of all the complex of emotions and of men inevitable in so far-reaching and difficult a crusade, his figure stands out as that of a constructive educational statesman of first rank—a courteous, kindly, generous-hearted, high-minded man, whose modesty and self-effacement alone prevented his being a great national figure.

SCANDINAVIAN BOOKS.

BERGEN, Norway, July 30.

When Sweden's most prominent lyric poet, Gustaf Frøding, died last year, he left behind a certain amount of work in manuscript, some of it being merely fragments. He had given per-

mission to his nurse, Miss Trotzig, to go through it and select for publication whatever she and the publisher might find to be of sufficient worth. The result is a volume entitled "Reconvalescentia," with the sub-title "Gustaf Frødings sista dikter" ("Gustaf Frøding's Last Poems"), a small book of about 100 pages of great interest (Stockholm: Wahlström & Widstrand). The poems are nearly all characteristic of Frøding and some of them show him to have been a wonderful master of rhythm and form. Not unnaturally, the gloom of his later years left its mark on his work; yet the "Värmländska låtar" ("Tunes from Värmland"), included in the volume, have the same musical charm which gave distinction to his earlier verses. Other recent books of poetry deserving attention are "Antika Kaméer" ("Antique Cameos"), by Sigurd Agrell, "Dåd och dröm" ("Deeds and Dreams"), by Bertil Malmberg, and "På vaxtafla" ("On Wax-Tablet"), by Torsten Fogelqvist. The first-named is the most noteworthy, but all three show abundantly that Sweden is still rich in lyric poets.

Four essays on Robespierre by the Swedish historian, Johannes Heüman, put together into a small volume of 100 pages, are of great interest. The author aims to show that Robespierre was the grand tragic figure of his revolutionary age and the faithful guardian of Rousseau's impracticable democratic ideas. If Robespierre had fought for these ideas and hidden his personality, he might have succeeded in becoming the leader of his people, the author maintains, but it was his tragic fate to be guided by his personality. The little book does not intend to be a biography, but contributes much to a just valuation of Robespierre and his relation to the revolutionary movement.

Among new Norwegian books must be mentioned a great national work, "Vore høvdinger" ("Our Chieftains"), published by subscription, through F. Bruns, of Trondhjem. The work contains short biographical sketches of the most prominent Norwegians of all eras in political and economic life, or in the branches of literature, science, and art, each article being accompanied by a large and handsomely executed picture of the subject; it is edited by the professor of history at the University of Christiania, Halvdan Koht. The text is furnished by the best authorities in the country. Though each sketch is very short, never running beyond four large quarto pages, the writers have succeeded in compressing the most essential facts and characterizations into this narrow frame. So far seven parts have appeared; the publication of the remaining twenty-seven parts will be completed, it is hoped, by the spring of next year, when Norway celebrates the centenary of her independence. Each part contains two biographical sketches, and the whole work will include seventy pictures. The price is 1 krone for each part. This monumental work ought to prove valuable not only as a reference book, but as a fitting memorial of Norway's intellectual achievements.

A somewhat similar work, also published by subscription, is Per Nissen's "Fædrelandet" ("The Fatherland"), being published in parts by H. Aschehoug & Co., Christiania. This book is a popular description of Norway, dealing with the geography of the country, trade and economic conditions, Norwegian institutions, Constitution and administration, military relations, communications, education, art and industry, and so forth. It aims to be a practical and accurate guide, and, to judge from the way in which it begins, the purpose is likely to be fulfilled. The author was until recently a general in the Norwegian army, and besides possessing a vast store of knowledge, embracing most varied fields, he is the master of a clear and vivid style which will be apt to catch the interest of the public at large. An abundance of excellent illustrations add to the value of the work, and the price is only 50 øre for each of the twenty parts to which it will run.

The most noteworthy of new Norwegian novels is the strong and well-written story, "Eli Sjursdotter," by the young author, Johan Falkberget. It has already caught the reading public.

The Danish author, Otto Rung, is an able writer and psychologist. His works, "Sidste kamp" ("The Last Battle"), "Skyggernes tog" ("The March of the Shadows"), "Lønkammeret" ("The Closet"), and his drama, "Broen" ("The Bridge"), have made him one of the most widely read and admired of Danish writers. His latest novel, "Den lange nat" ("The Long Night"), recently published, maintains his high standard. It has an adroitly woven plot, an absorbing psychological interest, and its language possesses a haunting freshness and melody. The story centres on an old usurer who has risen to a position of great independence by corrupt methods, yet whose power is gradually fading, owing to a sickness which finally bereaves him totally of his sight. So subtle is the treatment that in the end the author contrives to win over the reader's sympathy for this rather repulsive character. A pretty love-story is interwoven with the main plot. Otto Rung is not too local in his interests to be widely enjoyed.

A popular historical work, "Anno 13," by Morten Pontoppidan, gives a vivid picture of the events and conditions in Germany during the period 1806-13 and of the final throwing off of Napoleon's yoke. The book is written with strong German sympathies and pronounced admiration for the country's heroic fight for liberty. It will appeal to everybody who likes history popularly presented.

A short biography of the Danish philosopher, Harald Høffding, by Erik Rindom, contains some interesting information about a famous man and contributes to a better understanding of his position and influence. The lyric poet of Jutland, Jeppe Aakjær, has published a small volume of addresses which he has delivered on various occasions. The contents includes chapters on Robert Burns, Holger Drachmann, Bjørnson, Blicher, and discussions of more general Danish topics. They are well balanced and make a readable collection.

ARNE KILDAL.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

There are Scott collectors, although the multiplicity and popularity of Sir Walter's writings make their pursuit perhaps more laborious than difficult. There is no adequate Scott bibliography known to me. When it appears a place should be found for this octavo pamphlet of 2? pages:

The
Mauvais Pas.
A Scene in the Alps,
illustrating a passage in the novel of
Anne of Geirstein.
By the
Rev. Edward Stanley, M.A.
Rector of Alderley.
Not published.
Macclesfield,
Printed by J. Swinnerton, Courier and Herald Office.

It will be noted that the name of Scott's heroine is misspelled in this title, although it is correctly given in the text of the tract. "Anne of Geierstein" was published in three volumes in 1829. Lockhart tells how, one snowy morning, Scott gave some friends who were at Abbotsford the sheets of about a volume and a half to read in his library while he was at work in the adjacent room, but looked in on them occasionally. He found them delighted. Mr. J. B. S. Morritt and Sir James Steuart, of Allenbank, were both familiar with Swiss scenery, and were amazed at the happy manner in which Scott had caught the local color of a country in which he had never set foot. But Ballantyne "totally condemned" the story. It was finished *before* breakfast, April 29, 1829, and *after* breakfast Sir Walter began to write his "Compendium of Scottish History" for Lardner's Cyclopædia. Such was the zeal with which he strove to retrieve his fallen fortunes.

"Anne of Geierstein" made her public début in May, and in the September issue of *Blackwood* appeared "The Mauvais Pas." It is signed with the initials E. S. Another article thus signed appeared in the number for April, 1830, and is entitled "The Port of Vennasque; a scene in the Pyrenees." The fame of the brilliant son, Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, has somewhat obscured that of the saintly father. Edward Stanley was born January 1, 1779, was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, and became, 1805, rector of Alderley, a living in the patronage of his father, Sir John Thomas Stanley, of Alderley Park, and in 1837 he was appointed Bishop of Norwich. He died September 6, 1849.

The tract must have appeared some time between 1829 and 1837.

The reader should now take down his Scott and read in the first and second chap-

ters of "Anne of Geierstein," the account of the manner in which "Arthur Philipson" braves the dangers of the mountain path leading to the Rock of the Vulture. This is the scene of the first meeting of Arthur and Anne, the intertwining of whose fates is the theme of the story. Having thus refreshed his memory he may compare Scott's account with these quotations from Stanley's narrative of his adventure on the Mauvais Pas:

From the point where we had stepped upon the ledge, quitting the forest and underwood, this circular face of precipice commenced, continuing, without intermission, till it united itself with its corresponding headland on the right. The only communication between the two being along a ledge in the face of the precipice, varying in width from about a foot to a few inches; the surface of the said ledge, moreover, assuming the form of an inclined plane, owing to an accumulation of small particles of rock, which had, from time immemorial, shaled from the heights above, and lodged on this slightly projecting shelf. The distance, from the time taken to pass it, I guessed to be not far short of a quarter of a mile. At my foot, literally speaking (for it required but a semiquaver of the body, or the loosening of my hold, to throw the centre of gravitation over the abyss), were spread the valleys of the Dranse, through which I could perceive the river meandering like a silver thread; but, from the height at which I looked down, its rapidity was invisible, and its hoarse brawling unheard. The silence was absoluto and solemn; for, fortunately, not a zephyr fanned the air, to interfere with my precarious equilibrium. . . . We had proceeded a good part of the way, when, to my dismay, the ledge, narrow as it was, became perceptibly narrower, and, at the distance of a yard or two in advance, I observed a point where it seemed to run to nothing, interrupted by a protuberant rock; I said nothing, waiting the result in silence. The guide before me, when he reached the point, threw one foot round the projection, till it was firmly placed, and holding on the rock, then brought up the other. What was I to do? Like Arthur Philipson's guide, Antonio, I could only say, "I was no goat-hunter, and had no wings to transport me from cliff to cliff like a raven."—"I cannot perform that feat," said I to the guide; "I shall miss the invisible footing on the other side, and—then!" . . . They were prepared for the case; one of them happened to have a short staff; this was handed forward, and formed a slight rail, while the other, stooping down, seized my foot, and placing it in his hand, answered, "Tread without apprehension, it will support you firmly as the rock itself; be steady—go on." I did so, and regained the ledge once more in safety. . . . Thus persevering, with the speed of a tortoise or a sloth, the solemn slow movements of hand and foot forcibly reminding me of that cautious animal, we at last drew near to a more acute point in the curve of this gaunt amphitheatre, where it bent forward towards the river, and consequently we were more immediately fronted by the precipice forming the continuation of that on which we stood. By keeping my head obliquely turned inwards, I had hitherto in great measure avoided more visual communication than I wished with the bird's-eye prospect below; but there was no possibility of excluding the smooth bare frontage of rock right ahead. There it reared itself from the clods beneath to the clouds above, without outward or visible sign of fret or fissure, as far as I could judge, on which even a chamois could rest its tiny hoof; for the width of whatever ledge it might have was diminished, by the perspective view we had of it, to Euclid's true definition of a mathematical line, namely, length without breadth. At this distance of time, I have no very clear recollection of the mode of our exit, and cannot speak positively whether we skirted any of this perilous wall of the Titans, or crept up through the corner of the curve by some fissure leading to the summit. I have, however, a very clear and agreeable recollection of the moment when I came in contact with a tough bough, which I welcomed and grasped as I would have welcomed and grasped the hand of the dearest friend I had upon earth, and by the help of which I, in a very few more seconds, scrambled upwards, and set my foot once more, without fear of slips or sliding, on a rough heathery surface, forming the bed of a ravine, which soon led us to an upland plateau, on which I stood as in the garden of Paradise.

It may be that the Alpinist of the twentieth century would be less impressed by these dangers than the nineteenth century tourist.

Stanley's tract contains also an account of the formation of the Lake of Mauvoisin by the descent of a glacier, and of the inundations of the Val de Bagnes in 1595 and 1818, drawn up from the memoir of M. Escher de la Linth.

There is in addition a preface in which Stanley states that he had some reasons for believing that the details of his adventure had reached the ears of Sir Walter Scott and furnished him with the groundwork for the perilous meeting of Anne and Arthur.

The rarity of "The Mauvais Pas" may be judged by its absence both from the British Museum Catalogue and from Martin's monograph on Privately Printed Books.

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

Correspondence

"OF THE PEOPLE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your recent editorial on Lincoln's Gettysburg Address suggested to me that perhaps you or some of your readers might be able to furnish some light on a question which has interested me of late—the exact significance of the phrase "of the people."

In quoting the words you follow the usual punctuation, that of Lincoln's final authorized version. The customary emphasis given by speakers fits this punctuation, and I suppose would be not unfairly represented by writing thus: "and that government *of* the people, *by* the people, *for* the people shall not perish from the earth." That is, the phrases are treated as logically coördinate and of equal importance, and we have a threefold description of the type of government which Lincoln desired "should not perish from the earth." This way of taking the words seems open to one rather serious objection—the difficulty of giving to the preposition "of" a clear-cut meaning which shall distinguish it from, and entitle it to rank as a true coördinate with, the prepositions "by" and "for." Probably the explanation most commonly given would be that "of" is equivalent to "originating with," "deriving its sanction and ultimate authority from," the people.

The form of the words, at least, would seem to admit another interpretation. The "of" might express the objective-genitive relation of our Latin and Greek grammars, and "government of the people," in the sense of "government exercised over the people," be taken as the common base of the expression; this "government of the people" characterized, with a *twofold* emphasis, as "by" and "for" the people would then give us the type of government which Lincoln sought to have perpetuated. With this view we should drop the first comma in writing, the stress on "of" in speaking. Or it might be still better to think of each phrase as modifying all that goes before it—to omit both the first and second commas (as Lincoln himself did in his original draft), and to give a *crescendo* emphasis in delivery which might be indicated thus: "and that government of the people *by* the people FOR the people shall not perish," etc.

The double possibility of interpretation has probably occurred to many. The second, or "objective," explanation of "of" here seems to have several considerations, historical as well as logical, in its favor. The questions I should like to ask are: (1) Was any interpretation covering this point ever given by Lincoln himself? (2) Have we any testimony from one who heard him speak as to the emphasis, pauses, or intonations with which these words were uttered? (3) Has the question here raised been discussed anywhere in print?

W. A. ECKELS.

Wichita, Kan., August 8.

THE NEW LAUREATE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: "There will be disappointment in some quarters over the selection of Robert Bridges as poet laureate," so said the *Nation*, in its issue of July 24, and so there *was* disappointment, I trust, in many quarters over what the *Nation* said regarding that event.

Robert Bridges surely needs no apologies on his behalf, even when they emanate from so distinguished a source as the *Nation*, and, above all, he is not a poet who is to be damned with faint praise. The extracts from his work given by the *Nation* are quite sufficient to demonstrate the high levels on which his poetic feet tread; and when we consider the great mass of that work, and the variety of it, including a large number of lyrics of a high order, including the seventy-nine sonnets that comprise "The Growth of Love," ought we not unreservedly to acclaim him, and congratulate Mr. Asquith on his keenness of discrimination?—who, indeed, may well opine that the laureateship should be bestowed, not in expectation of rewarding Odes, but rather as a crown of honor on one presumably near the close of his career. True, there is nothing of the bizarre or the violent in Bridges; he is refined without weakness, he is deep-thoughted without being too heavy for the Muse to carry; and he possesses that essential of all true art—restraint. Besides, his work is informed through and through with the spiritual, as the best poetry surely is.

His "Growth of Love" is a great performance, but as it is comprised in a series of sonnets, against which there is more or less of ignorant prejudice, it seems never to have commanded that attention it deserves. In France art makes its way, even when embodied in sonnets. For instance, Heredia stepped into the French Academy up the stairway composed entirely of the 118 sonnets of his Trophies. True, he had done other work, but it was on his sonnets that his admission was based. The sonnets of "The Growth of Love" partly follow Shakespeare's in matter of form, and many of them certainly breathe their fragrance in matter of substance. If this let-

ter is not already too long, I would wish to include in it two of the sonnets from "The Growth of Love," No. XXVII on the modern ocean steamer, and the beautiful prayer embodied in the final sonnet.

XXVII.

The fabled sea-snake, old Leviathan,
Or else what grisly beast of scaly chine
That champed the oceanwrack, and swashed the brine
Before the new and milder days of man,
Had never rib nor bray nor swindging fan
Like his iron swimmer of the Clyde or Tyne,
Late born of golden seed to breed a line
Of offspring swifter and more huge of plan.

Straight is her going, for upon the sun
When once she hath looked, her path and place are plain:
With tireless speed she smiteth one by one
The shuddering seas and foams along the main:
And her eased breath when her wild race is run
Roars through her nostrils like a hurricane.

LXXIX.

Eternal Father, who didst all create,
In whom we live and to whose bosom move,
To all men be Thy name known which is Love,
Till its loud praises sound at heaven's high gate.
Perfect Thy kingdom in our passing state,
That here on earth Thou mayst as well approve
Our service as Thou ownest theirs above
Whose joy we echo and in pain await.

Grant body and soul each day their daily bread:
And should in spite of grace fresh woe begin,
Even as our anger soon is past and dead
Be Thy remembrance mortal of our sin:
By Thee in paths of peace Thy sheep be led,
And in the vale of terror comforted.

EDWARD ROBESON TAYLOR.

San Francisco, July 30.

THE ITALIAN TREASURY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: An editorial in the *Nation* of July 3 quotes from an article written by the ex-Minister of Italy, Luigi Luzzatti, in the *Corriere della Sera*, in which he spurns the charges of political corruption recently brought against his country. While not denying the gross official frauds in connection with the building of the Palace of Justice, he asserts that the Italian Treasury, since the unification of the kingdom, has been absolutely free from even a suspicion of corruption.

It may well be that no dishonesty can be laid at the door of any single official of the Italian Treasury, but to the minds of those who have lived much in Italy and know the true conditions there, the question arises at once: How about the foundation upon which that Treasury was built? Is that clean? Confiscation has a more respectable sound than the homely word robbery; but when any Italian public official flouts indignantly the charge of corruption, the thought must come to an unprejudiced onlooker; How did they get their money in the first place?

The post office, for instance, is in a noble building in the heart of the city, with beautiful cloisters enclosing a large grassplot planted with shrubs and trees, always fresh and green, a place at once suggestive of retirement, calm, and peace. Now it is never free from the pell mell of people rushing to and fro. A rather uncommon design for a post office it must seem to many, as they buy postage stamps at one of the windows opening on this most lovely cloister. How many of these visitors from other lands realize that this was the Convent of the Poor Clares, built for them, and as much their own property as are the private palaces of Rome the property of their rich owners. The Poor Clares, whose lives are spent in service among the poor, were turned out of their home by the Italian Government, and not one centime was ever paid for the property *taken* from them. Is that a Government immune from dishonesty?

This is only one small chapter in the long story of robbery (or "confiscation," if the term is more pleasing to modern ears) that has gone on all over the United Kingdom. The wealthy laity are unmolested, but those who give their lives in service to God and mankind are despoiled because they do not fight in their own defence. Not only church edifices and religious houses and colleges and schools have been seized by the Italian Government, but personal property, church effects, MSS., and private records of the orders, etc., etc. The list is a long one. The astronomical instruments presented to the celebrated Jesuit astronomer, Father Secchi, even after the promise had been given that these should be left untouched, were gobbled up with the rest.

Indignant protestations of immunity from all dishonesty in the official Treasury from such a Government would be amusing were it not in truth such a grim and very real tragedy. J. G. ROBINS.

Munich, Germany, July 25.

Literature

THE CONTINUATION OF ROPES'S "CIVIL WAR."

The Story of the Civil War, in Continuation of the Story by John Codman Ropes. By William R. Livermore, U. S. A. Part III: The Campaigns of 1863 to July 10. Book I: Chancellorsville, Operations against Vicksburg, etc. Book II: Vicksburg, Port Hudson, Tullahoma, and Gettysburg. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 2 vols. $5 net.

It is more than fourteen years since the second volume of John Codman Ropes's "Story of the Civil War" was reviewed in these columns. In spite of some undue severities of judgment, the work took rank at once as a masterpiece of military literature, and still remains the best account of the early operations of the war. Upon the death of the author, in 1899, the publishers announced that an effort would be made to have the work continued by a competent hand; and the present volumes, together forming Part iii of the series, are the fruit of that attempt. So far as knowledge of military science goes, no more competent authority than Col. Livermore could have been procured; and he has the further advantage of having enjoyed intimate personal acquaintance with Ropes during the preparation of the original volumes.

One does not read far, however, in the volumes now published without being struck by the difference in the methods of the two authors. In accuracy and fulness of technical and general knowledge, in careful study of topography, and in attention to the details of military movements and plans, Col. Livermore is in no way inferior to his predecessor. His text, as well as his footnotes, shows thorough acquaintance with the voluminous literature, documentary and personal, of the Civil War. Yet in certain other important respects commendation must be more sparingly given. Ropes united in rare perfectness the painstaking accuracy of the scholar and military expert with the charm of the accomplished writer. In a field highly technical and detailed, he knew what to select and what to leave out. In Col. Livermore's volumes, on the other hand, it is often hard to see the forest for the trees. His pages are crammed with military detail, important and unimportant, and studded with paragraphs virtually meaningless save as the statements of the text are traced out on the map. When to this annoying lack of proportion is added a literary style rarely rising above the level of matter-of-fact narration, we have as the inevitable result a work whose bewildering details of position and manœuvre, of attack and defence, of charge and retreat, often obscure the course of events, and leave the reader with no clear impression of what is happening. There could be no more striking illustration of this defect than in Col. Livermore's account of the battle of Gettysburg, where an absolutely exhaustive analysis of the military operations affords, nevertheless, no more intelligent view of the conflict as a whole than most of the participants themselves probably enjoyed.

Qualified, however, as the praise of Col. Livermore's performance must be on all save technical points, it is nevertheless fair to remember that the period with which he deals differs, in important respects, from that which engaged the attention of Ropes. The military operations of the first twelve months of the Civil War, disheartening as most of them were to the North, had at least the interest, very significant for the historian, of the untried and the experimental. No one then knew how great the war might become or how long it might last. The operations on the Mississippi from April, 1862, on the other hand, and the campaigns of 1863 to and including Gettysburg, were the critical period of the war. Beginning with "gloomy failures" East and West, the period ends with notable Federal victories. The days of crude experiments and untrained men were passing, and those of great campaigns and grand strategy had come. Holding, as he does, that "the manner in which the troops were directed in campaign, and especially in battle, had more influence on the result than is generally appreciated" (Bk. I, p. iv), Col. Livermore is amply justified in narrating and discuss-

ing military operations more fully than did Ropes. We have no quarrel with him for dissecting every army and eviscerating every campaign. But it is also true that into this same critical period fall some of the most brilliant operations of the war. The taking of Vicksburg and Port Hudson, the sundering of the Confederacy by the recovery of the Mississippi, and the battles of Chancellorsville and Gettysburg, rank in modern warfare as operations of the first magnitude; and we cannot but regret that Col. Livermore's pages, of the highest value on the technical side, should as a rule leave the reader with the impression, not that the events were great, but only that they were extremely complicated.

To summarize either the narrative or the technical contents of these volumes would far exceed any reasonable limits of a review; and we must confine ourselves to comments upon a few points only, and to notice of a few of the author's more significant judgments. The story opens with the second attempt on Vicksburg, in July, 1862; an attempt which failed because Halleck, having divided the army which he had assembled at Corinth, was too weak to cooperate with Farragut (I, 21). On July 17 Halleck went to Washington as general-in-chief, leaving Grant in temporary command of the Armies of the Tennessee and the Mississippi. In October, Rosecrans repulsed the Confederates at Corinth, thereby insuring his own military reputation; but Col. Livermore concludes that Grant, though overestimating the strength of the enemy, and in error in supposing that his army could not live off the country, was right in cutting short the pursuit of Van Dorn beyond the Hatchie (I, 42). January, 1863, saw the failure of a third attempt on Vicksburg, the responsibility for which is to be ascribed in part to Lincoln's mistaken confidence in McClernand, in part to Halleck's effort to support Lincoln without losing Corinth, and in part to Grant's loyal attempt to carry out Halleck's orders (I, 68).

The objective points were now Vicksburg and Richmond, with the Emancipation Proclamation as an additional incentive to the vigorous prosecution of the war. Upon Hooker rested the responsibility of insuring Federal success in the East. Hooker's course at this time will probably continue to be debated for many a day to come. Col. Livermore's judgment is that, while Hooker "was accredited with skill in conducting a fight under his own eye," "his mind was not equal to the task of directing and coördinating the operations of large bodies of troops of whose relative positions he could judge only from reports" (I, 115). For his apparently rash course in dividing his army, in the face of the enemy, at the passage of the Rappahannock, the author expresses approval, on the ground that "his movements are so carefully planned that if any part of his line is attacked, it can hold its ground, or fall back until so reinforced as to outnumber the enemy" (I, 127); and although by May 1 he had lost his chance to surround or capture Lee's army, "he still retained complete control of the situation" (I, 148). For Lee's plan of attacking Hooker in flank at Chancellorsville, however, there is no praise; and Jackson's movement had the partial success that it did only "through the stupendous blunders of Hooker, and especially through the persistent negligence and blind credulity of Howard" (I, 151). After Hooker's disabling injury "it is hardly profitable any longer to consider his motives. There is, in fact, no reason to suppose that his orders would have been wise, even if he had not been struck" (I, 211, 212). The judgment is severe, but it cannot be said to be undeserved.

For Grant's course in his fourth attempt on Vicksburg, in February, 1863, there is frank and pointed criticism:

> There can hardly be a doubt but that, by some expedient, Grant could have found means, by land or water or both, to convey his men across the peninsula opposite Vicksburg; and to this end his first efforts should have been directed from the moment he decided to send his main force down the river.

If Grant could open a route west of the Mississippi to a point south of Vicksburg where troops could embark, he could send steamers and barges without troops, protected by cotton, hay, and grain, down past the batteries to ferry the troops from New Carthage to the eastern bank; he could supply them by the same route, or by barges sent down the Mississippi; and then choose his own point of landing below, gain the bluffs, and advance to the interior, or fall back on the fleet (I, 234, 235).

In such a plan, Col. Livermore thinks, Porter would have coöperated. Had Lincoln not expressed so decided an interest in the old canal, Grant would have been saved the "series of experiments" which consumed time and diverted the enemy and the public, but in which, as he later admitted, he "never felt great confidence." For Grant's final operations behind Vicksburg, on the other hand, Col. Livermore speaks a hearty commendation, declaring them to have been "wisely and prudently conducted," and a more than ample offset to his "imprudence" at Shiloh and his "repeated failures to reach Vicksburg by other routes" (II, 328). The later surrender of Port Hudson, however, was not due to the fall of Vicksburg, but to the greater success of the siege operations and the exhaustion of the garrison (II, 401).

Nearly half of Part ii is devoted to Gettysburg, the whole plan and course of the battle being examined in the greatest detail. Col. Livermore's opinion of Lee at this point coincides with that of Fitzhugh Lee, namely, that Lee, whose knowledge of strategy was at least equal to Meade's, yielded to "tender-heartedness" in not withdrawing Ewell's corps after having decided that Longstreet was to attack. That he would not have so yielded had he not expected to succeed, is as probable as that he would not have expected success "if he had not so often violated the principles of grand tactics with impunity. . . . He thought that it was better to risk the consequences of a false move, than to offend his subordinates or demoralize his own army. He was gambling in the art of war." With fewer troops than Meade, and a line twice as long, his plan to attack Meade's left could have succeeded only by "concentrating there the main body of his army, and keeping the rest of it out of action, while making demonstrations to deceive Meade as to the point of attack" (II, 440, 441).

The sixty maps and plans which accompany the text are of the greatest usefulness. The scheme of a volume in two parts seems an unnecessary obstacle to easy reference, however, and the proof-reading has not always been carefully done. There are two indexes, of persons and topics, and a full analytical table of contents.

CURRENT FICTION.

[OLD HEROINES AND NEW.]

The Glad Heart. By E. Maria Albanesi. London: Methuen & Co., Ltd.

The Beloved Enemy. The same.

The Long Engagement. By E. S. Stevens. New York: George H. Doran Co.

Fire and Frost. By Maud Cruttwell. New York: John Lane Co.

The Opening Door. By Justus Miles Forman. New York: Harper & Bros.

Despite the advent of the cigarette and the incipiency of the vote for women, many of the most popular English novelists still find it possible to deal with the old materials of romance, still find profit in the sharp contrast of feminine and masculine, still believe in the ingenue and the rough conquering male, still drop the final curtain to the tune of "The Voice that Breathes O'er Eden." To this faithful and not unrewarded band belongs E. Maria Albanesi. The stories in hand are characteristic. "The Glad Heart" was published three years ago, and is still running to fresh editions. "The Beloved Enemy" is new, but will doubtless survive the current season. Ellen Milner, the heroine of the earlier tale, is as fair and fond a juvenile as may be found in the pages of William Black or Mrs. de la Pasture. Left penniless by the spendthrift squire, her father, she never dreams of setting forth to conquer the world of men in

the manly fashion of the maiden-to-date. There are open to her only the two immemorial occupations of helpless femininity—to be a governess or to be a companion. An unmarried middle-aged man of her acquaintance finds her a place as companion, a place such as only a heroine of her vintage could have endured for a day. But she does endure, and gratitude to the stupid gentleman who has procured her discomfort is easily converted into love when, in the end, she discovers the wonderful fact that he wishes her to be his. And so presently "the pretty white gown was on and fastened, and the wreath and veil adjusted"—and the curtain drops to the familiar air.

Betty of "The Beloved Enemy" is a less conventional figure. At the outset she even threatens to be modern. We soon perceive, however, that her individualism is of the butterfly and not of the queen bee. She scorns the honest but humble youth who lays his heart at her feet. Her punishment is marriage to a weakling and the conversion of the misprised youth into a multi-millionaire. But, of course, we are not to be disappointed of our final curtain. Betty herself has not only trials to bear and perils to weather, but a transformation to undergo. Here the author compasses a really fine bit of character-study. Instead of violently converting her Betty from pleasure-lover to prig, she shows her under the daily discipline of life gradually developing innate elements of strength; so that when her bearish but faithful millionaire (an American who speaks the tongue neither of men nor of angels) finally wins her, we feel that he is a really lucky fellow: which is as it should be.

"The Long Engagement" offers a good opportunity for transition, since it contains two heroines, one of the older type and one of the new. Melody Waller is sweet and feminine and unpractical —of the Betty type, though less selfish and with more sense of humor. She has been engaged for some years to a poor schoolmaster, who is saddled with three sisters, and has a morbid notion of his responsibility for them. The engagement, for no clear reason, has not been announced. Even her father, a retired colonel whom she adores, does not know of it. To the humiliation of this half-furtive relation is added the fact that Schoolmaster Dominick has fallen to a way of taking her rather for granted. The prospect of their being able to marry does not improve. Altogether, when the colonel loses his money, and wishes her to marry a rich baronet—but we shall not rehearse the rest of Melody's story, since there is a thrill at the end of it which should not be forestalled. Enough to hint that, at the eleventh hour, she proves herself worthy of the reader's affections in a very old-fashioned way.

Dominick's sister Joan is the other heroine, a girl of the wide-eyed, independent, good-fellow type. With her sisters, mere caricatures of unco' guid spinsterhood, she has nothing in common. Quite ignorant of men, she is ready to trust them all as brothers. Revolt against being a burden upon Dominick leads naturally to a brief experience in a London office. It culminates in a scene with her employer in a private dining-room which recalls the "feature" scene of Mr. Wells's "Ann Veronica." No such destiny as Ann's is in store for her, however. She remains a fledgling in the flock of the emancipated, and the unadvanced reader will be glad to see the nice girl on the way to marriage with a nice boy before we have done with her.

With the two remaining novels in our group, we are in for the real thing: the modern heroine in diverse aspects of her glory. The author of "Fire and Frost" has little to say of equal political rights. Her plea is for the moral and physical independence of woman. Indeed, she holds a brief for spinsterhood as the ideal state. The continuance of the race is nothing to her, a wife is a degraded person, and a mother is a victim. Her Clare Glynne is a successful and enviable person, so long as she is content with her independent means, and her freedom to potter about among the art treasures of Italy. But she permits herself to drift into marriage with an Egyptian prince, and, worse, to fall in love with him. He is good for nothing, but that is a mere incident. If he had been the noblest of men, Sibyl's passion for him would, we gather, have still been debasing. She is conscious of her error, and presently confides it to an old friend. He assures her that the soul is at war with the senses, that love and desire have nothing in common, and that she must meet her husband on the only meeting-ground possible—that of affection. At this point the old friend places a sympathetic arm about Clare, the gesture is misinterpreted by observers, and a divorce ensues, providentially freeing the lady from her bondage, and setting her in the right way again. The last we hear of her is as author of a remarkable and instantly famous book, "a study of character under the veil of romance, . . . defending the cause of Woman versus Man with such force and ability, with such impartiality and comprehension, and, above all, with such delicate tact, that even the men themselves have had to applaud."

Such praise would be a trifle too high for Mr. Forman's story, but it defends the cause of Woman in dignified and even appealing fashion. It is not a mere tract, but a good story in itself. Its people are real. Its heroine is human and lovable as well as modern. She dawns upon us as a maiden of the old school in type and training. She has the profile of a Greek goddess, and is just "finishing" her education at a select school which has never advanced beyond the standards of 1830, which carefully prevents its pupils from learning anything of value, and prepares them for life by asserting that "the Crown of Womanhood is Sacrifice." Then comes a sudden awakening to the perception that human experience is not the affair of a few banalities and timidities and platitudes, but a field of action in which each must play his part. And finally comes the slowly growing conviction that her own part must have something to do with the struggle of her sex for self-respect and self-expression. Her first attempts to serve "the Cause" are failures. She is not made to be a district visitor or a public speaker in the interests of suffrage. In a moment of reaction she becomes the wife of a man whom she really loves. The man has utter contempt for "the Screaming Sisterhood," weariness and the self-protective instinct keep her silent, and for a time she is able to smother her sense of public duty in mere private happiness. But she cannot kill that sense, and it presently emerges, to the dismay and rage of the husband. He attempts high-handed methods, whereupon she lays down the law: marriage is a free partnership; there can be no question of petty dictation on either side. "That means you defy me straight?" he said. "Defy? Oh! Why, yes, in the sense you mean it, I suppose I do. I'm a grown woman, mistress of myself, married to you by my own free will—your wife, not your servant. I oughtn't to have to claim the right to think my own thoughts, choose my own friends, if they are respectable, speak what decent words I may wish to." In the end the husband is enlightened, and we leave him giving suffrage dinners, and calling complacently upon his infant daughter to repeat the only phrase she knows: "Votes for Women." The history sounds raw in the abstract, but it is skilfully and—a rare thing in narratives of this order—amiably told.

AN INDUSTRIOUS LIFE.

All the Days of My Life. By Amelia E. Barr. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $3.50 net.

The casual reader who glances at the sentimental sub-title, "The Red Leaves of a Human Heart," may be tempted to close this volume at the beginning. But he will be rewarded if he resists that temptation. For Mrs. Barr has told with frankness, simplicity, and extraordinary vividness the story of an unusually full and varied life. The style is unliterary, at times even ungrammatical; but Pepys has been forgiven for worse sins against grammar than Mrs. Barr is guilty of. Like him, she has the keenest sentimental interest in herself

and in all the details of her past life; she can describe exactly the dresses she liked herself best in and the dinners she most enjoyed, forty, fifty, or sixty years ago. Such a zest in small pleasures is a godsend to the autobiographer; one might almost say that it is a mark of the great autobiographer. It inspired, for instance, some of the most famous passages of Rousseau's "Confessions."

As one reads the book one cannot help being reminded of another seventeenth-century worthy, unlike Pepys in all but his restless energy; of Cotton Mather, and his motto, "Fructuosus." Entering the career of matrimony at nineteen, Mrs. Barr brought into the world nine children; entering the career of authorship at thirty-nine, she wrote more than sixty books, besides countless short stories, sketches, essays, and poems. The vicissitudes of both these careers, either of which would have exhausted the energies of two or three ordinary women, she describes with great vivacity. The daughter of a Methodist minister in the north of England, she received the rather haphazard education regarded as sufficient for girls in those days, and taught for a year and a half in a girls' school. Many little episodes of this early life are lovingly chronicled. The day when her father brought home the first boxes of "Congreve or Lucifer matches" was a red-letter day in the family:

> My father took us all into a dark room and permitted each person to strike a light. Laughter and exclamations of wonder and pleasure greeted each fresh match as it burst into instantaneous flame, and even Ann (the old servant) was enthusiastic. . . . We had both read and heard wonderful things of these matches for nearly three years, but the first put upon the market were intended only for the rich; for they were in more or less costly caskets, the cheapest of which was sold for a guinea.

At nineteen Amelia married Robert Barr, a prosperous young merchant of Glasgow. As was natural, Robert's mother was bitterly opposed to his marrying a girl who was English and Methodist, and Amelia's trials with her new relatives are amusingly described. Best of all, perhaps, is the account of how, after her husband had failed in business, she stole a march on her mother-in-law in spiriting the family away to America without the old lady's knowledge. This required a strategy truly Napoleonic. Robert himself, however, was a thorough Scot, and Mrs. Barr complains humorously of the trials his Scottish reserve and obstinacy brought upon her. "It is scarcely an exaggeration," she observes, "to say that no Scotchman ever tells his wife the truth, and the whole truth, about his affairs." Later, in Texas, "he wanted to rent a farm, and get away from the fret and friction of the times. I pointed out that neither of us knew anything about farming, and that Texas farming was *special* in every department. . . . There is, however, no use in talking to a Scotchman who has made up his mind. God Almighty alone can change it, so I took to praying. Perhaps it was not very loyal to pray against my husband's plans, but circumstances alter cases, and this was a case that had to be altered." It is pleasant, but perhaps needless, to add that it was altered.

Throughout the Civil War the Barrs lived in Austin. Later they moved to Galveston; and here in the terrible yellow fever epidemic of 1867, Mrs. Barr lost her husband and her two remaining sons, and herself narrowly escaped death. Less than three months later, a son, the ninth of her children, was born, to live only a few days. From this series of blows, which would have crushed most women in body and spirit, Mrs. Barr rallied with indomitable courage. For the sake of her daughters, she resolved that she must live; and within a few months she had regained vigorous health. For a year and a half she supported her children by taking boarders; but this venture proving unsuccessful, she moved to New York to begin life anew. "I had five dollars and eighteen cents in my purse," she says. "I had no relatives in America, no one I felt at liberty to ask assistance from. I stood absolutely alone in the battle of life, but I was confident that God and Amelia Barr were a multitude."

The sequel proved that this confidence was entirely justified. Mrs. Barr soon found that she could write what people liked to read; and for much of her work she was pretty well paid. Poetry, for instance, was with her a mere incidental; "the vision and the faculty divine," as she says, "were not mine"; yet for fifteen years she made a thousand dollars or more a year from the sale of her verse alone. Her industry is almost incredible; it puts to shame even that of a writer like Anthony Trollope. Between March 25 and April 30, 1883, for instance, her diary shows that she wrote a complete novel, "Cluny Macpherson," working on it eight or nine hours a day, and that during the same period she wrote twelve poems and short articles in her leisure moments.

Meanwhile her comments on her home life are as interesting and lively as ever. An amusing light is thrown on the sharp distinction she always made between life and fiction by the following bit of conversation with one of her daughters, whom she had reproved for seeking counsel of a Catholic priest. Mrs. Barr had asked:

> "But why not go to God for advice?"
>
> "Mamma, there are things like love letters, for instance. Would you go to God with them?"
>
> "Yes," I replied. "Love letters may be very important things. At any rate, your mother might be better than a priest."
>
> "Mamma, dear, you know that you have a fixed conviction that love affairs should only occur in books. Now Frank is not a 'character,' he is a real, living, very delightful man."

It would be impossible, in any adequate notice of the book, to ignore its account of the author's religion. To Mrs. Barr religion means a direct personal relation with God; but it also means some other things. Like Cotton Mather, to whom we have already compared her, she believes firmly in angels and demons, in dreams and signs and warnings. She believes in reincarnation, because only so can she justify what seems to be undeserved suffering. She speaks of her religion as freely and plainly as Bunyan or Mather did of his. Certainly her own life is evidence of the truth of her advice: "I press upon the young, not to be ashamed of their disposition to be sentimental or religious. It is the sentimental young men who conquer; it is the men steeped in religious thought and aspiration who do things."

The total impression of the book is one of immense energy, tempered by homely kindliness, sentiment, and humor. It is a "human document" of rare interest and vitality.

The Fall of the Dutch Republic. By Hendrick William Van Loon. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $3.

It goes without saying that, since Motley's day, every one has heard of the rise of the Dutch Republic, even if many have never known anything else about it; but with respect to its latter end it is probably true, as Mr. Van Loon says in his preface, that most English readers are in the predicament of his friend who was not aware that "the thing had ever fallen." Mr. Van Loon assures his readers that it did fall, and he proposes to explain in popular language why it fell.

The language which he employs is indeed popular in the sense of being easily understood; popular, also, in being generally interesting, spiced with a kindly sort of satirical humor at the expense of the people whose qualities and foibles he so thoroughly understands. It is true, the humor sometimes, and rather frequently, falls to the level of the commonplace—"Divine Providence was kept working overtime listening to all the prayers of patriotic citizens," is the sort of thing the discriminating reader would prefer omitted. Yet occasionally one comes across something excellent, as in the preface, where the author remarks that "some few, who had taken English history in college, had dim recollections of a certain William of Orange who, as the husband of Queen Mary, had played some sort of rôle in the works of the late Lord Macaulay."

The title of the book is a good one. But for all that one might find it difficult to maintain that there ever was a

Dutch Republic, or, if there was one, to say just when it fell. A most persistent characteristic of Dutch history was the rivalry between the regent families of Holland and the House of Orange. When the former, who were backed by the bourgeois class, were in the ascendant, the government was an oligarchy; when the latter, which found its support among the nobility and the people, was dominant, it was a more or less effective dictatorship: in either case, Dutch political institutions were republican only in form. Mr. Van Loon understands this perfectly, and he is nowhere more satisfactory than in describing the complex and cumbersome machinery of the provincial governments, or explaining how the real power fell sometimes to the regents and sometimes to the Stadtholder, or narrating the circumstances which brought the one or the other to the fore.

And if we were content to call this curious mixture of Regents, Stadtholders, and town councils a republic, nothing is easier than to say that it disappeared, like so much else of the *ancien régime*, in the revolutionary upheaval—virtually when the French armies entered and took possession, formally when the Batavian republic was established in March, 1795: and in an external sense these events constitute the fall of the republic. Yet Mr. Van Loon carries the story scarcely beyond 1783, closing with a very sketchy account of the later events. By the fall of the republic he would have us understand something more vital than the mere overthrow of a form of government. He is, indeed, concerned to trace the causes of the decline of Dutch influence in the eighteenth century—the failure of Dutch heroism in war, of Dutch achievements in art and letters, of Dutch ascendency in trade, of Dutch prestige in politics and diplomacy—rather than any changes in the externals of social life.

The explanation Mr. Van Loon finds primarily in the enervating effects of great material prosperity. In the eighteenth century the rich burgher class was mainly intent on investing safely the wealth which their ancestors had accumulated. They wished, above all, to cut their coupons regularly in order to live comfortably without too much exertion. The result was a marked relaxation of moral fibre, a decay of civic virtue, a dearth of heroic characters. And, inasmuch as a great deal of Dutch wealth was invested in France, the fear of offending France resulted at last in the breach with England, which, as Mr. Van Loon thinks, was the chief mistake.

There is much truth in all this; and yet one may well question whether Mr. Van Loon has sufficiently emphasized the fact that both the rise and the fall of Dutch power were inseparably connected with the larger aspects of European politics. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries circumstances, in so far as diplomacy is concerned, were almost all in favor of the Dutch; in the eighteenth almost all against them. One may well doubt whether they could have won independence without the aid of France and England; and certainly in the seventeenth century the exigencies of French and English politics left the Holland merchants a wonderfully free hand in exploiting the East Indies. But in the eighteenth century the Dutch were caught between two fires: their chief political enemy was France, which, nevertheless, they could not afford to offend because so much of their capital was invested there; their chief political friend was England, whose commercial interests in India and America were nevertheless diametrically opposed to their own. Now, the rivalry of France and England was perhaps the most fundamental thing in eighteenth-century diplomacy, and the helplessness of the Dutch, bound to England by the need of protection and to France by the desire for profit, lay precisely in the impossibility of taking sides in the great struggle. And the dilemma was the more perplexing inasmuch as it accentuated the old opposition between the House of Orange and the Regents of Holland; the former was pro-English, the latter were pro-French.

Mr. Van Loon does not fail to exhibit this dilemma, and for the most part he confines himself to explication. But his sympathies are rather with the House of Orange—although he clearly appreciates the contemptible abilities of its representatives—and he is quite of the opinion that the breach with England was the fatal mistake of all, a mistake for which the Dutch paid "with complete political annihilation, and with almost a century of stagnation." Surely, this is to overshoot the mark. The breach with England was only temporary, after all. The Triple Alliance of 1788, one of the great triumphs of Pitt, put the Dutch in a more advantageous position diplomatically than any they had held since the time of the great William; and when "political annihilation" finally came, it came in spite of the effort of England, backed by a European coalition, to prevent it. Apart from the French Revolution, one may say there was little danger to Dutch independence; but with the Revolution, it is difficult to suppose that the result would have been different whatever policy the Dutch Government might have adopted.

Dawn in Darkest Africa. By John H. Harris. With an Introduction by the Right Hon. the Earl of Cromer. With illustrations and a map. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50 net.

To help forward the march of progress in West Central Africa is the object of the author in writing this book. The information in it was gained during missionary work, beginning in 1898, which included extensive journeys, a recent one having been "something like 5,000 miles through the western equatorial regions." Before becoming a missionary he held a responsible position in a leading commercial house in London, and so gained insight into foreign and colonial questions. As Lord Cromer says in his Introduction, he has brought an exceedingly evenly balanced mind to his task and does not confuse the ideal with the practical in his suggested solutions of the problems presented to the African administrator.

He begins with a brief description of the native and his medley of customs, and shows that he is by nature a trader and often a successful farmer. One in Southern Nigeria has developed 200 acres of land so that he "has now a turnover of nearly £20,000 a year." The all-round industry of the woman is so great that "hardly anything comes strange to those deft fingers and muscular arms." Then he treats of the effects of civilization on the African and the white man's burdens in his Government. These can be borne successfully only by having a high class of officials. Here Lord Cromer supports him most emphatically, saying, "I have always held that 75 per cent. of the influence of British officials for good depends on character, and only 25 per cent. on brains." Mr. Harris believes that if the officials should refuse to drink any intoxicating spirits in public for three years, the detestable liquor traffic, with slavery the greatest of West African curses, would decrease by at least one-half. "The natives, rightly led by the press, and the movement supported by the officials and by the ministers of the native churches, would take fire, so to speak, until the drinking of spirits would become 'incorrect form.'"

The embarrassing labor question is discussed at length and attention is called again and again to the fact that slavery still exists in the Portuguese colonies. In regard to the great natural products of the region, rubber, oil palm, and cocoa, he shows that through the ruinous policy of the late King Leopold the supply of rubber in the Belgian Congo is almost exhausted. In the British provinces the cultivation of the cocoa plant is beginning to grip the native mind to such an extent that the exports from Southern Nigeria alone have increased from 288,614 pounds in 1903 to 6,567,181 pounds in 1910. A brief sketch of the progress of missions, with favorable references to the Roman Catholics, and a forecast of the future of West Central Africa, concludes the work.

His suggestions in the last chapter, entitled The Map of Africa Re-arranged, are based on his conviction that the financial burden of caring for the vast

Congo region is too heavy for Belgium to bear, and that the French have practically failed in their rule of the Equatorial African colony, formerly known as the French Congo, because of their following King Leopold's methods of treating the natives. He believes, therefore, that a ray of hope would come to the darkest region of the Dark Continent if the Belgian Upper Congo and the French Congo should be transferred to Germany. This would unite the Cameroons with German East Africa, giving to the empire a great and uninterrupted trans-African colony governed on the right principles. Mr. Harris tells nothing of his own work, but supports his assertions and conclusions often by his own experiences with the natives and from information derived from them. His book is not a personal narrative, then, in any sense, but it might be rightly termed a treatise on the main principles which should guide those who are called to rule a backward and primitive society. It is well illustrated by sixty reproductions of photographs, and has a map of Central and South African colonies with "mother countries" drawn to the same scale.

Godoy: The Queen's Favorite. By Edmund B. D'Auvergne. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

The historical truth about Manuel Godoy is stranger than most fiction. In 1784, as a poor but handsome youth of seventeen, he rode into Madrid from his native province of Estremadura to seek a career. His face and his effrontery were his fortune. Through his brother he became a bandoleer in the Royal Guards. As guardsman he stood duty at the royal palace, attracted the attention of the powerful and passionate queen, Maria Luisa, and became her lover. Through her favor he became the trusted adviser of the stupid king, Charles IV. Then, for nearly twenty years, this provincial upstart ruled the Spanish Empire with a power more absolute than that of the absolute King himself. The strong-willed Queen ruled her husband, and through her favor Godoy ruled the state. But the Queen was many years older than the favorite, and not beautiful. It was not unnatural that Godoy soon fell in love with the charming young Doña Tudó; though he could live with her only in secret, he loved her more deeply and permanently than any one else; and after his downfall he married her in order to legitimize the two children that she had borne him. Meanwhile, however, at the command of the King, he married one of the King's nieces, whom he did not love. The author thinks it probable that the Queen was responsible for this match; she thought her relations to Godoy would be less likely to become a subject of public scandal, and that she should be less worried by jealousy of Godoy's other loves, if he were formally and decorously married to a woman to whom he was indifferent.

The facts of Godoy's life, therefore, are not lacking in interest and historical importance, and they have lost nothing in Mr. D'Auvergne's telling; for he knows how to tell a good story well. He is justified in his "hopes that the book will prove interesting to the general reader." But this is not the only purpose of his biography. "It is an earnest attempt to do tardy justice to a patriotic statesman on whom his countrymen have been too long allowed to lay the blame of their own folly." With this in mind the author has carefully studied Godoy's own memoirs and much of the best modern literature of the subject; he has even dipped into the papers of the Foreign Office for a few reports from English agents in Spain during the Napoleonic period. In his statement of facts he is accurate, but in his interpretation of the facts and in his comments he often goes as far from the truth in one direction as Godoy's detractors have gone in the other. He would have us believe that Godoy always pursued, under the circumstances, the wisest and most successful policy for Spain, and that he was even a match for Napoleon in intrigue. Unfortunately, events proved otherwise. Nearly every move which Spain made under his direction after 1796 brought disaster and disgrace to the royal family and to the Spanish nation. He himself was mobbed, deprived of all his offices and power, and made a miserable wandering exile for more than forty years, until his unnoticed death in 1851. That the author believes Godoy to have been a great and wise statesman may be due to his own idea of the requirements for statesmanship (p. 60): "There is no great mystery or technic in the so-called science of politics; common-sense and a cool, courageous head will enable any man to deal with the problems which diplomatists pretend are almost insoluble."

Notes

Longmans, Green & Co. announce the publication, in parts, of "The Westminster Version of the Sacred Scriptures." The general editors are the Rev. Cuthbert Lattey, S.J., and the Rev. Joseph Keating, S.J. The first named has prepared Part I, "The First and Second Epistles to the Thessalonians," newly translated from the original text, with introduction, critical and explanatory notes, appendices, and map.

The same house will add shortly to the American Citizen series "Organized Democracy," by Frederick A. Cleveland.

The Century Co. issues this week: A new book of short stories, "Murder in Any Degree," by Owen Johnson; Alexander Irvine's tribute to his mother, "My Lady of the Chimney Corner"; Jack London's story of his life, "John Barleycorn," and Robert Haven Schauffler's "Romantic America," with many illustrations.

Four novels appear this week from the press of George H. Doran Co. They are: "Rue and Roses," by Angela Langer; "Because of Jane," by J. E. Buckrose; "A Garden of Spices," by A. Keith-Fraser, and "Rising Dawn," by Harold Begbie.

Early in the autumn the Outing Publishing Co. will bring out: "The Coming of the Law," a novel by Charles Alden Seltzer; "Our Southern Highlanders," by Horace Kephart; "A Year with a Whaler," by W. N. Burns, and two outing handbooks—"Tennis Tactics," by R. D. Little, and "Ice Boating," by H. L. Stone.

The following volumes will be issued by Little, Brown & Co. in a few weeks: "The Double Life of Mr. Alfred Burton," by E. Phillips Oppenheim; "Joan Thursday," a new story of adventure, by Louis Joseph Vance; "The Prince Imperial," a biography of Napoleon III's heir by his tutor, Augustin Filon; "The Tragedy of Mary Stuart," by Henry C. Shelley, and "Wards of the State: An Unofficial View of Prison and the Prisoner," by Tighe Hopkins. In the last-named book the discussion is confined in the main to imprisonment in England at the present time.

A new detective story, "The Insidious Dr. Fu-Manchu," by Sax Rohmer, is in the list of McBride, Nast & Co.

The autumn list of Frederick A. Stokes Co. has, in fiction: "The Soul of Melicent," by James Branch Cabell; "Dave's Daughter," by Patience Bevier Cole; "The Headquarter Recruit, and Other Stories," by Richard Dehan; "A Modern Eve," by May Edginton; "Anne, Actress," by Juliet G. Sager; "The Heart of the Desert," by Honoré Willsie, and editions of Dickens's "Christmas Stories" and "A Christmas Carol."—Miscellaneous: "The Pleasures of Bookland"; "Lord Lister, his Life and Work," by G. T. Wrench; Alfred Noyes's "Collected Poems"; "You Can," by George Matthew Adams; "The Maxims of Noah," by Gelett Burgess; "Japan as I Saw It," by A. H. Exner; "Prince Charlie," by William Power; "Football for Public and Player," by Herbert Reed; "Mary, Queen of Scots," by H. T. Skae, and Oscar Wilde's "The Happy Prince."

Henry Holt & Company have a long list of autumn publications. It includes, In fiction: A new novel by William De Morgan (title not given); "The Garden Without Walls," by Coningsby Dawson; "Making Over Martha," by Julie M. Lippmann; "Mother's Son," by Beulah Marie Dix; "The Dust of the Road," by Marjorie Patterson; "Bransford in Arcadia, or The Little Echippus," by Eugene Manlove Rhodes; "What Happened in the Night, and Other Stories," by James Hopper; "All Men Are Ghosts," by L. P. Jacks; "The Morning's War," by C. E. Montague; "The Yoke of Pity," by Julien Benda, translated by Gilbert Cannan, and "Pity the Poor Blind," by H. H. Bashford.—Gift books: "Hans Anderson's Fairy Tales," illustrated by W. Heath Robinson; "The Home Book of Verse," in two volumes, by Burton E. Stevenson; "Village

Life in America (1852-1872)," third edition enlarged and illustrated by Caroline Cowles Richards, with an introduction by Margaret E. Sangster; William James's "On Some of Life's Ideals," and "The Arabian Nights," edited by Frances Jenkins Olcott, illustrated by Munro Orr.—Economics, government, and sociology: "Social Insurance," by I. M. Rubinow; "National Supremacy: Treaty Power versus State Power," by Edward S. Corwin; "Mercantile Credit," by Prof. J. E. Hagerty; "Marxism vs. Socialism," by V. G. Simkhovitch, and "The Jews of To-day," by Arthur Ruppin.—Miscellaneous: "Ten More Plays of Shakespeare," by Stopford A. Brooke; "Modern English Literature," by G. H. Mair; "The Mastery of Grief," by Bolton Hall; "The World Soul," by H. Fielding-Hall; "Napoleon." by H. A. L. Fisher, and "The Confessions of a Tenderfoot," by Ralph Stock.

We have received from Macmillan a de luxe edition in two volumes of Pater's "Marius the Epicurean." It is beautifully printed in Riccardi type on handsome Riccardi paper, and of the thousand numbered copies struck off two hundred and fifty are reserved for this country. The title-page has been engraved after the design of Mr. Herbert P. Horne. The price is ten dollars, net. In addition, twelve copies have been printed on vellum, of which ten are for sale. The style of this work and the hero's eclectic procedure make a choice edition eminently fitting: "Marius," cheaply printed, would be a distressing spectacle.

"Poems," hy Alice Meynell (Scribner), designated as "The Collected Edition," includes the contents of her two previous volumes, "Preludes" and "Later Poems," and in addition a few after verses hitherto uncollected. As a record of two decades —Mrs. Meynell's first volume was published in 1893—the book is not remarkable for bulk. Nor is it, to be quite truthful, particularly remarkable for range. In her own words Mrs. Meynell may be described as "a poet of one mood," and that a rather subdued one. And the mood is singularly persistent; it is that of her later as of her earlier poems. To judge from the evidence of her poetry itself, her temper is that of a naturally religious spirit in an age of unfaith. Hence the tinge of melancholy, of spiritual homelessness, which characterizes her expression.

But though Mrs. Meynell's verse may be lacking in volume and compass, it does possess a rare distinction of its own. Tenuous it may be, but it is as fine in its way as it is tenuous. To analyze the secret of its spell is difficult; but it lies as much as anything in imparting to its subjects a kind of familiar intimacy, in bringing great and abstract matters closer through the medium of plain and simple associations. In this manner the lofty is not belittled or prettified; it is endowed with a nearness and friendliness and warmth it did not have before. Of this homeliness and familiarity of conception the little poem entitled "The Lady Poverty" is an admirable example:

> The Lady Poverty was fair;
> But she has lost her looks of late,
> With change of times and change of air.
> Ah slattern! she neglects her hair,
> Her gown, her shoes; she keeps no state
> As once when her pure feet were bare.
>
> Or—almost worse, if worse can be—
> She scolds in parlors, dusts and trims,
> Watches and counts. Oh, is this she
> Whom Francis met, whose step was free,
> Who with Obedience carolled hymns,
> In Umbria walked with Chastity?
>
> Where is her ladyhood? Not here,
> Not among modern kinds of men;
> But in the stony fields, where clear
> Through the thin trees the skies appear,
> In delicate spare soil and fen,
> And slender landscape and austere.

The reader's perplexity over the preface to John D. Barry's "Intimations" (Paul Elder) is but deepened by the book itself. For one does not easily see how what the author calls "the controversial method" could be applied in essays on such topics as "To Understand Is to Forgive," "Cleanliness," "The Kindness of the Poor," "Smiling," "Truth," and "Anger." Nor is it obvious how the "more profitable way" which he declares himself to have followed in developing these topics can be said to be "out of fashion." Perhaps the author is here indicating his belief that little or nothing that he has said in these essays could possibly be denied by any intelligent and reasonable human being; which is true enough, but not necessarily a merit, nor an uncommon characteristic of either writing or talk to-day. It is only fair to the book, however, to say that it contains a good deal of shrewd and suggestive comment, enforced by examples that are almost always apt and fresh, and usually drawn from the author's own experience rather than from his reading. The essays, in fact, are not at all hookish, but are distinctly popular, as their first publication in a newspaper, the San Francisco *Bulletin,* might perhaps lead one to expect.

Prof. C. Alphonso Smith's "What Can Literature Do for Me?" (Doubleday, Page) is not a volume of didactic meditations, but consists of information, exhortation, and advice, all for the most part extremely elementary, and evidently addressed to the entirely uninformed but aspiring student. The six chapter headings promise a systematic, if somewhat thin and sentimental, treatment of the educational possibilities of literature. The argument is rarely close, and is often unmindful of the heading under which it is placed. The heading of chapter two declares that literature "can keep before you the vision of the ideal," and that of chapter five notes that "it can show you the glory of the commonplace." Perhaps the fact is lamentable, but it is nevertheless true that neither of these promises is likely to make a very strong appeal in quarters where appeal is most needed. Some of the advice in the book has the same unfortunate quality as these headings. For example, it will hardly prepossess a real student of literature in favor of this book to find a certain remark on page twelve, in the midst of the conventional censure—implied only, to be sure, but obvious—visited upon several editions of the "Ancient Mariner" for giving some information about the poem and its author, "but not a word as to what the poem has in it for you and me, or of you and me." Here is the remark: "The first thing to do is to find yourself in the poem itself"; a remark which the writer proceeds to elaborate at some length. A remark like this is not excusable on the ground that the author is addressing the uninformed and immature; it is in the wrong manner for address to intelligence of any grade. Chapter three, the longest in the book, though rather loose as a whole, contains some really shrewd remarks. The best of these the interested reader may find for himself on pages 119 and 121. There are also some excellent pages in the last chapter, dealing with what Professor Smith calls our dynamic and our static vocabularies, respectively. The first consists of the words of which we are complete masters; the second, of those which we merely understand, but do not use. At the end of the book there is an index of authors mentioned in the text. It contains something more than 150 names.

Any book should be welcome that makes the inner experiences of the man Job real and significant, and from this point of view Mr. James Strahan's "The Book of Job Interpreted" (Scribner) may be warmly commended. Written in popular style, its interpretations are judicious, and the leading religious ideas of the book are set forth clearly and sympathetically. The English reader can hardly find a better guide than Strahan to the understanding of the greatest of the Old-Hebrew poetical works, which ranks at the same time among the greatest religious productions of the ancient world.

Mrs. Sarah Pike Conger, widow of the late American Minister at Peking, has published through F. G. Brown & Co., of Chicago, a little volume of sketches entitled "Old China and Young America," dedicated to her child friends. The stories are of the simplest kind, told with an old-fashioned didacticism sufficient for their audience, but without much saving grace of humor. Mrs. Conger's admiration for the redoubtable Empress Dowager of China seems to have suffered no diminution since the facts of her career have been made public before the world. Her story, she tells the little ones, "portrays a depth of character that he who looks can perceive, who listens can hear its melody, who feels can know its warmth." A tribute like this shows how genuine must have been the old Empress's personal charm, but a true account of her life would be strong meat for babes if given in detail. There is not much in the book besides personal reminiscences and the gossip of interpreters recounted with a credulity that strikes us as astounding in one who lived six years in Peking. One of her anecdotes will bear repeating: Two Russian soldiers were looting the house of a decent Chinese in Peking after the Boxer débâcle, when the owner, unable to save his property, played the Russian national anthem on his flute. To his amazement, the despoilers stopped abashed and left. The householder happened to be a member of Sir Robert Hart's famous "Foreign Band," and had been told that the Russian hymn was a prayer. It served its purpose as a prayer.

"A Gentle Jehu in Japan" (Dodd, Mead), by Ethel McLean, consists of letters written on a three months' trip to Japan, embellished with some colored photographs. They cover a conventional and limited itinerary and are neither sprightly nor informing. We are told that her day's motor ride around the Island of Oahu cost forty dollars, but that "one can make arrangements

through an agency, if one is not particular as to whom one goes with, for six dollars a head." And here is the sort of thing we learn from her in Japan: "Leaving our trunks behind at the hotel, to be sent to the station to meet us as we pass through Kobe on our way back to Kioto, in response to a telegram—which, by the way, worked very satisfactorily—we took a 9:30 train from Sannomiya to Onomichi, arriving at the latter place about 4:30 after a comfortable and extremely pretty ride." There are pages quite as interesting as this, but, since a Jehu connotes horsemanship, why should we not hear of the author's driving anywhere in the book?

Henry Greenleaf Pearson's "James S. Wadsworth of Geneseo" (Scribner) is a well-written piece of biography. As the owner of large estates in the Genesee valley, Wadsworth's intelligent interest in agriculture, and the system of tenant farming which he established, early attracted attention; while his wealth and social position, joined to an extensive acquaintance in England and on the Continent, drew to his hospitable home most travellers of note who visited America during the second quarter of the last century. He entered political life as a Van Buren Democrat, but later joined the Republicans, became a recognized leader of the party in New York, and was strongly supported for a place in Lincoln's Cabinet. At the outbreak of the Civil War he was active in sending to the front supplies for the New York troops. Failing of appointment as major-general, he became an aide to McDowell, and presently a brigadier-general and military governor of Washington, in this latter position distinguishing himself by his interest in the freedmen and his stout resistance to the continued enforcement of the Fugitive Slave law. In 1862 he was nominated for Governor of New York on the Republican-Union ticket, but was defeated by Seymour. After the battle of Gettysburg, where he commanded the First Division of the First Corps, he was sent to the Mississippi valley to investigate the condition and treatment of negroes; then he rejoined the Army of the Potomac, and in May, 1864, was mortally wounded at the Wilderness battle. The account of the unseemly behavior of a drunken Confederate during Wadsworth's last hours, given by Capt. Z. B. Adams, of the Fifty-sixth Massachusetts, and quoted by Mr. Pearson without comment, has lately (New York *Times*, July 20) been denied by the surgeon in charge of the hospital, and apparently needs reëxamination.

The twelfth and thirteenth volumes of the publications of the Irish Texts Society, being the numbers for 1910 and 1911 respectively, have lately been issued. In spite of some irregularity in the appearance of its volumes, the Society has steadily pursued its work and has now brought out a considerable series of documents of literary and historical value. Of those now in hand, volume twelve is an edition by the Rev. J. G. O'Keefe of the story of the "Frenzy of Suibhne" (*Buile Suibhne*), and volume thirteen is a continuation of the Rev. J. C. MacErlean's edition of "The Poems of David O'Bruadair." Father MacErlean's first part was reviewed some time ago in these columns. In the second (to be followed by still another) he includes the poems of O'Bruadair, written between 1667 and 1682. They are of the same general character as those of the earlier period—elegies, epithalamia, and pieces of political satire—and are of interest to the historian as expressing the opinions and sentiments of the Gaelic population of Ireland in the time of the Restoration.

The text edited by Mr. O'Keefe is one of the most curious of Irish tales. It relates the adventures of an Irish King Suibhne (Sweeny) of the seventh century, who, as a result of the curse of St. Ronan, went mad in the battle of Magh Rath. His madness took the peculiar form of levitation, which is mentioned in a number of other Irish stories. He became volatile like a bird, and spent the rest of his days in intermittent flights about the land and periods of wild life in the forest. The situation afforded a fine chance for the fancy of the story-tellers, and the narrative is worked out with much skill in the regular mixed form of prose and verse characteristic of early Irish saga. It is hard to set a definite date for the document, which is written in the artificial Middle Irish literary language that was long maintained in use. Though the manuscripts are all modern, certain references which occur in texts of the Old Irish period prove that the tradition of Suibhne's madness is of ancient origin. There are reasons, nevertheless, for regarding the existing tale as a late literary treatment of the theme rather than as an early popular saga. The editor's work on the text and translation is very competently done, and his introduction is useful as far as it goes. It is to be regretted, however, that Mr. O'Keefe did not supply a fuller discussion of the fundamental element of volatile frenzy. He does not even bring together the other references to such madness in Irish literature; he says nothing of the Scandinavian traditions of flying or leaping maniacs to whom was applied in Old Norse the phrase *vertha at gjalti* (in which the term *gjalti* appears to be derived from the Irish *geilt*); and he makes what is at least a very dubious suggestion in connecting the story of Suibhne with that of Merlin as the Wild Man of the Woods. The wild man in the story of Grisandole, to which Mr. O'Keefe particularly refers, seems to be originally a shape-shifting fairy who comes to separate his wife from a mortal rival. The type is probably represented, more or less completely, in a number of Irish sagas, but we see no sufficient reason for regarding Suibhne as an example of it.

At the time of Padre Luis Coloma's admission to the Real Academia Española, his "Jeromín," which has now been translated by Lady Moreton ("The Story of Don John of Austria"; Lane), was accurately described as an example of a new type of book, half novel and half history. It does great credit to Lady Moreton's frankness and honesty that she prints this significant warning in a prominent paragraph at the beginning of her preface. Provided the reader keeps it clearly and constantly in mind, the present volume will afford him both pleasure and profit. It contrives to string together—without regard either to authenticity or to the question of relevancy to the career of Don John—a large number of the most famous stories and traditions of the Spain of Philip II, unknown, for the most part, to the average English and American reader, but also thoroughly well worth knowing. The introduction of a number of contemporary letters at various points in the text may tempt the unwary to forget the manner of book with which they are dealing, and to treat it as history pure and simple; but if so, it will not be just to blame either author or translator, for both have given fair warning. Let us hope, in conclusion, that Lady Moreton underestimates the intelligence of English readers when she expresses the belief that they are unfamiliar with the fact that an "auto da fe consisted in hearing the sentences pronounced on the prisoners of the Inquisition, not in witnessing their execution, and that in most cases the condemned were garroted before being burnt."

Progress in India is most significantly shown in the present interest in the condition of the "Untouchables," those who are regarded as so debased that the privileges of the Hindu social system and the religious rights of the orthodox classes are denied them. According to the last census they number about eighty millions, or one-sixth of the entire population of the country. This fact has excited so much attention that a book has recently been published in Madras entitled "The Depressed Classes: An Inquiry into their Condition and Suggestions for their Uplift." It is described as a "progressive symposium," and consists of twenty-three articles by well-known writers including the native prince, the Gaekwar of Baroda. Two of the four European contributors are Sir Valentine Chirol and Mrs. Besant. This conviction that something is owed to these "outcasts" and that they have undeveloped mental powers and capacities for usefulness is almost wholly due to the educational work of the missionaries among them. Some of their children have competed successfully in university examinations with Brahmans and other privileged classes, and are to be found occupying positions of honor and responsibility in most departments of the public services, as also in the learned professions of law, medicine, and theology.

Science

TO BETTER THE RACE.

The Task of Social Hygiene. By Havelock Ellis. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.50 net.

At first glance this book may seem to the reader a departure from the topics to which the author has devoted himself. Ellis declares, however, that it has been growing slowly for about twenty-five years and represents the general attitude of his other work with some extension in various directions. In no way is it the outcome of a sudden impulse or based on any popular demand from the extended and extending movement which is now going on and which, we may add, manifests increasingly hysterical tendencies. He purposes to con-

sider selected problems of progress, but with a clear perception that there is no general progress in nature, even the groups that progress paying the price of that progress by some loss. The task of this hygiene is not to make sewers, but to remake love, with the mission of bringing a new joy and a new freedom into life; a serious scheme—to some almost a religion—but a scheme in which every man and every woman will soon be called on to take a share.

The introductory chapter points out that social hygiene is really a development of that social reform of the second quarter of the nineteenth century which came when modern industrialism, grown from small beginnings in the previous century, began to manifest conditions subversive of individuality. This reform cleaned up cities and policed them, regulated conditions of work, developed national education, and finally began to safeguard the child and to extend the guardianship to the prospective mother. In such an outline Ellis obviously has English conditions more clearly in mind; but the outline will serve. The characteristic feature of the movement is that for the most part it dealt with an improvement of the conditions of life, concerning itself little or not at all with quantity or quality. As the movement has gone on quite a different feature has been added, or at least has come to the fore: the sense of social responsibility, now growing into a sense of racial responsibility. Thus it is that we have come to have a widespread interest in eugenics in the sense of a really scientific study of the influences which make for the betterment of the race and the conscious and deliberate application of our knowledge of these influences, which is a very different programme from that of some over-zealous eugenists. Some forms of eugenics are really of great age, but Ellis holds that Campanella, three centuries ago, was the real prophet of the science, without, however, for a moment wishing to depreciate the importance of Galton's share in arousing an indifferent public. Galton clearly understood that human breeding can never be carried on in the same way as animal breeding. He recognized that man needs knowledge, not legislation. Animals may be bred from the outside, compulsorily; but in the case of man, intelligence and will must work together and with a sense of responsibility. The problem of the race has become one of quality, aggeneration rather than regeneration, since this involves the idea of a previous degeneration which for the race is not really in evidence. Families come and go, aristocracies arise and then fall, but these are in themselves no distinct indication of racial decadence. There is perpetual social regeneration. "The world is forever dying. The world is also forever bursting with life." The diminishing birth-rate has no terrors for him, as he shows at length in a later chapter.

After this introduction come eleven chapters enlarging upon these questions and touching upon other matters related to the general subject. Considerable space is given to the woman question, which is held to be largely one with eugenics, since the breeding of man is to so great an extent in the hands of women. A portion of this is a simple reprint of a magazine article twenty-five years old. Here, in considering the development of the movement, the suggestion is made that its modern advocates may well take Mary Wollstonecraft for a model as to genuine insight concerning questions of the social condition of women. In the next chapter, on the newer aspects of the movement, there is some repetition, but this is more than redeemed by an account of the growth of the woman question in Germany and in some other parts of Europe. The suffragette outburst is more or less condoned, or even thought to be good in awakening an interest in the movement in those who had not thought about it before. Of course, this was written before the recent manifestations which may well awaken doubts as to the ability of women to handle public affairs. This is an important practical outcome of the movement, and involves questions the seriousness of which does not seem to appeal to our author. No doubts trouble him in his advocacy because he looks upon suffrage as merely incidental and has no fears that women by gaining the freedom they seek will spoil their position. The sexual instinct, he is sure, may be trusted to keep the halo bright even amid the disenchantment of co-education, and the independence of women will restore to sexual selection its due weight in human development. On the other hand, it is foolish to exaggerate the expectations of great things merely because they are new, and to talk of a new heaven and a new earth when it possibly may prove to be merely a new purgatory and a new hell. The real gain, he thinks, will be that woman becomes an independent factor in the racial uplift—and as to romantic love, to which an entertaining section is devoted, it is declared probable that true romantic love is yet to come. The growth of its ideals must be based on facts carefully gathered and considered, and ought to be no longer hampered by an utterly mistaken comparison with animal breeding.

The waning interest in family history, inferred from the disappearance of the family Bible, furnishes the text for a discussion of records and their keeping that there may be information necessary to permit forecasts as to the probable character of offspring. We feel pretty sure that this will prove to be the greatest problem in the eugenistic programme and are skeptical of the solution given here; in fact, we doubt if Ellis quite fully appreciates the difficulty. The eugenic ideal can be established only by a gradual absorption, and when effective will act unconsciously.

Coming to the education of the child, Ellis points out that here we deal with an uncompromising rationalist and realist who accepts only what answers his needs. The usual religious teaching has little value, and early piety is almost certainly pathological. As to sex hygiene, the teaching has been and still is unqualifiedly bad. Ancient half-truths are taught dogmatically. The teaching has been bad because partial; it remains bad because there are no qualified teachers, not even the parents having the proper knowledge or fitness. The obvious inference that it might be well to begin at the top and educate downwards does not seem to be drawn, but stress is laid upon the dangers involved and the desirability of taking time in these matters and going slowly, small comfort to some enthusiasts on this side the ocean who wish to do things, and that overnight. And in the next chapter, in a very helpful consideration of the futility of expecting a regulation of general morality by rigid laws and hasty legislation, short cuts to the millennium, the point is well made again that training in sex hygiene will accomplish little if there go with it no training in moral responsibility.

The remaining chapters deal with questions which are a little more remote, and the discussion of them, although highly entertaining, calls for less comment. First comes the removal of war, the war against war, and Ellis points out at length the conditions which in time may bring this about, but he reminds the reader that, even if some union of the greater nations should be made to this end, there will always be the possibility of war behind it all, that *ultima ratio* concerning which men otherwise as far apart in time and thought as William Penn and Jules de Gaulthier are in accord. The possibility of an international language is considered at some length, with an admirable summary of the efforts thus far made. The philologists would probably complain that their side of the problem gets no adequate statement. Although to Ellis there is no longer any probability that English will become the world language, he urges that if that did happen it would be a great detriment to English people, because they would then have but one language and no sort of compulsion to learn another, a condition which leads to degeneracy, the defect of the English mind being its insularity. He might have added that the American mind from this point of

view is even more insular. The final chapter deals with Individualism and Socialism and deserves attention particularly from those that are taking a first plunge into the deeper waters of Socialism. To be brief, Ellis holds out that after all in their modern forms these are largely matters of temperament, and in practice are by no means so far apart as the leaders and shouters would have us believe. Socialists and individualists are born, not made, and the common man is both without any practical difficulty. "No one needs Individualism in his water supply, and no one needs Socialism in his religion," and, as Ellis has elsewhere pointed out, marriage is individualistic and the concern of individuals, but procreation is very much the concern of society.

"Intensive Farming," by L. C. Corbett; "Pigeon Raising," by Alice MacLeod, and "Taxidermy," by L. L. Pray, are forthcoming additions to the Outing Publishing Co.'s Handbooks.

Forthcoming publications of McBride, Nast & Co. include: "Practical Tree Repair," by Elbert Peets; "Making Fences, Walls and Hedges," by F. C. Hallard; "Making Built-in Furniture," by Abbott McClure, and "The Lighting Book," by F. Laurent Godinez.

The following are science books in Holt's autumn list: "The Wonder of Life," by Prof. J. Arthur Thomson; "The Living Plant," by Prof. William F. Ganong; "Science from an Easy Chair," by Sir E. Ray Lankester, and "Popular Botany," by A. E. Knight and Edward Step, 2 vols.

"The Adventures of an Elephant Hunter" (Macmillan), by James Sutherland, is the narrative neither of a sportsman nor a scientist, but of one whose primary aim was the money value of the tusks of the elephants slain. If this imparts to the book something of the odor of the shambles, it is nevertheless true that the author gives a very interesting presentation of certain features of African jungle life, with which his serious business has brought him into close and prolonged contact. Against sportsmen who are dull in their perception of the ethical requirements of sport, Mr. Sutherland occasionally defends his own position with some spirit. For instance, "When an old hunter chances, in his reading, to come across an account of three white men all helping each other to kill one poor lion, he feels his gorge rise, and, after making every possible allowance for the state of modern civilized nerves, is disgusted to think that such a wretched farce should masquerade under the name of sport." He does not agree with the view that big game in Africa is in process of rapid extermination. Taking into consideration the many game reservations in the Congo State, in German, Portuguese, and British East Africa, and Uganda, the thousands of square miles of uninhabited territory in different places where the hunter rarely appears, and the recent promulgation of laws for the protection of big game by all civilized countries having African possessions, he predicts a decided increase in the numbers of such game. Such an outcome he regards as a serious calamity, since the tse-tse fly, so deadly to domestic animals, follows the big game, breeds in its droppings, and varies with its increase or diminution, thus materially affecting the possibility of successful colonization by Europeans. "The matter reduces itself to the simple question—is Africa going to serve as a colony for surplus European populations, or as a collection of big game preserves?" Possibly modern science and the intelligent conservationist may be able to avoid so harsh an alternative. The author has for many years maintained his health and spirits in the jungle with a success for which his specific is, a fundamentally sound physical constitution, ability to get along without the "good things" of this life, a mental balance that can withstand moral temptation in its worst form, and that equable temperament which refuses to be worried by the petty disappointments and discomforts of a pioneer's life. Mr. Sutherland adds to his other qualities something of the sly humorist, as when he puts into the mouths of his native trackers language of a complicated sentence structure and sesquipedalian diction sufficient to set a civilized listener to looking over their scanty clothing for a Phi Beta Kappa key.

Music

As the Verdi centenary approaches, all Italy is preparing to honor her greatest master. Milan, the country's musical metropolis, will have not only a series of Verdi performances, but a parade, on October 10, in which Italy's leading musical organizations will be represented, and many eminent artists will march personally. The parade will stop at Verdi's tomb, in the Casa di Riposo per Musicisti.

Professor Humperdinck is engaged on the orchestration of a new work for the stage which, it is announced, will surely be produced before the end of the year. It is not stated whether it is an opera or a play with incidental music. The text is by Robert Misch, and Adolph Fürstner in Berlin is the publisher. The hero of the work is Field-Marshal Blücher.

Dittersdorf in his day was accounted a greater man than Mozart. To-day his name is known only to students of the history of music. An orchestral serenade composed by him was played at a concert of ancient music in Baden-Baden last month. The programme included also a symphony in D major by Haydn, which had never before been played in public. The manuscript came from Prince Fürstenberg's library at Donaueschingen.

"MacDowell's music makes an appeal to the American public that nothing else does," says the Chicago pianist, Harold Henry, in *Musical America*. He is particularly enthusiastic about the "Keltic" sonata. He has played the MacDowell sonatas in his recitals through the Middle West, and has found that even in communities which were not particularly devoted to music, the works of America's foremost composer are always received with enthusiasm.

More and more the conviction is gaining ground that, while music is often a blessing, it is quite as often, if not oftener, a plague. A plague it certainly is in restaurants, and between the acts in theatres, and on the streets, which surely are quite noisy enough without bands or organ-grinders. As regards summer resorts, a writer in the *Frankfurter Zeitung* complains that bands have become a great nuisance at the famous "Kurorte," to which tens of thousands resort for rest and recuperation. Not only is it no longer possible to eat, or to read a newspaper, or to chat in peace, but one cannot any longer take a walk in the woods without being molested; for, with diabolical ingenuity, band-stands have been erected in the most romantic and formerly secluded spots, and often they are so close together that one can hear simultaneously two bands playing different pieces. For most patients bird song and the voices of forest trees would be infinitely more agreeable and soothing than the band music; wherefore, the writer referred to implores the physicians, whose word is law, to banish the bands altogether, or, at least, to restrict their activity.

The Austrian dramatic soprano, Lucy Weidt has been engaged to sing the part of Kundry at the production of Wagner's "Parsifal" in Milan on January 1, 1914.

Probably no feature of the past musical season abroad attracted more admiring attention than the series of concerts Ossip Gabrilowitsch gave in some of the cities of Germany. Since Rubinstein's historic concerts, nothing quite so big had been undertaken. What this other Russian pianist did was to illustrate in six concerts the development of the pianoforte concerto from Bach to the present day. Besides Bach, his list included Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Schumann, Weber, Rubinstein, Liszt, Tchaikovsky, Brahms, Saint-Saëns, Rachmaninoff. In addition to playing these pieces, Mr. Gabrilowitsch also appeared as conductor of some of the works on the programmes. In both capacities he got glowing tributes from the critics of the leading newspapers of Berlin, Munich, Dresden, and other cities. One of the epithets bestowed on him was: "the most many-sided of living pianists."

Paderewski's piano concerto will be played in this country next season by Katherine Goodson, who has been at Morges this summer to get his ideas as to its interpretation. The neglect of this work by concert pianists has been a detriment to themselves, as well as to the public, for it is one of the most inspired and genuinely pianistic works of its kind. Mme. Goodson's revival of it will probably lead to its general adoption by the professional concert-givers.

Arthur Nikisch, after receiving ovations in London as conductor of the Wagner operas at Covent Garden, returned to Berlin to arrange the Philharmonic concert programmes for next season. Among the novelties he intends to conduct are a sinfonietta by E. W. Korngold, Richard Strauss's "Festliches Praeludium," Georg Schumann's Variations on the choral "Wer nur den lieben Gott lässt walten," and a symphony by Heinrich Zöllner, presumably

the third, in D minor (opus 130), which is to be printed in Bremen this month, and the first performance of which will be at a Gurzenich concert in Cologne. Professor Niklsch has also placed on his list Strauss's "Domestica," Elgar's "Cockaigne" overture, and a serenade by Dvorák.

One-act operas are to be the fashion in Italy next season. Puccini, Mascagni, Leoncavallo, Giordano, Franchetti, and others are said to be at work on them. Concerning Puccini's, it is reported in Italian journals that its name will be "Il Tabarro," and that it is based on a French play by Gold—a play which evidently took "Cavalleria" and "Pagliacci" for models. It is "verism" at its worst. The mantle, after which the opera is named, belongs to a fisherman who folds it about his wife's lover, after murdering him on a boat; and when the wife comes to embrace him, he removes the mantle, and bids her embrace the corpse.

Art

GASTON LA TOUCHE.

PARIS, July 15.

A painter has died whose work was purely for the pleasure of the eye and of the imagination, which is the mind's eye. Before our late painters began putting doctrines into their work, his painting would have been accepted with no after-thought as Art.

> But the Devil whoops as he whooped of old:
> It's clever, but is it art?

The painting of Gaston La Touche is art, negatively and positively. It is a rebirth of Watteau when Watteau's world is forever dead; but La Touche has seen it through magic casements where his winged fancy has been let loose to roam. His friend Rostand describes such art in verses like itself, written for a catalogue of La Touche's work five years ago:

> 'Tis a dream and holiday
> Fairer far than we can say.
> A Court carriage here he brushes,
> Mirrored in a fording place;
> And its red reflection rushes
> Exploding o'er the water's face—
> An umbelliferous fusee
> Such as he can make us see.
> And he hangs his lamps of gold
> To the blue of the forest old,
> While higher far than we can handle
> Up he sends his Roman candle.

There is all this and much more in the art of Gaston La Touche. With all apology to the poet for the translation of his lines, his poetry does for the imagination what the painter's colors do. Cyrano with echoes of real loves and battles, and La Touche's ladies and gallants from a still more real Versailles, have alike been planted by their artists

> Amid a world how different from this!

The painter's slumberous yellows, for which he has been criticised, do but add the gleam,

> The light that never was on sea or land.

And so we might go on from Keats to Wordsworth, capping verses to express the sane heart's gratitude, in the present drought of school-mastering science and in grooves of change down which the world now spins to machine music, for these visions of fresh life—

> Beside a sea that could not cease to smile,
> On tranquil land, beneath a sky of bliss.

So long as art ranges from puzzles to physiology, no insistence can be too great on the salutary fact that an artist has been found in Gaston La Touche who painted for pleasure—his own first, and the beholder's afterward. And all his art was in the pleasant land where he was born.

This was at Saint-Cloud. He was sixteen years old when the German invasion came to burn and destroy the palace in which the Second Empire had shown him an authentic imitation of Versailles just beyond, with its shadows of grand ladies and gentlemen leading their lives of lasting ease among the trees and statues and fountains of the glorious park. The vision got into his head and it would never out. In vain his family struggled against such a vocation.

First, he would paint. He found his way to Manet, who was the terror of art authorities of that day, and, to tell the truth, is answerable for much of the Art Terror which is imposed on our suffering eyes to-day. From him the untrained youth learned never to admit to his palette any pigment of bituminous black—and he has never done so. Then he found his way across the forest to the engraver Bracquemond, who made him see the necessity of line-drawing, which new Art vituperates like the fox who cried that the grapes were sour. Gaston La Touche was all his life a believer, and he recognized when his colors ran ahead of his drawing. To a critic who made the remark, he sent half his visiting card with the words scribbled on it: "Half thanks for half a compliment."

He found out for himself the sunny capabilities of water colors; and his solitary, unpatronized hard work forced a way for him into the high and dry official Salons. In 1884, at thirty, he won a third medal and a second four years later, and the silver medal—never quite the highest official honor—at the Paris Exposition of 1889. Next year he joined the secession of the Champ de Mars which is now the semi-official Société Nationale. He lived to see himself elected president of its painting section—a supreme honor.

To tell the truth, Gaston La Touche's life was solitary like his art. A loving wife stood between him and the petty cares and annoyances of life; and he found among his children a little world of content. Then he had fit friends, though few. Among them was Walter Gay, an American painter who in far-off ways resembled him most. Both lived and loved amid past glories of Versailles—Walter Gay in painting faithfully interiors whence the student of artistic furniture and decoration may learn the details of art styles; and La Touche in peopling the Grand Monarch's park with "shapes that haunt Thought's wildernesses."

Swans mingle with court ladies bathing in marble pools; and fauns and satyrs with cloven hoof grin through foliage resplendent in alternate sheen and shadow. The gold of autumn leaves strews bosky nooks. In the real lives, as we know, there were tragedy and hate; but the painter has doubly distilled all into fair comedy and love. What is the use of remembrance and history, if we cannot draw from it romance that has abandoned our own gray world? When wrangling artists who insist sourly on painting only what they see shall be forgotten, Gaston La Touche will still find mortals to gaze on his pictures with delight—because he has painted what he did not see in Saint-Cloud of to-day.

With his sunny play of imagination, there went a great air of distinction—something so wanting to most painters of to-day. It was also in his own retiring manner and in his confidence, when it had been won. It was not a family inheritance, for he, too, was of the people. Perhaps, the aura of royal days, without their petty shadows, floats over all this region. Edmund Spenser had another such imagination when he sang of sweet Thames, running softly.

Gaston La Touche, in like wise, a flock of nymphs chanced to espy among the swans of Versailles's waters. He was not of the new cosmopolitan France from which art and poesy have long been swiftly fleeing, but a true heir of its past ages, of which he painted present visions. He has died a comparatively young man, not yet sixty; but his art was perennially young. He said of himself:

> Painting was always my fixed idea. My parents held out against it, and I am thankful to them for it—for their opposition only anchored me more firmly to my preference. I needed to draw just as one needs to eat and drink. S. D.

Miss Elsie de Wolfe has put into a book the chronicle of her experiences as interior decorator. It will bear the title, "The House in Good Taste," and will be published by the Century Co.

Among the art books announced by McBride, Nast & Co. are "House Furnishing and Decoration," by Abbot McClure and H. D. Eberlein; "Symbolism in Architecture," by Arthur H. Collins, and "A History of English Glass Painting," by Maurice Drake.

Elizabeth Haig, in "Floral Symbolism of the Great Masters" (Dutton, Illustrated),

has chosen an attractive theme, and has carried out her task with considerable diligence and enthusiasm. Besides the flowers of symbolic meaning—chiefly the lily, the rose, the carnation, and violet—the palm is treated, and also the symbolism of fruit. Perhaps the most interesting features of the symbolistic process are the extension of the use of the lily, to signify purity, and the consecration of the rose, Venus's flower, to indicate celestial love. The cucumber, which appears so often in pictures of the early Paduan school, is interpreted as Jonah's gourd, the symbol of death and resurrection. A study of Gentile da Fabriano's pictures, particularly on the flower-decked frame of the great Adoration, would have supplied our author with excellent examples. In general, one may cavil only at an unnecessary profusion of misprints and at a few misleading statements. That Siena, the City of the Virgin, preferred the cult of the Christ Child to that of his Mother needs demonstration. Schöngauer's prints are erroneously called drawings. Botticelli's Santo Spirito altar-piece is not lost, but is a chief ornament of the Berlin Gallery. The best modern opinion accepts Giotto's authorship of the Dante portrait in the Bargello. The Virgin's Adoration of the Child is not of fifteenth century invention, but may be traced far back into the fourteenth. It is drawn from the "Meditations" ascribed to St. Bonaventura. Such minor corrections could be multiplied, but it is enough to say that this unpretentious essay is interesting to read and adequate as a popular presentation of the theme.

David C. Preyer, art critic, met his death in New York on Tuesday by falling from a window of his apartment. He was sixty years old and a native of Holland. Besides articles contributed to the publications of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in which institution he was actively interested, he wrote books on works in foreign museums. It is said that he had visited every important museum in the world.

Finance

FORTUNES AND MISFORTUNES OF THE HARVESTS.

Not often has the outcome of the great agricultural harvests of the United States been awaited with greater interest than this year, and not often has the result, as thus far indicated, promised contrasts so remarkable. The Department of Agriculture's monthly estimate, on the condition and promise of the various grain crops, was published last Friday afternoon. Comparison of its report with that of a month before was certain to give a broad view of what had happened to the crops, for good or ill, during July. That month, as it happened, was a period when prolonged and severe drought in the Southwestern corn belt beyond the Mississippi, was known to have injured the corn crop very seriously, but when, at the same time, the harvesting of the winter-sown wheat crop and the growth of the spring-sown wheat were known to have progressed most favorably.

Summed up, the report cut down the corn crop's "average condition" as compared with the opening of July, by 11 per cent. It showed a loss of 299,000,000 bushels for the country from expectations of a month ago; a shrinkage of almost exactly 10 per cent. The estimated loss in Kansas—98,000,000 bushels—is sensational; it amounts virtually to a crop failure, the condition being only 30 per cent. of normal, and the indicated yield only 62,000,000, as against 174,000,000 last year. But the Government report also showed winter wheat to be an absolute high record. It raised the estimate on winter wheat 27,000,000 bushels above the June forecast, and increased the spring wheat estimate 15,000,000. The indicated total wheat crop is only 4,000,000 bushels under the record-breaking harvest of 1901. In particular, the three soft winter wheat States—Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio—whose wheat crop failed last year, have raised 86,000,000 bushels more than they then produced, and have harvested a normal crop.

The unpleasant fact in regard to the corn crop is that last Friday's Government estimate, large as is the reduction in the crop's condition from a month ago, does not by any means represent the full measure of damage done. The Government based its estimate on returns sent in at the close of July; but the fierce heat and drought have continued, especially in Kansas, Nebraska, and Oklahoma, ever since, and the damage has necessarily been progressive. The grain trade believes that, if the actual present status were translated into figures, the condition percentage would be 5 to 10 points below the Government's; some private estimates of this week have figured up total loss of 300,000,000 bushels thus far in August, on top of July's 299,000,000 loss.

If we take the Department figures as they stand, the showing is not so disastrous. The Department's actual estimate of the country's probable yield of corn, though falling 450,000,000 bushels below the record-breaking harvest of 1912, nevertheless exceeded the final yield of such other recent years as 1911, 1909, 1908, and 1907. But all these comparisons were necessarily superseded by the fact that the destructive drought and heat, in the Southwestern corn States, continued uninterruptedly up to the present week. Therefore the question came up for fair consideration, what was to be the bearing of this agricultural misfortune on the industrial welfare of the country as a whole, this coming twelvemonth.

The famous years of "corn crop shortage" have left a somewhat varied record. The older generation would remember, as possibly the most calamitous of all, the year 1881, when the country's corn yield decreased half a billion bushels, to by far the lowest figure since the railways had brought the trans-Missouri corn fields into close touch with Eastern markets. It was so, however, because the drought which burned up the country's corn destroyed a great part of its other crops as well. The year's wheat output of the United States dropped off a hundred million bushels; its cotton crop was hurt. A blow was dealt to the extravagant Stock Exchange speculation of the period, and to general business.

For a quite different reason, the still more famous corn crop shortage of 1894 was long remembered. It came in an unlucky year. The country was just emerging from a great financial panic; it was confronted with widespread insolvency of firms and corporations, and with a labor uprising which went so far as to seize almost the entire transportation facilities of Chicago. Under such circumstances, the 400,000,000-bushel loss in corn seemed like a finishing stroke to all prospects of revival, even though the year's harvest of other crops was fair.

There is left, in the list for the past three or four decades, the "corn crop failure" of 1901. The most singular fact about that event is that people seldom recall or think of it—this notwithstanding that the actual shrinkage, from the by no means "bumper" yield of the preceding year, was greater than that of either 1894 or 1881. The reason for this attitude towards that latest sweeping corn crop disaster lay no doubt partly in the fact that surrounding and visible prosperity was so great as to obscure the incident. Prosperity did in fact continue after 1901, on an extensive scale. But economic students would probably give another answer to the question why the shortage in corn, that year, was felt so little.

Except for that one crop, it was a year of "bumper harvests." The country's wheat yield then touched the maximum of our history, before or since; the cotton crop ran close to the previous maximum. In other words, the agricultural outcome, taken as a whole, was such as to leave the failure of the corn crop a minor event of an undoubtedly prosperous twelvemonth.

Perhaps the greatest interest in these three comparisons lies in the fact that, even granting far more disastrous results to the corn harvest than were indicated in last week's Government report, the harvested winter wheat crop and the present promise for spring wheat and cotton are repeating the story of 1901. It is a case, in other words, for the balancing of unexpectedly good agricultural results against the unexpectedly bad. Even the Stock Exchange has not yet interpreted the news from the corn belt as a formidable obstacle to the progress of financial recovery.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Allen, P. S. Opus Epistolarum Des Erasmi Roterodami. Tom. III, 1517-19. Oxford University Press.

Beddoe, D. M. The Lost Mameluke: A Tale of Egypt. Dutton. $1.35 net.

Begbie, Harold. Rising Dawn. Doran. $1.25 net.

Bradshaw's Through Routes to the Chief Cities and Bathing and Health Resorts of the World. New edition. London: Blacklock & Co.

Buckrose, J. E. Because of Jane. Doran. $1.25 net.

Cook, E. A. Christian Faith for Men of To-day. University of Chicago Press. $1.25 net.

Craig, Austin. Lineage, Life, and Labors of José Rizal, Philippine Patriot. Yonkers, N. Y.: World Book Co. $2.50.

Fraser, A. K. A Garden of Spices. Doran. $1.25 net.

Hague, W. G. The Eugenic Mother and Baby. Chicago: Hague Pub. Co.

Hirst, F. W. The Six Panics, and Other Essays. London: Methuen.

Jones, J. M. A Welsh Grammar. Oxford University Press.

Judson, F. N. The Judiciary and the People. New Haven: Yale Univ. Press. $1.35 net.

Langer, Angela. Rue and Roses. Doran. $1.25 net.

Marvin, F. S. The Living Past: a Sketch of Western Progress. Oxford University Press.

Minnesota Academy of Social Sciences. Papers and Proceedings of the Sixth Annual Meeting.

Montgomery, Louise. The American Girl in the Stockyards District. Univ. of Chicago Press.

Newbigin, M. I. Animal Geography. Oxford Univ. Press.

Regesta Regum Anglo-Normannorum, 1066-1154. Vol. I, Regesta Willelmi Conquestoris et Willelmi Rufi, 1066-1100, edited with intro., notes, and indexes, by H. W. C. Davis. Oxford Univ. Press.

Rosett, J. The Quandary: A Play in Three Acts. Baltimore: Phœnix Press.

Southall, J. P. C. The Principles and Methods of Geometrical Optics. Second edition. Macmillan. $5.50 net.

Plaisted, L. L. Handwork and its Place in Early Education. Oxford Univ. Press.

Phillips, U. B. The Life of Robert Toombs. Macmillan. $2 net.

Phillips, H. A. Art in Short Story Narration. Larchmont, N. Y.: Stanhope-Dodge Pub. Co. $1.50.

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The Week

Occurrences in Washington have served to bring out again in a strong light the glaring defects of the Senate as a body for the dispatch of public business. On Thursday of last week Senator Simmons, in behalf of the Democratic majority, sought to get the Republicans to agree to take a vote on the tariff bill at a day fixed. Consent was refused. And there is no way, under the Senate rules, by which this or any other contested bill can be brought to a vote, so long as a single Senator objects and is prepared to take and hold the floor against it. If Senator La Follette insists upon speaking for a week, there is no power in the Senate to stop him, even though all its members and the whole country are infinitely weary and disgusted. Yet this admission and perpetuation of futility and impotence are supposed to be consonant with the dignity of "the most august assembly on earth"! Thoughtful Senators know that this cannot go on. The Senate must show that it can be a reasonably prompt and business-like body, under its existing rules, or else those rules will have to be changed. The theory of the present system was that a house of Congress in which business can be transacted virtually by unanimous consent alone would always be made up of fair-minded gentlemen. But if a handful of prejudiced and unscrupulous men have got their clutch on the throat of the Senate, it is perfectly obvious that the old theory has broken down.

When the Attorney-General of the United States made his reply to the Senate inquiry concerning espionage upon Federal judges, and attempts by the Government to influence their decision in certain cases, the matter was discussed only briefly. Mr. McReynolds denied that there had been any investigation of judges by secret agents of the Department of Justice, except in the two or three instances where charges had been filed, and where it was desirable to have them looked into. One of those judges was Archbald, afterwards impeached. To this form of espionage nobody objects. But if what Senator Borah alleged, on his official responsibility, is true, there has been a far graver interference with the courts by Federal authorities:

> I have no doubt of the fact myself that for the last several years there has been such action upon the part of the department, through special agents and otherwise, as was calculated to influence judges in their decisions and in their conduct where the Government was interested. In different ways and by different methods other than by the usual practice, judges are given to understand the views of the Government as to what the law is and what the decision should be, and in different ways and by different methods judges are relieved and others whose views of the law are more satisfactory are substituted.

The Attorney-General specifically denied having knowledge of anything of this kind, and it is nowhere asserted that the present Administration has been guilty of it. If Senator Borah can show that Roosevelt was or Taft was, it will be a public duty for him to do so when the matter comes again before the Senate.

With mixed feelings sober-minded people of New York read that the Assembly had voted articles of impeachment of Gov. Sulzer. Impeachment is the final high recourse of the representatives of the people. It is a weapon which should be seized only in dire need, and never should be grasped by hands not themselves clean. It is staggering to think of this great instrument of the Constitution, laid up with awe, as it were, for use against corruption or oppression, employed by men notoriously corrupt to glut their vengeance. Whatever the faults and follies of William Sulzer, he might have steeped himself in corruption, for all that Tammany would have cared, had he been willing to do in all respects as he was bid by Murphy. The trial must now go on; and it is a satisfaction to believe that, whatever the enmities or malice entering into the framing and voting of the articles of impeachment, they will be argued before a tribunal which may be expected to do serene and impartial justice. We shall realize now the value of the Constitutional provision that the Judges of the Court of Appeals are to sit with the Senate when cases of impeachment are tried.

Meanwhile the political downfall of Gov. Sulzer is one of the most wholesome things that have occurred in this generation. Whatever the result of his impeachment, he is ruined as a public man. In this fact there is a certain consolation, not so much because it will be a terror to evil-doers, as because it will be a reminder to muddled thinkers. Since last October William Sulzer has been the occasion of an enormous amount of intellectual obfuscation on the part of many people ordinarily clear-eyed. Despite the warning of the proverb, they thought it possible to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. Sulzer's public career was perfectly well known. That he was a cheap man, of a vanity so colossal as to be a joke, a charlatan, a shallow-pate — all this was as well known as anything can be known in politics. It was not suspected generally that he was not straight, but the fact that he was a flighty and insincere and untrustworthy man he himself had demonstrated in a thousand ways. Yet merely because he chanced to be nominated and elected Governor of New York, we were assured by men whose sanity had never been called in question that Sulzer had suffered a sea-change and was no longer the man everybody had known him to be. We fancy that some of these rash endorsers of Gov. Sulzer would now give anything to recall their words. It is possible that even President Wilson might be glad to expunge his statement of last October, in which he spoke of Sulzer's nomination as that of "a man whose reputation for integrity and independence is unquestionable, a man of high principle, devoted to the public interest."

As the devil can quote Scripture to his own ends, so the voting-machine scandal in Chicago shows that corruption may avail itself of reform measures. The city's million-dollar purchase was not only declared honest at the time, but welcomed as a step towards purer elections. Now it seems probable that it was neither. Suspicion that the price paid was exorbitant is followed by alle-

gations that the manufacturers offered, and newspaper men accepted, bribes for the support of the contract, and proof that the machine may actually facilitate fraud. Exhaustive tests show that by a slight manipulation a particular candidate or party will receive an ostensible majority, and not a vestige of evidence will be left. Whether the manufacturers of such devices are required to guarantee honest election officials may be doubted. At any rate, for a city to pay huge sums, involving apparent peculations, for the means of corrupting its own elections, is something to have left even Hogarth's electioneers wondering. It is to be hoped that between ex-Gov. Deneen's energetic investigation and a rather unsavory newspaper feud, the whole truth may be brought to light.

To indict a whole nation is impossible, but to indict an entire press is easy—in Chicago. Promising to "wage a fight on the venal newspapers to the end of the campaign," Commodore W. H. Thompson, "one of the deepseagoingest men" that ever signed checks on the bridge of the Chicago Yacht Club, recently announced himself for Mayor before the Lorimer Republican Club. "The mentioning of my name," he is reported as saying at a dry-land picnic, "means a bitter political battle between the people and the crooked Trust press." The Lorimerites have long breathed the asides of a heavy stage villain concerning the Chicago newspapers. But note the difference in the real Tartarin. Two days later, the Commodore mailed to the venal Trust press nine columns of water-carnival press-agent matter. "The Associated Yacht Clubs offer all these articles for publication," he remarked; "the coöperation of the press is required to make Chicago's second water carnival a success." Nor was he treated resentfully. "The newspapers are doomed, of course," said the *Record-Herald*. "But can't we save the naval pageant? Can't the Yacht Club's Mr. Thompson prevail on the Lorimer Club's Mr. Thompson to postpone their destruction until after the water carnival?"

Smashing the Democratic machine in Baltimore is a job that is seldom undertaken seriously, but the new primary law has stirred the progressive members of the party to renewed efforts. The provision that any candidate may have the ballot-boxes opened and the ballots recounted is relied upon to insure a fair count in the first place. Then, although not much is said about it, the character of the national Administration must have some effect upon the situation. At all events, the Progressive Democratic Organization is planning a fight for control of the party machinery. To this end it has obtained the nomination of candidates for the State Central Committee in each of the four legislative districts in Baltimore City. It further intends to name a full legislative ticket in these districts. The magnitude of the task before it, however, is shown by the fact that this organization does not think it advisable to enter the lists for sheriff, judge, clerk of courts, or Congressman. It will have candidates for delegates to the State Convention in all of the city districts, and be quite satisfied to win places on the State Committee and in the Legislature. As usual, the financial sinews of war are mainly on the side of the existing organization.

The noteworthy thing about the new charter adopted by Dayton, O., is its break with the theory of commission government as it has been understood hitherto. For Dayton, while declaring by a vote of two to one in favor of a commission, declares at the same time for that separation of legislative and executive functions which has been decried by advocates of commission government as a relic of an outworn system. Dayton's commission will do what any city council does, pass ordinances. Its Mayor will have the honor of being the "political head" of the city, and of presiding at commission meetings. But the man who will loom large in the city government will be the "city manager." Appointed by the so-called Mayor, dependent for his salary upon the commission, he will exercise control, through appointments and removals, and subject to civil service regulations, of the entire administration, exclusive of the courts and schools. In other words, commission government has swung around to the point of restoring the office of Mayor, but with the difference that he is appointed by the Council instead of elected by the voters. This is Cabinet government in little. It may be a wise development. At any rate, the evolution thus recorded is a warning to reformers not to be sure that old ideas of government have suddenly become archaic, and that by the simple process of discarding them we can have the millennium.

This may be a wealthy country, but it will have to be a good deal wealthier before its Legislatures can make both ends meet, at least with their present free and easy way of spending money. Illinois was reported a few days ago as facing bankruptcy, and Georgia is now on the verge of the same precipice. Her Legislature is informed by the Governor that of the $75,000 now in the treasury, $25,000 will be required for its own expenses, $20,000 for the State Sanitarium twice a month, and no taxes are in sight until autumn. The teachers of the State, for the first time in thirty years, are having to go without pay. The Georgia Constitution was amended in 1911 so as to limit the borrowing power of the State to a deficit created by delay in the collection of taxes, but the force of this amendment was lost upon the first Legislature to meet after its adoption. As the Governor says in his message: "If, by reason of excessive appropriations, the taxes shall have been exhausted in the fall of the year, the Governor cannot borrow for the purpose of running the government." Recourse must be had, accordingly, to "patriotic financiers" who have confidence in the intention of the Legislature to put the finances of the State upon a sound basis.

The National Association of Manufacturers is not the only body which believes that through its powerful influence the political stars move in their courses. Another modest organization is the Grange, a branch of which in Massachusetts has been enlightening the world as to its great achievements. Thus we learn that the Grange, and the Grange alone, "has done more good for the country than any other organization, or all other organizations together, and has done more to bring about great and needed reforms than all the others. The Grange brought about the secret ballot, the initiative and referendum, rural free delivery, the parcel post, the popular election of United States Senators, and will eventually bring about woman suffrage." The name of the speak-

er was not Mulhall, but Odlin, William Odlin, of Andover, and he was never in doubt for a moment as to what the facts are. He is certain, for example, that "Bryan and Roosevelt, in advocating certain reforms, including woman suffrage, have simply been picking bouquets from the kitchen garden of the Grange."

A new use has been devised for the *Congressional Record* by a Representative from Oklahoma. He discovered in a magazine an article by a colleague. As he explained to the House, it teemed with brilliancy, pathos, and a devotion to the church. "It deserves to be read and referred to," he said, "in every church and Sunday school in the United States." The quickest way to get it read, of course, was to have it reprinted in the *Record*, where, in addition, it would "be preserved for those who come after us." Consent was given, and American literature was officially enriched by an essay on "Why I Attend Church." The first paragraph is sufficient illustration of the brilliancy and pathos which the Oklahoma Representative vouched for:

> It is sweet on a summer's morning, when the air is aquiver with the love songs of the birds and fragrant with the odor of roses blown, to hear the music of the church-going bells, an invitation to the world-wearied to enter God's temple and find peace, because the instinct of worship is in the heart of man, and the church is the temple of the living God.

The report of Huerta's ultimatum, inherently improbable on the face of things, has been officially contradicted by the Mexican Foreign Office. On the contrary, Mr. Lind is now declared to be in direct consultation with Huerta, and thus a distinct gain emerges out of what appeared to be a very grave situation. Even if we assume that Huerta was behind the so-called ultimatum, the fact that he has so speedily decided to repudiate it is an exceedingly reassuring circumstance. Step by step Mr. Lind has made his way. At first he was to be expelled from the country. He was not expelled. Then he was to be denied all means of communication with the Foreign Office. He did not find it difficult to get into touch with the Mexican Foreign Office. Personal communication between Mr. Lind and President Huerta was declared impossible. The impossible has taken place. Undoubtedly, the present situation is very delicate, but every reason exists for a continuation of the policy of patience and caution to which President Wilson has so resolutely adhered. Such uncertainty and vacillation as have characterized the relations between the two Governments have been all on Huerta's side.

That Parliament should have been prorogued, not to meet again till next February, and the Liberals left undisturbed in office, must both enrage and depress their Conservative opponents. For the latter have been frantically demanding that an appeal to the country be taken at once; and their shouts and prophecies must have deceived many of the rank and file of the party into thinking that there would be a speedy dissolution and a general election. As it is, the Asquith Ministry will have time to recuperate and to compose differences in preparation for the session of next year, when the Parliament Act will come into automatic operation, and all the critical bills of the Liberals can be made law without the consent of the Lords. It is, indeed, a Coalition Government, and Coalition Governments have been historically the easiest to defeat and break up. But it is the Tories themselves who have supplied the cohesive power to the present Coalition. By refusing to let any of its measures get through the Lords, they have simply compelled its differing members to stand together for at least three years, until they could each attain their desired legislation in the teeth of Conservative opposition. That was all along the obvious logic of the English political situation, to any one who looked at it dispassionately; and the foolish attempts of the Conservatives in the past few weeks to beat the Government on some "snap" division—even concealing members in a Commons bathroom to effect their surprise—show that they are beginning to perceive this.

The Kaiser's reported objection to having Austria borrow his rattling sabre and his mailed glove for the purpose of frightening the obstreperous Slav of the Balkans is natural. German influence is bound to profit, of course, by the increase of Austrian prestige in the Near East. But, after all, Germany has interests of her own in the North Sea, and she cannot give all her attention to her ally's quarrels. Austria, on the other hand, has good reason to press for a revision of the Treaty of Bucharest in which Bulgaria has been so thoroughly humiliated. That treaty marks the second check administered to Austrian ambitions in the Balkans within a year. The first came with the emphatic victory of the Balkan allies over the Turks. The appearance of a new military Power in the Balkans shut off the Austrian drift towards the Ægean. Still, it was some consolation that the leadership in the Balkans should be with Bulgaria, whose relations to the Triple Alliance were much more friendly than those of Servia or Greece. Indeed, it seemed that the rise of a Balkan Confederacy under Bulgarian dominance would not prove altogether unfavorable to Teuton influence. But then came the crushing defeat of Bulgaria by Servia and the Greeks; and what Servian sentiment is with regard to Austria has been made plain to the Government at Vienna.

It is usually held that the difficulty in combining high art with money-making lies in pleasing the public; but the case of Mlle. Moissé, this year's "first" at the Conservatoire in comedy and tragedy, shows the usefulness in Paris of making a second-rate impression. State training is conditioned on an agreement that all laureates shall give two years at low pay to the Comédie or Odéon. If outside theatres make glittering offers, the ransom from the subventioned stage is their $3,000 tuition. Mlle. Moissé decided to serve her country; but others have not. Where clever students see their weaker fellows sure to outstrip them professionally, a premium seems placed on feigned dulness. Moreover, the prestige of "firsts" is lessened by the frequent comment that Conservatoire prize-winners seldom reach celebrity. But as college men here go on striving for Phi Beta Kappa in spite of dismal reports of the alumni, in Paris there is still sharp competition within the Conservatoire. It is not only that Daudet's "Man with the Golden Brain" finds recreancy to his talents hard, or that the prize is still of great honor. The Conservatoire instils a healthful ideal of public service, and there is attraction in the high standards of the state theatre.

WHERE IT LEAVES MURPHY.

One thing stands out in all the manifestations in favor of Gov. Sulzer. They are intensely anti-Murphy. It is not that Sulzer is admired or trusted, but that Murphy is detested and feared. In the face of the grave charges against Gov. Sulzer, which are so strongly evidenced and which he has not met in a way at all satisfactory, he could hardly have a friend—or, at any rate, a defender—in the State, were it not for one circumstance. That circumstance is named Murphy. Hatred of him almost takes on the guise of love of Sulzer. It is an extraordinary phenomenon. Men are writing letters to the press and talking to each other in the street who completely admit the worst that is alleged against Sulzer, yet who, in the same breath, declare that he ought to be supported simply because Murphy is fighting him. "If you would rise," was the advice of an old politician to a beginner, "make for yourself enemies." But the most skilled practitioner in politics could scarcely have been prepared for the remarkable demonstration of the value to William Sulzer, at this political juncture, of Charles F. Murphy's implacable enmity.

The explanation lies deep in human nature. Men believe in fair play, and are nauseated by hypocrisy; and in all the Sulzer affair they are convinced that Murphy is neither square nor honest. They know that the Tammany Boss would have supported, without a scruple, the crookedest Governor on earth, if only he could have used him. As for Murphy exposing and punishing corruption, that is a spectacle to give the whole State what Lloyd George called a "cross-Channel" feeling. It is casting out a devil by the prince of devils. This is unquestionably the sentiment which moves so many to take the position that it makes no difference how guilty Gov. Sulzer is, since it is Murphy who is trying to pull him down. They are appalled, and no wonder, at the thought of Tammany laying unclean hands upon that great emergency weapon of the Constitution—impeachment. And confused as is their reasoning and mixed their morals, the fact remains, and must be reckoned with, that they speak by the thousand in witness of the perfect hatred in which Murphy is held by the people of New York.

Taking all these outbursts as not pro-Sulzer, but anti-Murphy, where do they leave the Tammany Boss? What effect will they have on his political power in the State and in this city? How will those in office, and those who hope to be there, be influenced by all the proof that the greatest political sinner is regarded as not so black as Murphy? One remark may be confidently made. The popular feeling that has been shown will not be lost on the Acting Governor. Even if Mr. Glynn found no promptings of decency in his own heart, he could not be such a fool as openly to lend himself to Murphy, and sink himself in a common destestation. A test case may come soon. Tammany people have put it about that one of the early acts of Gov. Glynn would be to revoke the commission of Mr. Hennessy, whom Gov. Sulzer has set to work, under the provisions of the Moreland law, investigating conditions in various departments of the State Government. Now, it is immaterial whether Hennessy has found or could find anything damaging to Murphy. The mere fact that Tammany is afraid of him and wants him called off is a compelling reason why he should be kept on. If Mr. Glynn were to order him to drop his probe, the darkest suspicions would be confirmed. The whole movement to impeach Gov. Sulzer would then be declared throughout the State a Tammany conspiracy, and if the Acting Governor were to help it out, he would in the act damn himself as deep as Murphy.

In the coming municipal campaign, it is possible to take two lines of argument about the effect of this State-wide disclosure of hostility to Murphy. It may be said that terror of him has increased along with hatred of him. Politicians thinking of a break with him will tremble as they see Sulzer's fate. In a way, the power of the Tammany Boss has never appeared so tyrannical, brooking no opposition. But on the other hand, there must be a smouldering resentment even vaster than the one that is manifesting itself. It is not simply a question of Sulzer's friends seeking to take vengeance on Murphy. There will be multitudes quietly preparing to make their ballots speak their mind about him. It is not impossible that the very moment which seems to mark his exaltation to the pitch of effrontery and of power, may be the one at which he is to be cast down. Certainly, the motives and the occasion for striking hard at Murphy exist to-day as never before. Standing before the people as the most loathed figure in public life—revealed as such in the very hour of his imagined triumph over Sulzer—there ought to be fibre enough and fire enough in the community to keep his foul grasp off the throat of New York city.

GERMANY'S "RED POPE."

Readers who are interested in the notable career which closed with the death of August Bebel, the leader of the German Social-Democracy, can do no better than turn to Bebel's own story, "My Life," which appeared in this country last spring and has been reviewed in the *Nation*. The narrative is carried only to the year 1878, when Bebel was less than forty, but by that time the Socialist movement in Germany had passed its formative period, and Bebel's own life had been cast into its permanent mould. Simply, forcibly, without egotism and without the affectation of modesty, he has set down the facts of a courageous and busy life whose details justify the characterization of him in the Socialist press as the "proletarian champion of the German proletariat. His childhood was one of privation. His father, a non-commissioned officer in the Prussian army, died of consumption when the boy was four years old. His mother died of consumption when the boy was thirteen. He began to earn his living as a turner's apprentice. For many years thereafter, so he has written, one of his unrealized ambitions was "just once to eat my fill of bread and butter." Before he was twenty-one he was taking an active part in the workingmen's movement in Saxony.

Our ultra-revolutionists of to-day in politics, in art, in social philosophy, have made it a habit to sneer at the parochialism and the timidity of the age that goes by the name Victorian. What our arch rebels overlook is not only the fact that in this Victorian age were laid the beginnings of the great revolutionary movements of to-day—Darwin, Ibsen, and Karl Marx were contemporaneous with the antimacassar and the Friendship's Garland—but that the revolutionists of that day fought more strenuously for the things they believed in and brought greater sacrifices to the cause than the bold radical epigrammatists of to-day. The men of

Bebel's time were concerned with ideas, but they were also, and distinctively, men of action. They were robust and single-hearted. Their economic and political beliefs were not overlaid—and badly confused—by vague æstheticisms and mysticisms. As in the case of Bebel, they often had to build up their own lives while they were building up social movements. Bebel knew privation, toil, the inside of state prisons. It was in his cell at Hubertsburg that he worked out his own education. For two and a half years he studied, read, wrote—he has given us the formidable list of books in his autobiography. That was the reason why to the last he held the discipline of the party firm against sudden innovations in revolutionary theory and practice. He knew, from personal experience, what it had cost in labor and sacrifice to lay the foundations of the Socialist party structure.

After the death of Liebknecht Bebel was the only survivor of the notable group associated with the birth of the German Social-Democracy—Karl Marx, Ferdinand Lassalle, Friedrich Engels, Liebknecht, and himself. But he had personality as well as prestige. He was a stirring orator, a brilliant tactician, and a man of unsullied private life, generous, sympathetic, eminently approachable. He needed all his resources. On the one hand there had grown up a school, of which Eduard Bernstein is the best-known exponent, which rejected some of the fundamental conceptions of the Marxian economics and advocated coöperation between the Social Democracy and the non-Socialist democratic elements in the Reichstag. On the other hand he had to combat the influence of the revolutionary extremists who, under the stimulus of the late upheaval in Russia, advocated the general strike and other forms of direct action which are now associated with Syndicalism. Bebel was afraid that a policy of opportunism might lead to party disintegration, and he had before him the example of the French and Italian Socialists. He was afraid that a general strike, by precipitating a direct trial of strength with the armed forces of the Empire, would lead only to reaction. He recognized the argument of hard facts. He was aware, for instance, of the growth of the national spirit in Germany, fostered in part by Imperial militarism and the traditional rivalry with France, and he went so far as to declare that in case of a defensive war with France he should be among the first to shoulder a musket and march to the frontier.

Bebel was called the "Red Pope" by the opponents of Socialism in sneering allusion to his unquestioned personal authority in a great democratic movement. But there is peculiar appropriateness in the nickname bestowed upon him when we consider that he regarded it as his principal duty to maintain a broad catholicism of Socialist doctrine and organization, so as to allow for divergent opinion within the party while preserving its unity. A party counting more than four million votes, or one-third of the entire electorate, is bound to chafe under inaction, especially when its opponents stand ready to borrow from its programme and win the credit for innovations forced upon them. But it was Bebel's belief that the Socialist party, like the Catholic Church, can wait. The highly interesting question is whether the German Social-Democracy can produce a successor to Bebel capable of continuing his work, or whether the Kaiser's Socialists are immediately to become a prey to the conflicting tendencies that have characterized the Socialist movement in other countries and are, indeed, inherent in the radical temper.

AGAIN THE CHANNEL TUNNEL.

Once more the old question of a tunnel between France and England has been revived. The British Prime Minister has again solemnly received a deputation of prominent men who favor its construction, and to them he gave the time-honored answer. He was glad to promise them full consideration of their proposal, and happy to admit that new factors had arisen which warranted a review of the Government's historic opposition to the scheme. Indeed, it had already been receiving the attention of his Government and of some of the departments, which he was sure would approach the matter with unbiassed minds. But, of course, the adverse decision reached in 1883 and endorsed by every successive Government could not be lightly set aside. There must be proper deference to the "long chain of authorities." The Government must secure "absolute strategic safety"; on the other hand, it was naturally deeply interested in improving means of communication between England and the Continent. In other words, the answer was as diplomatic and as unpromising as was to be expected from a Prime Minister striving to be judicial and noncommittal.

The committee which appeared before Mr. Asquith was an unusual one in that it represented all sections of the House of Commons and included no representatives of any railway company or of the old Channel tunnel company. Its sole purpose, its speakers declared, was to benefit the commerce of the two countries, France and England. They brought up a new point, the question of the food supply of England in case of war with any other country than France. If the Channel should be closed to the British fleet by reason of mines, submarines, and airships, the proposed tunnel would make it possible for England to draw in all the foodstuffs which could be obtained from France, or by shipment of neutrals into French ports. Mr. Asquith was, like every other statesman, deeply concerned in procuring "the best and freest outlet for food," and, of course, inlet, too. But the thing that weighed upon him chiefly was the military consideration. He could not get away from the fact that Lord Wolseley—a very substantial British military authority—had pronounced against the scheme, and he professed to be much disappointed that the committee had not brought evidence with it to show that there had been a change in the British military point of view—as if that point of view could change under a hundred years on any question.

It is precisely on this military rock that the tunnel project has been wrecked so many times. The British army cannot think of a tunnel without seeing hordes of French soldiers pouring through its mouth and shouting with glee over the final fruition of the Napoleonic plan for an invasion of the British Isles. To a lay mind, it should seem as if a couple of tons of dynamite, or even the deft use of a couple of batteries of artillery, would be sufficient to make the tunnel unusable should war arise between France and England. Moreover, that phase of the question seems never to have impressed the French imagination as it has the English. Thus the *Manchester Guardian* feels that "the mouth of a tunnel" is "the least promising of all avenue.

of invasion," yet it believes that a conclusive argument against the tunnel is that it would increase "our liability to panics, great enough as it is." This constitutes surely another reason for revising the belief that John Bull is a purely stolid, phlegmatic person, not to be compared with his volatile and excitable neighbor across the Channel. When so liberal a newspaper as the *Manchester Guardian* condemns a great project like this on a purely psychological ground it must be admitted that the difficulties in the way of the tunnel are almost insurmountable.

To a foreigner it should seem as if a real statesman could easily find his way out of this dilemma, by a joint undertaking between France and England that in the event of hostilities the tunnel would be neutralized, or by engineering devices which would permit the flooding of the tunnel on twenty-four hours' notice, or by the construction of sufficient fortifications at the ends to make invasion impossible. But this is one of those military problems, like the matter of armament, in the face of which statesmanship is always ready to announce that it can find no solution. This is the more singular in view of the fact that there actually was signed in 1876 an agreement between France and England for this very tunnel. Had the English company then had the money in hand, the tunnel would have been built. But by 1883 the militarists got control of the situation, and since that time the Government has not only been not friendly, but actually hostile, to the plan. Now, the militarists fear not only France, but Germany. Preposterous as it may seem, it is actually argued that Germany *might* conquer France again, and then, looking for fresh fields, *might* march her soldiers into England. Could this imminent menace to Great Britain's freedom be disposed of by some fortunate turn in Continental politics, such as the establishment of a Triple Entente, comprising England, France, and Germany, we venture to assert that the militarists would produce a Russian danger, and still have in reserve a Chinese peril, to urge against what would unquestionably be a most beneficent commercial undertaking.

In one aspect there has been a distinct gain with the passage of time. No one doubts now that either a tunnel or a bridge is practical. Indeed, when the Government interfered in 1882 with the operations then in progress, a seven-foot driftway had been driven for 2,300 yards under the sea. A French company also sunk a shaft and started a heading. Since then the success in driving tunnels under the North and East Rivers in New York shows that a Channel tunnel could be built with much less money than had been estimated—the contractors for the Pennsylvania tubes are known to have made enormous profits. Nor does the distance, thirty miles, present great difficulties. But so long as British soldiers assert that you cannot block the mouth of a tunnel or guard it against a treacherous overnight raid of 500,000 Germans, Frenchmen, or Russians, so long, apparently, will this great enterprise languish.

IMPROVING THE COUNTRY FAIR.

An "experiment in coöperative recreation" was the sub-title given to the fourth annual field day held at Amenia, New York, on Saturday. The time-honored name of fair has been abandoned and with it have gone the vulgar side-show, the shell-game fakir, the roaring "barker," and many another feature that has distinguished the old-fashioned fair of late. Even pink lemonade is reported to have been absent, and a dearth of peanuts is said to have caused wonderment whether the drought in Kansas had not affected other sections. Not a single professional "fat lady" was on the grounds, nor a living skeleton; and most careful search is declared to have produced no trace of a midget or of any bedizened short-skirted dancer "straight from the Casino on Broadway, New York." Altogether, it was a hygienically sterilized and novel entertainment which lured by the thousand the dwellers in the Harlem Valley from their usual Saturday occupations.

By this it must not be thought that all interest leaves the country fair when its old name and everything which suggests a touch of wickedness disappear. It is merely a wholesale substitution which has gone on—birch beer in sanitary bottles drunk through sterilized straws in place of denatured pink lemonade in dirty glasses, automobiles by the hundred for farmers' wagons, and safe and sane athletic sports in lieu of carefully "pulled" or prearranged trotting races. Trap-shooting, tug-of-war, broad and high jumping, sack, obstacle, and three-legged races—these are some of the attractions of the modern field day, together with folk dancing (on Saturday, "by girls and boys from Amenia, Wassaic, Sharon, and Pawling"). Between the dancing and the tug-of-war at Amenia were fifteen-minute speeches by a real United States Senator and a genuine suffragist leader in the big tent by the road, and these, like all the other attractions, were free. Money, so runs the report, was the least useful article on the grounds. Even the ten most beautiful girls in Dutchess County, in suffrage tableaux, were to be seen without any expense whatever. For those more studiously inclined there were agricultural demonstrations by farm experts and State employees, including alfalfa planting, and, lest it be thought that there was a lack of patriotism, the national game was not neglected. Philmont and Pine Plains fought for the Harlem Valley championship.

Altogether, this is a serious and important effort to put the spirit of play into rural life, which a city man, Prof. Joel E. Spingarn, has started in Amenia because he, like so many others, feels that the country must be made as attractive socially as the city if the young folks are to be kept on the farms. Their doctrine is that there is a "good deal of work in the country, but most of our boys and girls have forgotten how to play," and that all such recreation plans should be carried out by the natives themselves, and not by irresponsible showmen from the Bowery, with a train of card sharpers and gambling touts. The continuing success of the experiment is demonstrated by the plan to organize at Amenia to-day a permanent body to carry it on. Indeed, it will soon pass out of the experimental stage, after another year or two of trial, when it will probably no longer depend on the initiative of one public-spirited man. That something must be done to organize country workers along social lines has long been recognized; this as much as the needs of the cities was a compelling reason for the organization of the Playground Association of America in 1906. The country man has taken his pleasures not only sadly and seriously, but altogether too much by himself; his sports have been the solitary

sports—hunting and fishing. From this in the country town the reaction has been to the bar-room, the lodge-room, the billiard-table, and, latterly, the moving-picture show. But open-air meeting-places, with opportunities for harmless, healthful, stimulating recreation—these the countryside has only begun to have.

ENGLISH AND BASEBALL.

One of the most puzzling problems of this puzzling era is the effect wrought upon our native speech by contact with the national game. Why is it that when it essays to tell what happened at the Polo Grounds or Ebbets Field between the hours of 3:30 and 6 P. M., the English language stands on its head and tries to convey its meaning by waving its hands and feet, instead of speaking like one sane man to another? Surely, here is material worthy the attention of the philologist, not to say the psychopath; and yet up to the present moment no one has undertaken a scientific investigation of the case. Its difficulties, indeed, are enough to daunt the boldest. The Supreme Court may muster up courage to attempt the unscrambling of Trust eggs, but who will unscramble the conglomerate that decorates the sporting pages of our greatest newspapers—pages which, in the West and South, actually have to be of a different color from the rest of the edition in order to stand the strain of the verbal whirlwind which daily strews them with linguistic wreckage?

A step towards the solution of this question has been taken by the Chicago *Record-Herald*. Almost any one would say that, whatever the ideal may be, to write an account of a baseball game in anything resembling ordinary English would be an impossible feat. You might as well ask Henry James to write a novel in the same elusive medium. But nothing is too stupendous for a Chicago sporting editor to tackle, and accordingly the *Record-Herald* actually prints the story of a game in a style which it describes as "less boisterous" than the customary manner. In order to make the account intelligible to followers of the game, it prints alongside of it a story written in "baseballese." It asks its readers to express themselves with regard to the comparative merits of the two styles. As might be expected, these readers display an irreconcilable difference of opinion. "When you quit slang," writes one, tersely, "I quit the paper." The cogency of this argument is manifest. "Slang by all means," votes another. "Slang and baseball go hand in hand." "One is nearer the park," comments a third, "when Schulte 'slams the pill' than when he merely 'hits the ball.'" The critic who writes, "Eliminate slang from baseball accounts and you will kill the joy of thousands of fans," seems to mean the same thing as his fellow who exclaims: "Can the high-brow stuff. It isn't baseball. Sounds like croquet or authors. Come across with the real dope."

But those on the other side are just as earnest and vigorous. "A little mustard on a sandwich gives it snap," remarks one philosopher, "but who wants a mustard sandwich?" Rather surprisingly, the owner of the Chicago "White Sox," that "old Roman," Charles A. Comiskey, comes out decidedly for English. What readers wish to know first, he thinks, is who won the game, and, secondly, how it was won or lost. The University of Chicago, however, with that ultra-modern spirit which one expects of great educational institutions nowadays, does not vote for English unadorned. One professor thinks it would be "pretty tame" to report baseball in "plain, ordinary English." Yet unintelligibility is not desirable, either. "The real genius is the man who can introduce all the enjoyable piquancy possible within limits which will enable the ordinary reader to know what he is talking about. We want the picturesque." Presumably, this is what is meant by other writers who say: "Baseball slang is more clever and twice as interesting as the plain English." "The slang part is just as good as the baseball." "Puts life into the reading of games, and that's about all we see of the games out here." How high an ideal one may have in this respect is revealed by the statement: "I prefer to read a baseball story that can only be expressed in slang."

The distinction that needs to be drawn is that between graphic description and hysterical slang. To be asked to choose between dulness, posing as "plain English," and intoxication, calling itself picturesqueness, is to be confronted with a false dilemma. Slangy distortions and inventions, diction gone mad, and metaphor that o'erleaps itself, are not essential to an account which shall reflect the tension it reports. Here is a passage or two from the *Record-Herald's* "less boisterous" story:

> By hitting three Cub pitchers to every corner of the field, Philadelphia yesterday defeated the Cubs, 16 to 3, at the West Side Park. . . .
>
> Going slightly more into detail, it was apparent at the start that Lavender was not at his best—no, not against a team which can garner fifteen hits for twenty-eight bases during nine sweltering innings. He seemed to be shaky, but Paskert connected with one, a ball which floated near the corner, for a single. Knabe sacrificed him to second, and Lobert was the next out, Bridwell to Saier. Here Becker stepped into the glare with a two-base smash over second, and Cravath followed with a single. Not wishing Lavender any bad luck, but at the same time being compassionate of Cravath resting on first, Luderus, next up, put the ball into the right-field bleachers for a screeching home-run drive. That was all, as Doolan flew out to Evers.

Is it accurate to characterize a narrative written in this fashion as "a swell little obituary notice"? The trouble is that in rhetorical dissipation, as in any other, it takes a superhuman will to hold one's self back from the utmost verge. Why baseball should be more addicted to this vice than golf, tennis, or even football, is part of the general mystery in the case. Perhaps the greater attention devoted to it has turned its head and upset its moral equilibrium. Certainly there is no reason why the language in which an account of it is written should so far outdo the feats of the players whom it glorifies.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Old and obscure periodicals are something of a Tom Tiddler's ground where amidst rubbish heaps there are occasional pieces of the gold and silver of literature to be picked up. The *Sunbeam* is an unknown weekly magazine. Its first number is dated for Saturday, February 3, 1838; its last issue was that for December 28, 1839. These 100 numbers make two volumes and with title-pages and indexes were published "complete in one volume £1.8.0." "Devoted to science, literature, and music," each number had an original piece of music—some of them by well-known composers. In the last volume of the *Sunbeam* there is an announcement that it would be continued in a new and improved series as the *Sylph*, but whether this ever came out I know not. Neither *Sunbeam* nor *Sylph* is in the British Museum Catalogue of Periodicals.

The unknown editor was a great admirer of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and this may have induced Mr. Thomas Curnick, of Bristol, to send him in 1838 a letter he had received from the poet in 1814. Mr. Curnick was a worshipper, though not, it may be feared, a priest, of the Muses, and not satisfied with the opinions, or lack of opin-

lons, of "his Bœotian friends" about his verses, he sent to S. T. C. a copy of an "Ode on the Victories obtained by the allied armies under the command of Lord Wellington," and with it a letter in which "a young and ardent mind naturally enough, freely indulged its observations on the chilling and destructive apathy with which metrical compositions were generally regarded." To understand the reply of S. T. C., it is necessary to quote some verse from this production:

Then tune, sweet lyre! to Wellington thy string;
To Wellington thy warbling accents raise:
For say of whom more glorious canst thou sing;
What mightier hero praise:
Than he whose powerful hand
Supports the tott'ring domes of freedom's state?
Inwreathed with victory see him stand,
And hurl upon his foes inevitable fate!

On the auspicious hour that gave thee birth,
Britannic Mars! rejoicing nature smil'd;
Cherubic forms declar'd thy future worth,
And mark'd thee conq'ror in the dreadful field.
Bright honour wove a chaplet for thy brow;
Justice thy manly bosom sway'd;
While, like the moon, thy acts conspicuous grow,
Till to the full they rise in majesty array'd.

. . . . . .

Hark! the brazen trumpet swells;
See where the god in terror rolls his car;
Swift as a wintry flood its course impels.
The rattling wheels resound, and thunder through the war.
Mark his helm and pond'rous spear;
Mark how his falchion fires the dusky air;
His steeds with meteor-manes, and eyes that wildly glare!

'Tis past—the fiend of slaughter flies;
In murmurs low the clam'rous battle dies;
As distant billows from the shore recede:
And hear what strains harmonious rise;
Strains which alone from seraph harps proceed,
Expansive through the skies.
Peace, behold on downy wings descending;
Unnumber'd joys her heavenly form attending;
Her accents every grief assuage;
And calm the dauntless warrior's rage.

The poet's reply is one that does credit to his kindly feeling, and may now be given in full:

MR. T. CURNICK—DEAR SIR:

I have been much affected by your letter, and have perused, with considerable pleasure, the poems which accompanied it. But how can I serve you? Gold and silver have I none; but, on the contrary, I am myself sorely embarrassed. Mr. Southey and I married sisters; and I am on terms of intimacy with him. But it was not to Kirke White, but to his family, that Southey could make himself serviceable, by becoming his biographer and editor, after his premature death.

Many thoughts crowded on me during the perusal of your letter, which pressing engagements prevent me communicating at present; but within a short time I will endeavour to perform that most arduous duty of one sympathizing Christian to another, that of telling what appears to him to be the truth. O that I could convey to you, in all its liveliness, the anguish of regret which I have a thousand times felt (while obliged, for the bread of the day, to be aiming at excellencies which in the most favored natures require health, competence, tranquillity, and genial feelings), that I had not been taught to earn my subsistence mechanically, where, if my fingers were weary, my heart and brain at least were at rest!

From the time of Pope's translation of Homer, inclusive, so countless have been the poetic metamorphoses of almost all possible thoughts and connections of thought, that it is scarcely practicable for a man to write in the ornamented style on any subject without finding his poem, against his will and without his previous consciousness, a cento of lines that had preëxisted in other works; and this it is which makes poetry so very difficult, because so very easy, in the present day. I myself have for many years past given it up in despair.

There is much fire and spirit in your Ode on Lord Wellington; and the chief defect is a confusion of mythology. Cherubs have no connection with Mars; and the first stanza is obscure, because the reader does not know whether you mean Lord Wellington or an imaginary god of war. If the latter, the after introduction of the Almighty is irreverent; or (as the painter's phrase is), "out of keeping." If the former, the ponderous *spear*, etc., is not translatable into sense and fact. Poetry must be *more* than good sense, or it is not poetry; but it dare not be less, or discrepant. Good sense is not, indeed, the superstructure; but it is the rock, not only on which the edifice is raised, but likewise the rock-quarry *from* which all its stones have been by patient toil, dug out.

The whole of next week I am unfortunately preëngaged, day after day, and the whole of each day; but, after that, you will generally find me at No. 2, Queen Square, any time from seven in the evening to ten; and if you can point out any mode in which I can be really useful to you, be assured I shall be most ready to attempt it.

Will you forgive a man who has had repeated occasions for mourning that he had not himself pursued the profession of the law, (a profession which needs only to be considered in the light of a manly philosophy to present many charms to a thinking mind, and which, beyond all others, gives an insight into the real state of society, the hearts, morals, and passions of our fellow-creatures,) to ask you why a man of genius should despair of making genius effective and illustrious in the pursuit of the profession in which it has pleased Providence to place him? I do not know your age, but you inform me that you are an attorney's clerk. Even such was Garrow—such was Dunning.

Do I advise you to desert the Muses? No! I give no advice, which, I know, would be vain: but my experience does warrant me, "with a warning and dolorous blast," (as Milton says,) to exhort all men of genius to take care that they should rely on literature only for private pleasure and solace; or, at most, for the *dessert* to their dinner, not for the dinner itself.

I beg your acceptance of the enclosed ticket, which, should you have leisure or inclination, will admit yourself and a friend to my course of lectures.

With sincere good wishes, yours, dear sir,
S. T. COLERIDGE.

Bristol, 9 April, 1814

Two volumes are known from the pen of Curnick. One is "Jehosaphat, with other poems," printed at Bristol in 1815, and the other is "De Eloquentia Sacra," a poem, to which is prefixed a translation of George Buchanan's "Hymnus matutinus ad Christum," issued at the same place in 1825. Years had perhaps tamed Mr. Curnick's Muse, for he writes, "As to the ode, the experience of the realities of life during the last quarter of a century has quite eradicated any morbid sensibility in my mind, either as to the censure or the approbation with which it may now be read."

When Coleridge wrote this letter, he was in Bristol on a lecturing expedition, which does not appear to have been very successful. His discourses on Milton were "indifferently attended." The poet was not in good physical condition. "An erysipelatous complaint," he writes to Cottle, "of an alarming nature, has rendered me barely able to attend and go through with my lectures, the receipts of which have almost paid the expenses of the room, advertisements, etc. Whether this be to my discredit or to that of the good citizens of Bristol, it is not for me to judge." His statement that "Milton had represented Satan as a Skeptical Socinism" gave offence to Estlin, and certainly came with bad grace from one who at an earlier period was a willing preacher of Unitarianism. To this visit, too, belongs the painful correspondence with Cottle, who had only then discovered the enormous extent to which Coleridge was using—or misusing—opium. To Cottle's faithful remonstrances and reproof S. T. C. sent the mournful reply: "You bid me rouse myself; go bid a man paralytic in both arms to rub them briskly together and that will cure him. 'Alas!' he would reply, 'that I cannot move my arms is my complaint and my misery.'" It was a wounded giant who amidst his troubles physical and mental wrote this kindly letter to Thomas Curnick.

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

Correspondence

THE LIBRARIES AND THE SCHOLAR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Some time ago I addressed the same query to the libraries of Boston, New York, and Washington, namely, what Spanish novels of chivalry printed before 1650 were in their possession? There is a list of such novels in the fortieth volume of the Biblioteca de Autores Españoles. The reply from New York was that they had not a single one, and from the other two cities that they could not answer my question. If I had to rely on American libraries, my recent article in the *Archiv für das Studium der neueren Sprachen* would never have been written. One librarian went so far as to send me a list of picaresque novels, and on my remonstrance he replied that the novels of chivalry and the picaresque novels were so much alike that they could be easily mistaken one for the other.

In the recent book on Greek novels by Dr. S. L. Wolff there is no evidence that the author has seen any of the old editions of the Italian translation of Achilles Tatius. I suppose they were not accessible. Now, I have three copies of them in my possession, bought at fifty cents apiece.

The Italian play, "Il Sacrificio degli Intronati," is very often mentioned as a possible source of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." Now, the late Dr. Furness had a copy of it, and I have three of them, but a person who should ask for it at an American library would probably get nothing but a stare.

There is nothing more mischievous than the American librarian's notion that a book has to be bought only when there is a demand for it. Some books have to be bought as soon as a chance presents itself, irrespective of the demand. I had only one chance of buying a certain book in my whole life; I bought it, and have been using it constantly.

There is another question which I should like to touch, namely, that of etiquette. When I write for information to a European library, I generally get a reply from the librarian himself or his assistant, and the reply is to the point. In this country one is likely to get a letter of an extraordinary flippancy, smacking of centuries of half-education and signed Miss Dashaway. Some time ago one of the best libraries was requested to send a complete

edition of Straparola's novels. An abridged edition was duly received the next day. In fact, most of the librarians do not know whether the editions in the library are abridged or not, unless it is specified in letters of an inch size on the title. The fallacy of the American notion of cataloguing books from the titles alone will sooner or later become apparent.

JOSEPH DE PEROTT.

Worcester, Mass., August 12.

MEMORIALS TO KING EDWARD.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I ask for the hospitality of your columns to enable me to state that, by desire of her Majesty Queen Alexandra, I have undertaken to collect particulars, for publication in due course, of all memorials, of whatever description, at home, in the colonies, and abroad, to his late Majesty King Edward, as also of any events connected with the King during his life, of which there has been any record.

I shall be much obliged, therefore, to hear from those who may be connected with such memorials, or events, when I shall be glad to send particulars of the information required.

JAMES GILDEA, Colonel.

11 Hogarth Road, London, S. W., August 7.

CATHOLICS AND LIBERTY OF OPINION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of August 7, "T. V.," writing a letter on "Catholicism and the Roman Hierarchy," says I made an "amazing statement," when I said, in the *Nation* of July 24, that I, a Catholic, had not been forbidden to believe in our public-school system and to disbelieve in a union of church and state. He advises me to read certain paragraphs of the Syllabus of Errors in the Pope's Encyclical of December 8, 1864, where, he says, my opinions are proscribed. I have read them. They apply to educational and governmental conditions which are inimical to the Catholic religion. They are not fairly applicable to a school system in which Catholics have a voice equal with others, nor to a government over people of many sects which treats all alike.

If "T. V." will read, in the Catholic Encyclopædia, the article on "Schools" by the Rev. William Turner, professor of philosophy in the Catholic University at Washington, and that on "Church and State" by the Rev. Charles Macksey, professor of ethics in the Gregorian University at Rome, he will see that my statement was nothing amazing.

I am sorry that I cannot at this moment find a recent strong statement of Cardinal Gibbons, on church and state, printed in the Baltimore *Sun*, but the following from him of an earlier date will serve:

> I see no contradiction between loyalty to Christ and allegiance to our civil rulers. I see nothing in the Constitution that is opposed to the Gospel, and I see nothing in the Gospel that is at variance with the Constitution.

And this:

> I do not wish to see the day when the church will invoke or receive any government aid to build our churches, or to pay the salary of our clergy, for the government may then begin to dictate to us what doctrines we are to preach. G. H.

Washington, August 11.

THE CHURCH AND THE POPE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A correspondent of yours writes on the "passing of the papacy," as though that "would be an inestimable blessing for every Catholic community on earth."

Herein is a strange confusion of Catholic truth. Papacy removed, *ipso facto* the Catholic Church becomes reduced to zero. Christ is the divine head; the Church is Christ's body mystical; Holy Spirit its heart. But Christ on earth is represented absolutely till the end of time by the Pope, His delegated vice-regent; else, Catholic Church there is none, nor tenably can be. For living Catholics the Church organism to-day stands precisely on a par with the primitive organism of Pentecostal miracle, sign and seal; encyclicals of to-day have entirely the same force and authority for Catholics now as the Apostles' letters to the early Church. Your correspondent utterly mistakes the rudiments of the Catholic faith if he dreams that one true Catholic in all Christendom has an atom or shred of Catholic identity *minus* the "Papacy." WILLIAM PRICE.

Ridley Park, Pa., August 4.

"OF THE PEOPLE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a letter to the Boston *Herald* some two weeks since, Mr. C. H. Collester made the same point about Lincoln's phrase that Mr. Eckels makes in his communication to the *Nation* of August 8. Surely they are right. Lincoln's thought is: We are resolved that popular government—*i. e.*, government not only *for* the people (as benevolent despotism might be), but also *by* the people (which representative government alone is), shall not perish. In the shallow eloquence of careless speakers, the three prepositions are emphasized; I have, however, heard one intelligent and accomplished speaker, Dr. Charles Fleischer, of Boston, quote it understandingly: ". . . government of the people—*by* the people and *for* the people." H. L. SEAVER.

Boston Institute of Technology, August 14.

THE UPLIFT OF THE STAGE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Green Meadows has become a centre of interest: the eyes of the world, we are assured, are upon us; we are mentioned in the press; our stock company is pictured in the ten-cent magazines—because we are engaged in that rather modern feat of elevating the public by means of the stage.

We take our theatrical joys with great solemnity. Going to the theatre is urged upon us as a duty, as the "Friday meeting" used to be in the days of my youth. The "first-nighter" is hailed as a philanthropist—and suffers like a martyr. No revivalist or earnest young minister ever searched the byways and hedges more eagerly to bring up attendance than we hunt for supporters of our local theatre. The laborer is pursued to his lair; the working girl to her club of a Sunday afternoon; and—not the joy—but the duty of theatre-going is pressed upon them. The clergy appear in the local press, declaring in huge headlines: "Not Our Stock Company but Green Meadows Is on Trial"; "If we fail our actors, the condemnation of the world will fall on us." We are run to earth in our offices by eager and voluble young men; besought to go down into our reluctant Yankee pockets and purchase tickets which we cannot use; to "buy up the gallery," and throw it open to that public we are so anxious to uplift.

And the lever of educational and spiritual uplift? the moral boot-strap by which we are lifting ourselves to higher levels?

That really is one of the most interesting phases of the situation. Sometimes the "uplifter" is a Broadway success of some seasons back; again a barnyard and kitchen drama. We elevated the most with "Forty Minutes from Broadway" and "Are You a Mason?" but we have had marked effects—in attendance—with "Madame X," "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," "Paid in Full," "Going Some," "The Gamblers," "Mrs. Temple's Telegram," "The Deep Purple," and "The Two Orphans."

And yet, in spite of these ennobling offerings, the curious fact remains that we are apparently merely elevating the elevated, after all. The laboring man and the factory girl continue to haunt the "movies," the vaudeville, and even that inferior—and cheaper—company that plays "Romeo" with "a punch that gets over the footlights." There is a rumor that one foreigner has had a ten-cent seat in the upper gallery since the season opened, and I have heard that "a really quite shabbily dressed woman was seen at a matinée," but in general we are elevating the "old families," the society folk, and the prosperous manufacturers in the intervals of their descents upon New York, and we are—oh, thoroughly in earnest about it.

It will continue to be worth while to watch Green Meadows. L. D. THOMSON.

Pittsfield, Mass., August 7.

Literature

EVOLUTIONARY PHILOSOPHY.

Development and Purpose: An Essay Towards a Philosophy of Evolution. By L. T. Hobhouse. New York: The Macmillan Co. $4 net.

With this volume Professor Hobhouse presents the concluding and unifying part of one of the most considerable and impressive pieces of British philosophical construction which our generation has seen. It is the work of a quarter-century of exceptionally patient, circumspect, and fair-minded reflection. The principal conclusions of the author's three earlier philosophical books now appear partly as "transcended standpoints," but chiefly as included elements; and of the main general tendencies of reflection during the same period the book is in a high degree representative—though scarcely characteristic. For to be broadly representative has not been characteristic of most of the more celebrated recent philosophers; they have rather been given to exploiting to the utmost single and one-sided, if brilliant, *aperçus*. Mr. Hobhouse is nothing if not judicious and sober-minded—which is not to say that he is dull; and,

though scarcely one contemporary philosopher is mentioned by name, the book gives constant evidence of a very honest and impartial pondering of nearly all the characteristic speculative ideas of our time.

The author's enterprise, like Bergson's in his best-known book, is that of taking up the task prematurely essayed by Spencer—the interpretation of evolution. In treating this as the essential task of philosophy in general, Mr. Hobhouse writes himself down as one of the school of "temporalists"—to use a convenient term now coming into use. To the entire series of British and American post-Kantian idealists the temporal order and the sequences and causes of the events in it were the province of science, but not at all of metaphysics. They took this order, with whatever it happened to contain, and "reinterpreted" it in its "eternal aspect." The concrete content of the world made little difference to such philosophers; one set of empirical facts was no more—or no less—refractory to inclusion within a time-transcending Absolute or "spiritual principle" than another set. But Mr. Hobhouse—and here he is representative of the prevailing movement among contemporary philosophers—finds such a philosophy neither legitimate nor important. "I could," he writes, "never accept the view that the whole work of science was of secondary importance, that it could go on constructing its world as it chose, but that whatever its results, a metaphysical analysis would always be able to reinterpret the entire scientific scheme on its own lines." To his philosophy, therefore, the facts of the temporal order are the essential data of philosophy. Were they other than what science apparently shows them to be, the resultant philosophy would be essentially different. And the service which philosophy in the end is to render is to enable us to understand what sort of temporal process is going on here, how we stand related to it, and what our expectations of it may be. On the other hand, philosophy is not merely an abridgment or compend of the results of the special sciences. It uses those results, but it applies both to them and to the presuppositions of the sciences the method of logical analysis. It is by using both instruments that it may gain a generalized acquaintance with the factors, the larger sequences, and the rational meaning of the cosmic process.

Of this general problem, the essential question, for Mr. Hobhouse, is that concerning the rôle of mind in evolution. Is the mode of action which we call conscious and, in its higher stages, purposive and rational, irreducible to mechanistic categories? Is it an actual causal factor, both in the physical behavior of the individual and in the determination of the course of organic development? Is it a factor which becomes so increasingly dominant as evolution continues that it may be regarded as the principal key to the interpretation of the whole process? And are there reasons for affirming the existence, over and above particular human and animal intelligences, of a Central Mind, gradually coming to a fuller realization of itself and progressively fulfilling through the cosmic history purposes themselves progressively expansive? The questions are well chosen; for they constitute, assuredly, the issues which to a temporalist philosophy must appear of greatest human significance. And to all four of them Mr. Hobhouse returns affirmative answers. He is—to use, for brevity's sake, the conventional labels for the classification of philosophers—in essentials a psychophysical interactionist; he is a "psycho-vitalist," conceiving it to be "the simplest hypothesis that all true organic actions are guided by some psychic element" (p. 328); and his doctrine culminates in a sort of evolutionary theism. His God is, of course, frankly "a God in the making"; "we must regard the Central Mind itself as undergoing development," and "the purpose operating in evolution" as "itself not fully defined in the beginning." The total world-picture which results is a sort of dualism:

> The Mind that we are led to contemplate must neither be confused with the whole of things nor with an Omnipotent Creator of things. It is not the whole, for mechanism — the antithesis of purpose — runs through the structure of the whole, and, in dependence on mechanism, discord and evil (p. 367). . . . Our account will yield us a picture of Mind neither as the Lord of All, nor as the casual by-product of the clash of forces, but as the impulse towards organic harmony working under limiting conditions which it gradually subdues; and in such an impulse on a still vaster scale we shall find . . . the most reasonable interpretation of the vital process of the cosmic order (p. 17).

This residual dualism of mechanism and mind has some resemblance to that struggle between the *élan vital* and an inert and refractory matter which lends a sort of dramatic interest to Bergson's "Creative Evolution." But one of the two antagonists here is quite unlike its Bergsonian counterpart. The antithesis to mechanism in Mr. Hobhouse's cosmos is not an irrational vital impulse with which we best become acquainted by divesting ourselves of the categories of "the intellect"; it is, on the contrary, a tendency towards rationality, making for "correlation" and "harmony" through ever wider circles of existence.

These are conclusions which most of us, no doubt, would gladly see demonstrated. For all of them Mr. Hobhouse offers extended and careful, and sometimes effective, argument. To have given an irrefragable philosophic proof of them all would have been a very great achievement. But it seems doubtful whether the rigorous logician will find Mr. Hobhouse's reasoning unimpeachable at all the critical points. The matter of greatest difficulty is, of course, the extension of the conclusions reached concerning the place of mind in past terrestrial evolution, so as to give them a cosmic bearing and to derive from them a "melioristic" anticipation of the future of the universe and of man. The history of a single planet or solar system, during the brief span of a few hundreds of millions of years, can scarcely yield a cogent inductive inference respecting the disposition of so large a thing as a universe, or the tendency running through all time. On the other hand, the widest generalization which natural science has yet reached concerning, not the recurrent individual phenomena, but the prevailing *direction*, of the processes of the physical world—the so-called law of the degradation of energy—does not afford a favorable basis for a cosmic meliorism. Mr. Hobhouse recognizes these facts, and accordingly rests his larger affirmations not upon an analysis of empirical evidences, but upon an original and ingenious dialectical argument, constituting his concluding two chapters. Unfortunately, this argument is the most obscure and logically the weakest part of the book. The author, however, since he is a genuine evolutionist also in his theory of knowledge, makes no pretension to having reached "demonstrative certainty." He professes only to have shown that "on a complete and impartial review of a vast mass of evidence," his conclusions are "probably true"; and that accordingly we have definite and preponderant reasons for answering in an affirmative spirit all "the fundamental questions"—the questions:

> Whether the life of man is full of hopeful purpose or void of meaning, whether he can recognize in the constitution of things something that meets his hopes and answers his aspirations, whether he can make for himself a religion without self-deceit, whether he can finally improve the condition of his race by effort, or is doomed always to fall back from every forward step, whether he can trust to his reason or must admit the ultimate futility of thought, whether the spirit of human love is justified of her children, or blood and iron must continue to rule the world.

CURRENT FICTION.

Works of Gilbert Parker. Imperial Edition. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. In 18 volumes. $2 each, by subscription.

For a novelist, at fifty, to attain to a full and "definitive" edition of his works, is sufficient proof, at the very least, that his market value possesses a certain stability. If any one cares for

further proof in the present instance, let him apply at a public library for any dozen novels by this writer, and see how many of them are "in." It is safe as well as decent for Sir Gilbert Parker to waive the use of his title on his title-pages. An author's advance in popular esteem is marked by the dropping of prefixes, not by the taking of them. It is an edition of "Parker" which the publishers are now adding to their similar editions of Kipling and Stevenson and Meredith and Ibsen.

I.

Gilbert Parker was born in Canada in 1862, and his most popular stories have the Canadian setting. But he has chosen to be a subject of the British Empire rather than a Canadian; a fact suggested by the title of "Imperial Edition" given to the present collection of his works. From Trinity College, Toronto, he went to Australia, and at twenty was associate editor of a newspaper in Sydney. Seven years later he was in London, seeking his literary fortune. He had brought with him some twenty tales of Canadian life, a few of which had been published in Australia. He meant to make a book of them, and showed them to Archibald Forbes, the war correspondent. After reading them, Forbes said: "You have the best collection of titles I have ever known"; and offered a letter to a publisher. But the author got the force of the unspoken criticism, took the stories back to his lodgings, read them carefully, and burned them, one by one. The next day he happened to pass a second-hand shop in Covent Garden: "In the window there was the uniform of an officer of the time of Wellington, and beside it—the leather coat and fur cap of a trapper of the Hudson's Bay Company! At that window I commenced to build again upon the ashes of last night's fire. Pretty Pierre, the French half-breed, or rather the original of him as I knew him when a child, looked out of the window at me. So I went home, and, sitting in front of the fire which had received my manuscript the night before, with a pad upon my knee, I began to write the 'Patrol of the Cypress Hills,' which opens 'Pierre and His People.'" These stories found immediate favor with editors (especially with the late W. E. Henley) and a large public. Thereafter it was plain sailing for the young adventurer. Things "came his way" and have not ceased to come.

II.

In reading the special introductions prepared by the author for this edition, we are chiefly impressed with the evidences of his satisfaction in his own work. It is seldom that an artist, literary or other, is able to look at what he has done with such unalloyed pleasure as this. Some measure of discontent, divine or human, is the lot of most workmen as they survey their work. However keen the zest of labor may have been, the product, surveyed in cold after-mood, seems painfully defective, if not paltry altogether. The best to be got from the experience is a rueful lesson or two, and an impulse to try again. Sir Gilbert has had no such uncomfortable experience in acting as his own editor. He looks upon the world he has created and finds it good. Each of his books has, he perceives, its own place in the scheme of things. Work which critics have slighted as crude or inferior, he regards with generous enthusiasm, with reverence, even, as marking some characteristic of an early mood, or some phase in his development. To explain this attitude we have his firm and confessed belief in popularity as the test of merit. From such a test he emerges triumphant, with the highest possible marks. Hence the well-nigh Boswellian ardor with which he dwells upon the details of his upward course. Hence, instead of suppressing his first long story, "Mrs. Falchion," a juvenile and absurd performance, he reprints it with a full and kindly commentary. He admits that it is faulty in construction, superficial as to incident, and crude of plot, but imagines that it is "in the main a study of character."

That he is notably a student of character, that his persons are living, breathing beings, rather than effective types, is a conviction of his. He cannot let it alone, is always returning to it, "rubbing it in," in the course of these introductions. Even in the Pierre tales, he recalls that characterization was to him the main thing. "The truth is, that while the episode, which is the first essential of the short story, was always in the forefront of my imagination, the character or characters in the episode meant infinitely more to me. To my mind the episode was always the consequence of character. That almost seems a paradox; but apart from the phenomena of nature, as possible incidents in a book, the episodes which make what are called 'human situations' are, in most instances, the sequence of character and incidental to the law of character set in motion. As I realize it now, subconsciously my mind and imagination were controlled by this point of view in the days of the writing of 'Pierre and His People.'"

To speak of being "controlled by a point of view" is characteristic of this writer. Accuracy of phrase is nothing to him. His effects are the effects of a rapid eloquence. He prides himself quite as much on the painless delivery of his work as upon its slow gestation. He esteems "When Valmond Came to Pontiac" partly because it was written at a heat. He exults in recalling the details of the feat:

> The manuscript of the book was complete within four weeks. It possessed me. I wrote night and day. There were times when I went to bed and, unable to sleep, I would get up at two o'clock or three o'clock in the morning and write till breakfast time. A couple of hours' walk after breakfast, and I would write again until nearly two o'clock. Then luncheon; afterwards a couple of hours in the open air, and I would again write till eight o'clock in the evening. The world was shut out. I moved in a dream.

III.

The theory of the possession, or obsession, of the author by his work, is a favorite; it is often recurred to in these introductions. The reader will find it most fully stated in the preface to "The Seats of the Mighty":

> . . . I have strong views upon this business of compulsion in the mind of the writer. Unless a thing has seized a man, has obsessed him, and he feels that it excludes all other temptations to his talent or his genius, his book will not convince. Before all else he must himself be overpowered by the insistence of his subject, then intoxicated with his idea, and, being still possessed, become master of his material while remaining the slave of his subject. I believe that every book which has taken hold of the public has represented a kind of self-hypnotism on the part of the writer. I am further convinced that the book which absorbs the author, which possesses him as he writes it, has the effect of isolating him into an atmosphere which is not sleep, and which is not absolute wakefulness, but a place between the two, where the working world is indistinct and the mind is swept along a flood submerging the self-conscious but not drowning into unconsciousness.

Atmosphere and individuality are words of which this writer makes much in connection with his work. "The atmosphere of a story or novel is what temperament is to a man. Atmosphere cannot be created; it is not a matter of skill; it is a matter of personality, of the power of visualization, of feeling for the thing which the mind sees. It has often been said that my books possess atmosphere." And his success in achieving atmosphere for his fiction he perceives to be an effect of personality. Therefore, in introducing his South Sea stories, he finds that, "whatever their degree of merit, they possess freshness and individuality of outlook':

> Others could no doubt have written them better, but none could have written them with quite the same turn or touch or individuality; and, after all, what we want in the art of fiction is not a story alone, not an incident of life or soul simply as an incident, but the incident as seen with the eye—and that eye as truthful and direct as possible—of one individual personality. George Meredith and Robert Louis Stevenson might each have chosen the same subject and the same story, and each have produced a masterpiece, and yet the world of difference between the way it was presented by each was the world of difference between the eyes that saw. So I am con-

tent to let these stories speak little or much, but still to speak for me.

IV.

In a general way it is fair to say that Gilbert Parker has done for Canada something like what Bret Harte did for early California and Kipling for the India of the eighties. But so far as atmosphere is concerned, he is more nearly akin to the American than to his fellow-colonial. His atmosphere is local color, heightened and illumined with romance.

Like Kipling, however, he has refused to be content with a single atmosphere. He has travelled all over the world and lived all over the Empire, everywhere finding materials, not so much for immediate copy, as for future reference. A certain remoteness in time and place seems to have been necessary to the free exercise of his fancy. The stories of the South Seas were most of them written in England. "When Valmond Came to Pontiac" was composed partly in Virginia and partly in New York city; "The Translation of a Savage," at Hampstead Heath, "The Trespasser" (a sort of companion piece), in Brittany. The author of "Donovan Pasha" and "The Weavers," first visited Egypt in 1889, but there were to be three more visits, and many years were to pass before he finally undertook the interpretation of what he had seen. Only the Jersey stories seem to have been written on the spot.

"The Battle of the Strong" was undertaken in a mood of defiance. The large public won by "Pierre and His People" had been held by other stories of the Far North: "It looked as though I should be writing of the Far North all my life. Editors had begun to take that view. . . . I was determined that I should not be cabined, cribbed, and confined in one field; that I should not, as some other men have done, wind in upon myself until each succeeding book would be but a variation of some previous book and I should end by imitating myself, become the sacrifice to the god of the pin-hole." Therefore he betook himself, "with his teeth set," to Jersey, determined to prove, to himself at least, that he could write of something besides Canada. It was, he says, the beginning of his wider fame. He saw before him fields for future conquering—the Channel Islands, Egypt, South Africa, and India. "In all these fields, save India," he says, looking back, "I have given my Pegasus its bridle-rein, and, so far, I have no reason to feel that my convictions were false." He particularly prides himself on the accuracy of his local color. He has "not yet met a Jerseyman who denies to it ["The Battle of the Strong"] the atmosphere of the place." "Donovan Pasha," before publication, "passed through the hands of an Englishman who had done over twenty years' service in the British army in Egypt and in official positions in the Egyptian administration, and I do not think that he made six corrections in the whole three hundred pages."

V.

The characteristic quality of his work he takes to be a peculiar blend of romanticism and realism first seen in "Mrs. Falchion," first strongly developed in "The Right of Way." The story of Charley Steele marked, he says, "the beginning of a new epoch in my literary life. I had got into subtler methods, reached more intimate understandings, had come to a place where analysis of character had shaken itself free—but certainly not quite free—from a natural yet rather dangerous eloquence." Certainly not quite free, either then or later. The fact made quite clear by these introductions is that their author misunderstands his function. The great and continued popularity of his work stands for something, but does not prove that it is the work of a serious artist. Gilbert Parker belongs to the same order as the late Marion Crawford. He is a natural story-teller, a born entertainer, with a gusto for his job. He loves to have things happen, to play upon such nerves and sensibilities as the reader of romance puts at the disposal of romancers. He does not go very deep into human life and character. He has atmosphere and picturesqueness, and a good stage presence of his own. His latest fiction does not differ in essence from his earliest. Crudities of manner have been outgrown, in large part, but the matter remains crude, or, it would be fairer to say, elemental. There is less eloquence in "The Weavers" and "The Judgment House" than in the Pretty Pierre stories; but they are equally based upon that conventionalized treatment of incident and character for which the word "melodrama" is a convenient tag.

BOOKS ON WAR.

The Human Slaughter House: Scenes from the War which is Sure to Come. Translated from the German of Wilhelm Lamszus. New York: Frederick A Stokes Co. 50 cents net.

Pickett and His Men. By LaSalle Corbell Pickett. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1899, re-issue 1913. $2.50 net.

The Bugles of Gettysburg. By LaSalle Corbell Pickett. Chicago: F. G. Browne & Co. $1 net.

The Heart of a Soldier. By LaSalle Corbell Pickett. New York: Seth Moyle (incorporated). $1.30 net.

The semi-centenary of 1863, the critical year of the Civil War, revives interest in our memories of that time, and this is shown abundantly in the publishers' lists.

With these volumes comes a noteworthy book from Germany in "The Human Slaughter House" of Wilhelm Lamszus, which reflects the apprehension felt in Europe of an imminent catastrophe. Lamszus is by profession a teacher, a man humane, accomplished, of strong imagination, and good power of description, and his work is of set purpose in the highest degree shocking. The title is repulsive, the binding is of the color of blood, and set off with a human skull, while the contents are an unshrinking portrayal of the worst horrors. The author well knows the improvements, so-called, of military art, and paints relentlessly in minute detail such a battle as is "sure to come." No intelligent reader will feel that the forecast is exaggerated. We have mastered rapidly in our day the forces of earth, air, and sea, and when these are applied, as in future warfare they will be, to devastation and homicide, how can the result be measured? Here is a presentment of the very naked truth. What good result can be looked for from such a book? The author himself has no hope of averting or even mitigating the horrors he depicts. The war is "sure to come." We rank ourselves definitely among pacificists, but we question the wisdom of our brother peacemen who see in such books a means for making our bad case better. After all, the dreadful features of this warfare of the future cannot be worse than those of the warfare of the past. The process will be quicker, but it cannot go further. Heretofore smiling lands have been made deserts and whole races exterminated. Better perhaps that it should be done in a day than that the agony should be protracted. Nor do the imaginary horrors of Lamszus surpass the recitals, based on fact, of Tolstoy, relating to the Russian Campaign of 1812, or the Erckmann-Chatrian descriptions of the Napoleonic downfall, or the narratives of the Thirty Years' War. Heretofore such accounts have not availed to hold men back from battle, nor will the anticipation of Lamszus hold them back now. From the beginning of the world mankind has stood face to face with the grim visage of war. Its lineaments are graven upon the consciousness of mankind as with a point of steel, and such nightmares as "The Human Slaughter House" are not necessary to deepen this impression. That war has been a necessity Lamszus admits. He quotes admiringly folk-songs of Holland at the time when the Dutch were driving back the Spaniards. His references to Genghis-Khan imply that in his idea Aryan Europe did well in driving back Tartars and Huns. To his German soul it seems a blessing that the Napoleonic yoke was broken even though it must be by force of arms. As to our own Civil War, we

hope he believes the North did well to withstand the misguided hosts that would have given over our continent to particularism, to that granulation of nations which brings paralysis to all good things.

The humane have long wished that some other arbitrament than that of the sword might be found for our differences. The past did not find, nor has the present yet found it, though we may hope that the hearts of men slowly grow towards gentleness and reason. Civilization is still threatened from the outside by savagery, and pervaded within by greed, superstition, ignorance, class and racial prejudice, and anarchic brutality. These evil powers are militant, and in the last resort can be met only with weapons. Hoping and working for better things, we must make the best of what is, and if there are alleviations for our sad lot, it is right to bring them to bear.

The knightly soldier has always been for men and women a beloved image, the warrior

> Whom neither shape of danger can dismay
> Nor thought of sinful happiness betray.

Such figures charm and inspire us, standing out though they do in the midst of ghastly environments which are the conditions of their appearance; and such an one in our time of trial was Gen. George E. Pickett, champion though he was of a cause which, had he lived, he would probably have believed to have been fortunately lost. Though sent to West Point through influence of Abraham Lincoln, he was from first to last an ardent soldier of the South, in sincere loyalty recognizing as sovereign not the nation, but Virginia, the State of his birth. That his devotedness was honestly misdirected hardly abates the attractiveness of his manhood.

He had the light traits of a troubadour, carrying his guitar at his belt as well as his sword, a singer of ditties, sensitive to bird songs and flowers, a slender, elegant figure in the dance, with locks curling towards his shoulders, soulful eyes, and passionate sighings towards his lady-love. With all this he was the most virile of combatants, the conspicuous hero in a hundred fierce encounters, according to McClellan the best leader of infantry developed on either side during the Civil War. No figure of the time is revealed to us more clearly. His wife sets him forth in three books, largely a reprinting of what has heretofore appeared. Among these books, "Pickett and his Men," though the largest, has the least value. This is a formal history of the events in which her husband played a part, reasonably correct, and magnanimous in tone, marred, however, by efflorescent rhetoric and sometimes silent when a full utterance was needed. As to the famous charge, for instance, on the third day at Gettysburg, the most memorable event with which her husband's name is linked, Mrs. Pickett abandons her practice of revealing everything and suppresses what her husband wrote about the conception of the attack and the conduct of those who were appointed to sustain it. What Pickett really thought is withheld from a desire to avoid animosities and heart-burnings. That charge, however, was probably the most critical incident of the war, and the full opinion of its leader as to the wisdom of his commander and the acts of his associates is important to military history.

The "Bugles of Gettysburg" is in form a novel, a slight work, though it has vivid pictures of the contested fields and the homes behind them. In particular the negro and his relations with his masters has good illustration.

Much the most interesting of the series is "The Heart of a Soldier, as Revealed in the Intimate Letters." The wife consents "with reluctance" to the publication of these letters, and it seems indeed hardly delicate to give to the world communications so intimate; we, however, are the gainers. As love-letters they are charming, and always kind and chivalrous, not vainglorious in the time of triumph, nor cast down in defeat, just alike to enemies and friends. He was a soldier among the knightliest, and a lover to make glad the life of any woman. War is dreadful. Lamszus does not exaggerate its terrors. Here was a man whose career from first to last was warfare. There are traits in his story which illuminate and in some measure offset the gloom. Some of Mrs. Pickett's stories are very pleasant to read. Of Lincoln, who had helped Pickett to enter West Point, she relates:

> It was in Richmond (April, 1865), the day after the fire. The servants had all run away. With my baby on my arm, I answered a knock at the door, and looked up at a tall, gaunt, sad-faced man, in ill-fitting clothes, who with the accent of the North asked, "Is this George Pickett's place?"
>
> "Yes, sir, but he's not here." "I know that, marm," he replied, " but I just wanted to see the place. I'm Abraham Lincoln." "The President!" I gasped. The stranger shook his head and said, "No, marm. No, marm. Just Abraham Lincoln, George's old friend." "I am George Pickett's wife, and this is his baby," was all I could say. My baby reached out his hands to him. He took him in his arms with an expression of rapt, almost divine tenderness and love, which lighted up the sad face. My baby opened his mouth wide and insisted on giving his father's friend a dewy, infantile kiss. Shaking his finger at him playfully, Mr. Lincoln gave the little one back to me, and said, "Tell your father, the rascal! that I forgive him for the sake of that kiss and those bright eyes." He turned and went down the steps, and passed out of my sight forever.

Grant, too, had been Pickett's friend. "On the occasion of my son's birth bonfires were lighted all along Pickett's line. Grant saw them and sent scouts to learn the cause. When they reported, he said to Gen. Ingalls: 'Haven't we some kindling on this side of the line?' Bonfires were soon flaming from the Federal line. A few days later there was taken through the lines a baby's silver service engraved, 'To George E. Pickett, jr., from his father's friends, U. S. Grant, Rufus Ingalls, George Suckley.' "

As a soldier Pickett was most widely known for the charge at Gettysburg, though his supreme achievement, no doubt, was at Five Forks, a losing battle, fought against desperate odds, but with matchless skill and valor. In these books he stands extraordinarily revealed even in his inmost life, a man high-minded, strong, and lovable. The heart of this soldier was sweet and wholesome, and he evoked from his environment, whether friendly or hostile, a response in kind:

> Such brave fidelity in death! Such strength and loving will!
> These are the holy balsam drops that woful wars distil.

England and the Orleans Monarchy. By Major John Hall. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $4 net.

Major Hall, author of "The Bourbon Restoration," is thoroughly at home in nineteenth-century diplomatic history, and for the present work he has made extensive researches in the archives of London and Paris. The result is an orderly and detailed narrative of the negotiations—primarily between England and France, but necessarily involving much attention to Russian and Austrian relations also—concerning the establishment of Belgium, the Spanish and the Eastern questions, and the revolutionary movement in Switzerland in 1847 and 1848. The work contains the most satisfactory account of these subjects in English; incidentally it throws some new light on certain aspects of the Belgian question, and it presents a new interpretation—not altogether convincing—of Palmerston's policy in respect to the formation of the Quadruple Treaty of 1840.

In respect to the Belgian question, it is clear that Talleyrand and Louis Philippe were not always in strict accord. Talleyrand, convinced since 1815 of the desirability of a close alliance with England, felt that the July Revolution made the alliance essential; that neither the prospect of gaining additional territory in Belgium, nor the supposed necessity of conceding something to the propagandist spirit, newly aroused in France by the overthrow of the Bourbons, should be allowed to prejudice the

attempt to obtain the support of England. Louis Philippe, on the other hand, while he never seriously contemplated accepting the Belgian crown for his son, hoped to find some way out which would at once satisfy the discontented radicals at home and retain the friendship of the English Government—"Some scheme was on foot whereby France was to acquire a part of Belgium, and, in return, England was to have the right of garrisoning Antwerp, which was to be declared a free port." And the same opposition between Talleyrand and the home Government appears in respect to the withdrawal of the troops from Belgium.

The negotiations leading up to the Quadruple Treaty of 1840 are examined in great detail, and the story is skilfully told. French historians generally maintain that in this affair Palmerston was actuated by the deliberate purpose of isolating France. Some able English historians, such as Spencer Walpole, have taken much the same ground; and have, in addition, siding with the "Whig friends" of Palmerston in the Cabinet and at Holland House, condemned him for neglecting the "greater good," namely, the French alliance, for the temporary advantage of winning a point in Egypt. Major Hall defends Palmerston from both charges. Palmerston, he says, already saw that the Egyptian question was of vital importance for the future interests of England in India: this, and not the French alliance, was the greater good. In any case, he thinks, Palmerston was not responsible for the exclusion of France from the treaty. He sincerely desired to bring France in; the mistaken and foolish policy of Thiers—a policy based upon his belief that it would prove wholly impracticable to attempt to dislodge Mehemmet from Syria, and that the Powers would never act without France—was really responsible for the isolation of France.

That Palmerston's primary motive was to isolate France is certainly not true. Major Hall makes it clear that he would have been content if France had joined with the Powers. Yet it does not appear that he was ready to make any important concession in order to achieve that result. The decisive event in the whole affair was Russia's unlooked-for abandonment of the policy involved in the treaty of Unkiar Skelessi. Once certain of Russian support, Palmerston certainly cared little what France might do; his correspondence with Thiers amounts substantially to this: "These are our terms; take them or leave them, it is all one to me." With something of the conciliatory spirit of Aberdeen, more friendly relations between the two countries might have been preserved, although it is not at all certain that France, even in that case, would have been induced to adopt the policy of the Quadruple Treaty.

Whether the French Alliance was in truth the greater good, for which England might well have sacrificed much, involves the whole question of English and French relations in the nineteenth century. During the century and a quarter which elapsed between the accession of William III and the overthrow of Napoleon, England and France were always rivals, and during approximately half that time were actually at war with each other. During the century since 1815, on the contrary, no war has disturbed the peace between them; in spite of serious opposition of interests in Egypt and elsewhere, often bringing them to the verge of hostilities, they have always avoided a rupture; they fought together in the Crimea, and at present are united in an *entente cordiale*. It must have been some persistent influence that turned the ancient enmity of France and England into an armed truce, and the armed truce into a quasi-alliance.

The motives which have directed the diplomacy of France are clear enough. It was fitting, indeed, that Talleyrand should advocate the English alliance; for the effect of his policy at the Congress of Vienna was to make Prussia the guardian of the Rhine, and it is hardly an exaggeration to say that the sequel of his success in 1815 was the disaster of 1870. At all events, after 1815 the thing which the French were most interested in, apart from the maintenance of the Revolution at home, was the desire to recover lost prestige abroad, to wipe out the humiliation of the second Restoration and the second Treaty of Paris—a desire which, after 1870, took the form of *la Revanche*, the determination to recover Alsace and Lorraine. Generally speaking, France has always felt that the English alliance was essential to the success of this policy, and she has conceded much in order to maintain friendly relations with England.

But until recently, England has seemed not greatly to need the support of France, or indeed the support of any one. Upon English sentiment, a striking effect of the overthrow of Napoleon was the tremendous accentuation of the spirit of insular self-sufficiency. And the crass conceit and vulgar provincialism which so irritated Byron and helped to make him the prophet of revolutionary Europe, which inspired Niebuhr, a great admirer of English institutions, to say that England was dying of the cancer of egoism, profoundly affected English diplomacy for half a century. The spirit of the time was perfectly expressed in Canning's jingoistic phrase—"Every nation for itself, and God for all." Now, Palmerston, as Major Hall remarks, was a true Canningite. He was neither Whig nor Tory, but pure opportunist. With striking ability and unrivalled resourcefulness he pushed the immediate interests of England, regardless whether he thereby served liberalism or reaction, careless of any principle of permanent balance or settled alliance. England, he thought, could guard its own interests; let France guard hers.

However successful such a policy might be in the hands of a Palmerston, it could only lead, in the end, to a splendid isolation. Even in 1871 there was some point in the characteristically exaggerated statement of Ruskin that England was "in much bodily fear; that is to say, afraid of the Russians; afraid of the Prussians; afraid of the Americans; afraid of the Hindus; afraid of the Chinese; afraid of the Japanese; afraid of the New Zealanders; and afraid of the Caffres: and very justly so, being conscious that our only real desire respecting any of these nations has been to get as much out of them as we could." In recent years the wisdom of the opportunist policy of Palmerston has seemed less and less apparent; and England, watching with apprehension the growth of the military and naval power of Germany, and feeling the pinch of her industrial competition, has at last recognized that the permanent good will of France may have its value.

The result is the *entente cordiale*—an *entente* which might have been much more cordial than it is on the part of France, if English statesmen had been less self-satisfied, during the period from 1830 to 1875. It is certainly possible to maintain, with much show of reason, that in 1840 the "greater good" was after all the French alliance. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries England did much to prevent France from gaining Alsace and Lorraine; if she had done more to enable France to keep them in 1870, it might not now be so uncertain whether, in case of a war with Germany, the *entente cordiale* would prove to have been worth while.

Daniel Gookin, 1612-1687: His Life and Letters and Some Account of His Ancestry. By Frederic William Gookin. Chicago: Privately printed.

To most students of American history Daniel Gookin is known, we imagine, only as the devoted and indefatigable superintendent of the Praying Indians in Massachusetts, and as the author of two invaluable works on the early history of the Indians in New England. The present volume, the fruit of more than sixty years of painstaking research, first by John Wingate Thornton, and later by the author, brings together for the first time all the known facts of Gookin's life, and enables us to see the

notable part which he played in the colonial history of the seventeenth century.

Gookin was of Irish descent. In 1641, at the age of twenty-nine, he came to America and settled in Virginia, where he had already obtained a grant of land. The next year he joined with other Puritans in a letter to the Massachusetts elders, known as the "Nansemond petition," praying for a minister; but the hostility of Gov. Berkeley, who procured from the Assembly the passage of an act of conformity, drove out two of the three ministers who were sent. Perhaps because of this incident Gookin, in 1643, removed to Maryland, and thence in 1644 to Boston, where he was cordially received, and at once made a church member and a freeman. In 1648 he settled at Cambridge. Public honors came rapidly. He was made captain of militia, an office which he retained for nearly forty years; was repeatedly elected a member of the General Court; and in 1651 was Speaker.

In 1654, being in England on private business, he was prevailed upon by Cromwell to take charge of an enterprise for the transplantation of New England settlers to Jamaica. The ill-considered project failed, however. He was back in Boston in 1656, in England again in 1658, and in 1660 returned to Boston on the ship which brought Whalley and Goffe, the fugitive regicides. Meantime, he was actively engaged in the coastwise trade, and later carried on a controversy with Rhode Island over a land grant. The negotiations with Gorges for the purchase of Maine were begun by him, and he drew up the final report on the matter for the General Court, in 1678. In the long struggle with the Crown over the Massachusetts charter he was a leader. In 1673 he became one of the proprietors of the town of Worcester, but continued to reside at Cambridge until his death, in 1687.

Gookin was first appointed Superintendent of Praying Indians in 1656, and held the office continuously from 1661 to 1684. With Eliot he maintained a lifelong friendship, repeatedly travelling with him on his visits to the Indian settlements in Massachusetts and Connecticut. He was the first to learn of the impending outbreak of King Philip's war, but only by the greatest exertions was he able to save the Christian Indians from extermination at the hands of the excited colonists. For his noble conduct during the war he received much popular denunciation, and in 1676 failed of election to the General Court; but the Court stood by him and bestowed upon him enhanced military honors, and in 1677 he regained his seat. Save for this episode, public opinion throughout his life held him to be, as Samuel Sewall declared on the day of Gookin's death, "a right good man."

The author's work has been well done. The chapters on Gookin's ancestry are excellent examples of genealogical study, and the text is enriched by numerous documents hitherto unpublished. Mechanically, the volume is a handsome piece of book-making.

Notes

A collected edition of Leonard Merrick's novels is to be issued in London, with introductions contributed by various novelists. We trust some New York publisher will import the edition for this country.

The Klondike country will be the subject of Howard V. Sutherland's "Out of the North," announced by Desmond FitzGerald. "My Voyage in the U. S. Frigate Congress, 1845-1846," by Elizabeth D. Van Denburgh, will be published by the same house in September.

The Thomas Y. Crowell Company will offer in the autumn "The New Man," by Jane Stone; "The Quest of the Best," on the training of boys, by William De Witt Hyde; and a fifth edition of "The Journal of a Recluse."

New books announced by Sampson, Low, Marston & Company are "My Somali Book," by A. H. E. Mosse; "Where He Dwelt, or Mind Pictures of Palestine," by Alfred T. Schofield; "The Great Mystery Solved (Edwin Drood)," by Gillan Vase, and "The Honourable Mr. Tawnish," by Jeffery Farnol, to be illustrated in color by C. E. Brock.

Paul Elder & Company will shortly publish a new manual by Virginia M. Meyer on "How to Become a Good Card Player," also a set of six manuals on popular card games by Mrs. Meyers, the size to correspond to that of a pack of cards. A volume of illustrations and decorations in color, by Elsinore R. Crowell, entitled "Behind the Garden Wall," will also be on the fall list of children's books.

The Macmillan Company announces for publication in November "Theodore Roosevelt: An Autobiography." Other announcements include Feodor Dostoievsky's "The Idiot: A Novel in Four Parts"; "Peeps at Many Lands," by Frank Elias; "Mechanics and Heat," by J. Duncan; a new edition of Wilfrid Wilson Gibson's "Daily Bread"; a fifth edition of Medley's "Student's Manual of English Constitutional History"; "Corn Crops," by E. G. Montgomery, and Vol. V of The Correspondence of Jonathan Swift.

In an article entitled "The Ascent of Mont Blanc," in the *National Geographic Magazine* for August, Mr. W. W. Hyde, of the University of Pennsylvania, describes not only his own experiences, but those of many other mountaineers, including the peasant Jacques Balmat, who in 1786 was the first to reach the summit. The 69 illustrations are of the Mont Blanc region and many of the most notable Alpine peaks, as well as of Swiss villages and peasant women in their quaint and attractive costumes. A brief account of the Italian lakes, with thirteen charming pictures, is given by Mr. Arthur E. Mayer.

Columbia University has issued a fifteenth edition of its "Catalogue of Officers and Graduates," the first edition having appeared as early as 1774. Particular care has been given in the present publication to the locality index, in order that it may serve as a directory for non-resident alumni. Other classifications make this a convenient work of reference.

Wordsworth's "Poems, in Two Volumes" has been reproduced at the Oxford University Press from the edition of 1807. Except for the addition of line numbers and a few typographical corrections, duly noted, this is a reprint, *verbatim, literatim,* and page for page. The two volumes are bound together in one in the admirable green-and-gold series.

It is pleasant to see that the "Collected Poems," by Austin Dobson, have reached a ninth edition (Dutton). How unusual and exquisite the note of his verse begins already to sound, and what a wholesome treasure these pages contain.

Jean Ingelow is remembered more for her novels, especially for the beautiful story of "Off the Skelligs," than for her verse, but there will be not a few readers prepared to welcome the volume of her "Poems" just issued by Henry Frowde.

A number of magazine articles and reviews have been gathered by Edwin Björkman and published by Mitchell Kennerley in a volume, with the title "Voices of To-morrow." The voices are such as come from Strindberg, Björnson, Francis Grierson, Maeterlinck, Bergson, Gissing, Joseph Conrad, Robert Herrick, and Mrs. Wharton. It may not be easy at first to understand in what way the disillusioned utterances of a Gissing may be harmonized with the hot-house mysticism of a Maeterlinck, and so with the others, and as a matter of fact, these names are more associated by a community of revolt than by any unanimity of purpose. Mr. Björkman's own faith is perhaps best indicated by quoting some of his words on Bergson:

> It is nothing less than a new religious formulation that seems to shape itself before our rapt vision when Bergson says that God, as defined in the light of the life-urge theory, "has nothing of the already made," but is "unceasing life, action, freedom." . . . A divine principle, lying ahead and not behind us; an immortality not miraculously conferred, but logically attained: these appear to be some of the possibilities contained in Bergson's audacious conclusions.

Mrs. Piozzi died in 1821, yet the six folio volumes of Thraliana in which she carried out Johnson's advice "to get a little book, and write in it all the anecdotes I might hear, all the observations I might make, all the verses never likely to be published, and, in fine, everything which struck me," remain in MS, but for such passages as were given in the biographical works of Hayward and Seeley. Now Charles Hughes, in "Mrs. Piozzi's Thraliana" (Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co.), parcels out some further samples from what is evidently an extraordinary storehouse of anecdotes. The reason given by the present owner of Thraliana, a Mr. Salusbury, who is a direct descendant of the Piozzis, for the

non-publication of the manuscript as a whole is that "it contains a great deal of matter that is of too private and delicate a character to be submitted to strangers." And, indeed, from the extracts now given one may see that the writer was at least unrestrained in her statements.

She once wrote that it was strange for a woman to possess such a volume, to "put down every occurrence of her life, every emotion of her heart, and call it Thraliana, for sooth; but then I mean to destroy it." Nine years later she had changed her resolve, and wondered "if my executors will burn the Thraliana." Mr. Hughes remarks that the six precious folios, as entrusted to him by their owner, put him entirely under the spell of Mrs. Piozzi's easy, irresponsible charm.

A remarkable table gives Mrs. Piozzi's estimate of the great personages she met, scoring them all on the scale of twenty, under nine such headings as religion, scholarship, manners, wit, and good humor. Dr. Johnson was credited with twenty in religion, morality, and general knowledge, and with nineteen in scholarship, but in person and voice, manners and good humor, he got only a flat zero. The only person, indeed, who had any good humor was Boswell, with nineteen points, and Evelina Burney's father, with eighteen. The best record in person and voice and manners was, of course, Garrick's, with eighteen and seventeen points, respectively, although Mrs. Thrale was dutiful enough to rate her husband a close second. Burke excelled in general knowledge and religion, but had neither wit nor humor; in person and voice his mark was twelve, or about the average. Garrick's wit was allotted the best, and next to Dr. Johnson, Dr. Beattie's religion and morality. Baretti and Seward were evidently sad scamps, for they had no religion whatever, and very little morality. Sir Joshua Reynolds is left out of account, because Mrs. Piozzi was never able to make up her mind as to his real character.

Among the interesting bits of scandal in the book one is inimitably told, in her own words, of a statesman for whom she had little liking:

'Tis now time to turn over a new leaf for the great orator, Mr. Edmund Burke, who, after I had ran all over Wales in 1774, was the first man I had ever seen drunk or heard talk obscenely, when I lived with him and his Lady at Beaconsfield, among dirt, cobwebs, pictures, and statues that would not have disgraced the city of Paris itself, where misery and magnificence reign in all their splendor and in perfect amity. (Note: Irish Roman Catholics are always like the foreigners somehow, dirty and dressy with all their clothes hanging as if upon peg.) That Mrs. Burke drinks as well as her husband, and that their blackamoor carries tea about with a cut finger wrapped in rags, must help to apologize for the severity with which I have treated so distinguished a character.

Perhaps in view of the tolerated vagaries of title-pages, it would be unreasonable to complain because one's curiosity as to what a moving-picture of democracy would be like remains unsatisfied after one has read Mr. Gerald Stanley Lee's book, "Crowds: A Moving-Picture of Democracy" (Doubleday, Page). Perhaps, too, one ought not to complain at the conception of democracy shadowed forth in it, in view of the fact that "democracy" has come to be one of those cant terms applied to almost any feature or system of human relations which the user of the term approves and wants us to approve. We may therefore merely note as an interesting fact that although one division of the work is headed "Letting the Crowd Be Beautiful," democracy as Mr. Lee conceives it seems to be almost wholly concerned with the efficient production of goods, the efficient and equitable distribution of the same, and the rendering to one another by the members of society, in a spirit of mutual helpfulness, of efficient economic service.

"Crowds" is, in fact, not an easy book to describe. Broadly speaking, its theme may be said to be modern industrial and commercial life, especially as seen in England and the United States; and its central idea, or at least the one most frequently insisted on, in one way or another, is that most of the trouble in this world has its root in inefficiency, and that this, in turn, is due to the tired-mindedness and short sight of a very large proportion of those who are attempting to do the world's work. The book ultimately develops into a glorification of ex-President Roosevelt. Indeed, on page 478, and following, Mr. Roosevelt is formally presented to us as the real theme of it, in language that is sometimes almost dithyrambic, and not always in good taste. The Progressive party is nowhere mentioned, but some of its characteristic doctrines find expression, as, for example, on page 487, where it is insisted that the right sort of men shall be allowed to have a monopoly in their business when they say they need it for greater efficiency; but the wrong sort are to be told that they may not have such monopoly, and are to be told why. "'Telling them why," says Mr. Lee, with delightful naïveté "will be governing them." But how, the doubter asks, shall the Government distinguish between the two kinds of men? "The Government," says the author, "will deal with each man according to the facts, the scientific facts that he has proved about himself." We have been hearing a good deal of late about the science of human conduct. Here is a novel but sufficiently important task waiting for that science when Mr. Lee and those who think with him get their way in the handling of society.

There is a good deal that suggests Carlyle in "Crowds," and notably those chapters in book five which pour out contempt upon the House of Commons, and by implication upon all legislative assemblies. Perfectly Carlylean is the comparison made between Oxford Street, which hums, in the author's picturesque phraseology, and the House of Commons, which hems. It would be doing less than justice to Mr. Lee, however, to suggest that his book is primarily an imitative one. There are passages of first-hand inspiration in it, and reading that is both wholesome and stimulating; and this one may say even though most of the ideas in it, as is the way with the ideas of those who in the modern world assume the robes of the prophet, are little likely to afford very definite guidance in the work of social renovation and invigoration.

"Letters of Major-General Hart-Synnot" (London: Arnold), edited by B. M. Hart-Synnot, will be of slight interest to most readers. The letters, which were prepared for his wife, constitute a kind of journal kept by the general during his several campaigns in Africa between 1872 and 1902. He writes for the most part about the material objects seen on his journeys, and the details with which, as a military official, he was immediately occupied. Of the physical characteristics of the countries he visited we learn a good deal; of the natives and their customs much less; of matters of general interest, virtually nothing. On one occasion only does he break through his habitual reserve in respect to the political issues involved. He devotes a page to the causes of the Boer war of 1881, which he explains with charming naïveté; Boer independence "means the right of carrying on slavery," whereas "England will not tolerate slavery; this is the Boer's great grievance." In the outcome of that struggle he was keenly disappointed, and he permits himself the following criticism of the policy of the Government: "When it comes to taking two or three blows and then being told to cry 'make friends' instead of fight it out, I see conduct not only unfit for men, but what would be condemned with kicks and jeers in the playground of every school in Britain." We have been told of battles won on the fields of Eton and Harrow, but it is perhaps just as well that political issues are not always brought to the test of schoolboy ethics.

A new edition of the journal of that observant but somewhat censorious traveller, Jasper Danckaerts, formerly known as Dankers, who as a Labadist missionary journeyed through the colonies in America from New York to the Chesapeake and thence to Albany and Boston, has been issued as the latest volume in the series of Original Narratives of Early American History (Scribner). Even if nothing more had been done than to reprint the Murphy text of 1867, a very real benefit would have been conferred upon students and readers of colonial history in this country. The Murphy edition has always been inaccessible, printed as it was in the memoirs of a little-known historical society where few were likely to see it and fewer still to read it, while the brief extracts in Hart's "Contempories," though fairly well selected, gave no adequate idea of the value and interest of the whole narrative. Dr. Jameson has done much more than reprint the Murphy version; he has corrected the text, translated from the original Dutch manuscript found by Mr. Murphy in an old bookshop in Amsterdam in 1864; discovered the real name of Dankers to have been Danckaerts, through an autograph note in a copy of the Old Testament in the Indian language given by John Eliot to Danckaerts in 1680 and, wonderful to relate, still in existence in the library of the Zeeland Academy of Sciences at Middleburg in the Netherlands; identified half a hundred names of persons and places which are almost unintelligible in the uncouth Dutch forms adopted by the writer; added largely to the knowledge possessed of the careers of Danckaerts and his companion Sluyter by

facts obtained from Dutch sources; and furnished many valuable annotations that explain genealogical and topographical difficulties met with in the text. The Rev. B. B. James, who had already qualified himself for the task by the publication of a paper on the Labadist colony in Maryland, has contributed a general introduction setting forth the main facts regarding Labadism and the Labadists and the history, as far as known, of the settlement on Bohemia Manor. One of Danckaerts's pen-and-ink sketches, of which a number have been preserved, is reproduced in facsimile as a frontispiece to the volume, and as showing New York in 1679 is of great interest, being (as Dr. Jameson says), "topographically accurate, and drawn with no slight degree of skill." To illustrate the journal, two maps or portions of maps have been photographically presented, one the northeast corner of the celebrated map of Maryland which Augustine Herrman made for Lord Baltimore, and the other of New York and New England, a Visscher map of 1655-56, altered to suit the date 1671 and published in Ogilby's "America." Altogether, the result is a definitive edition of a unique historical document, prepared with scrupulous care and rendered easily accessible in a series designed for popular use.

Of the numerous books about Gettysburg which the recent anniversary of the battle has called out, Jesse Bowman Young's "Battle of Gettysburg" (Harpers) is, for the lay reader, the most readable and generally satisfactory. The author, himself a Union officer, knows the ground intimately; he has read and weighed the voluminous literature of the campaign, including a number of works published within a few months; and he writes clearly and interestingly. His judgments of men and movements are, on the whole, such as have come to be accepted by more critical authorities; while on controverted points he fortifies his own conclusions by an adequate presentation of the evidence. Extended appendices give the rosters of the two armies, together with the record of West Point graduates who served on the two sides. The illustrations reproduce a number of contemporary prints.

Volume XXI of the "Journals of the Continental Congress," edited by Gaillard Hunt (Government Printing Office), completes the record for 1781. Although the Articles of Confederation had gone into effect only in March, the Governmental machinery was already working badly. The responses of the States to requisitions for money were slow and inadequate, the attendance of members fell off, and twice, in August and November, the States had to be urged to keep their representation full. The exigencies of the war in the South made it necessary, in July, for Congress to advance money to the delegates from North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia, pending remittances from those States, and to permit Maryland and Virginia, in August, to import salt. An elaborate report on the defects of the Articles was submitted August 22. In spite of these embarrassments, however, Congress stuck manfully to its task. Consular representatives of France were officially recognized, although the ratification of a consular convention was delayed. The exchange of Burgoyne and his officers was at last agreed to. American captives confined in prison ships at New York were ordered to be supplied with clothing and provisions, at the same time that retaliation for the barbarous treatment of prisoners of war by the British was seriously urged by members. The controversy between New Hampshire and New York over Vermont was submitted to Congress, and a committee appointed to consider it. The reorganization of the Treasury, in September, was followed in December by the incorporation of the Bank of North America. The principal military event of the period was, of course, the surrender of Cornwallis, the news of which reached Congress on October 24, five days after the event, and only a few days after the report of Greene's victory at Eutaw Springs. For both of these successes Congress voted warm and unfeigned thanks. Beginning November 5 there is a slight formal change in the "Journals," the credentials of members and the committee appointments being omitted. The volume has the usual appendices, including a careful bibliography, and an index for the year.

Josephus Nelson Larned, writer and librarian, died Friday in Buffalo in his seventy-seventh year. From 1859 to 1872 he served upon the editorial staff of the Buffalo *Express*. He was Superintendent of Education from 1872 to 1873, and superintendent of the Buffalo Library from 1877 to 1897. From 1893 to 1894 he was president of the American Library Association. He was the author of "Talks about Labor." "History for Ready Reference," "Talk about Books," "History of England for Schools," "A Multitude of Councillors," "Primer of Right and Wrong," "History of the United States for Secondary Schools," "Seventy Centuries—A Survey," "Books, Culture, and Character." He edited the *Literature of American History* in 1902.

Alumnæ of Radcliffe College will be pained to hear of the death of Miss Mary Coes. She was born in Worcester in 1861, and had been connected with Radcliffe ever since her enrolment as a student in 1883. She was assistant secretary from 1890 to 1894, and secretary from 1894 to 1910, when she was appointed dean.

Wellesley Perry Coddington, since 1891 professor of philosophy at Syracuse University, died last week at Hamburg, Germany. He was born at Ossining, N. Y., in 1840, and graduated from Wesleyan University in 1860.

Prof. Henri Marion, for thirty years professor of modern languages in the United States Naval Academy, died last Thursday at Culver, Ind. Professor Marion was designated by the Government as the official interpreter of the party that brought the body of John Paul Jones from France to this country in 1906, and later he wrote a book on the subject, "Last Cruise and Final Resting Place of John Paul Jones." He was the author of several textbooks of French and Spanish.

August Ferdinand Bebel, the German Socialist, died in Zurich, Switzerland, on August 13. He was born in Cologne in 1840, and, though rich at the time of his death, he had had a severe struggle with poverty as a child and young man. In 1867 he was elected to the North German Parliament, and four years later to the new German Reichstag. In 1872 he was accused, with his friend Liebknecht, of an attempt at high treason, and was condemned to two years' imprisonment, and to nine months for insult to the German Emperor. He was reëlected, however, to the Reichstag, and maintained his place there. Among his numerous writings are the following: "Christentum und Sozialismus," "Charles Fourier," "Die Frau und der Sozialismus," and "Die Sozialdemokratie und das allgemeine Wahlrecht." A more extended notice of Herr Bebel's career will be found in the *Nation* of July 10, in a review of "My Life," his last work.

Science

Bird-Lore for July-August opens with the account of an island, called the Old Man, on the far eastern coast of Maine, which is the home of many sea-birds, including the Eider Duck. It is about twelve acres in extent, and is covered with dense grass and bushes in which there are so many nests that it is difficult to walk without treading on them. Many interesting experiences with birds in different parts of the country are recorded, some of them by young observers; and there is a list of 244 different species of birds seen in eastern Massachusetts from January 1 to December 31, 1912. Of these, 27 were seen on the first day of the year. Among the other contents is the Biological Survey Circular, "Proposed Regulations for the Protection of Migratory Birds," which is characterized as "doubtless the most important document in relation to bird-protection which has ever appeared in this country—possibly in any country." There is also a map showing the two zones into which the United States is divided for this purpose.

Prof. T. G. Bonney, the venerable geologist, long time in the faculty of University College, London, has brought his well-known volume, "Volcanoes: Their Structure and Significance," abreast of much recent investigation, in a third edition issued by Putnams. The work is a very readable and well-prepared discussion of the subject. There are, nevertheless, two suggestions which the author might consider with profit. Professor Bonney writes in the belief that the earth's crust is saturated with ground-water down to the limit of cavities, a belief which materially influences his conclusions regarding the causes of volcanic action. On the other hand, increasing experience in deep mines and boreholes leads to the conclusion that free ground-water rarely extends below one to two thousand feet from the surface—a conclusion which has been brought out in several significant papers in America. Professor Bonney is also impressed with the value of the investigations recently published by M. Brun, of Geneva. M. Brun has become convinced of the absence of water in volcanic emissions. Professor Bonney could not know, at the time he wrote his revised book, that the work of Messrs. Day and Shepherd, of the Carnegie Geophysical Institution, performed at Kilauea, Hawaii, and only announced last December, has shown so much water in these emissions as to raise very serious questions regarding the accuracy of M. Brun's determina-

tions. Both these matters will need consideration in a future edition of this otherwise excellent manual.

In science, as elsewhere, the fashions change, and the natural sciences are usually the leaders of fashion. No change of fashion is more interesting than the transition from the static category of "matter," which prevailed from Newton to Darwin, when even the human mind was an aggregation of atomic mental "states," to the dynamic category of "energy," the fashion of recent years, during which nothing has been real but action. In "The Dynamic Foundation of Knowledge" (Dutton), Alexander Philip undertakes to show in some detail how the conceptions of science have their origin and meaning in the "dynamic" implications of action. Apparently he is not aware that his thesis has already been broadly elaborated under the name of pragmatism; his reading appears to have been more in science than in philosophy. His book is none the less worth while, if somewhat amateurish, and if, in the end, like Ostwald and others, he leaves us wondering what special spiritual significance is implied in the substitution of energy for matter and how far "dynamic" is not mainly a blessed word.

Charles F. Mitchell's "Building Construction" (Van Nostrand) is issued in two volumes, an "Elementary Course" and an "Advanced Course." The author is an Englishman of standing in his profession, and naturally writes primarily for the English public. It follows therefore that many of the technical terms used, and methods of construction described, are unfamiliar to architects and builders in this country. Nevertheless the "elementary course" is well fitted to acquaint the student with the general constructional elements which he is called upon to present in small scale working drawings. The "advanced course" is less than an engineering treatise, and more than a draughtsman's manual; the author having kept in view the requirements of those engaged in designing and executing building work, endeavoring to describe the essential principles of good construction, and to illustrate them by typical examples selected from actual practice.

Of interest to naturalists and breeders, though scarcely to the general reader, is R. Lydekker's "The Sheep and Its Cousins" (Dutton). The volume is written to follow "The Horse and Its Relatives" and "The Ox and Its Kindred," by the same author; it covers a field which until now has been vacant, reviewing all breeds of sheep, both wild and domesticated. Discussion of the origin of domesticated sheep is almost purely theoretical, and there are considerable differences of opinion; but the author inclines to believe that the sheep of Europe result from a cross between a domesticated strain of the wild sheep of Corsica and Sardinia, the mouflon, with one of the strains of the Asiatic urial. The latter were first brought into Europe by the immigration of the forebears of the Swiss lake-dwellers. The great antiquity of domestic sheep is shown by the wide variety of types illustrated in the book. Their differences are astonishing, and the publisher has wisely given most of his pictures to the little-known forms. The most interesting parts of the book deal with the merinos, the British breeds, the Bokhara fat-tailed sheep (producers of Astrachan fur), and the wild sheep so difficult to kill, chiefly the argali of Asia and our own bighorn. Mr. Lydekker does not, however, look upon the latter with the eye of a sportsman, and lacks the vivid power of Mr. Hornaday or Mr. Thompson Seton. Of modern attempts at breeding he says little, and seems unaware of the present attempt to introduce the Bokhara sheep into America. The book is dry; but its facts, although not always at first hand, are copious and authentic.

C. Leslie Reynolds, superintendent of the National Botanical Gardens, died last week in Washington. Mr. Reynolds had been connected with the Botanical Gardens for about forty years, and was known for his work in developing the American Beauty rose. He was fifty-five years old, and a native of Montgomery County, Md.

Drama

THE PLAY MARKET.

Several thousand plays have been submitted in competition for the $10,000 prize offered by Mr. Winthrop Ames. Thousands of plays were submitted to the management of the defunct New Theatre, of which Mr. Ames was the head, yet of this number just one play was thought worthy of acceptance, and that play was by a dramatist of established reputation. Mr. Ames may have better luck this time. In the years that have elapsed since the beginning of the New Theatre experiment, there has undoubtedly been some progress towards bringing the theatre into closer touch with the realities of life, even if reality has often taken on the aspect of morbid sensationalism. This in turn has probably drawn to the business of playwriting men with ideas, a sense of literary values, and some knowledge of the background of dramatic history. The custom of publishing plays in book form has also grown. On every hand there are indications that this fascinating game has attracted people other than the truck drivers, section hands, and village dressmakers, whose efforts, according to the chronic complaint of the theatrical managers, clog their office pigeonholes and drive them to distraction.

This does not mean that the efflorescence of dramatic art in this country, which is so steadily and so patiently predicted, will be brought about by the college professors. Something more than ideas and literary style is necessary for success in this eminently difficult art of writing for the popular audiences of the theatre. But if the college professors and allied "highbrows" cannot be expected to supply the managers with perfect plays, it is reasonable to assume that they can furnish the managers with ideas. And how often have we been assured that a good idea is all the managers are looking for! We see no reason why this statement should not be sincere. The managers have at their command the services of trained playwrights who can bring the necessary professional skill to the task of licking a good dramatic idea into shape. This is constantly done in the case of the dramatization of successful novels, where the finished play is really the work of a hired dramatist, and retains merely the theme of the novel, if that. If the same efforts were to be applied to developing the possibilities suggested in plays submitted by amateurs deficient in the technical knowledge of the stage, our elaborate competitions might easily yield something more than the usual barren results.

The economics of the musical "show" would seem to be a case in point. Here is a production obviously involving a very heavy money investment, even if we discount the staggering sums put forth by the press agent's imagination. It is safe to say that it costs five times as much to produce the average musical comedy as it does to stage the average "legitimate" play. The percentage of successful productions is not perceptibly higher for musical comedy than for "straight" drama. The returns from a successful drama are plainly much greater than from a successful musical piece. It is a very rare "show" that reaches the dazzling prosperity of three, four, or more road companies, such as has been attained by a very considerable number of non-musical plays. Why, then, should there be any manager willing to produce a musical comedy when he can stage five non-musical plays on the same investment? The usual reply is that the plays are simply not to be had, whereas a musical comedy can always be manufactured. Yet it is the contention of the practical men of the theatre that the manufacturing process is of essential importance in legitimate drama, too; we cannot get on without that technique in which the amateur is so sadly lacking. Why not supply the technique? The rejoinder to this would be that manufacture in musical comedy is everything, since that is an art-form which dispenses with ideas, whereas artisanship alone will not suffice on the dramatic stage; an idea is essential there. The implication, therefore, would be that not only is there a dreadful dearth of good plays in the market, but that there is a dearth of good ideas capable of being worked up into plays.

This does not sound convincing. It is difficult to imagine that out of the thousands of manuscripts submitted to the managers of the New Theatre there were not a dozen which by intelligent and patient labor might have been developed into plays worth while. As

a matter of fact, Mr. John Corbin, in a magazine article, once declared that there were such manuscripts submitted, and he proceeded to show wherein these plays, in spite of inherent merit, fell short of the required standard. But why were not pains taken to bring to fruit the promise thus recognized? In what better way could the New Theatre have justified its existence? We speak of the New Theatre; because of the commercial manager it is undoubtedly true that sometimes when he stands ready to purchase an idea from a young writer for exploitation by a trained playwright, the author will refuse to sell. And rightly. In the hands of the professional it is only too common that the original idea perishes under the weight of mediocre stage carpentry. That is not the kind of collaboration we have in mind. We have used the word "idea," but mean thereby something more than the bare suggestion for a play. If the author could feel that his "idea" in a broad sense, the spirit of his play, its purpose, and its grace, would not suffer execution at the hands of his collaborator, he would show less fear of the trained artisan of the theatre.

Music

The Century Opera Company, of New York, has made an arrangement with the managers of the Boston and the Chicago-Philadelphia Opera Companies for the exchange of singers. About forty principals are included in the Century Opera Company. To keep all of them busy during weeks when they do not happen to be in the cast, the management has decided to organize a concert bureau. The opera season at the Century opens on September 15, with "Aïda," which will be sung every day during that week in English, and on the Monday of the following week in Italian. All the other operas will have their first performance on Tuesday night; they will be sung in English daily, including Saturday, and in their original language on the following Monday.

Novelties by Debussy and Charpentier are included in the list of the works to be performed next season in New York by the MacDowell chorus of the Schola Cantorum. Kurt Schindler, who has made these concerts so interesting for the last three years, has also chosen for performance next winter choral works by Borodine and Moussorgsky, anthems by Verdi, excerpts from operas by Gluck, Purcell, and Rousseau, new compositions by Percy Grainger, and folk-songs of different nations. Among the soloists will be Julia Culp and Emilio de Gogorza.

The Edward MacDowell Memorial Association announces a music festival at Peterborough, N. H., on August 21-24. It will be under the direction of Eusebius Godfrey Hood, of Nashua, who will conduct the Boston Festival Orchestra and the Peterborough MacDowell chorus. A feature of the festival will be a programme of American music conducted by the composers. This programme includes a cantata, "The Poet and the Dryad," by Cyril Graham; two movements from the "Aladdin" suite by Edgar Stillman Kelley, some songs by Cadman, a "Poem" for baritone and orchestra, by Mabel W. Daniels, and the Negro Rhapsody of Henry F. Gilbert.

Alfred Bruneau, whose "L'Attaque du Moulin" was produced at the Century Theatre a few years ago by the Metropolitan Opera Company, is the composer of one of the operatic novelties to be produced in Paris next season. Its title is "Les Trois Journées." The principal tenor rôle in it will be created by Rousselière, who will also appear in another novelty, "Céleste," by Emile Trépard.

The reception accorded his new opera, "Julien," in Paris appears to have spurred Charpentier to fresh industry. He is said to have nearly completed his "Orpheus," which is to be produced next season at the Opéra-Comique.

Since Frederick the Great, no Prussian ruler has shown such an interest in music as the present Kaiser. Arthur M. Abell sums up some of his achievements in the *Music Courier*. One of his most important was his setting a number of experts to work to gather the best German folk-songs since the days of the Minnesingers. The result was a volume of six hundred of these songs, harmonized so that they could be sung by the male choruses which abound in Germany. Another of his achievements was the reform in singing as taught to the children in common schools. For the opera in Berlin, Cassel, and Wiesbaden the Emperor has spent many millions of marks; no other man in the world gives as much as he does for the support of music. It is owing to the Kaiser's support, also, that it has been possible to publish the fifty volumes of "Denkmäler Deutscher Tonkunst," from the years 1400 to 1750, most of the expense being paid out of the monarch's purse.

Americans abroad will have an opportunity this summer of hearing "Parsifal" in Switzerland. Six performances of it will be given at Zurich; the first on August 31, the last on September 11. At Bayreuth there are no performances this year, nor will "Parsifal" be heard in Munich.

A German musical paper has been printing a series of articles on the many different editions of Bach's "Well-Tempered Clavichord." When Bach was living, the only way he could get even one edition of some of his greatest works was to print them with his own hands. It cannot be said that even now Bach receives the attention due him as the greatest musical thinker the world has ever known. His works, so far as they were preserved, are now all printed in the great Breitkopf & Härtel edition; but most of them are very seldom heard anywhere. Ruskin once said that posterity would not read his books because he had written too many. Bach also composed too much, but his collected works are mines with many veins of pure gold. From London comes the announcement that some of the lesser-known works of Bach will be performed, at popular prices, under Dr. R. R. Terry with the coöperation of the Society of Women Musicians. Familiar works will be avoided. It is proposed to give cantatas, chamber-music, concertos, and other orchestral works, preference being given to those least known in England.

French operas make up the bulk of the offerings of the Brussels Opera House for next season. The list includes Debussy's "L'Enfant Prodigue," "Fauré's "Pénélope," Charpentier's "Julien," D'Indy's "Istar" and "L'Etranger," Saiut-Saëns's "Timbre d'Argent," and an opera named "Cachaprès," by Casadessus.

Art

WATTS AND HIS ART.—I.

Towards the art of Watts it is difficult for me to maintain anything like critical detachment. My mind goes back too vividly to that winter of the New York exhibition of 1884, when, as a lad, I first caught the truth that great painting may arouse and calm one as great poetry does or noble music. After nearly thirty years I still recall the fragile form of Life heartened to the next hesitant step upward by the strong hand of Love, and Love himself with wings broken against a door into which Death must pass. I retain, too, a general sense of grave, shrewd, and magnanimous faces set between the larger canvases. The Matthew Arnold is still clear to me, and the massive head of that great Christian warrior, Lawrence of India. Eight years later it was my privilege to confirm these admirations by a visit to the studio in Melbury Road. Even since, the question of Watts's symbolism, its legitimacy and its limits, has been occasionally present to me. It is, naturally, the central critical issue, and the answers are confusingly various. Among English artists and men of letters it is common enough to hear Watts spoken of as an admirable landscapist and portrait painter, unhappily warped by a fad for allegory. Others laud the elevation and copiousness of his invention while regretting the inadequacy of his technique. Some count him the greatest technician of the century, while more or less averse from his transcendental themes.

Such wide differences of intelligent opinion show how exceptional was the man's genius. He reeked little of our artistic standards; he escapes our categories; he seems irreducibly the individualist. Yet an individualist with a baffling difference, for there never was a soul more socially minded than Watts. Nations were his beneficiaries—France, Canada, Australia, the United States, above all his own England, which now by gift or bequest possesses the bulk of his work. To do public decoration for the actual cost was almost habitual with him. He put away wealth in the desire to serve his times and posterity. His very looks and habits suggested odd-

ly a reincarnation of the older artists he adored. His resemblance to the aged Titian was striking, and he followed Titian's way of painting slowly upon many canvases, gradually perfecting them through years. The forms of the mountain chains, made up of prone titans, in the design for Chaos, he took from the stains on a crumbling plaster wall. It was one of Leonardo da Vinci's devices for stimulating invention. Watts's habit of painting from small modelled figures had earlier been Tintoretto's. Thus in all respects he seems an anachronism in London of the nineteenth century, and his own requirement that a painter must be of his times seems ironic. Yet in the child-like seriousness and persistency of the man was no taint of irony. He was, I believe, not merely one of the greatest artists of his time, but in all essentials one of the most representative. If he differs from most successful painters of his day, it is precisely because they represent next to nothing—individual caprice, trick of trade, flutter of the market—whereas he represents almost alone among painters the deeper currents of life and thought that mark the Victorian age. In gratitude for the first great impression of art I ever received, let me now endeavor to analyze his genius.

I.

My task is the easier that Watts's purpose was single and fully expressed not merely in his pictures, but also in his letters, recorded talk, and published writings. The difficulty, indeed, is the excess of material. Shortly after his death a neighbor, Mrs. Barrington, published a bulky and formless Life. Now, Mrs. Watts exceeds the standard measure of two volumes by adding an entire volume of her late husband's literary works.* The tone of her biography is excellent; she preserves many sayings that one would be sorry to miss; she gives the general sense of that purposeful yet carefully sheltered life, of the coming and going of grave men and fair women, of an atmosphere of cheerful reverence and love. And yet the picture is sadly obscured by the details. Nor can Watts himself be said to be interesting through so many pages. Could the Prophet Isaiah himself bear expansion to three-volume scale? In the considerable task of sifting much ill-assorted material, I shall be helped by Robert de la Sizéranne, who has admirably analyzed the art, and by G. K. Chesterton, whose little biography leaves nothing to add on the topic of Watts as a representative Victorian.

What is remarkable about Watts is his absolutely dedicated life. Had he deliberately intended to make himself a great painter, he would have held no other course. Of poor parents and barely educated in his youth, he was grounded at least in his Bible, his Homer, and his Scott, and he soon undertook the hard task of teaching himself French, Italian, and Greek, and the easier task of teaching himself how to draw and paint. His earliest drawing, probably of his seventh year, is a Sisyphus—a universal type. Before he was sixteen he was taking commissions for chalk and pencil portraits, and was self-supporting. At eighteen, in 1835, he was admitted to the Antique School of the Academy. The keeper, William Hilton, admired his work and besought him to abstain from imaginative composition during his schooling—advice which young Watts calmly disregarded. In his twentieth year, 1837, he exhibited two portraits at the Academy, and one masterly composition, the Wounded Heron. The portrait of his father, done two years earlier, is more thinly painted, but has the wistful candor of a Gilbert Stuart. It suggests the gentle spirit of the humble musician baffled by the world, sympathetic guardian of a motherless boy of genius. For a few years young Watts, hampered by the prostrating headaches which pursued him through life, worked chiefly as a portrait painter, gradually emerging from the world of Dickens to that, by anticipation, of Mrs. Humphry Ward. And then came the success that made him a great artist. In a laudable but abortive effort to encourage mural painting, looking to the new Parliament House, the Government, in 1842, instituted a competition of cartoons on subjects in English history or literature. One hundred and forty designs were submitted, and young Watts, with Cope and Edward Armitage, received one of the three first awards of three hundred pounds sterling. Caractacus led in Triumph through the Streets of Rome was the subject, and from the existing fragments it is clear that Watts had already saturated himself with the grandeur of the Parthenon marbles and of Titian.

With his cartoon money he went to Italy. At Florence he became a casual guest of Lord Holland, Minister to the Tuscan Grandduchy. The beauty and gentleness of the young man appealed to those fine amateurs Lord and Lady Holland, and he remained their guest for the four Italian years. This meant a spacious life, now in the Palazzo Feroni, now at the Medici villa of Careggi, now at Naples; it meant, too, the very best society the world afforded. Watts became the friend of the brilliant Duff-Gordons; Ristori sat to him, and Verdi and Princess Mathilde Buonaparte. There was space and leisure for great canvases. Italian history and legend supplied the themes—Buondelmonti, Paolo and Francesca, Fata Morgana, Boccaccio's story-tellers. In the Casa Feroni and at Careggi he made his first attempts at fresco. Rome supplied the great sensation of the Sistine Chapel. With the Parthenon marbles it was henceforth ever present to him as the test of the elevation of his own work. Michelangelo's influence is plain in the historical painting, completed in 1846 for a new Government competition, and later bought by the nation, Alfred Inciting the Saxons to Resist the Danes by Sea; but in the main the leading influence in the early as in the later painting is that of the Venetians. The same year Watts begged the Greek merchant Constantine Ionides to commission him "to paint a picture to send to Greece. Some patriotic subject, something that shall carry a moral lesson." The publicist is making itself felt in the detached artist. In a letter he describes his Alfred as "dedicated to patriotism and posterity." In every way the idyllic guest-friendship with the Hollands was fruitful. Young Watts, like Delacroix, had definitely rooted his art in that of the High Renaissance. Moreover, it seemed as if he were to realize the precepts of Sir Joshua and the ambitions of the unhappy Haydon in founding an historical school of painting. For such work the monumental gravity of the Caractacus cartoon and the fire of the Alfred show that he had every qualification, and his increasing devotion to symbolism bears a little the look of thwarted development—a question that must later occupy us.

Meanwhile it is interesting to note how circumstance plays into the hands of a steadfast purpose. For three years after he left the Hollands in Florence, until 1850, Watts, in invalid fashion, fought it out alone in London. Then Mr. and Mrs. Thoby Prinsep took him in at Little Holland House, near his old patrons, and Signor, as they called him, was resident elder brother to that charming family for more than thirty years, inheriting, when the Prinseps moved out, their excellent housekeeper. And when Little Holland House was replaced by its namesake in Melbury Road, the master, in his old age, was cherished first by an adopted daughter, then by the young wife who is now his biographer. His homes at London and at the Surrey studio, Limnerslease, became places of pilgrimage for wise, good, and merry people. The very hack work of portraiture seldom brought to him a person he did not value, and led to him many of the fairest women and ablest men of his time. And this necessary toil was much lessened through the faith of a constant patron, Mr. Charles H. Rickards, of Manchester, whose collection became the nucleus of those exhibitions that in the eighties brought the master tardy fame. Thus he painted much on his own terms, as a postscript to Gladstone concerning a sitting will

*George Frederic Watts. The Annals of an Artist's Life. By M. S. Watts. In 3 vols. 8vo. With numerous photogravure plates. New York: George H. Doran Company. $10 net.

suggest. It reads: "Not a word to be spoken from the beginning to the end. In every way he was spared for his work. To have married in middle life so alien a genius as that of the brilliant girl, Ellen Terry, would have fatally disoriented many a transcendentalist; but the mismated stars were well out of the coil after a twelvemonth, and he planning a new venture in colossal statuary. In 1867, at fifty, he was made an Academician. Twice he declined a baronetcy at Gladstone's hands. And when he died, at the age of eighty-seven, in 1904, he was generally regarded as England's foremost artist. The colossal equestrian group, Physical Energy, which had been the chief concern of his later years, was cast by the state for London, and a replica set up as a memorial to Cecil Rhodes on the Matoppo Hills.

From his seclusion Watts maintained a singularly magnanimous public spirit. Besides the great series of portraits and poetical pieces which he reserved for the nation, he gave away scores of his best pictures to public galleries, offered to fresco Euston Station for the costs, volunteered as a rifleman, established a private memorial to the obscurely heroic, wrote on the Imperial destinies of England, instructed the villagers near Limnerslease in arts and crafts, gave his tithe to Ruskin's ill-fated St. George's Guild—in general, showed himself the most socially-minded of men, yet keeping these activities strictly in line with his career as an artist. Day by day throughout his life he rose at daybreak, grudging the necessary hours of sleep. Almost alone among modern painters he studied with utmost care color and vehicles with regard to their permanency. Every great composition was repeatedly amended and frequently put through several versions. So the long and stainless life was rounded out in gentle persistency, in kindliness, in high endeavor, and in a strange imperturbability.

Mr. John D. Crace, the author of "The Art of Colour Decoration" (Scribner), who is a leading English decorative artist, gives us in this book, as is indicated in the subtitle, an explanation of the purposes to be kept in view by the decorative painter and the means of attaining them. He treats in several short chapters of the distribution of values, the scheme of color, the explanation of surface and contour, the treatment by great masters, the decorative picture and imitations, closing with a short reference to modern work and certain hints on practice. Throughout the book we find valid reasoning, sound criticism, and valuable suggestions. The text is fully illustrated with photographic reproductions and with twenty plates, most of which are beautifully executed in color from sketches made by the artist-author in the course of his studies of the work of the great masters of decorative painting.

The author is a strong and convincing advocate of the emphasis of structural values and of the principle that the decoration of a building should always conduce to, and should never lessen, the beauty of the architectural form of which it must in the end become an essential part. In this he will appeal to architects, who all too often find the decorative painter ignorant of architecture and recklessly careless of its significant features, aiming only to place on the wall surfaces clever copies of their sketches, which may be meritorious as seen in their studios, but thorough failures as reproduced and enlarged in their final execution. It may perhaps be said that our author is almost too strongly impressed with the importance of this emphasis of structural value, forgetting that, important though it be, it is but one of many elements which go to give nobility to a work of decorative art. This appears in his somewhat hesitant appreciation of the great mosaic decorations left to us by the masters of the Middle Ages. Such points of weakness are, however, rare, and the book is to be commended to all decorative artists and to all architects whose practice entails the coöperation of the decorative painter.

From Vromant & Cie., of Brussels, we have received two examples of their new series "Reproduction des Manuscrits de la Bibliothèque Royale de Belgique." More exactly, these are excellent collotype facsimiles of famous miniatures, very conveniently arranged on separate sheets, in neat board portfolios with ties. Editorial prefaces are supplied by Father Van den Gheyn, honorary librarian of the Royal Library. The format is small quarto. The two issues before us are "L'Ystoire de Helayne," a romance copied and pictured in 1448 for Philip the Good. It contains twenty-six miniatures, and costs ten francs. The second manuscript, Jean Mielot's amplification of Christine de Pisan's "Epitre d'Othéa Déesse de la Prudence, a Hector, Chief des Troyens," is of slightly later workmanship and also destined for the Good Duke. The illustrations cover virtually the entire field of classic mythology and hero legend as known to the fourteenth century. The pictures are rude but spirited, and of incomparable naïveté. There are no less than a hundred plates, and the price of the portfolio is only twenty francs. These excellent and inexpensive facsimiles of entire pictorial series may be strongly recommended to students and bibliophiles.

Finance

THE RISE IN STOCKS, AND ITS MEANING.

As usual, a great variety of specific causes may be enumerated to explain the upward sweep of prices on the Stock Exchange, which began fully a month ago, which did not come to a halt until last week Wednesday, and which, during the interval, carried up prices 10 to 16 per cent., from the low level of last June, in many of the active shares. On such occasions any observer is at liberty to select his own special explanation. It may have been the final solution of the Southern Pacific imbroglio; the signing, by the quarrelsome Balkan States, of the peace of Bucharest; the offer of $50,000,000 Government deposits to interior banks, by the Treasury Department; the building up of the London and Paris bank reserves, through receipt of $20,000,000 gold from South America.

In a more general way (for explanations are provided to suit all tastes), it may be merely the progressive release, under growing financial confidence, of the "mid-year interest money." It may simply mean that people who looked for "a panic in the autumn, worse than the other one," have become convinced that there will be no panic. Coming down to Wall Street's exclusively anthropomorphic point of view, the rise in prices may have embodied the retreat of the "bear crowd" from an "oversold market," or the skilful efforts of the Union Pacific managers to "make a market" for their $88,000,000 Southern Pacific offering. Any one of these theories is plausible, or all of them together. No tradition is better established, on the Stock Exchange, than the tradition that, when a market has been moving aggressively in either direction, there seems no end to the specific reasons for that movement.

It sometimes simplifies matters, however, to accept the stock market in its historic rôle of index to a coming fundamental change, for better or worse, in the general situation. That such a change has been at least in sight—certainly as long as the recent aggressive rise in stocks has lasted—every observant person should be aware.

What the condition of things would have been in our own and other money markets if "the Balkans" were still cutting one another's throats, and the Treasury still sitting on its surplus, and the Southern Pacific shares in the hands of a court receiver to dispose of, may be interesting matters of conjecture. The probability is that, even so, financial communities would have discovered in the autumn that they had over-prepared for the coming stringency.

Berlin found it so, at the "mid-year settlements" of July, when none of these cheerful special influences was yet in operation. In reality, the two main facts of the year, with a bearing on the financial future, have been the preservation of absolute harmony among the European neutral Powers, and the embargo placed by the world's great bankers on the prodigiously reckless underwriting of any and all new security issues. Granting those two achievements, a turn from the gloom and doubt of the past six months was entirely assured.

How far and how continuously the recovery will proceed, in the money market, on the stock market, or in general trade, is naturally a different question.

The pause and reaction on the Stock Exchange, after the rise in prices had culminated, last week, on the news of the Union Pacific's successful underwriting of its stock sale, reflected a feeling of reserve in which all Wall Street shared. For one thing, it was to be remembered that, even under ordinary circumstances, the last half of August is not a usual period for aggressively rising markets.

The normal autumn requirements of the money market are immediately ahead. The very trade revival, which the recent Stock Exchange movement is assumed to have foreshadowed, must be provided for, and the recourse of other years—the drawing on London's capital for Wall Street's purposes—would this year, for obvious reasons, be a doubtful reliance. Lombard Street will finance our "crop movement," as usual; but it would be singular if the London market were to countenance extensive loans to New York on American Stock Exchange collateral.

We shall also have to straighten out the as yet unsettled problem, just what effect the damage to the corn crop is to have on the general business outlook. That phase of the situation is peculiar, in that certain large sections of the country have to face a ruined harvest, whereas the rest of the corn belt promises to come through the season fairly well. The prevalent estimate of yield, since rain fell last week in other sections than the unlucky Southwest, has been for a crop of 2,500,000,000 bushels. That would be 625,000,000 bushels under last year's harvest, and nearly as much below this year's early June forecasts. But it would not materially differ from the corn harvests of such recent years as 1911, 1909, 1907, and 1904, when the crop was regarded as a serious disappointment, but not as a disaster.

Furthermore, this year will apparently produce, as none of those four years did, a quite unprecedented wheat yield. In 1904, in fact, the trade recovery got under way in the later autumn, in the face not only of a corn crop smaller than last week's estimates for the present season, but of the smallest wheat crop in nearly half-a-dozen years. This is but one aspect of the general problem of next autumn. Against the possibilities of renewed political unsettlement at home, and of slowness in the European recovery, there may also properly be set the facts that the country's money markets are already relaxing their tension, and that stocks of goods in merchants' hands are exceptionally small. When the tariff schedules are finally determined, and the money situation clears, those supplies must inevitably be replenished.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Arnold, T. W. The Preaching of Islam. Second edition. Scribner.

Avalon, Arthur. Tantra of the Great Liberation: A Translation from the Sanskrit. London: Luzac.

Avalon, A. and E. Hymns to the Goddess. Translated from the Sanskrit. London: Luzac & Co.

Ayscough, John. Grace Church. Longmans. $1.75 net.

Benedict, Julius. Weber. New edition. Scribner.

Caine, Hall. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Phila.: Lippincott. $1.35 net.

Callaway, Morgan, jr. The Infinitive in Anglo-Saxon. Carnegie Institution of Washington.

Cleveland, F. A. Organized Democracy. Longmans. $2.50 net.

Cole, J. L. Wheel-Chair Philosophy. Eaton & Mains. 75 cents net.

Dawson, Coningsby. The Garden Without Walls. Holt. $1.35 net.

Gregory, Julia. Catalogue of Early Books on Music (Before 1800). Washington: Library of Congress.

Hough, L. H. The Men of the Gospels. Eaton & Mains. 50 cents net.

Irvine, Alexander. My Lady of the Chimney Corner. Century. $1.20 net.

Johnson, Owen. Murder in Any Degree, and Other Stories. Century. $1.30 net.

Krall, Emil. The Art of Tone-Production on the Violoncello. Scribner.

Lattey, C., and Keating, J. The New Testament. Vol. III, Part I, Epistles to the Thessalonians. (Westminster Version of the Sacred Scriptures.) Longmans. 40 cents net.

Legros, C. V. Fabre, Poet of Science. Trans. by B. Miall. Century.

Little Tots' Ten Minute Stories; Little Tots' Sand Man Stories. Platt & Peck. 40 cents.

London, Jack. John Barleycorn. Century Co. $1.30 net.

Macdonald, John. Czar Ferdinand and his People. Stokes.

Maitland, J. A. F. Schumann. New edition. Scribner.

Mariett, Paul. Poems. Kennerley.

Mearns, E. A. Description of Four New African Thrushes. Washington: Smithsonian Institution.

Noyes, A. G. How I Kept My Baby Well. Baltimore: Warwick & York. $1.25.

Philips, G. M., and Anderson, R. F. Silver-Burdett Arithmetics. Book Three. Silver, Burdett.

Poor's Manual of Industrials, 1913. Poor's Railroad Manual Co.

Pliotiadès, Constantin. George Meredith: His Life, Genius, and Teaching. Rendered into English by A. Price. Scribner.

Research in China. Vol. 3, The Cambrian Faunas of China, by C. D. Walcott; Fossils Collected in Eastern Asia, by S. Weller; Paleozoic Fossils Collected in China, by G. H. Girty. Carnegie Institution of Washington.

Reichert, E. T. The Differentiation and Specificity of Starches in Relation to Genera-Species, etc. Two Parts. Carnegie Institution of Washington.

Smith, A. L. Church and State in the Middle Ages. (Ford Lectures, 1905.) Oxford Univ. Press.

Winch, W. H. Inductive versus Deductive Methods of Teaching. Baltimore: Warwick & York. $1.25.

Wise, B. R. The Making of the Australian Commonwealth, 1889-1900. Longmans. $2.50 net.

Woodward, F. E. Line Lost Limericks. Platt & Peck. 50 cents net.

Wren, P. C. Father Gregory: A Tale of Hindostan. Longmans. $1.35 net.

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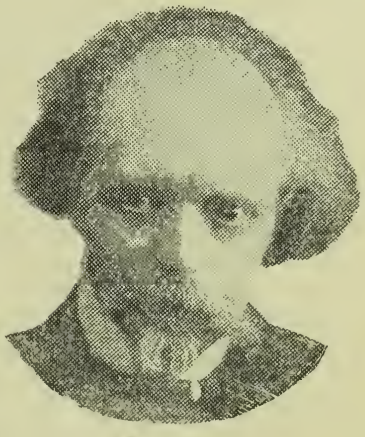

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 28, 1913.

The Week

If the late William James were alive, he could find in the utterances of certain Republican newspapers the best possible example of the will to believe. The *Ohio State Journal*, for instance, sees the now shattered party resuming its former sway "under brighter and happier auspices than for many years past." By the disappearance of the Progressives? Not at all. Of course, this thorn in the Republican flesh "will never make a party. It is simply a protest against the old leadership which will disappear when the Republican party comes back, rejuvenated, refreshed, and born again." The great event now in process is the destruction of the Democratic party. President Wilson is the only force that keeps it together. That is, it may have survived the Civil War and the free-silver blunder, but it cannot be expected to live through so distressing an occurrence as its enemy's almost mortal illness. But logic is logic. The President's party "is maintaining the boss system, while the Republican party is making a strong fight against it," and in a few brief moons the Opposition will be centred in the Republican party, "with Aldrich, Cannon, Penrose, Gallinger, et al., promoted to the rank of voters." This would leave us with only one party, which ought to get all the offices back; but who would be so cruel as to prick so rosy a bubble?

The blighting effect of the merit system, dimly foreseen by the politicians, is now plainly apparent. It has become necessary to coax men to apply for positions. The Civil Service Commission frankly confesses its inability to get the right sort of appointees for certain places. One of these is described as a "real prize," being the post of professor of pharmacology in the Public Health Service. It pays $4,500 a year. Yet no one asks for it—no one, that is, whom the Commission is willing to accept. Would such a condition have been conceivable a decade or two ago? Why, there was not a Congressman in those halcyon days who would not have been overcome with humiliation if he had been unable to put his finger upon a dozen able and willing professors of pharmacology in every township in his district. No village would have been too poor to furnish a few applicants for any forty-five-hundred-dollar job that the Government could list. But all this talent has vanished at the wave of the Commission's wand. "Broad training," this body demands, and "extensive practical experience in various branches of pharmacology, physiology, physiological and pharmaceutical chemistry, and chemotherapy." Is it any wonder that the job is driven to seek the man?

In the San Francisco *Journal of Commerce*, Robert Dollar, himself an owner of merchant steamers, has thrown considerable light on the failure of even a single shipowner to register under the American flag foreign ships owned exclusively by Americans engaged in the foreign trade of the United States. It had confidently been expected that this provision of the recent Panama Canal Act would bring a number of fine steamships under the American flag. Mr. Dollar contrasts the cost of maintaining a British and American steamer:

British Stmr. *M. S. Dollar:* Cost to operate per day, $100.81; deadweight capacity, 6600; lumber carrying capacity, 3,200,000 feet.

American Stmr. *Grace Dollar:* Cost to operate per day, $123.15; deadweight capacity, 2300; lumber carrying capacity, 1,100,000 feet.

Some of the disadvantages of the American steamer are as follows: The American measurement of cargo steamers is 30 per cent. larger than foreign measurement, and this governs the sums to be paid out for tonnage tax, dry-docking, pilotage, etc. Foreign steamers do not usually carry quartermasters, while the American must carry four. In the engine-room the American steamer carries an extra engineer "and three water tenders, men who do nothing but draw the pay they do not earn. No foreign cargo ships carry them. . . . Then, by the new law just enforced, one extra mate is added; and still another wrinkle, if your crew exceeds fifty you must put up a wireless plant on the vessel and carry two wireless operators."

According to Mr. Dollar, the cost of these extra hands on an American steamer amounts in one year to $8,220, or 4 per cent. on an investment of $200,000—a heavy handicap at the very outset for the American owner. Mr. Dollar also complains of the severe test to which American boilers are annually subjected when the Government inspector applies a hydrostatic pressure of one and a half times the working pressure. This, he thinks, has much to do with our frequent boiler explosions. American inspectors are, moreover, less considerate than foreigners in taking up a ship's time and interfering with her loading and unloading. One of our new regulations requires that at the expiration of the year for which the ship has been passed by the Government, she must be reinspected at the first American port at which she calls, instead of being permitted to return to her home port and thus save money for her owners and the Government. Finally, it is gratifying to note that Mr. Dollar asks only that in the foreign trade American owners be allowed to operate under the same conditions as their competitors. He would have Congress stop passing bills whose sole purpose seems to him to be "to restrict and restrain the operation of American-owned vessels."

The pamphlet Mr. Sulzer is sending out in order to convince people that the real animus of his impeachment is resentment against him for uncovering Tammany frauds through his special investigator, John A. Hennessy, is indubitably impressive as to the Tammany rascality, particularly as it is able to cite as proof the indictment of Bart Dunn, a Tammany Hall member of the State Committee, and of William H. Whegand, one of the Democratic bosses of Rockland County. Mr. Hennessy charges that a contractors' ring has since 1908 crowded out honest builders of roads and specifically affirms that the State's inspectors and engineers were, to the extent of two-thirds of their number, "O. K.'d by Thomas F. Smith for Tammany, by John F. McCooey, by Fitzpatrick, of Buffalo, and by Kelley, of Syracuse. Some of them were barbers, some of them were liquor-dealers. Some of them had no known

vocation. The remainder were appointed by members of the State Committee in their respective districts. . . . Some of these fellows rarely saw the roads, but cheerfully signed estimates every month upon which bills were paid." That is precisely the Tammany method of doing things; it is the Hall's idea of doing the people's business. But as proof that Sulzer should not have been impeached, it is ridiculous.

A notable reform in the Appellate practice in New York has at last been accomplished. The Court of Appeals, in Barnett against Malloy, has approved the bills passed last year at the instance of the Bar Association's Law Reform Committee. This brings New York abreast of what has been the English practice since 1875, and abolishes an abuse that crept into the law in 1830. In 1912 the Code of Civil Procedure was amended so as to give the Appellate Division power, in reviewing a judgment, to render a judgment of affirmance or reversal and final judgment on the rights of the parties, or to modify the judgment below, instead of requiring the granting of a new trial. And this has been sustained by the Court of Appeals in the case above mentioned. It applies only to equity cases and cases where the court below could have directed a verdict. The Constitution of New York guarantees a right to a jury trial in other cases, and this prevents the reform from being extended to them. The Law Reform Committee of the Bar Association deserves credit for its work in bringing about reforms in our procedure. Since 1909 substantially fifty recommendations made by this Committee for the simplification of our procedure and the expedition of trials have been enacted into law.

It is so seldom possible to say a hearty good word for the work of a State Legislature that the record of Georgia's deserves notice. It assembled June 25 and adjourned August 14, being limited by law to fifty days. Although it began in the usual way of Legislatures, uncertainly and with little promise of effectiveness, it closed with a week of solid accomplishment. It found the State treasury, in Gov. Slaton's words, sick and steadily on the decline. This condition it met by a tax-equalization bill, supplemented by an inheritance tax and other tax provisions. Among laws dealing with social betterment, none is of greater interest than the "Mothers' Rights" bill, which does away with a gross discrimination by placing a mother upon an equality with the father in cases involving the custody of minor children. In the background of all this work stands the Governor, concerning whom the Macon *Telegraph* remarks:

> Those who feared that Gov. Slaton would fail to measure up in the respect of getting things done are now convinced that the present Executive, who, by temperament, is opposed to the spectacular, and is somewhat non-combative, does "do things," and does them with the least possible friction.

There are probably several thousand schools in the United States that boast somewhere the motto on the Horace Mann building in this city—*mens sana in corpore sano;* and there are certainly 20,000,000 school children to whom it should apply. Every newspaper brings home the importance of school hygiene. England is digesting the estimate that 200,000 of her school children are tubercular—that being, after all, but 2 per cent. of the whole; that 80 per cent. have bad teeth, and nearly half as many defective throats or noses; and that an appalling number are in some definite way deformed, or have faulty eyesight or hearing. In America there is a large proportion suffering even from the American disease of neurasthenia. But neglect or ignorance of the machinery that alone can effect an improvement—including not merely good buildings and good educational programmes, but socially efficient teachers, medical inspection, doctors, nurses, and public-spirited school authorities—is more or less deep-rooted. Its persistence, as well as the recent great inroads upon it, is emphasized by the International Congress on School Hygiene, at Buffalo. In English, French, German, Spanish, and Italian, teachers, investigators, physicians, and sanitarians will read papers to the bewildering number of 300.

Given: what exhibit a boy would choose to visit first at a great exposition, and the name of a book that "sounds good" to him. Required: the occupation or profession he should enter. This is the problem that puzzled the Boston Vocation Bureau just two days. The exhibit which appealed to the boy—he was eighteen—was housed in Machinery Hall, St. Louis. The book was familiar to him only by title, "A Trip to the Moon." Out of these confessions the Bureau drew two inferences: a love of machinery and a roving disposition. Its problem then became: what occupation combines these two elements? Aeroplaning is still new and perilous. Automobile and motorcycle racing is hardly to be recommended as a steady pursuit. The Bureau asked the boy how he should like to be a locomotive engineer. He should like it immensely. And so, after a period of probation as fireman, he is now said to be one of the most expert and trustworthy engineers on one of our great railway systems. Clearly, not all of the brains in Boston goes into business; the Vocation Bureau has its share.

Those who object to the lavish pageantry that is coming to mark historical anniversaries in this country, as abroad, may find gratification in last Saturday's simple observance of the 150th anniversary of St. Albans, Vt. A place founded in 1763 between Lake Champlain and the Green Mountains might be expected to mark the occasion with reminders of Sir William Johnson, or Ethan Allen, or the heroic days of Lundy's Lane. It might even have gone back to the founder of its English counterpart, whose martyrdom occurred in 303. But in the grand parade there was not even the counterfeit presentment of a red aborigine. Instead, enthusiasm waxed warm over a line of three medley bands, fifty commercial floats, forty automobiles, "a few cows, lambs, poultry, and a bear." History appeared only on a "float of plants one hundred years old," sandwiched between one of a harness-maker and another of a clothier. Even the City Hall's exhibit of "antiques" consisted largely of articles lately brought from India. The basis and aims of the celebration should be noted by Western towns increasingly jealous of their few scraps of history. According to the St. Albans *Messenger*, it showed that the place was not dead to "the spirit of united effort and enterprise that marks the boom towns of the West," and that material industries "still enlisted red blood among the St. Albanians."

The best that can be said about Francis Burton Harrison's appointment as

Governor-General of the Philippines is that he is a consistent anti-Imperialist and thoroughly in sympathy with the Democratic policy of independence at an early date. He has never, so far as we are aware, held any executive position in which his administrative capacity might be tested. He faces one of the most remarkable opportunities to serve the United States which have come to any one in recent years. The very magnitude of the problem of evacuation seemed, however, to call for a man of first-class ability, whose name and experience would certify his competency to the country as a whole. This we cannot feel to be the case with Mr. Harrison. He is young, ambitious, possessed of great wealth and of considerable talent, and he will, doubtless, devote himself to the task whole-heartedly. But it remains surprising that Mr. Wilson should have chosen for this place one of the rich young men who have so long lent respectability to Tammany Hall.

To Mr. Harrison the report of Dean C. Worcester on slavery in the Philippines will be a warning of difficulties. Its most serious part, as in the reports of 1910 and 1912, constitutes not so much an indictment of a government as of a social condition. The statement that peonage, which Mr. Worcester clearly distinguishes from slavery, "prevails in every municipality in the islands," is qualified only by the admission of a difficulty of defining the word. As for slavery itself, it is hard to stamp out, because laws dealing with it will interfere with the lesser, more general evil. Those who profit by the operation of the old debtor system are naturally reluctant to end it. The tenor of the report shows that, had Mr. Worcester wished, he might have emphasized improvement in conditions, rather than their still grave aspect. As the islanders have gained in self-government, so the primitive agriculture that fostered the old labor abuses has slowly improved.

No one will, we presume, waste much, if any, sympathy upon Maury I. Diggs, who has just been convicted of the charge of being a "white slaver," in the sensational trial at San Francisco. There will be great rejoicing that the whole country has thus received a valuable object-lesson as to the effectiveness of the Federal white-slave statute. This should have a widely deterrent effect. Yet when all is said and done, it is a curious fact that by crossing the State line Diggs committed a crime, when the same actions within the State of California would not have rendered him liable in any way save on the charge of adultery. This fact and the apparent absence of conclusive proof that the object in taking the girls to Reno was to use them for white-slave "traffic" makes the verdict somewhat surprising. To Mr. Wilson's skill in straightening out the imbroglio in the Attorney-General's office is now added the verdict which decent Californians hoped for. This leaves Congressman Kahn and his kind, who sought to make it appear that the Federal Government was actually concerned in shielding a moral degenerate, looking particularly silly.

Canada, with Thaw, begins a decade of great prosperity. We say a decade, because Canadian legal procedure thus far has shown itself so startlingly like our own that we are safe in supposing it will be ten years before the question of Mr. Thaw's deportation is decided. Already the legal profession and the allied profession of criminal psychiatry are booming. In Canadian private-detective circles an exceptional harvest is confidently predicted. The suggestion that Mr. Thaw become a Canadian landholder in order to frustrate deportation has mobilized an army of real-estate agents who have been idle since the slackening of the boom in Alberta and Saskatchewan. Because of Mr. Thaw's announced intention to enter upon a campaign of publicity, the leading Canadian newspapers have placed orders for additional sextuple presses. One can only touch upon the fertilizing influence of the Thaw money in the minor industries—the moving-picture industry, the jail-delivery industry, the automobile industry, the florist industry, which would never be what it is if assassins and degenerates were not to have their cells brightened with a daily bunch of sweet peas. How Mr. Lloyd George must be wishing himself to be Canadian Chancellor of the Exchequer with power to clap a super-tax on all incomes derived from Thaw!

Sir Wilfrid Laurier's recent speech at St. Hyacinthe has not set the Canadian political pot to boiling furiously. Our cousins across the border are not going to cross bridges before they come to them. The long obstruction of the naval plans was covertly welcome to many. And in the face of the Japanese war-scare, and the example of Australia, the independent Toronto *Sun* still finds in a newspaper poll many communities not enthusiastic for "putting the profit on a $35,000,000 contract into British shipowners' pockets, or building a home navy for which they see no excuse." There is none of the scenting of a fray from afar, as over the reciprocity issue. And that last question, Sir Wilfrid himself pointed out, relates now to the future only. The eyes of the Canadians are fixed on our Senate. As the Liberal leader put it: "At the last Canadian election, many said, 'The Americans need both our markets and our products. The new Democratic tariff will let our products in, whatever our course.' That prediction has not yet come true. If it does, well and good; if not, the Liberals will open the fight again for broader markets and reciprocity." It is evident, even in Canada, that the new tariff will pass, and that its effect there must be tested by time.

Even though Hungarian affairs of honor are quite as consistently harmless as French, Count Tisza's third duel for the year suggests that there is still force in Mark Twain's recommendation that Austria-Hungary should provide herself with a Minister of Etiquette. At the same time, the exploits of the son of Andrassy's old political comrade testify to a certain parliamentary and social advance in the dual monarchy. When the American humorist visited Vienna in 1897, it was the matter-of-course tone in the epithets interchanged by Majority and Opposition members that seemed remarkable. If they had been schoolboys or sailors, their language would have been more in keeping, but the nonchalance with which they accepted insults and slander was absolutely incomprehensible. As gentlemen, they showed a callousness unknown to the pugnacious proletariat—so Mark Twain thought. If there were any danger in such duels of losing a statesmanlike figure—as a certain Western republic once did—public sentiment might end them.

THE BANKERS' CONFERENCE AND THE BANKING BILL.

The action of the Bankers' Conference at Chicago, in adopting, towards the pending banking legislation, an attitude of friendly coöperation and criticism rather than one of sweeping and hostile opposition, we esteem a happy augury. We so regard it, from a point of view which recognizes the force of many of the objections raised in the report of the conference against certain proposals of the measure as it stands. At the outset, a possibility seemed to exist that the bankers' gathering might adopt the uncompromisingly hostile policy expressed in the comment of one delegate that the bill is "unworkable, impractical, and fundamentally bad, and cannot be remedied by amendment."

Adoption of a resolution along such lines might or might not have been economically warranted; that, as was shown by the discussion in the conference itself, is a matter on which opinions differ widely. But that it would have been a grave political blunder, and that it would have gone far towards depriving the bankers' recommendations of any practical efficacy, no one can doubt who has observed the actual situation at Washington. The assembled bankers recognized this plainly. The remark of Mr. Wade, that "if we cannot agree among ourselves in regard to the kind of currency law that is needed, what can we expect of Congress?" was evidence of the wiser spirit which in the end prevailed.

Neither the Administration nor the Congressional committees could reasonably refuse at least to give consideration to criticisms temperately presented by experienced bankers, and accompanied by valid reasons against any existing provision. To ignore such counsel, merely because it came from bankers, would be as sensible as to ignore the criticisms of trained engineers on a tentative plan for an isthmian canal. The engineers' objections might be well or ill founded, but if their authors were responsible men, they could not be overlooked. The banks and their officers have much individually at stake in the result of the currency legislation; the business community of the United States has a good deal more. But it is also not at all impossible that the political prestige and success of the Wilson Administration and the present majority in Congress might have to stand or fall by the practical success or failure of their experiment in banking reform.

The changes recommended in the pending bill are numerous. Some of them affect the general framework of the plan as it now stands; some affect its technical provisions. Of the first class, the objection that twelve regional banks would be too many is the most important. The conference gives its general judgment in favor of a single central bank; but proposes as an alternative that not more than five shall be created. This second suggestion has behind it the high practical judgment of Mr. Paul Warburg, who has stated his opinion that too great a number of such banks would result, first, in weakening the efficiency of all of them outside the district containing the country's largest money centre; secondly, and as a consequence, in forcing such regional institutions into dependence on New York; thirdly, in creating great pressure on the national board, to favor, in its general policies, one section at the unjustifiable expense of another.

The remedy, Mr. Warburg thinks, is the establishment of banking groups "so large that the divergent influences of the various component parts would in themselves eliminate any provincial color." He places the minimum of such regional banks at six. Without passing judgment on all aspects of the matter, we believe that this criticism demands the broadest and most careful consideration.

The bankers further propose that the national board of seven, instead of consisting, as the present bill provides, of two Cabinet officers, the Controller of the Currency, and four Presidential appointees (one at least an experienced banker), shall be made up of three Presidential appointees, three directors chosen by the member banks, with the Secretary of the Treasury as the seventh. This proposal must be judged in the light of the actual situation; we doubt its political practicability. We have said from the first, in considering the Administration plan, that the real crux of controversy in this national supervisory board (which the system of regional banks makes essential) is the nature and limitation of its powers, rather than its manner of selection.

What the bankers' conference had to say regarding the note issue system touched an important point. Their report recommends that the notes should be made the obligation, not of the Government, but of the regional central banks through which the member banks obtain them. It further advises that such notes should be redeemed in gold; not, as the pending bill provides, in "gold or lawful money," and it proposes that a progressive tax shall be imposed on notes when the gold reserve held against them shall have fallen below a stated minimum.

Each of these proposed amendments is absolutely sound in principle; each deals with a provision in the pending bill which is a very grave defect. The pending measure refers to these note issues—secured by bank collateral, and protected by a reserve in the vaults of the regional central banks—as "obligations of the United States" and "advances" to banks by the Government; describes the tax imposed on them as the "rate of interest" paid by banks to Government, and makes that rate discretionary with the national board.

These clauses we have from the first referred to as vicious—not because they really create a Government paper money, for they do nothing of the kind; but because the use of such language and inference distinctly encourages false economic notions in the people's mind. Mr. Bryan's enthusiasm, in his letter of Friday last to Chairman Glass, over what he describes as the "Government issue of the notes," will only emphasize this fact. Whether political exigencies will or will not necessitate the retaining in the bill of these empty forms with unsound suggestions, it is impossible now to say.

FIXED THINGS IN A MIXED SITUATION.

We scarcely needed Hearst telegraphing his orders to New York virtually to repudiate the Fusion ticket, in order to make the municipal campaign in this city appear extraordinarily confused. If the mere preliminaries bring so much uncertainty and acrimony, what shall we have when the lines are finally drawn and the battle is joined? If they do these things in the green tree, what will they do in the dry? Already we have three, and possibly four, candidates for the Mayoralty, not counting the Socialists and the Prohibitionists. And the hand of each of them is against

every other. It is not steam they are accumulating while they wait, but vitriol. When Mayor Gaynor gets fairly going, a vial of bitterness will be broken over somebody's head every day. What will be the effect of his candidacy, or of Hearst's irruption, or of Tammany's proposal to endorse Whitman, politicians are eagerly debating. But, despite their oracular airs, they evidently have no more wit than an ordinary Christian in forecasting the outcome. We have had three-corner fights for the Mayoralty, but here is one not only of many corners, but of nooks and lurking-places whence men will sally to do we know not what. The situation is terribly mixed.

Its underlying principles, however, are not in a state of flux. The city knows that some things are fixed. These can really be seen all the more clearly on account of the existing confusion in outward appearances. And any man at this time in want of a moral and political guide, cannot do better than to turn away, for the moment, from the things that fluctuate to the things which stand firm; from what is guesswork to what the experience of New York has demonstrated to be securely known.

As a first item of this established knowledge may be written down the fact that no man can serve the two masters, Tammany and the city. If he attempts to do so, he is certain to be charged with betraying one or the other. And Tammany demands undivided allegiance. Any official, no matter how high, who does not give it will be ruthlessly thrown overboard. The remorseless pitching into the water of Mayor Gaynor is the most signal proof of this that Tammany has ever given. He did not openly attack Murphy. He tried to get on with him—even to please him. It is evident that he would have been glad to take a renomination from Murphy. But he would not permit the Boss to set his foot on the neck of the Mayor. He would not throw all the offices to Tammany. And that was enough for Murphy. Nothing of the good work the Mayor has done was allowed to count; his distinct personality and original and picturesque way of expressing himself weighed not so much as a grain of dust. He had put the city before Tammany, and that meant a death sentence. All or nothing, is Tammany's motto; and it was never writ so large as upon the cool and contemptuous abandonment of Mayor Gaynor.

With this example glaring in the eyes of all voters, with what face can the Murphy nominee now step forward to talk about plans for the city's welfare? Mr. McCall is confessedly a man of ability. But has he anything like the independent vigor and initiative of Mayor Gaynor? The latter was taken by Tammany four years ago because Tammany was sick, and, for the nonce, a saint would be. He was outside the organization. But Judge McCall has long been in it. On his own showing, he now takes the nomination for Mayor, against his own inclination, and on Murphy's orders. But will he not also take them after the election? The whole argument for choosing him lay in the expectation that he would. In the Tammany speeches lauding him on Saturday, the one triumphant note was that, in Mr. McCall, Tammany would have "a true and tried Democrat." What was meant by that, everybody knows. It meant an end of the nonsense about non-partisan city government. It meant that Murphy hoped to have a man in the City Hall who would appoint to office as he was bid. Mayor Gaynor would not do that, and we see what happened to him. How can Mr. McCall hope to escape the plain inference that he has been selected to do what Gaynor refused to do—to be servile to Murphy and a distributer of out-of-doors relief to Tammany?

By whatever door the voters of New York go in, they always come out, in the city campaigns, at the same place, and find themselves face to face with an organization of political freebooters seeking to seize New York. And this organization is now commanded by a man whom it is a mystery why anybody obeys. For C. F. Murphy is without ability either to write or speak; Bourke Cockran has explained how he used to do the Boss's political writing for him; somebody else does it now. Murphy is, moreover, that anomaly, that libel on his race, as we might almost call it, a dull Irishman. He is not an originator of force; he is only the chance medium through which political forces work. What they are, and where they reside, can be only dimly guessed. But the universal belief is that somebody controls Murphy, finances his organization, and stealthily uses his mask of Tammany leadership for mercenary ends. And it is this power behind Murphy which makes nominations, and orders judges and Congressmen to accept them, and they do it. That is another of the fixed truths in the mixed situation. A secret political control, some fellow in the cellarage, is reaching out for the capture of New York. And the problem for its citizens is to-day merely what it has been before, how best to beat off the attack.

GOOD ROADS WHILE YOU WAIT.

It is an inspiring spectacle that the khaki-clad Governors of Missouri and Kansas have furnished to the nation. Poor old New York does not know who her Governor is. Massachusetts is uncertain whether her chief is a Republican or a Democrat. Washington and Mexico City are trying to come to an agreement regarding the Chief Executive of that unfortunate country. But no such troubles disturb the happy valley of the lower Missouri. There you have a man who is every inch a Governor. Whenever he sees that anything is needed, he issues a proclamation, puts on the pair of overalls which he brought with him when he came to the Executive Mansion, and the thing is done before nightfall. It all reads like the story of Warren Hastings and his realization of his boyish dream of some day buying back his ancestral Daylesford. Gov. Major, too, had his dreams. As a boy he travelled over nothing but bad roads. "I made up my mind then, he says, "if I ever got a chance, I would do all I could for better highways." The years came and went, with varying fortunes for the growing boy, but always he was attended by the vision splendid. Last November the Republicans were divided into two camps; the Democrats captured the State once more, and the man with the ambition to pull Missouri out of the mud became her chief.

And what a glorious pulling it has been! The figures read like a census bulletin and a treasury report combined. Thousands of men wielding picks and shovels, other thousands steering road-grading machines, still other hurrying from place to place with the moving-picture cameras, thousands of women killing, preparing, and frying tens of thousands of chickens, butchered to

make a Gubernatorial holiday, hundreds of thousands of days' work done between sunrise Wednesday and sunset Thursday, millions of dollars' worth of improvement made in the same fruitful period—altogether, it is doubtful whether ever before in the world's history human energy accomplished quite so much in so brief a time. Nor was there mere pretence of doing what their energetic Governor had set them to do. By nine o'clock, we learn, a certain mile of road near the town of Independence, called Silver's Lane, had been put in condition, and the squad of eager volunteers assigned to it were clamoring for more roads to conquer.

In all this the traditional attitude of Missouri is reversed. Instead of waiting to be shown, she does the showing. For Gov. Major has a vision of every State pouring out its whole happy population two days in every year to do something for its roads. He sees "the entire republic working upon the highways of the nation during the same two days." Surely no such elevating picture has been drawn for mankind since it was proposed that everybody should shout at a given signal, and hear the hugest noise ever made. We think no objection could be offered to New York's emulation of Missouri. The sight of Govs. Sulzer and Glynn working side by side upon the roads that Tammany has builded wisely, but not too well, would go far to reconcile the citizens of a distressed commonwealth to their fate. But, however it may be with his proposal for a national road-working fiesta, Gov. Major is doubtless correct in his metaphor-defying contention that a good-roads spirit has been kindled which will bring rich fruitage throughout many years.

Jealous critics of the Missouri Executive will hint that this is the only real gain from the tremendous exertion of these two memorable days. To make or remake a road, they will say, and then go away and leave it to the tender mercies of traffic and the elements, is the most uneconomical method of doing it. Some States still allow their citizens to "work out" their road tax, but what kind of roads do they have? On the other hand, there is the want of enthusiasm with which Gov. Major's project was greeted in St. Louis County, owing to the fact that "the county is well supplied with rock roads, maintained by a heavy tax." "A heavy tax"—there's the rub. What is the good of having self-government if you have taxes along with it? It is so much better to suffer losses that are not so evident, such losses as the Minneapolis Civic and Commerce Association found in a farming area of 750 square miles tributary to that city. Bad roads were estimated to have cost these farmers more than $600,000 in a single year, this sum being the aggregate of losses caused by slow travel, extra trips, inability to reach the best markets, and so on. Scientific road-making takes account of continual repairing. But away with such unwelcome considerations. This is the age of direct government. One day in the year we all turn out to celebrate our independence. One day we vote. One day our more advanced communities spend in pulling up the weeds that have been permitted to grow, and clearing off the rubbish that has been permitted to gather, during the preceding twelvemonth. And shall we not take two days to make passable the roads that our neglect has ruined in the other 363?

CHANGES IN THE LEGAL PROFESSION.

Is the legal profession passing? Mr. George W. Bristol, of the local Bar, is sure of it in an article which he has just reprinted from the *Yale Law Journal*. Needless to say, the state of affairs he interprets is not due to a new birth of humanity and the coming of an era of good will and charity among men. The litigious spirit has not been exorcised. What worries him is that the business of lawyers is slipping out of their grasp into the hands of corporations. That the practice of the law has become commercialized is no new plaint; but the drift, according to Mr. Bristol, has gone far beyond commercializing individual lawyers. "The great bulk of litigation," he declares, "while it may be actually done by a lawyer or a man who has been admitted to the Bar and is entitled to call himself a lawyer, is conducted by corporations which have neither soul nor conscience, and owe allegiance to no code of ethics or morals, and which have no other cause for existence than the accumulation of wealth for directors and stockholders."

Mr. Bristol is abounding in specifications. The real-estate lawyer, he finds, is a thing of the past. A man who buys a house goes to a title company, which does the work and insures the title, and, either itself or through a mortgage company, places a mortgage on the property. Mr. Bristol believes that approximately ten millions of dollars are paid annually to insurance and mortgage companies, of which but a small part goes to the clerks known as lawyers, who do the legal work for the corporations. No code of ethics governs their soliciting business, and one title company in New York has gone so far as to advertise that it will draw wills without cost if it is made executor of the estates. A lawyer who offered money in order to obtain business could be disbarred in this State, and would be guilty of a misdemeanor; no such penalty deters a company from seeking business in any way it can. This license may sometimes be useful when it comes, for instance, to obtaining business in connection with condemnation proceedings. One of these companies was reported in 1910 as having as an asset the sum of $736,316.97, "representing the estimated value of condemnation-proceeding contracts." Another item in this report reads: "Condemnation proceedings, drawing papers, examining titles, recording fees, and surveys . . . $183,902.45." And yet there is a statute in New York forbidding corporations to practice law.

The defence of negligence cases is still another branch of the lawyer's practice captured by corporations under the guise of liability insurance in a company which is pledged to defend litigation and to pay an adverse judgment up to a given amount. As the company cannot be an attorney of record, it usually appears in court through some member of the bar employed by it at an annual salary. This liability insurance contract, Mr. Bristol insists, "is a contract primarily to practice law, to defend litigation, and the insurance feature of it is simply an incident to the litigation." Mr. Bristol cites an adjuster of one of these companies as saying, when rebuked for unethical and unprofessional conduct in going to a client directly, against the wishes of the client's attorney: "To —— with ethics. We are not lawyers; we are a corporation practicing law for the money there is in it, and we are going to settle the cheapest way." Again, there is the

organization of corporations; this, too, has now been taken over by companies with branch offices in those States which are blessed with easy incorporation laws. These corporations not only aid in organizing companies, but for a fee of $25 furnish a "resident director and the year's rent of an office of a size, grandeur, and furniture display to comply with the law." Needless to say, Mr. Bristol is very clear in his mind that litigation by these companies is absolutely illegal, and he cites opinions to prove it. It is obviously a matter which calls for the most serious thought, and one likely to be touched upon at the annual meeting of the American Bar Association next week.

It is, however, only fair to ask whether there are not some redeeming features about the tendencies and practices against which Mr. Bristol exclaims. Thus, it would be interesting to know if the layman has not actually profited by the rise of the company which deals with title insurance. The corporation with its large assets, which is able to insure the title and meet the damages if it makes an error, is better for the client than a lawyer who is responsible only for negligence in searching titles. Moreover, only a few lawyers would be able to respond in damages if negligence were proved against them. The layman may question, too, whether the percentage of error is not greatly reduced when the work is done by a corporation whose employees do nothing else, and are therefore unusually qualified. The use of trust companies, whether with or without an insurance attachment, as executors and trustees, is probably a great advantage over the old practice of having a private individual as trustee or executor, provided that those companies are held by the courts to a rigid accountability for the proper management of the funds placed in their hands. This the courts in this State are doing.

And is the profession not actually bettered by having negligence cases taken out of the hands of the individual? We remember to have read of "ambulance chasers" long before the rise of the liability corporation, and they are yet to be found. The injured person is still the easy victim of shyster lawyers; on the other side, defence by corporations has ended many an abuse from which the employer formerly suffered. There are still plenty of wrongs and frauds in negligence litigation, but a strong case could be made out to prove that these are fewer than before the corporation arose. Finally, it should seem as if the taking of commercial business from the lawyer might check to some extent his own commercialization, and leave him free to enter the many other fields of litigation into which no corporation has yet entered. That we are witnessing a readjustment of the legal profession in many ways, and that its standards have suffered during the process of readjustment, is perfectly evident. But few lawyers, we think, could be found to agree with Mr. Bristol that the profession is disappearing; indeed, the need of the old-fashioned solicitor who was guide, philosopher, and friend is as great today as it ever was, even though that type of lawyer is now so scarce.

A DIAGNOSIS OF WAR.

The investigation which has been proposed by the International Peace Endowment into the cause and circumstances of the war between the Balkan Allies is an excellent bit of enterprise. Events in the Balkans during the ten months that have elapsed since Montenegro gave the signal for battle have impressed themselves powerfully on the world's imagination. All war is dramatic, but we must go far back in history before we find an instance involving such broad issues, such complexity of motives, such fierce passions, such extraordinary vicissitudes of situation, such a succession of dramatic climaxes. International peace is a subject that leaves a great many people cold, but in the present instance the investigators need not fear that their report will remain unread. What the ordinary man will desire to know above all other things is just how a war which had its causes deep in history and which was regarded generally as the manifestation of the higher forces of civilization, should have ended in a shocking relapse towards barbarism. The war against Turkey was described, with pardonable rhetoric, as a conflict between the Cross and the Crescent. But the crusade degenerated into a saturnalia of evil passions. What have the teachings of Cross or Crescent to do with the Walpurgis night of hatreds, treachery, and bestial slaughter that settled down upon the unhappy Balkans? We repeat, the peace investigators will find their public ready. If ever there was an opportunity to win the world's serious attention to the nature and implications of war, one is now presented.

Of the topics for inquiry announced by President Butler—the responsibility for the outbreak of war between the allies, the truth about the outrages committed upon non-combatants, and the economic waste caused by the war—the one to which public attention is most sharply directed is not, in our minds, the most important. The Bulgarian people may feel it necessary, for the sake of the national honor and the national future, to disprove what they describe as the calumnies of the Greek and Servian press. We know in advance where the responsibility for massacre rests; not with Bulgaria, or Servia, or Greece, or Turkey. It is War that is responsible. But recognizing this, we believe that there is comparatively little to gain by laying stress on the atrocities of battlefield or massacre, just as there is little to gain by insisting on the enormous destruction of wealth through war. The horrors of war have always been a favorite subject with the novelists. The ruinous economic effects of war are continually emphasized. But to both arguments the reply is always forthcoming that men will not hesitate to give their wealth or their lives for a cause they believe in. No; the point of attack lies in the direction of ascertaining who or what is responsible for war. Is it fought for a worthy cause, or is it fought because certain leaders or certain interests desire war? It makes all the difference in the world whether the mangled bodies on the hillsides in Thrace and Macedonia are the price paid for the liberation of the Balkans from Turkish misrule, or whether those dead bodies and shattered limbs are incidents in the ambitions of a king or a commander-in-chief, and a testimonial to the skill of travelling salesmen from the gun factories at Essen and Creusot.

That is the essential difference between the Bulgarian dead who lay at Lule Burgas and Tchatalja, and the Bulgarians who fell by the tens of thousands in the ten days' fighting against the Servians at Bregelnitza in Macedonia. At Lule Burgas a nation was realizing its destinies. But even the apolo-

gists of Bulgaria admit that it was Gen. Savoff's unwise and unauthorized action that precipitated open war in Macedonia. The will of the Bulgarian nation was for war with Turkey, but the nation was not consulted before it was plunged into the disastrous conflict with Servia. Upon this point the advocate of peace can lay stress; not the heavy cost of war in lives and money, but the fact that this fearful price is frequently paid without the clear consent of those who pay it, without their even knowing why it is paid. The conduct of war is an enterprise in which the fate of nations and the lives of unnumbered thousands are placed in the hands of a few men. An error of judgment on the part of a leader in the field is paid for in terms of brigades and divisions annihilated; that is inevitable. But precisely because war must be carried on under such tremendous risks and at such fearful cost, it becomes an enterprise upon which a nation may enter only after it has weighed risks and cost against the object to be attained.

From their Balkan investigations the delegates of the International Peace Endowment may easily derive material for a text-book against war. But the chapters dealing with war's horrors will be secondary in interest and effect to the chapters dealing with the machinery for making wars, with the influence of court cabals and Ministerial cliques and Stock Exchange groups, with the nefarious intrigues of the gun and armor-makers. The jingo and the financial incendiary can be frustrated by showing, not that war is terrible, but that war is often wanton. What passes for national interest or the national honor is too often the will of individuals and groups to whom the lives and fortunes of the masses are but pawns in a highly profitable or highly exciting game.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Since the love of adventure exists so universally in the heart of man, it is not strange that the "Travels" of Capt. Jonathan Carver sprang into immediate popularity upon its first appearance in 1778. His account of campaigns in the French and Indian War and of his travels among the Indians of the lake and upper Mississippi region was not only widely read by the next generation, but became the popular manual of information on its subject. It was issued again and again in English and was translated into most of the languages of Europe. Its popularity was justified by its excellence, which has been praised by a well-known historian of American literature in the following words:

> Besides its worth for instruction, is its worth for delight; we have no other "Indian book" more captivating than this. Here is the charm of a sincere, powerful, and generous personality—the charm of significant facts, of noble ideas, of humane sentiments, all uttered in English well-ordered and pure.

From the book of this New England traveller, Schiller drew the language and thought for his "Nadowessiers Totenlied," and many of the passages on the Indians in Chateaubriand's "Voyage en Amérique" were derived from the same source. After Carver's travels had ceased to be the fountain for popular information, it became the historical source book for historians of the older school, who were ready to accept their printed material without questioning carefully the reliability of the author.

Occasionally Western travellers and writers of a later date ventured to criticise the accounts of Carver, and even to charge that he could not have been in the countries he claimed to have visited; or, if he had, that his ignorance was such as to have made the composition of the volume impossible. These sporadic attacks gained no general recognition, however, until a well-equipped and acute historian of the modern school turned on the work all the light of historical criticism.

One of the most fascinating studies for the critical historian is the attempt to prove his suspicion that the purported author of a document or book could not possibly have written it; and many most valuable and interesting services to the science of history have been performed by students who have been successful in establishing their opinion by means of the canons of internal and external criticism. The late Prof. Edward G. Bourne, of Yale University, published, in 1906, in the January number of the *American Historical Review* a study of this character on "The Travels of Jonathan Carver." The well-deserved reputation for accuracy of the critic added such weight to his reasoning that his final judgment was almost universally accepted. From the time of the appearance of Professor Bourne's essay there was a general agreement among the historical fraternity that Carver was an impostor with no right to the title of captain, that he was too ignorant to have written the book that bears his name, and that, although the first part, containing an account of his travels, was derived from his information, the second and more important part, which describes the Indians, was a mere compilation from French sources by some hack writer. Professor Bourne summed up his final judgment in these words:

> It is clear from the evidence here presented that the "Travels" of Jonathan Carver can no longer be ranked as an authentic record of the observations of the supposed author. . . . In any case, Carver's "Travels" must now take its place beside Benzoni's "History of the New World" and "The Book of Sir John Mandevillo."

This judgment, so sweeping and caustic, appeared to be amply justified by the evidence produced; and the clever essay has frequently been cited as an excellent example of critical analysis; but it is no less an excellent example of the fallacy committed by historians, when they ignore that first and most important law of historical criticism, namely, "Thou shalt gather every scrap of information, lest thou thyself fall into the hands of the hostile critic." Scholars in the State of Wisconsin, where the name of Jonathan Carver had long been held in reverence as that of the first English explorer of the State, were not satisfied with this final judgment; and, after several years of quiet investigation, Mr. John T. Lee has just published in the Proceedings of the Wisconsin Historical Society an essay entitled "Captain Jonathan Carver; Additional Data," which is a real justification of the doughty captain.

First of all, Mr. Lee takes up the questions: Was Carver a captain of the provincial troops during the French and Indian War? Was he at the siege and capitulation of Fort William Henry in 1757, which event he describes so graphically? A little search among the archives of Massachusetts and elsewhere has given abundant evidence of Carver's service and rank. In fact, one is overwhelmed with the evidence and wonders how any charge that the captain was an impostor was ever seriously entertained. It is only necessary to cite here a passage from the certificate of Gen. Gage, written in 1768: "These are to certify, that Mr. Jonathan Carver served as Captain in the Provincials during the late war, with Reputation, and has ever bore the Character of a very Good Man."

The charge of ignorance and lack of education is also easily disproved. The fact that Carver was an officer cannot, of course, be taken as proof of his education, as there were officers among the provincials with little or no schooling. In the case of Carver, however, there is abundant evidence of his education. Before the appearance of his volume, he had acquired an enviable reputation as a map maker, as is shown by the following facts: the best contemporary map of the Province of Quebec bears his name; the De Costa map of Boston (1775) was largely his work; Carver was called upon to "improve" the "Map of the British Empire in North America" published in the "American Atlas." In this connection the statement of the present keeper of manuscripts in the British Museum should be quoted. After examining the Carver documents under his custody, he writes: Carver "must have been a man of very considerable education; his style and writing are as good (say) as Captain Cook's."

Mr. Lee has printed with his essay the petitions by Carver to the British Government for reimbursement of his expenses, and one report of the Board of Trade. These contain earlier information concerning his claims to have made important discoveries in the West than that in his book. In the report of the Board of Trade of July 10, 1769, it is asserted that Carver "undertook and performed a journey of great extent thro' the interior and unfrequented parts of the Continent of North America, travelling to the westward of Michillimackinac as far as the Heads of the Great River Mississippi, directing his Course from thence westward almost to the South Sea, and in his turn exploring the whole Circuit of the Great Lake Superior." Of course, this is an exaggeration of Carver's westward journeyings, but it is interesting to

note, on account of the repeated denials by students and explorers, that the Board received from Carver's maps, journal, and conversation a distinct impression of a journey westward of the Mississippi.

Carver was chosen for this exploratory expedition by Major Robert Rogers, commandant of Mackinac at the time. The major had been appointed to his post by political influence in spite of the opposition of Gen. Gage and Sir William Johnson, and immediately inaugurated far-reaching plans, the purpose of which cannot be very certainly ascertained. For his acts he was charged with treason and upon trial at Montreal was acquitted.

Although Rogers's plans are very obscure, his purpose in sending out Carver is more understandable. Before leaving England, he had asserted his intentions of exploring the West, and it seems evident that he hoped not only to find a route to the Pacific Ocean, but also to extend the fur trade. A third purpose may have been the search for mines, and this may have been the reason for Carver's exploration of Lake Superior. It is reported that Charles Townshend sent an agent for this purpose to Lake Superior at about the same time that Carver was there, and possibly Carver and the agent were the same. At any rate, shortly after the return of Rogers and Carver to London, there was formed a Lake Superior Mining Company, composed of influential men, who obtained the King's consent to carry on their operations in that region. Although the connection between Carver and the company is not established, yet the circumstantial evidence is such as to make it extremely probable.

From Mr. Lee's study of Carver and from my own investigation of the same subject, it seems to me certain that Professor Bourne's contentions are unproven, except as regards plagiarism in that part of the volume devoted to the description of the Indians, a fact known long before Professor Bourne wrote. Instead of rejecting the volume as of no more worth than that of Sir John Mandeville, the history of his campaigns and travels may be used by historians in the same way as they would use a similar work by any intelligent and relatively cultivated man, for such Carver evidently was.

C. W. ALVORD.

Correspondence

TRAVELLING IN GREECE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of July 24, Mr. Joseph Pennell disputes the correctness of some remarks of Professor D'Ooge's about the management of antiquities in Greece, accuses the American School at Athens of having allowed the storage museum at Corinth to be put in an unsuitable place, and, in general, gives such a mistaken idea of what a traveller in Greece may expect as his portion, that a word of protest seems in order.

I assume that Mr. Pennell must be comparatively unfamiliar with conditions in Greece. He certainly writes as one who has little conception of the problems which have confronted the Greeks during the last fifty years of their development. The difficulties he had with money matters are very likely due to the war, for a little more than a year ago gold could be had by the traveller at fair rates. I am, however, informed by one who has just come from Greece that he found no difficulty, even now, in procuring such gold as he needed, at reasonable figures. As to Greek money being refused anywhere in Greece, that will be news to many an experienced traveller in the country. Of course any country, when engaged in a war which strains its resources to the utmost, will levy stamp taxes and other taxes to the extent of its ability. Under such circumstances, it is common-sense to pay the tax cheerfully or stay at home.

As to Mr. Pennell's experience in being overcharged, an experience which he says is typical, one can only say that such incidents are not confined to Greece. The foreigner generally pays more than the native everywhere, and our own country and Great Britain are no exceptions to the rule. Perhaps in Italy one has the fact illustrated as completely and openly as anywhere else. For that excursion to Epidaurus, which so tried Mr. Pennell, I paid for my carriage last year about twenty-five francs, nothing to the man who got it for me (one need not be too guileless), a reasonable fee to the driver and to the very courteous guardian at the Theatre. If this year, with the existing shortage of men and horses, forty francs was paid for a carriage, the high charge was scarcely extortionate; and the drive is nearly forty miles, there and back. Perhaps I may offset Mr. Pennell's experience with one of my own. A year ago I spent a night with a party of friends in a small mountain village near Sparta. We were lodged in a peasant's house who, by the way, had two married daughters living in Sioux City. I had made up my mind about what I ought to pay, and misunderstanding the man's figures when I was settling the account, I took from my purse the sum I had determined upon. I soon found my mistake, and discovered that he was asking me less than I was about to pay, and he saw my money, too. The bill was then paid in accordance with his figures. Greece is, of course, still to some extent in the stage of commercial development when few prices are really fixed. Bargaining is the rule, and if a person occasionally pays a pretty good price, he may still not be cheated in a true sense.

Another grievance of Mr. Pennell's is the "artless vulgarity" displayed in fixing the position of the storage museum at Old Corinth. And forsooth the American School is as responsible as any one else! Here again Mr. Pennell speaks without knowledge. The American School is in no way responsible. Such buildings are put where the Greek authorities think best, and their decision is affected by all sorts of considerations, among which the village conditions of land-holding may enter in. In Year Book No. 7 of the Carnegie Institution an excellent panoramic view of the excavations may be found. The museum is the low building at the right. It is certainly not a beautiful structure, but to contend that it utterly hides the "historic view" of the temple is, to say the least, a gross exaggeration.

Mr. Pennell's prophecy that some day, when it pays, the Greeks will charge an entrance fee to the museums and monuments may perhaps be correct, and few would blame them if they did. They tried it in Athens a couple of years ago, and soon gave it up, because, I believe, the fee checked their own people in visiting such places, and it was felt that there was an educational loss. I have often wondered that the Greeks did not make travellers buy a general ticket to all antiquities, as is done in Egypt; but they have a rather fine, if perhaps almost Quixotic, pride in making such things free to all, and it is not always easy to make separate regulations for natives and foreigners. Moreover, the people have not yet lost the charming and traditional φιλοξενία, which to the foreigner who stays any time in Greece is a source of constant delight. Contrast the attitude of the Italians, who are not willing that foreigners should conduct excavations on Italian soil. As a whole, in spite of occasional faults, such as may enter into any human undertaking, the record of the management of Greek antiquarian work has been large-minded and efficient.

J. R. WHEELER,
Chairman of the Managing Committee of the School at Athens.

Burlington, Vermont, August 15.

MR. BOK ON COLLEGE ENGLISH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Edward Bok contributes to the *Outlook* of August 16 an article ("Is the College Making Good?") which deserves the consideration of teachers in college. Some points about his indictment of the ignorance of students, however, are manifestly unfair.

In the first place, one may fairly accuse Mr. Bok of a breach of courtesy in thus publishing, in so unfriendly a way, the grammatical errors of those who in good faith sought to answer his *questionnaire*.

In the second place, there is no breach of courtesy in the fact that some students failed to answer Mr. Bok's *questionnaire*. I suppose that Mr. Bok's acquaintance with the seniors in the colleges selected for examination came only from an inspection of catalogues. This does not accredit him, nor place his inquiry in the category of "business letters." His idea that the mere enclosure of a stamp demands an answer is absurd. The enclosure of a hundred stamps would not require an answer, unless some other interest than mere curiosity or gain prompted the writer's request.

In the third place, one may doubt, and I as an instructor, in one of the institutions criticised by Mr. Bok, take the liberty of so doubting, whether Mr. Bok is at all a fit person to discuss good grammar or style. Let me cite some phrases of his own article:

"If, added to these testimonies, we should secure the opinions . . . we would get a fair line on the college and its work."

Now, quite apart from the journalese of "get a fair line on," it is obvious that Mr. Bok cannot distinguish between "would" and "should." Again:

"Of course one salient fact that must be borne in mind is" . . .

Bearing in mind a *salient* fact must be as hard as carrying a kicking pig! Again:

"A recognition of even the most minor practical rules" . . .

How much more minor, Mr. Bok, is one practical rule than another? Again:

"A stamped, addressed envelope was enclosed in each letter so as to simplify its answer."

What Mr. Bok means is "to ensure a reply." The answer is not simplified by an envelope. Purists would object, too, to the ambiguity of "its." Again:

"The *basic* defect that *underlies* all these *various* kinds of slips." . . .

Here is the pleonasm that is the bane of all such glibness as Mr. Bok's. Again:

"Each prospective graduate" . . .

There is no such thing as a "prospective" graduate.

Fourthly, Mr. Bok's indictment of college men's vagueness is exploded by one little sentence of his own:

"There is a wearying recurrence of . . . the self-evident '*increases your knowledge.*'"

I had thought that the increase of knowledge was the *one* use of college; that, in fact, there was no other. It appears, then, that the students who took the pains—with what thanks we have seen—to answer Mr. Bok wearied him by giving him—the correct answer.

Finally, the defects which appear in the letters used by Mr. Bok for exploitation of ignorance do not prove the poor training in college, unless the inquiry of Mr. Bok plainly stated that the answers would be regarded as tests in spelling and grammar. They prove, on the contrary, that parents have not taught their children to *desire* good use. A boy who does not habitually spell correctly is a disgrace, not to his college, but to his mother and his father. From five years of experience I know that nine out of ten "bad spellers" *can* spell right when they must, but lapse into error from the mere habit of years of parental neglect. Let the blame be set upon the right shoulders. The college has the boy for training in composition only an hour a week for thirty weeks. *What was the mother doing when the boy was from eight to twelve years old*, the period at which spelling should be taught?

H. N. MacCracken.

Yale University, August 20.

QUERY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In reading "The French Revolution: A Political History, 1789-1804," by A. Aulard, translated by Bernard Miall (Scribners, 1910), I am at a loss to understand the following paragraph:

> The most important fact of all in the history of republican ideas is that twenty years before the French Revolution all enlightened Frenchmen had read, either in the original (for a knowledge of the English language was then very general in France) or in one of the numerous French translations, the text of the Constitution of the United States. (Volume I, p. 113.)

The Constitution of the United States was not, of course, in existence before 1787, so that, in view of M. Aulard's words "twenty years before the French Revolution," it is impossible that he should be referring to this document.

To what does he refer?

Lucius H. Holt.

West Point, August 22.

Literature

THE WAR OF 1870.

The Franco-Prussian War and its Hidden Causes. By Emile Ollivier. Translated from the French, with an Introduction and Notes by George Burnham Ives. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $2.50 net.

For some years after Louis Napoleon established the Second Empire there was no opposition in the Legislative Body; but in 1857 five men of liberal views were returned. Of these five—*les Cinq*, as they were known—one was an able and eloquent lawyer, M. Emile Ollivier, who became, after 1866, the leader of those moderates who counselled the Emperor to grant a Parliamentary régime as the most effective bulwark against the rising tide of Socialistic and Radical Republican agitation. The new régime was proclaimed in 1869, and in December of that year M. Ollivier was entrusted with the formation of a "homogeneous Cabinet," which, not in fact very homogeneous after all, took office on January 2, 1870. The policy of the new Ministry was to strengthen the empire by making reasonable concessions at home and resolutely pursuing peace abroad. Nevertheless, on July 19 war was declared against Prussia, and in less than two months the Liberal Ministry had fallen, Napoleon was a prisoner, and the empire at an end.

Those extremists, Imperialists of the Right and Republicans of the Left, who had done what they could to drive France into war, wished not to bear the responsibility for so overwhelming a disaster. They therefore laid the blame on the Ministry, and particularly on the chief Minister, M. Ollivier. Meantime, M. Ollivier, living in retirement since his fall, August 8, 1870, has given much careful study to the history of the Second Empire, and particularly to the closing years, which marked at once the culmination of his political career and the tragedy of his life. The results of his study began to appear about twenty years ago in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, in a series of articles which, with some revision, have been printed in book form under the title of "L'Empire libéral." The first volume came out in 1894, and the sixteenth is probably now in press, if not already published. The work is, in the best sense, an *apologia pro vita sua*—an apology in the original sense of a valiant justification, and a justification, moreover, in the present case, based upon very full knowledge and inspired by a resolute desire to extenuate nothing and to set down naught in malice.

The gist of M. Ollivier's defence is contained in the book now done into English by Mr. Ives. The text is made up of extracts, chosen by M. Ollivier himself, from the larger work, "L'Empire libéral," to which the translator has added, in the form of notes, many quotations from Gorce, Sorel, De Gramont, and other secondary authorities, and an occasional extract from "L'Empire libéral," which M. Ollivier did not think necessary to include. As the title indicates, the book deals with the events, particularly with the diplomatic negotiations, that led up to the Franco-Prussian War. It is a fascinating story, highly dramatic in itself, and well told; that it is told by one of the chief actors, whose bias is obvious, and whose interest in the theme remains fresh and vital after forty years, makes the present narrative none the less important and all the more interesting.

Wishing to drive France into war, Bismarck induced the Spanish Government to offer the crown of Spain to Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern, who signified his willingness to accept the crown in case the offer should be confirmed by a majority of the Cortes. France could not submit to any such arrangement, and M. Ollivier exhausted the resources of diplomacy in the effort to avoid war by procuring either a withdrawal of the offer or an abandonment of the candidacy. Representations at Madrid and at London were fruitless, while the Prussian Government professed to regard the question as a private affair of the Hohenzollern family with which it had nothing to do. King William himself, when approached in his private character by Benedetti at Ems, replied that he could not interfere: he had sanctioned Leopold's conduct when he accepted the offer; he would likewise sanction his conduct if he should determine to withdraw. Meantime, Prince Anthony, father of Leopold, influenced by the representations of the Rumanian agent, Strat, on July 11 commanded Leopold to withdraw, which the latter did under protest. The withdrawal so obtained was confirmed by the King.

The affair seemed now at an end. France had achieved a great diplomatic victory—"the finest," said Guizot, "which has been won in my lifetime." Bismarck was in despair and thought of resigning. M. Ollivier was overjoyed. At three o'clock on July 12 the Ministers agreed with Napoleon that nothing should be decided until the next day. Yet at seven o'clock in the evening Gramont sent off the famous dispatch embodying the demand for "future guaranties"—a dispatch instructing Benedetti to request the King not only to confirm the withdrawal of Leopold, but to give "assurance that he will not again sanction that candidacy." Benedetti presented this request, which the King refused. Even so, the matter might have ended, for on the following day

the Cabinet decided not to press the demand for guaranties.

But the unfortunate Benedetti had not seen fit to remain content with the reply which the King sent him: he insisted once, and a second time, upon a personal interview, if only "to hear his Majesty repeat what he had said to him." This passed the bounds of royal patience, and King William sent to Bismarck the famous telegram in which he left it to the Chancellor to determine "whether Count Benedetti's latest demand, and the refusal with which it was met, should be communicated at once to our Ministers, to foreign nations, and to the press." Bismarck, who had already resigned himself to failure, seized the opportunity which fate thus provided, and published the telegram in a modified form—a form which made it appear that the Prussian King had insulted the French Ambassador by refusing to receive him. The edited telegram, published throughout the world on the morning of July 14, had precisely the effect intended: July 19 the French Government declared war against Prussia.

M. Ollivier's main thesis is that the Ministry did all that was humanly possible to avoid war. That M. Ollivier sincerely desired peace, no one doubts; that his Ministry achieved a great diplomatic victory by procuring the withdrawal of the candidacy, is conceded. But why, then, many historians ask, did the Government imperil this splendid victory by making the foolish demand for future guaranties? And why did M. Ollivier, forgetting the main issue and falling at last into Bismarck's trap, declare war because the King had refused to receive Benedetti? Having secured the essential interests of France, the Ministry should not, it is said, have plunged the country into war merely to avenge a diplomatic indiscretion.

With respect to the demand for guaranties, the defence of M. Ollivier is adequate. The famous dispatch was sent off by Gramont, on the Emperor's sole authority and without the knowledge of M. Ollivier or the other Ministers, at seven o'clock, after what Gramont calls a "conscientious discussion" at St. Cloud. "Who took part in that discussion?" M. Ollivier asks. "I know only those who were not invited—they were: the Minister of War, . . . the Keeper of the Seals, . . . the Minister of the Interior, . . . the Minister of Finance; in a word, no member of the Cabinet save the Minister of Foreign Affairs." As Gorce believed, it was the Empress who dominated the conference and won over the vacillating Emperor; and M. Ollivier did not learn until "after eleven o'clock at night, and by mere chance, that a momentous decision had been reached and put into execution." Moreover, on the following day the Cabinet did what it could to rectify the blunder.

But if M. Ollivier did nothing to bring on the war, he accepted it when it came; and he accepted it, it is said, "with a light heart." This phrase, which occurs in the speech before the Chamber in favor of the declaration of war, has been quoted a thousand times, and is quoted even to this day in reputable histories as evidence that the Minister was neither very strongly attached to peace nor aware of the heavy responsibility of war. Taken in its context, this scriptural paraphrase, as Gorce long ago pointed out, bears no such meaning. For M. Ollivier immediately added: "I mean, with *a heart that is not made heavy by remorse*, because the war that we shall wage we are forced into, because we have done all that was humanly and honorably possible to avoid it."

Nevertheless, with light heart or heavy, M. Ollivier did accept the war. Should he not have endeavored, even after the publication of the Ems telegram, to maintain peace? No, M. Ollivier says; the act of Bismarck was a studied insult not to be passed over with honor by any nation; to have accepted it would have meant a loss of prestige from which France could never have recovered. The point is debatable, but one is inclined to think that if M. Ollivier could have kept the patriotic Paris sentiment in check, France might have recovered from the victory of peace as splendidly as she did from the humiliation of war. However, it is admitted that M. Ollivier could not have combated the war sentiment successfully. His only alternative to declaring war was to resign; and had he resigned the result would have been the same in every respect: the war would have occurred; France would have been defeated; and M. Ollivier himself, instead of being denounced for assuming responsibility, would have been denounced for not assuming it.

Responsibility for the war, from which the Ministry is thus cleared, is put upon Bismarck: no Bismarck, no war. From the point of view of human *motive*, Bismarck is clearly the responsible agent. He alone, among the persons holding positions of authority, desired the war; he alone deliberately set himself, by fair means or foul, to bring it about. But regarding the war as the result of a connected series of events, the thing that strikes one, the very thing that was so maddening to Bismarck himself, is that the Chancellor had to sit quietly by, waiting for others to act, and wondering what they would do. And, after all, on M. Ollivier's own showing, there would have been no telegram to edit if Benedetti had not been indiscreet. In this sense the acts of Bismarck are no more important, as causes of the war, than those of the Emperor, or of Benedetti, and the question of responsibility disappears.

Most readers will readily agree that Bismarck was responsible. Whether he was justified, as a German statesman, in deliberately embroiling the two countries for the sake of advancing the interests of the Fatherland, is a quite different question. In his final judgment of Bismarck from this point of view, M. Ollivier is more generous than one might expect him to be. The French Ambassador, Talleyrand, was on one occasion seeking a polite phrase in which to express his disapproval of Bismarck's conduct. "Don't put yourself out," said the Chancellor. "Nobody but my King thinks that I acted honorably." M. Ollivier's comments are just. "Æsthetically, I like him thus. As soon as he reveals his true self, and boasts of his audacious knaveries which raised his Germany, until now divided and impotent, to the first rank among nations, then he is as great as Satan—a mighty statesman, of sinister but impressive grandeur. He will not thereby have opened for himself the gates of any paradise; he will have won forever one of the most exalted places in the German Pantheon of terrestrial apotheoses."

CURRENT FICTION.

The Jumping-Off Place. By Ethel Shackelford. New York: George H. Doran Co.

The notion of the Eastern girl, reduced to a mess of nerves by a life of fashion, and destined to be healed by contact with the wild West, is not new. The usual method is to plunge her into the hard life of frontier or ranch, to make her use her wits and her hands. Nothing so crude is here meditated. The Camp to which the lady is sent by her physician is a camp only in name, a community in which golf and bridge and motoring have at least as large a part as hard work. Picturesque relics of a sterner age survive, but the hardships involved in residence are only such as inhere in remoteness from Fifth Avenue. Our Eleanor drops, with a maid, into a luxurious bungalow. A telephone puts the neighborhood at her service; and there ensues a mild, not to say silly, comedy of coquetry, engaging, in some degree, all the eligible males of the Camp. She qualifies as frontier heroine by learning to shoot, and performing the two favorite feats of the frontier markswoman: defending herself from a too ardent admirer, and saving the life of the man she loves. When we say that the man is really her husband from whom, though they adore each other, a honeymoon misunderstanding has separated her, we give the reader a sufficient inkling as to the course of events. The dialogue involv-

ed is of the "bright" or piquant type which the undergraduate disposes of as "fresh."

Pity the Poor Blind. By H. H. Bashford. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

The Ffolliots of Redmarley. By L. Allen Harker. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

It must be said for Mr. Bashford that he betrays his unimportance rather later than most. His is a masterly manner and a fundamental lack of taste. He begins what promises to be a good bit of light comedy by dispatching from a London centre of high-church influence to a Dorsetshire parish, a pompous young cleric with an inflated sense of his own sanctity. To Sabbath congregations he is known as a fine pulpit presence and an ornament to the church, but to Mr. Bashford and the reader as a selfishly ambitious son who keeps an unpresentable but doting mother well in the background. The first landing of this hypersensitive stranger in a plain-spoken neighborhood throws him—by mistake—into the household of a loose-living country squire, where a bird of his feather is welcomed as one of nature's curiosities, and his sonorous Latin grace before meat is taken as an oracular tip on the day's racing. But here Mr. Bashford drops the rôle of genial entertainer and takes to sermonizing. Not to bate Malvolio in a cassock, but to reform him, is his high purpose. The chief instrument employed in this project is the squire's daughter, a maiden richly endowed with all the bovine graces—good nature, physical strength, and a leisurely mind. In her presence our cleric instantly recognizes his own nothingness. Though somewhat deficient on the spiritual side, she is to him a convincing revelation of the beauty of naturalness, while he, in spite of his lack of honest sincerity, wears in her serene uncritical eyes all the beauty of holiness. With mutual assistance they both at last "find God."

The aspiring son of the middle class who, in presence of the gentry, succumbs to a benumbing sense of his own inferiority, is getting to be one of the standardized subjects of British mirth. Whereas Mr. Bashford shrouded his situation in dim religious light, and cured his hero's bad manners by dragging him through the depths of religious experience, Mrs. Harker gives it a mildly political cast. Her hero is a shopkeeper's son (Mr. Bashford, was sprung from a piano-tuner), and climbs into the social fold as a Liberal candidate. The rhetorical finish of his speech (like Mr. Gladstone, he addresses ladies as if they were public meetings), and the confusion into which he falls at sight of the squire's adorable wife and daughter, constantly betray his base origin. So indelibly marked is he with the habit of counter service, that, having purchased a necktie, he absentmindedly sorts the disarranged "stock" into the proper boxes while waiting for his change. But being at heart a blameless youth, a few lessons in simplicity and kindliness taken from the example of real gentlewomen greatly increase his present ability, and he is even permitted to make love—very respectfully—to Miss Mary, but certainly not to marry her. The author discreetly explains the unsuitableness of such a match and consigns Mary to the safekeeping of Capt. Reggie. There are points in the story at which we could easily persuade ourselves that we were reading a Manual of Deportment for Young Ladies—"How to approach a strange young man who has fallen into a puddle," "How to rebuke a disagreeable father without impertinence," "Teaching a self-conscious youth how to behave at a ball," etc. Enjoyable, even amusing, object-lessons, but object-lessons none the less. Mrs. Harker is really more interested in the younger members of the squire's family than in Mary and the parliamentary Gallup, but even in nursery and school-day episodes, in which she is at her best, we still suspect her of having at heart the edification of the juvenile mind.

Both these books are rich in what is known as "kindly humor." Together they contain an amount of it that is positively demoralizing, not to say smothering. What we need in these days of politely repressed smiles is a burst of healthy, conscienceless, *dangerous* laughter to clear the air.

Little Mamselle of the Wilderness: A Story of La Salle and his Pioneers. By Augusta Huiell Seaman. New York: Sturgis & Walton Co.

The sub-title at least sufficiently describes this book, in so far as it is to be described as anything but juvenile romance. Nobody else is likely to take its history as seriously as (to judge by the "Foreword") the author does. It is perfectly true, as she says, after Parkman, that La Salle was a great man; but that seems to be no fit cause for placing his helpless effigy in a nursery tale. Little Mamselle and her schoolgirl romance are the main thing. Her experiences are neither more nor less credible than the recipe calls for. That La Salle's expedition to the Mississippi should be chosen as setting for them is a purely arbitrary chance. We do not see that there is anything to be said for this sort of thing, unless that babies cry for it.

The Land of the Spirit. By Thomas Nelson Page. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

In his Preface Mr. Page says that "the most notable one change in our national life in the last decade is the deepening of its note. Whereas formerly attention was given largely to things of the surface, of late the mind has been directed more to those things which lie underneath." He believes that there are signs of spiritual awakening on every hand, and gives the present title to his collection of stories "as in some sort reflecting glimpses of this new Land of the Spirit." We confess that we search in vain through these pages for any kind of novelty, whether of mind or of spirit. They seem rather a survival; theirs is the somewhat obvious piety and sentiment of the Victorian fathers. Their dealings with supernatural matters are upon the simplest of planes. There are two nativity stories, devoutly told, and a tale of Jesus appearing in a modern church and faring ill at the hands of the fashionable parishioners. For the rest, the stories are much like those which Mr. Page has collected in his other volumes, such as "In Old Virginia." Part of his charm for the public lies, no doubt, in a certain ingenuous stiffness of style not to be found in this day north of Mason and Dixon's line—the style of a Southerner "of the old school."

POSITIVISM.

The Positive Evolution of Religion. By Frederic Harrison. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2 net.

In this book the St. Paul of Positivism, as Frederic Harrison might be called, delivers what he evidently regards as his farewell message to the unregenerate world. It is composed of various essays and addresses, many of them already published elsewhere, yet put together so as to constitute a fairly unified whole. The generous appreciation which he shows of every form of religion is perhaps the most striking characteristic of the book. And this honest attempt to be always fair is especially notable from the fact that the author's one aim is to make clear how superior the Religion of Humanity is to every other form of faith and worship.

In order, apparently, to be strictly orthodox in his presentation, Mr. Harrison begins his review of religions, as all good Positivists should, with "Fetichism." This (following Comte and disregarding all later authorities) he identifies with nature worship, interpreting it as the direct worship of material objects in themselves, with nothing animistic about them. After Fetichism comes, of course, Polytheism, which, like its predecessor, has a chapter-full of praise. For the author aims to show that both of these lower stages of religion contained much that was excellent, and that all this has been preserved in purer form by the Religion of Humanity. Monotheism, we are told, is a weakening as well as an ennobling of Polytheism. Christianity is taken as the type of Monotheism, and Catholicism is declared "the only serious, enduring,

organic form of Christianity." Except in regard to its creed, Harrison has little but praise and admiration for the Catholic Church. Three very appreciative chapters are devoted to it, and he quotes several times with approval Dr. Congreve's maxim to the effect that Positivism itself is only Catholicism *plus* science.

In the next two chapters the aged Positivist has a very good time unburdening his soul as to the varieties of religious experience in England. The Anglican Establishment has a delightful chapter to itself, and is characterized as follows:

> The Church of England is the most complex and ambiguous kind of compromise in all Christendom. It is a compromise within a compromise. It is at once Local-Catholic, Spiritual-Temporal, Sacerdotal-Individual, Sacramental-Evangelical, Ecclesiastical-Biblical. It combines every kind of contradictory. . . . Of all Protestant communities, it is the most tolerant, the most elastic, the most large-minded. . . . It has a dummy Pope and Episcopal Conclave, a dummy House of Convocation, a dummy Mass, and a dummy Penance and Absolution. None of these will work; nor are they made to work.

For "Orthodox Dissent" our author has more respect; but both it and the Established Church have the same fundamental weakness of being inconsistent and half-way devices. The Churchman should either return to Rome or become an out-and-out Protestant; and the latter, now that the infallibility of the Bible has been given up, should go on to Neo-Christianity. And Neo-Christianity cannot be consistent till it ceases to be Christian:

> Christianity as a religion rests on the divinity of Christ. If there be no miracle, there can be no divinity. If Jesus were not God, he is a rather feeble type to imitate, and an utterly vain reed to lean upon. If he be risen from the cross, it is a miracle. If he be not risen, he is not God; and if he be not God, "then is your faith vain." If Christ be a man like Socrates, put Socrates for Christ. Talk of the Imitation of Socrates; Socrates's sacrifice for our sins, our good actions being inspired by Socrates; Socrates being our mediator, and receiving us into Heaven. What nonsense would be this Religion of Socrates! So Christianity without the supernatural is nonsense also.

Thus we are driven to Theism, which, in the first place, is entirely indemonstrable, in the second place "may issue in anything," and, thirdly, "is a scheme of thought so bare, so transcendental, and so alien to human interests and sympathy, that it does not offer the basis for a religion definite enough to effect great moral and social action for masses of men." Hence a man who is both religious and logical should turn to the last refuge of all, the Religion of Humanity. This is no more atheistic than theistic. It pins its faith to natural science alone, but on the ultimate questions of the universe it has no opinion:

> It neither accepts nor disputes the solution of Natural Theology. It insists that the normal object of religious reverence lies in a wholly different sphere—not in the Incomprehensible, but in the Comprehensible; not in the universe, but in this planet; not in the Absolute, but in the Relative; not in the supernatural, but in the natural; not in the divine, but in the human world.

In spite of its negations, it is the only complete religion, and in it "are realized all the dreams of the older faiths."

Throughout the book one's attention is repeatedly drawn to the author's naïve acceptance of the unlimited sway of natural science; his utter contempt for mysticism; his failure to understand the power and necessity of tradition in matters of faith; his blindness to the beauty and universality of many of the teachings of Jesus; his strange attitude towards perfectly dead mortals as if they were deathless deities. But most fundamental of all the views which the unconverted reader finds it hard to accept is the view of religion for which this book stands. Religion is defined as "the state of harmony that results when man's entire life, both as an individual and as a member of society, corresponds with the real conditions—first of human nature; and, secondly, of the world around us." This is at best ambiguous. But whatever it may mean, surely a study of humanity and of religion will show that man has always insisted on pondering long and deeply over those ultimate questions which Positivism rules out of court, and that religion, in fact, consists just in the attitude which men take towards those very powers which Comte taught his followers systematically to ignore. Persuade humanity that it has nothing but itself to worship, and it will soon cease worshipping. To preach good will towards men is certainly a fine thing, but it is not religion; nor can you make it into religion by adding a whole calendar of "saints" and all the nine Positivist "sacraments."

THE MERMAID TAVERN.

Tales of the Mermaid Tavern. By Alfred Noyes. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $1.35 net.

Alfred Noyes, if any one, has deserved well of poetry. He has done his best to raise it from the triviality into which it has gradually fallen to something of its old-time elevation and splendor. In particular, he has sought to restore its ancient dignity of theme by a return from the petty personalities of a late decadence to historical and national subjects such as occupied it in the days of its glory. To say, then, that his latest undertaking is not wholly a success, is not to condemn it so severely as would be the case with a less attempt: in the language of one of his own Elizabethans, "suffice that great attempts have never shame." As his title implies, the author has been at pains to spin about the Mermaid Inn a series of stories more or less characteristic of its traditional frequenters, while he has given the whole collection a kind of unity by putting them all into the mouth of a "drawer" who afterwards becomes host of the tavern. About this device, with all its advantages for the story-teller, since the *raconteur* is after all a mere man of straw and mouthpiece only for the poet, there is the serious drawback that it frequently involves one narrative within another, so that the story itself finally reaches the reader at second or even third hand and as though by hearsay.

As for the "tales" themselves, Mr. Noyes has shown imagination in elaborating them—in many instances from the more or less meagre outlines of tradition. Nor is he less ingenious in the use of literary, biographical, and historical allusions, by which he seeks to give his inventions an air of plausibility and to assimilate them with reality, while he has succeeded in relieving the unavoidable monotony of his narrator's blank verse by a number of lyric passages in diversified measures.

On the whole, however, his vein is rather epic than dramatic. The moment his greater personages begin to speak for themselves, the spell is broken. No doubt, to the idolatry of a later age such a disillusion is inevitable in the case of figures like Kit Marlowe and Ben Jonson, to say nothing of Shakespeare's self, who by the way is staged but cautiously. Nevertheless, the result is the same; and the impression is strengthened rather than weakened by the poet's disposition to exaggerate the romantic legend as though in recognition of the fact that success in this kind must be something of a *tour de force* at best. In this way his principal characters come to seem bigger, brawnier, and more obstreperous even than tradition. They impend appallingly out of an intemperate Elizabethan Valhalla of cloud and fog, thunder and earthquake. But unfortunately they are sometimes more suggestive of Ancient Pistol than of his creator.

It is for this reason that the effect is happier when the narrative centres upon a minor character like Will Kemp and his nine-day morris, or when the story is elicited, as it might be, from an intermediary or bystander, as is the case with the death of Marlowe or the burial of Mary Queen of Scots. Indeed, aside from incident, where Mr. Noyes is always at his best in spite of his constant temptation to surcharge his narrative, some of the best passages in the volume are bits of secondary characterization of this kind, among which is the excellent portrait of John Ford,

"with folded arms and melancholy hat":

For such a silent soul
Was Master Ford that, when he suddenly spake,
It struck the rest as dumb as if the Sphinx
Had opened its cold stone lips. He would sit mute,
Brooding, aloof, for hours, his cloak around him,
A staff between his knees, as if prepared
For a long journey, a lonely pilgrimage
To some dark tomb; a strange and sorrowful soul,
Yet not—as many thought him—harsh or hard,
But of a most kind patience. Though he wrote
In blood, they say, the blood came from his heart;
And all the sufferings of the world he took
To his own soul, and bade them pasture there;
Till out of his compassion, he became
A monument of bitterness. He rebelled;
And so fell short of that celestial height
Whereto the greatest only climb, who stand
By Shakespeare, and accept the Eternal Law.

Notes

For the end of this month, the Houghton Mifflin Company are offering "Happy-Go-Lucky," a story by Ian Hay; also the following educational works: "The Nation and the Empire," by Lord Milner, consisting of his more notable speeches and addresses; "Representative Cities of the United States: a Geographical and Industrial Reader for Grammar Schools," by Caroline W. Hotchkiss; "The Teaching of Spelling," by Henry Suzzallo; "How to Teach Reading," by Frances Jenkins; "Studies in Foreign Education," by Cloudesley Brereton, and "Selections from the Prose Works of Matthew Arnold," edited by W. S. Johnson.

In September Funk & Wagnalls will issue a new edition of the New Standard Dictionary.

The Century Co. announces "The Townsend Twins—Camp Directors," by W. L. Eldred; "Beaumont the Dramatist," by Charles Mills Gayley, and "Social Evolution," by T. S. Chapin.

Duffield & Company's list of autumn fiction starts with Marguerite Bryant's "The Master Passion." Other novels offered are: "Circe's Daughter," by Priscilla Craven; "A Mesalliance," by Katharine Tynan; "A Runaway Ring," by Mrs. Henry Dudeney; "Margery Fytton," by Lady Ridley; "The Sphinx in the Labyrinth," by Maude Annesley; "Molly Beamish," by H. de Vere Stacpoole, and "Uncle's Advice," by William Hewlett.

The same house will issue three volumes of unpublished correspondence of Napoleon I, edited by Lieut.-Col. Ernest Picard, translated by Mrs. Louise Seymour Houghton; "Goldoni; a Biography," by H. C. Chatfield-Taylor, and "Footprints Beneath the Snow," by Henry Bordeaux.

McBride, Nast & Co. announce for early appearance "The Insidious Dr. Fu-Manchu," by Sax Rohmer, and "In Midsummer Days," by August Strindberg.

Heath's Modern Language Series will include the following, now in press: Spielhagen's "Das Skelett im Hause," with notes and vocabulary by M. M. Skinner; Schmidhofer's "Zweites Lesebuch"; Stern's "Die Wiedertäufer," edited with notes, vocabulary, and questions by F. B. Sturm; "Gruss aus Deutschland," by C. H. Holzwarth; Rogge's "Der grosse Preussenkönig," edited with notes by Professor Adams; Hauff's "Der Zwerg Nase," a new edition with oral exercises, notes, and vocabulary, by O. R. Patzwald and C. W. Robson; "La France qui travaille," consisting of chapters condensed from Arduin-Dumazet's "Voyage en France," and "Mes Premiers Pas en Français," by Chapuzet and Daniels, designed for children.

Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace is to continue his sociological writing with a book on "The Revolt of Democracy," which will be published by Cassell.

Tables of statistics, with explanatory text, of the wheat cultivation and trade of six European nations during the years 1881-1910 are given by Mr. J. F. Unstead in the *Geographical Journal* for August. The following numbers will contain similar statistics of the other principal countries of the world. There is shown among other things the area under cultivation, the number of bushels raised to the acre, the net imports and the amount, in bushels, consumed per head. It is interesting to note that while the cultivated area has decreased in all the countries except the Austrian Empire, the amount raised has increased in Germany from 19 bushels to 29 bushels an acre. France leads in the amount consumed per head, 7.8 bushels, Norway being the lowest. The virtually unknown region on the frontier of Bolivia and Brazil is described by Lieut. H. A. Edwards, who explored it during his service on the boundary commission. Much of it is wonderfully fertile land, but in many places life is made almost unbearable by insect pests. Among these are spiders with bodies 6 inches long, whose bite is extremely poisonous. A motor road has been built through a part of the forest by a Bolivian business house at a cost of $400,000 and an annual cost of maintenance of $50,000. An interesting account of the hard life of the rubber collector is given. Mr. I. N. Dracopoli tells of a trip across Juhaland in British East Africa in order to settle a disputed question as to the disappearance of a river in the Lorian swamp.

George Palmer Putnam is convinced that the time is fast approaching when Americans will become more familiar with their Spanish neighbors in the tropics, and in his book, "The Southland of North America" (Putnam), he gives his impressions of the five republics that lie between Mexico and Panama. Costa Rica he found happy, stable, and prosperous; Salvador he calls "another republic worthy of the name." He is not sanguine about Nicaragua, over which the United States may extend a protecting wing for the purpose of preventing the building of a rival canal to the Isthmian waterway. Nicaragua's men and means are depleted, he says, and Honduras is almost as bad. Then comes Guatemala, a "land held in the iron hand of a dictator, Manuel Estrada Cabrera," who would like to extend his dominions over all Central America, which Mr. Putnam regards as a chimerie dream. "They [the people of Central America] loathe the idea as thoroughly as they dread the possibility that the ultimate intention of the United States is to annex them all—and against that they rave."

Mr. Putnam has not attempted a profound study of political conditions in Central America; rather his object has been to show that between us and our new transcontinental waterway there lies a little-known land of "glowing possibilities, unique problems, and grave responsibilities." He is a keen and sympathetic observer, and has obviously tried to put the people of Central America in a favorable light, without overlooking their shortcomings. Moreover, he has introduced the reader to cities and scenery that will call the tourist from the North when the travel tide sets through the canal for the Pacific. There are numerous illustrations in the book, and a map giving the author's route.

Readers of Jack London's "Martin Eden" may have suspected that there was a good deal of autobiography in that narrative; how much it remained for "John Barleycorn" (Century Co.) to make clear. Martin's general experience was, it seems, founded on fact. Even his astonishing transformation, in the space of two or three years, from a rough and grammarless sailor to a man of education and a popular author, appears to have been a transcript from life. It will be remembered that as a deckhand he had been an intermittent drinker, and that in his years of success he acquired an appetite for drink. Mr. London tells us that it has been so with himself. In short, this is a disconcertingly frank record of his life from the angle of John Barleycorn. It will appeal to more than one class of readers. As a tract against the saloon, and a professed argument for woman suffrage in order that the saloon may be done away with, it will please the prohibitionists and suffragists. As a record of glorious sprees and multifarious good-fellowship, it is capable of exciting thirst in the thirsty-minded. As a tract, it suffers from this drawback that the author does not pretend to have "sworn off," or even express a wish to swear off. He has acquired, he says, the habit of taking life "glass in hand," and will probably so take it to the end. There seems to be a vein of seriousness in his main contention that the inborn physical desire for drink is rare; that in the vast majority of instances the hard drinker is a forced product of the saloon system. To himself, he says, alcohol remained, through many years of use, distasteful; a social, not a physical, necessity. Everywhere the saloon was open as the meeting-place of full-blooded men, everywhere the lifted glass was the symbol of fellowship. Perhaps Mr. London does not consider as fully as he should, while he is about it, what is to become of his full-blooded men, deprived of their meeting-place and their symbol. He speaks vaguely of a substitute to be devised; but does not our experience with prohibition, at least in large cities, go to show that such a substitute will have to be perfected and set in running order before the old institution can safely be torn down?

Those who have written of early English, Scottish, Irish, or Scandinavian history have usually done so from the loyal

point of view of the single country. In "The First Twelve Centuries of British Story" (Longmans), Mr. J. W. Jeudwine aims to write "a clear and readable story" of the relations and development of all these four peoples as a whole, so far as they were active in the British Isles between 56 B. C. and 1154 A. D. His aim is a good one, and he has read fairly widely by way of preparation for his writing. He has, however, an aversion to monastic chronicles as being narrow-minded and local. Though a barrister and member of Lincoln's Inn, he also shows a curious lack of interest in many of the more important sources for constitutional law and in such secondary authorities as Stubbs, Maitland, and Vinogradoff. Instead, he has drawn largely and effectively for picturesque material from the too-much neglected Scandinavian sagas and Irish stories. His recognition of the widely scattered Scandinavian raids and influences in the British Isles is the most distinctive, and the best part of his book. By reproducing three mediæval maps and by inserting a score of sketch maps of his own, he shows that he understands the importance of geography in the study of history. He properly tries to draw his material as much as possible at first hand direct from the sources, and evidences much independence of judgment. But his story is not systematic nor well rounded, and many of his explanations and suggestions are more ingenious than convincing. Nevertheless, both his point of view and his narrative are simple, clear, and interesting.

We have not the advantage of knowing anything of L. Penning, who has written the "Life and Times of Calvin," or the Rev. B. S. Berrington, B.A., who has translated the book from the Dutch; but the name of the publishers (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.) is a household word, which may generally be accepted as a guarantee of value for the book they send out. They have, in fact, given to this volume the only value it possesses, namely, excellent paper and handsome type. It seems simply incredible that such fatuous stuff as this could ever have passed even the first barrier of the readers who filter the turbid streams of manuscripts that flow into the publisher's office. The author seems to have modelled his style upon a rather low type of "penny thrillers," and the translator ably seconds his endeavor. There is not a gleam of scholarly purpose. The only books referred to are a few of the more available biographies. There is no bibliography and, naturally, no index. On the other hand, there are too many illustrations, some taken from familiar portraits, but others, apparently, from dramatic compositions of the cheapest sort —in the one representing Luther burning the papal bull the centre of the background shows the elector of Saxony! It would be idle to attempt specific criticism where all is beneath the level of critical comment. One has only to open the book anywhere to find one's self moved to unseemly hilarity rather than to respectful attention.

The new Oxford edition of Newman's "Apologia," edited by Wilfrid Ward, is unique in one respect and very valuable. It is well known that when Newman reprinted the work in 1865 he omitted the first part, containing the crushing retort upon Kingsley, and otherwise altered the work so as to relieve it of its ephemeral character. He was wise. The book as it has since always been reprinted is a better piece of literature without the directly and personally controversial parts. But the discarded parts have their value also as specimens of keen argument and deadly invective. By skilful editorial arrangement the present edition offers both the full original text of 1864 and the revision of 1865. The preliminary documents, leading to the controversy, are also given; and the editor in his Introduction relates the history of the event.

We may record two recent monographs which will be of interest to students of English. One belongs to the Wiener Beiträge, and is a study, by Julius Wirl, of "Orpheus in der Englischen Literatur." The other is a doctoral dissertation from the University of Virginia, and is a valuable summary of "The Relations of Latin and English as Living Languages in England During the Age of Milton," by Weldon T. Myers. This is an interesting thesis, and introduces questions of literary importance.

The spice of variety at least is not wanting in "The Confessions of a Tenderfoot" (Holt), by Ralph Stock. According to the author's story he set out from his home in England a dozen years ago to find his place in the world and made his first effort as a Canadian cowboy. Here, through many vicissitudes, due partly to youthful inexperience and partly to the unavoidable chances of the game, he learned that "life is a see-saw and one cannot always be at the upper end." His distance from the upper end during his Canadian experiences reached the point, on one occasion, of "beating his way" penniless from Maple Creek to Medicine Hat, sixty miles, by clinging to the rods on the under side of a passenger coach. Drifting on westward, he tried his fortune as a saw-mill hand and as a waiter in a hotel at Fernie, and next as an itinerant photographer, in combination with a tramp piano tuner, who told him: "Between you and me and the gate-post, I'm no great shakes at the game, but down 'ere they only know 'ow ter play 'ims and the like, wot uses the middle of the keyboard, so I just chunes the middle register and lets the rest rip. It suits them and it suits me, so wot's the odds so long as we're both 'appy?" This soon grew irksome, as did life in a Vancouver lumber-camp, which followed it. He then went to San Francisco, where he was quickly relieved of most of his ready money through trusting to the man who knew which horses to bet on at the races. "The San Francisco confidence man, through long and unhampered practice, has reduced his methods to a fine art." Honolulu and the Fijis furnished the next lecture-rooms in his School of Experience, and at length he reached Sydney, by dint of serving as a steward from Auckland, where the last of his money had deserted him. After trying through grim necessity the outdoor sleeping habit now so popular, he finally stumbled into a really lucrative job with a Sydney newspaper, contributing illustrated articles based on his Canadian photographs. This soon wore out, however, and after a disastrous effort at strawberry growing in Queensland, he at last fell into the niche for which the Fates had brought him through so many buffetings by land and sea and is now a contented pineapple grower with every prospect of continued prosperity and happiness. It is a very interesting tale, happily too unvarnished to tempt any other young man to find his place in the world by the same method.

The Proceedings of the Bostonian Society contains in addition to the annual reports of the directors and different committees the eloquent tributes to Mrs. Julia Ward Howe on the presentation of her portrait to the Society. One of the speakers, ex-Gov. John D. Long, said, "Refinement, grave eloquence, the poet's inspiration, the woman's charm were hers and she was a high priestess of humanity and of patriotism. Her 'Battle Hymn of the Republic' will stir its youth to loyalty and to patriotism as long as the Republic endures." An account of the great Boston fire of 1872, by Mr. H. Murdock, is also given.

The death of Henri Quatre and the resulting regency of Marie de Medici brought a reversal of French foreign policy. France and Spain, which had been so continually at war, became allies, and the alliance was cemented in 1615 by the marriage of two fifteen-year-old children, Louis XIII and Anne of Spain—called Anne "of Austria," because she was of Hapsburg blood, and to the French people of that day Hapsburg and Austria were names synonymous and equally hateful. The youthful royal pair were soon estranged by Louis's unappreciativeness and suspiciousness and by Anne's pride and too great familiarity with the Duke of Buckingham. For twenty-three years they were childless. Even the birth of the Dauphin in 1638, the later Louis XIV, and of a second son, who was the ancestor of Louis Philippe and the Orleanist line, did not make happy the relations between Louis XIII and his Spanish spouse. This whole story is told at considerable length by Martha Walker Freer in "The Married Life of Anne of Austria" (Brentano's). She rests her account chiefly upon well-known contemporary memoirs, and of these she has made good use. But she does not appear to have gathered any new material from archives, nor does she show an acquaintance with some of the best recent works in this field. Her subject matter is somewhat broader than her title might seem to suggest. For it comprises an account of the intrigues of Marie de Medici and of Richelieu's numerous enemies and of the great Cardinal's masterly way of finally triumphing over all those that plotted against him in secret. It gives the innumerable petty details of a long unhappy situation which Louis XIII himself summed up in one of his petulant outbursts: "My wife is barren, and she hates me; my mother wishes to dethrone me; my brother desires to put my crown on his head; my chief nobles dislike me—they betray me and rebel against my power. Except for M. le Cardinal I perhaps should not long keep my throne!"

The eighth volume of the Annales de la Société Jean-Jacques Rousseau (Genève: A. Jullien) is devoted, as befits the volume of the bicentenary, to general survey articles. G. Lanson contributes the leading article on the "Unity of Rousseau's Thought." M. Lanson attempts to explain away the contradiction that other students have found between Rousseau's conception of man in a state of nature, ("Discours de l'Inégalité," etc.) and man in society ("Le Contrat Social"). Man, says Rousseau, naturally good,

is corrupted by society. How then from these corrupt units are we going to get the ideally disinterested *volonte générale* of the "Contrat Social"? The youth, M. Lanson replies, who is reared according to the principles of the "Emile," will be fit to become a member of Rousseau's ideal commonwealth. This solution is opposed to what Rousseau himself says at the beginning of the "Emile": You must choose between forming the social man or the man of nature—there is no middle ground—and what he proposes to form is not *l'homme de l'homme*, but *l'homme de la nature*.

The contradiction that others find in Rousseau's thought M. Lanson discovers in his character. In his theories Rousseau is a wild revolutionary dreamer, but timid and circumspect in the last degree in everything that relates to practice. His genius, however, appears only in the stormy orchestration of the sentiments of revolt; and so, though "he understands the application of his most audacious doctrines in a way to reassure conservatives and satisfy opportunists, the work, for its part, detaches itself from the author, lives its independent life, acts by its intrinsic properties; loaded with revolutionary explosives, neutralizing the moderate and conciliatory elements Rousseau has put into it for his own satisfaction, it exasperates, inspires to revolt, inflames enthusiasms, and irritates hatreds; it is the mother of violence, the foe of compromise; it launches simple spirits, who give themselves up to its strange virtues, upon the desperate pursuit of the absolute, an absolute to be realized to-day by anarchy and to-morrow by socialistic despotism."

The influence of Rousseau on the eighteenth century is studied by D. Mornet. M. Mornet is one of the new type of scholars at the Sorbonne, who shows prodigious industry as an investigator, but whose power to handle ideas does not always equal his zeal in collecting facts. The most interesting facts that M. Mornet brings out tend to show that the taste for wild nature in the eighteenth century developed independently of the influence of Rousseau. M. Mornet would have us believe that the Jacobins were followers of Rousseau only in about the same sense that they were followers of the "sans-culotte Jésus." In asserting that "between their acts and the most certain convictions of Rousseau there are only accidental coincidences," M. Mornet reveals an inability, not merely to handle ideas, but to deal with facts. Few facts are more certain, for example, than that the passage in the "Contrat Social" on civil religion as interpreted by Robespierre sent many persons to the guillotine.

The articles on Rousseau in the nineteenth century by Harald Höffding and on Rousseau's influence on German philosophy by I. Benrubi are convenient summaries of material already familiar to students of Rousseau. Both writers are very Rousseauistic in their own point of view. New material, on the other hand, will be found in the paper on Rousseau in Switzerland by G. de Reynold. In an interesting article on Rousseau in England in the nineteenth century Edmund Gosse contends that the sudden collapse of Rousseau's prestige in England in the early years of the nineteenth century was due in large measure to the Evangelical movement. After the great romanticists, Byron, Shelley, Hazlitt, etc., the only English writers of the nineteenth century to receive an important impulse from Rousseau were Ruskin and George Eliot. Paul Seippel, in a paper on the "Religious Personality of J. J. Rousseau," cites a passage from *Le Semeur* (the chief organ of the Genevan Calvinists), exalting Rousseau as the true precursor of the modern point of view in religion. This would seem to indicate that not merely Calvinism, but Christianity in any traditional sense of the word, is in a fair way to disappear from Geneva. The volume closes with an important study of the Favre manuscript of the "Emile," and with the usual reviews and bibliography.

John Swett, one of the founders of the California public-school system, died last Friday on his ranch at Martinez, Cal. He was born at Pittsfield, N. H., July 31, 1830, and was graduated from the Merrimack Normal Institute, Reeds Ferry, N. Y., in 1851. He received the honorary degree of A.M. from the College of California and from Dartmouth in 1866. He was editor-in-chief of the *California State Educational Journal*, 1864-68. Among the books published by Mr. Swett were "History of the Public-School System of California" and "Methods of Teaching."

Olivier-Emile Ollivier, the French statesman, who died at Annecy, August 20, was in his eighty-ninth year, having been born in Marseilles in 1825. He became a member of the Paris bar in 1847, commissary-general of the republic at Marseilles in 1848, and in 1857 a député. At the time of the Franco-German War he was Prime Minister. His published works include: "Démocratie et liberté," "19 janvier," "L'Eglise et l'Etat au Concile du Vatican," "1789-1889," "Michel-Ange," "L'Empire libéral" (13 volumes), and "Marie-Magdeleine."

Science

The Childhood of Animals. By P. Chalmers Mitchell. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $2.50 net.

This volume at once recalls "The Infancy of Animals," by Pycraft, published almost in the same month. In appealing to the popular taste Dr. Mitchell has the advantage of having originally prepared much of his data in the form of a series of lectures to children. As published here they are rewritten and augmented, and yet they retain something of a naïve presentation which is particularly pleasing. Even so, the book is rather difficult reading, owing to the vast number of facts included, many of them necessarily accompanied with but little or no discussion. A good method for a book of this character would be to give in the text a few very striking, salient supporting facts, and to add in footnotes or appendix the scores of corroborating facts of more or less similar character.

The sequence of treatment is logical, the chapters having the following heads: Childhood and Youth; Metamorphoses; Duration of Youth; Color and Pattern; Brood-care; Food; The Taming of Young Animals; The Purpose of Youth and Education. The general ground covered is thus much the same as in Pycraft's book, but the psychology of the two men is so different, their points of view and facts so unlike, that the volumes are rather supplementary than conflicting.

Young animals are divided into three great classes: first, creatures like many single-celled animals which have no youth; secondly, animals whose young more or less resemble their parents, and thirdly, where the young are wholly unlike the adults, as caterpillars and butterflies. The second class, including the backboned animals, forms the subject of the volume. As Pycraft emphasized the class of birds, so Dr. Mitchell treats more in detail of the mammals, and has assembled a large number of keenly interesting and significant facts. His comparisons of the human child with monkeys and lower animals is noteworthy. A single paragraph will illustrate the novel point of view which is one of the charms of the book:

> There is also a rough correspondence between the duration of youth and the size of the creatures in the man-monkey group. A full-grown male gorilla, it is true, is larger, although not taller, than a finely built man, but the human race as a whole consists of larger and finer animals than the anthropoid apes, while these in their turn exceed the baboons, which exceed the ordinary monkeys of India and Africa, and so on down to the tiny marmosets. It is tempting to suppose that it must take longer to grow into a big animal than into a little animal. This also is true only when nearly related creatures are compared. Mere increase of bulk tells us little. A mushroom grows much more quickly than a daisy, a gooseberry and a huge vegetable marrow take nearly the same time to swell out. A human child takes nearly two hundred days to double its weight at birth, while new-born mice quadruple their weight in twenty-four hours.

And in the final summary of this important subject, one reads, "We must draw the conclusion that the rate of growth in animals has been altered in the course of evolution, and in such a fashion as to prolong youth in the higher forms. This lengthening of youth is not completely explained by increase of size, nor even by increased complexity of structure. Its advantage is that it gives the opportunity for education in the widest sense of the word, a space for experiment and for the replacing of instinct by intelligence."

The treatment of color and pattern occupies about one-fifth of the text. All the well-known theories are presented, but a half-hearted acceptance of some of the most extreme detracts from this discussion. It is, to say the least, confusing and disheartening to the lay reader to have his interest aroused in

theory after theory and then to read, "Patterns that we think conspicuous, and brilliant colors that we have tried to explain as warning or advertising, or for purposes of recognition, or as nuptial plumage, may really be for protective or aggressive concealment." The subjects of basic interest are Brood-care, Food, and the Purpose of Youth, while the Taming of Young Animals carries the most popular appeal. The story of the hyrax, of monkeys, and other mammals is well told, and there is a scientific explanation of why the cat prefers to "walk alone."

The illustrations are unusual. Those in the text of pencil are faint but diagnostic, while those in color are both artistic and very accurate, and as striking as any which have been published for a long time.

An English translation of Gustav Eiffel's work, "The Resistance of the Air and Aviation," translated by James C. Hunsaker, and Vol. II, part iv, of Charles Sprague Sargent's "Trees and Shrubs," will be issued by the Houghton Mifflin Company shortly.

Dr. Edwin Ellen Goldmann, professor of surgery in the University of Freiburg in Baden, has died at the age of fifty. His books deal chiefly with diphtheria, tuberculosis, and malignant growths.

Drama and Music

A DEMOCRATIC ART.

If Tolstoy were alive to-day, it is not unlikely that he would find in the "movies" a close approximation to his ideal of art. A direct and universal appeal to the elementary emotions—that was the standard which Tolstoy held up in opposition to the exaggerations, the aberrations, and the obscurities of the Shakespeares, the Goethes, and the Richard Wagners. The Russian's ultimate test of a work of art was its appeal to the untutored but unspoiled peasant. The cinematograph meets this test completely. The Russian *mujik* is under the spell of the films. India's millions are deserting the story-tellers and the jugglers of the bazaar for the moving-picture shows. China, Peru, and Washington Heights have succumbed to the photo-play. All nations, all ages, all classes, both sexes—it is inconceivable how art can be more popular than that.

But the moving-picture show is something more than popular. It is intimate. To an extraordinary extent it is entering into the daily thought of the masses. The good men and women who are fond of writing on literature and life, who are devoting themselves to the task of bringing the drama into touch with the life of the people, must be amazed, and slightly chagrined, at the intensity with which the film-play has seized upon the popular imagination. The crowds not only throng to the shows; they talk about them, on street corners, in the cars, and over the hoods of baby carriages. From time to time there have been plays in the regular theatre which have become the theme of general discussion. There have been players whom the public has made its favorites. But the theatre as an institution has hardly impressed itself upon the popular mind in this country. A show was either good or bad, and there it ended with the ordinary theatre-goer. The technique of the theatre was a subject for professionals and "highbrows." But the crowd discusses the technique of the moving-picture theatre with as much interest as literary salons in Paris or London discuss the minutiæ of the higher drama. The crowd knows how the films are made, and what it costs to make them, and who the leading actors in the show are. The producers of these shows have achieved an extraordinary triumph. They have converted their entire audience into first-nighters.

The interest of the masses in the moving-picture show is even more personal than that. They are not only spectators and critics, but to a very considerable extent they are the authors. Everybody is writing moving-picture scenarios. In part it may have been a real dearth of ideas which induced the film-producers to appeal for contributions to the nation at large. In part it may be excellent business to inoculate the audiences, not excluding children of the grammar grades, with the virus of authorship. The regular theatre draws a not inconsiderable part of its revenue from "students" of the drama who go to the theatre in order to learn how to write plays. The number of those thus directly interested in the moving-picture plays must be enormous. In a very real sense the photo-play then becomes a truly popular art. The operatic composer will strive to give reality—and popularity—to his music by incorporating folk-themes into his score. To the extent that the music of the masses enters into the finished product the composer's art is a popular art. The moving-picture showman goes much further than the composer can go by throwing upon the screen the very ideas supplied him by the crowd in the seats.

It is not a very high art, this art of the photo-play as created for the masses and largely by them. The authors on the benches reveal the common predilection of the popular taste for the lurid and the fantastic. But in this the moving-picture show merely takes the place of the old-fashioned melodrama. And it has the added advantage of realism. The setting of the photo-play is incomparably more real than anything even a Belasco can give us. It reproduces action in real deserts, on real oceans, in real forests. The heroine walks out of a very actual cottage, down actual steps, and takes a perfectly authentic trolley car to a real department store. The audience knows that these things and the trees, rocks, bridges, boats, and guns are absolutely true to life, because it has often seen the man with the camera at work. To watch one of these exhibitions is like seeing an animated popular magazine without the labor of turning the pages. And like the picture magazine it requires no thought and little attention.

Whereas in New York last season (as always) Wagner was considerably ahead of Puccini, in London, during the season ended last month, these two favorites came out with equal honors. The opera which was heard most frequently, however, was "Tosca," which was sung eight times. Verdi received scant honor, though this is his centenary year. Apart from "Aïda," which was sung seven times, there were only two performances of "Traviata" and one of "Rigoletto." There were two novelties, Camussè's "Du Barry" and Waltershausen's "Oberst Chabert," which were given twice.

"An indefinable something that left a decidedly unpleasant flavor, something artistically almost gangrenous," characterized, according to the London *Telegraph*, all the new ballets introduced last season by the Russian dancers, among them Debussy's "Jeux," Florent Schmitt's "La Tragédie de Salomé," and Stravinsky's "Le Sacre du Printemps."

Compared with their colleagues in London, the musical critics of New York and other American cities are fortunate, since their season extends over only seven months, after which they can loaf, travel, or change their employment, whereas the London critic has only a few weeks to rest his tired ears. As summed up by Mr. Kalisch, the London season, including the important Promenade Concerts, lasts about forty-nine weeks out of the fifty-two. For at least forty weeks there are seven working days in the week, and for nine months there are concerts in the afternoon as well as in the evening, not to speak of operas. "The worst is that the greatest rush comes at the end, just when music-lovers and music-makers everywhere else begin to rest, and when everybody is beginning to feel that the end would be welcome; and it is inevitable, because that is the time when there are the largest number of strangers in London."

Italy is no longer the world's chief source of new operas. In Germany last season the enormous number of 265 operatic novelties were staged, and the great majority of them were home-made. Of these 265 operas, two hundred and sixty-five, or thereabouts, seem to have been failures. It is interesting to note that the leading musical associations of Germany have issued a public appeal to parents and educators to dissuade young people from entering the musical profession, because the average income of musicians is less than that of common laborers.

Theodore Spiering, who was concertmas-

ter of the New York Philharmonic for some years and conducted a number of concerts during the illness of Gustav Mahler, is now in Berlin, where his latest duty is the conducting of the People's Free Stage. This society has 50,000 members, who provide the funds for twenty-five free concerts and plays during the season.

One of the most interesting features of the MacDowell Festival in Peterboro, N. H., this week, is the performance of MacDowell's "Indian Suite" in the pine forest, which is said to have acoustic qualities unequalled by any out-of-doors auditorium. The seating capacity of this place is about 1,200; it has a fine view of Mt. Monadnock for a background.

Michael Maybrick, English musical composer, who, under the name of "Stephen Adams," wrote many popular songs, is dead at the age of sixty-nine. He was a native of Liverpool, but had lived for many years in the Isle of Wight, where he devoted himself to municipal politics, serving five times as Mayor of Ryde. Some of his best-known songs are "The Holy City," "The Star of Bethlehem," "Nancy Lee," "A Warrior Bold," "The Blue Alsatian Mountains," and "The Midshipmite."

Art

WATTS AND HIS ART.—II.

II.

Rossetti once in a rare moment of affluence hired a hansom and took young Burne-Jones to Little Holland House to see a painter who "paints a queer sort of pictures about God and creation." The casual phrase still pretty well describes the attitude of the ordinary person towards Watts's symbolistic compositions. Our immediate concern is to ask why Watts quit history for his symbols. In the first place, his historical compositions had been very much a by-product of successful competitions. The pictures represented opportunities which chanced never to recur. Then it is likely that he may already have had misgivings as to the validity of the *genre*. In his later years he used to insist that the only truthful historical art was portraiture. As early as 1848 he entertained the scheme of forming a gallery of portraits of his great contemporaries—a purpose inflexibly maintained for more than fifty years. Aside from this new and absorbing emprise the turn-over into symbolism seems to me a natural expression of a soul profoundly religious yet discontented with outworn forms of Christian mythology. Watts's task was to ascertain the essential ideals of a holy life, and to find human forms that might fitly impersonate these ideals. In the first quest, he often admitted himself, he invented nothing, for Love and Death, and Life and Hope, and Greed and Time, and Hate and Valor, are always present to every thinking soul. In the second quest, that of finding human symbols for these great forces, he had the guidance of Pheidias and Titian, and, of course, many accepted types lay ready in classical and Biblical legend; but the achievement of fitting the residual faith of his age with appropriate symbols must count among the supreme efforts of creative imagination. For there is nothing cold about the mythology of Watts. His heroic forms are the very antipodes of those sleek transcriptions from the model which grace so many public halls in France and America. They are warm with life, portentous with meaning. It is easy to hate them, and a certain kind of realist or impressionist is probably bound to hate them. It is easy to mock at them, but impossible to forget them. They are as personal as a vision of Giorgione or Blake, and no artist ever needed less a signature. The double process of framing a kind of theology and inventing its symbols is, so far as I know, unique in the history of art. Blake, no doubt, is the nearest parallel, and to him was denied the discipline of monumentality.

Whether my explanation of Watts's symbolistic trend convinces or not, at least the stages of the development may quite accurately be traced. In 1848, the year of revolutions, he planned a comprehensive scheme of decoration to be called The House of Life—a project so significant of his way of thinking that we must linger over it. Very interesting is the constant mixture of history and symbolism, and especially significant the way in which forces, ideals, and abstractions assume human form. This is the true mythological temper. Watts's memorandum runs:

> The ceiling to be covered with the uniform blue of space, on which should be painted the Sun, the Earth, and the Moon, as it is by their several revolutions and dependence upon each other that we have a distinct notion of and are able to measure and estimate the magnitude of Time. The progress of Time and its consequent effect I would illustrate for the purpose of conveying a moral lesson—the design of Time and Oblivion would be exactly in its place. To complete the design, the Earth should be attended by two figures symbolic of the antagonistic forces, Attraction and Repulsion. I would then give, perhaps, upon one-half of the ceiling, which might be divided with a gold band on which the Zodiac might be painted, a nearer view of Earth, and by a number of gigantic figures stretched out at full length to represent a range of mountains, typifying the rocky structure or skeleton. These I would make very grand and impressive, in order to emphasize the insignificance of man. The most important (to us) of the constellations should shine out of the deep ultramarine firmament. Silence and mighty repose should be stamped upon the character and disposition of the giants, and revolving centuries and cycles should glide, personified by female figures of great beauty, beneath the crags upon which the mighty forms should lie, to indicate (as compared with the effect upon man and his works) the non-effect of time upon them.
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> Then I would begin with man himself, trace him through his moral and political life; first the hunter stage. . . . Next the pastoral state. . . . This is the Golden Age, the age of poetry. . . . There would be a great chance of exquisite subjects to illustrate this epoch, and here might be introduced the episode of Job.
>
> Next should be man—the tyrant—the insidious oppressor—the slave, a dweller in cities—the Egyptians raise the pyramids, etc.

Here the manuscript becomes discontinuous, but there seems to have been intended a pageant of the progress of civilization, through the ages, to the preaching of Peter the Hermit. All along would have been depicted, with the mythology of each people, those heroes whom he regarded as most instrumental in the spiritual advancement of the race. Watts later remarked that "with certain material advantages, which would have caused me by their nature to weld my thoughts into a regular form, I think my efforts might have been given place as an epic." The observation shows a curious lack of understanding of what an epic is. Yet I think the mood skeptical will in a fair-minded person yield to the conviction that, given the "material advantages," Watts would have produced, not the epic, but a decorative sequence which might fully have realized his ambition "to do for modern thought what Michelangelo did for theological thought."

One's confidence in his power to execute so grandiose a scheme must rest upon the great fresco of Justice which he executed between 1852 and 1859 for the Chapel of Lincoln's Inn. Many interruptions, including an archæological trip through the Greek Islands to the site of the Mausoleum, delayed the work. In the swift and nervous transfer of his designs to the wet plaster he found the chanting of the choristers an inspiration and solace. Always he loved to parallel his art with music, endeavored himself to master the violin, even dreamt occasionally of composing solemn anthems. The Justice, with its half-circle of great lawgivers, is, everything considered, the finest true fresco executed since the Renaissance. It grows, as such compositions inevitably must, out of Raphael's Disputa and School of Athens, but it has fuller and more satisfactory color. Unlike these hemicycle compositions as a class, it is warm and appealing, without pose or frigidity. Like Raphael's philosophers, these famous justiciaries move in a larger air than ours, yet keep their credibility and retain our sympathy. In monumentality and repose it seems to me to excel the best decoration of Delacroix, while it leaves the best of Puvis looking a little bleak and bloodless. The great fresco for Lincoln's Inn was done, at the painter's suggestion, for the costs, but the benchers insisted on adding a hand-

some testimonial. Watts characteristically declared his most accomplished and consistent work to be a failure, but in his later years he valued it, and its successful cleaning and preservation from London soot just before he died was a source of great satisfaction to him. It was his single venture in that mixed form which we may call pedantically typological design, it suggests what the House of Life might have been in its historic portions, and it serves as the transition from history to pure symbolism.

To the sixties belong the designs of the Court of Death; Time, Death, and Judgment; The Genius of Greek Poetry, Ariadne in Naxos, Daphne, and Pygmalion. The still more famous compositions, Love and Death, Love and Life, and Hope, belong to the seventies. And in the next decade, as he passed three score and ten, an epic of Genesis, comprising the three Eves and the story of Cain, was partly executed, being a fragmentary episode of the House of Life. The last twenty years of his life were largely devoted to revising and perfecting the old designs, to increasing the gallery of great contemporaries, and to finishing his portrait statue of Tennyson for Lincoln, and the plaster model of the colossal horseman typifying Physical Energy. Only such general landmarks may be noted, since years often elapsed between the tracing of a composition on the canvas and its completion. The older he grew the closer became his dual allegiance to portraiture and pure symbolism, so that if one had to represent his maturity by two pictures, one might well choose the second Hope of 1885, sounding her broken harp among azure depths, and the magnificent Walter Crane of 1891.

III.

Concerning the critic's duty, Watts has left the following warning:

> Critics usually fail because they do not regard art and literature from the same point of view, and as occupying the same level, seldom taking into account what the artist has to say, but only how he has said it. When a literary production is offered to the world, the first thing to be considered is, whether from a literary or historical or religious or scientific point of view it has any reason for existing at all, and after that its merits as a literary production. Until something of the kind is applied to art the critic can hardly be of service to the artist.

Accepting as I do this definition of the critic's function, our chief concern is to weigh the value of the kind of thought and feeling in which Watts chose to live. But before raising this crucial matter certain technical questions may properly be faced. For if it be true that what counts is the greatness of the artist's soul, it is also true that his means of expression must be adequate. If those critics are right who assert that Watts's handling is hesitant and bad, his design extravagant, his color lurid and inharmonious, why, then, whatever the seriousness of his inspiration, he remains a painter of minor order. His devotees must undergo the reproach of insensitiveness to fine painting as such, and his considerable vogue among the *intellectuels* of to-day may be reckoned a kind of sentimentalism.

As a matter of fact, I believe Watts was one of the few notable technicians of our day, in the sense of having a distinctive personal message of an important kind and of working out an individual and appropriate rhetoric. Men who pass as great modern technicians, for example, Whistler and Manet, have frequently been mainly dexterous and have left pictures that are already perishing. On the basal points of design Watts habitually practiced the syncopated forms of representation which were proper to his heroic subjects and scale, and which for that matter he found in the Parthenon marbles and Titian. But Cézanne or Degas himself was not more scrupulous in indicating the essential differences between hard and soft, stiff and flexible. There is no uncertainty as to the movement, mass, and bony structure of a Watts figure. If he waived the modern fanatical emphasis of mass, it was because his purpose was decorative and moral, and not fully pictorial. In the easy and impressive adjustment of heroic forms within a rhythmical design he revived convincingly the grand manner of the High Renaissance. Certain summary indications of landscape in him are unique in art. His color has distinctive and beautiful traits. Certain blues seem the very sign of immensity; certain reds, of the perils that beset the soul, besides glowing intrinsically with the force of sapphire and carbuncle. And these effects of color in the major chord Watts obtained by setting dry color alongside of dry color without varnishing, glazing, or other hazardous and perishable manipulation. Nobody commanded the colors as he did. The Hope is as lovely an arrangement in blue as Cazin or Whistler ever conceived, with the advantage of its meaning to boot. I can think of no picture that rivals it on its own ground except another equally famous subject-picture and equally precious in tone, Winslow Homer's Eight Bells.

In Watts's portraiture the infinity of little touches have been objected to. But each stroke makes for vitality and character and luminousness. Set a good Watts portrait beside a good Bonnat, and it will be easy to see which has been done to death by painstaking, which enriched. In fact, the general disposition to see in Watts a feeble executant represents a common misunderstanding as to what fine technique in painting really is. The modern eye sets undue store by what it calls tone, meaning only the muted harmonies of color; and confuses fine brushwork with mere dexterity. Now, of dexterity, Watts had, as he confessed himself, very little and increasingly less. In his later years he rarely could compass the suavity and directness of the sketch of Lady Somers and the portrait of Mrs. Wyndham. It was his belief that no solemn emotion could be expressed by the swift and nervous handling so much in vogue. His method was consciously slow and deliberate, but assured and progressive. Where he failed, as it seems to me he did in the more florid Eve, in the urchin called Whence-Whither? and in the more cadaverous and seer-like of the Tennyson portraits, the fault was in conception and not in execution. I can see that an eye trained to modern naturalistic color will resent a coloration that is conventional, decorative, and often symbolic, but I cannot conceive of anybody, who has fairly grasped and accepted the intention of the portraits and compositions, wishing them other than they are. And as to lack of dexterity, imagine our requiring it of a poet, setting him down as an incompetent because he lacks the swoop of the trained journalist. Yet some such exaction we do lay upon the painter, forgetting that dexterity, an excellent capacity in itself, is proper only to him whose subject matter lends itself to swift choice, understanding, and execution. No, Watts was not dexterous, but in the resolute attack upon the fundamental problems of form and color, and in a solution personal, meaningful, and instinct with a peculiar solemn beauty, Watts may surely be ranked with the very few great technicians of his century.

IV.

By his own standards this would be doubtful praise. He held that only expression counted, and that methods of expression which obtrude themselves are bad. And, in fact, any fair estimate of Watts's art implies, as I have said, a criticism of his entire stock of ideals. He represents a kind of mysticism, which, while alien to the ordinary man of his day, was characteristic of the finest spirits of the Victorian age. James Drummond, the evangelist; Tennyson, Matthew Arnold, Gladstone, Browning, George Eliot, Frederic Harrison, Ruskin, and less markedly Carlyle, illustrate various phases of a common tendency to identify religion with serious contemplation of social ethics. Most of these thinkers set a minimum value on cult and dogma and ecclesiastical tradition, proceeding to a kind of reconstruction of values in the light of social duty. This was the mood of Watts, and on more than one occasion he spoke of his works as "ethical reflections." Such a life constitutes a sort of *via media* between self-sufficing

faith in authority and the prevalent materialism. About the only religious discovery of the Victorian age was this middle course. The alternative seemed, perhaps falsely, to be sheer materialism, the orthodox scientific attitude. For the materialist life is a curious chemistry, of which thought is a mechanical product and death the mere clogging. Sin and virtue are implied in physical reactions running back indefinitely through a widening group of ancestors. Hence, conscience is largely a morbid excess of memory. Love is simply a tardy product of sexual differentiation. Justice is what has on the whole proved tolerable and convenient in restraining the individual for the common weal. Soul is the capacity for maintaining the bodily chemistry, and is virtually uniform from the amœba to Shakespeare. So, axiomatically, materialism explains the issues of life and death, and where it admits mystery it counsels indifference, since nothing has value for life which is not clearly knowable. Such is the orthodox scientific attitude with which the Victorian age had to cope, and it is fair to add that on such a basis a fine stoicism is possible.

But indifference, the mediæval sin of *accidia*, was the most impossible vice for a true Victorian to acquire, and with few exceptions the finest spirits revolted vehemently against the simple materialistic formula for "seeing life as it is." Some, with Cardinal Newman, reacted into obscurantism, more worked out the middle road of which Tennyson and Browning are the poets and Watts is the artist champion. To hold to the essentials of Christianity while divesting it of outworn mythology was the task. Or rather to substitute for the old a new, human, and valid mythology, based upon the most general ideas. A poet indeed could stop short of the mythological stage. Great words and ideas suffice him. A painter must see his ideas in clear vision or keep them out of his art.

Watts saw them in exalted human form, and his gift was to be very clear in his generalities. It is significant that as convinced a Christian as he almost never treated a Biblical theme, and then only such as are most unspecific and broadly typical—Eve, Cain, the Good Samaritan. It was as if he would not compromise his faith by linking it with disputable matter of fact, nor cheapen sacred legend itself by a merely imaginative adherence. With regard to classical mythology, where symbolic values were overt and no issue of fact implied, he pursued a freer course. But his chief concern was to ascertain the elemental human values of his time, and to create therefor an appropriate mythology less vulnerable than the old. He conceived man as projected between the mysteries of Life and Death and sustained in his perilous transit by that summation of the virtues, Love, fortified, too, by the remembrance of such as have greatly loved and endeavored. So far his moral dynamic was that of his age. Where the great artist in him came out was in the imperious need of giving visible and human form to these simple elements of a spiritually contemplative life. Nowhere did he show himself more the artist than in his life-long dissent from the literalism of his friend Ruskin, and his vindication of the right of the soul to shadow forth its finest intimations by its own light. So he became a myth-maker—enduing with our own flesh the forces and ideals with which we must live—but of myths Platonically simple and defensible. In his embodiments he sought the aid of those artists who have envisaged mankind with the most candid and hopeful eyes—Pheidias and Giorgione and Titian. Perhaps his chief significance is to have linked a peculiarly modern way of thinking with the noblest traditional forms of sculpture and painting. In energy of creation he was among the greatest artists of his century. Delacroix at times excels him, but is febrile and of shifting viewpoint. Against Watts's energy of invention, a true *furia* for all its sweet reasonableness, the lovely retrospective idyllism of Burne-Jones and Puvis assumes a pallor of irreality. Rossetti's mediævalism looks flimsy, Besnard's amazing and genial pyrotechnics merely theatrical. The men who best bear the comparison with him are those of wholly alien genius: masters of shorthand like Manet and Courbet and Winslow Homer, scornful stylists like Whistler and Degas, strenuous devotees of mass such as Cézanne. In creative accomplishment and valid relationship to the great art of old none seems to stand so well beside him as Millet, who, refining his actual observations into types, seems to represent a more normal exercise of the artistic spirit. More normal, possibly, only when viewed by our modern standards, for the way of Watts was very much that of the Greeks and the great Italians.

I have written vainly if any one confuses the eminently creative methods of Watts with the arid theological symbolism of the Middle Ages which it superficially recalls, or yet with the cheap symbolism of current decoration—the exuberant front of the Paris model as Plenty, her muscular back as Industry. This is merely a survival of the early eighteenth-century fashion of capitalizing all personified abstractions. From the model Watts made the most scrupulous studies, but when his great canvases were in progress no model was present. He was a true visionary, but of the mind's eye.

A kind of abstract vitality his compositions and portraits should always retain. His gift of embodying the finest essence of the individual soul and the bare elements of moral thinking should retain permanent value. His gallery of portraits alone will give permanency and dignity to what otherwise would pass chiefly for a shopkeeping and ironmongering age. The representative and Victorian value of his symbolic designs may well fluctuate, as men think well or ill of the Victorian *via media*. His art is not likely to confront a more materialistic age than that through which it won in his life-time. Some more delicate moral adjustment, however, than his own and his friend Tennyson's the future may well have in store. Yet even so, his mood was so elemental and warm that life should persist in it, so simple that it should readily adjust itself to other modes of thinking. While his concrete qualities of noble line and mass and splendid color and reflective handling are so eminent that they should ever appeal to the enlightened dilettante, if, indeed, the future is to keep a place for a type of detached enthusiasm of which Watts himself thoroughly disapproved.

Frank Jewett Mather, jr.

Excavations were continued at Corfu during the last season by Prof. W. Dörpfeld with important results. Previously only ruins of historic times had been found, dating no further back than the fifth or sixth century B. C.; but this year's excavations in the northwest corner of the island and on the southern side of Cape Kephali have resulted in discoveries going back to the Stone Age. They include several stone hand mills in which the corn was ground into flour in a cavity in a stone block by means of heavy stone balls, some of which have also been found. Toothed flint blades have also been brought to light, as well as hand-made pottery of the pre-Mycenæan period. Of the Mycenæan period there have so far been found only a few fragments, not as yet sufficient to justify the assumption that they are those of the town of the Homeric King Alcinous. Of great interest, however, is the existence in the sea at some distance from Cape Kephali of a rock resembling a sailing ship, which is still known as Karavi, "the vessel." This rock is mentioned by the ancient geographers, Strabo and Ptolemy, as Ulysses's vessel turned to stone.

Excavations on the site of the Etruscan town of Vejum, near Rome, have revealed the existence of five temples, a theatre, a circus, and many dwelling houses. Vases, arms, and jewels have been found in considerable numbers, and these objects are to be housed in a museum, which it is intended to build on the site of the town for this purpose.

The Italian Archæological Mission headed by Professor Halbherr has recently made some interesting discoveries in Crete. A temple to Egyptian divinities was unearthed at Cortina, with a dedication on one of the architraves by Flavia Philyra, who had the building erected. In a cell were found statues of Jupiter, Serapis, Isis, and Mercury; also fragments of a colossal statue of a woman, and a bust of a woman which is thought to be that of the foundress of the temple. On the south of the building was

discovered a little flight of steps leading down to a subterranean pool, where religious ceremonies of purification used to be celebrated; on the side of this staircase are two niches for small statues. The mission also found in the interior of the island a large number of hitherto unpublished epigraphic texts.

The discovery of a large ossuary near the port of Talamone, in the province of Grosseto, has been announced. The discovery is on the scene of the Battle of Talamon, fought in the year 225 B. C., during the invasion of Italy by the Gauls, when the invading hordes, as recorded by Polybius, were defeated by the Romans under the consuls Papus and Regulus. The ruins of a Temple of Thanksgiving, erected by the Romans in memory of this victory, were unearthed in 1892, and further important discoveries are expected as a result of the present excavations.

The death, at sixty-three, is announced of the French painter, Aimé-Nicolas Morot. He studied under Cabanel, and in 1873 won the Prix de Rome with his painting, La Charge des Cuirassiers à Reichshoffen, now in the Luxembourg. He decorated the ceiling of the Hôtel de Ville with a series of frescoes representing French dances at various periods of history. His portrait of Paul Deschanel was hung at the last salon. Other paintings by Aimé Morot are portraits of the Prince d'Arenberg, of Mme. Aimée Morot et sa Fille, and of the painter, Ernest Hébert.

Finance

THE RELAXING FINANCIAL STRAIN ABROAD.

During the past six months, possibly the most troublesome fact in the financial situation has been the strained condition of the European money markets and of the great European banks. This, as every one now knows, was a consequence, first, of the prodigious demands on credit, through the quite unprecedented mass of new security issues; next, of the further requisitions on bank resources, due to the Balkan War, and finally, of the depletion of Europe's bank reserves through hoarding of cash by the European people, in their fear of a general war.

For many months, these great foreign institutions have been striving to build up their reserves from outside sources, while at the same time holding down home demands on credit. The American market was drawn upon for gold, to the amount (wholly unprecedented for the first seven months of any year) of $43,000,000. This went mostly to the Bank of France, to offset the French people's hoarding. The Bank of England drew gold from the Transvaal; the Imperial Bank of Germany drew from England, from Holland, and later from the scattered reserves of Germany itself. At length, a few weeks ago, the South American markets gave up $25,000,000 to $35,000,000 gold, which went to London, Paris, and Berlin.

The outcome is somewhat remarkable. Last Thursday the Bank of England reported £42,297,000 gold in its reserve, an increase of £1,385,000 from a year ago, of £15,250,000 since the beginning of July, and the largest holding, with the exception only of a single week in 1911 and one in 1910, of any week in seventeen years. The only period in history when the Bank of England has for any consecutive period held an equal or greater stock of gold was the period from September 18, 1895, to September 9, 1896.

The other European banks have a similar story to report, and the European money and stock markets have at length begun to take full account of it. Just how much this new order of things will affect the general position of affairs, it is not wholly easy to determine, but the expected strain on the autumn money markets has been little talked about, since the rise in these bank resources. Confronted, first, with the building-up of the German Reichsbank's gold reserve to by far the highest figure in its history; then with the rise in the Bank of England's gold supply to a level not approached at this date in any of the past sixteen years, and at length with the addition of $11,000,000 gold to the French Bank's holdings in two weeks—even the skeptical and incredulous European financial communities have now been driven to admit that the situation on the eve of autumn has been radically altered.

It is quite true that much of this new gold has been obtained from South American markets, which surrendered it reluctantly, and which may find themselves embarrassed at the loss of it. The greater part of what Germany has obtained has been got through substituting small notes of the Reichsbank for the coin which the German people formerly carried in their pockets—a substitution which may obstruct the ready redemption of such note circulation. But, on the other hand, it is not to be forgotten that the problem of the European banks and money markets, for many months, has been how to get back from its hiding-places the mass of gold and silver locked up by the Continental public during the period of political alarm.

This hoarded cash has seemed to return very slowly to the bank reserves and to general circulation, even when peace in Europe was assured. There was no such sudden outpour, from the old stockings, and the chimney corners, and the safe deposit vaults, as occurred in this country at the end of 1907. But of that it should be remarked that even in the United States the "currency premium" did not disappear, or the hoarded cash come out, until the public at large had visible evidence that our banks were rapidly building up reserves to normal, with gold drawn from other countries.

It was the sight of these new reserves, and the inference that the American banks would soon be indifferent to the hiding away of cash by frightened individuals, which inspired those individuals all at once to give up their hoards. It has taken longer for the European banks to achieve this end in the present money-hoarding episode, but they have now achieved it. The inference drawn by Europe may be judged from this week's Lombard Street prediction, that the present Bank of England rate—which, though very high for midsummer, would be relatively low for an autumn market—will be raised no higher during 1913.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Baedeker's Switzerland. 1913. Scribner. $2.40.

Barus, Carl. The Diffusion of Gases Through Liquids, and Allied Experiments. Carnegie Institution of Washington.

Beach, Rex. The Iron Trail. Harper. $1.35 net.

Beresford, J. D. A World of Women. Macaulay Co. $1.35 net.

Bigelow, M. M. The Law of Estoppel. Sixth edition, revised by J. N. Carter. Boston: Little, Brown.

Birmingham, G. A. The Northern Iron. Baltimore: Norman, Remington & Co. $1.20 net.

Bishop, J. B. The Panama Gateway. Scribner. $2.50 net.

Bonner, Geraldine. The Book of Evelyn. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1.25 net.

Bullock, S. F. A "Titanic" Hero: Thomas Andrews, Shipbuilder. Baltimore: Norman, Remington & Co. 50 cents net.

Bynner, Witter. Tiger. Kennerley. 60 cents net.

Call, W. T. Midget Problems (Checkers). Brooklyn, N. Y.: The Author. 50 cents.

Cannan, Gilbert. Round the Corner. D. Appleton. $1.35 net.

Cannon, W. A. Botanical Features of the Algerian Sahara. Carnegie Institution of Washington.

Chatterton-Hill, Georges. The Philosophy of Nietzsche. D. Appleton.

Coddington, W. P. Plain Thoughts on Faith and Life. Eaton & Mains. $1 net.

Crossley, Ruth. Sunny Hour Story Book; When Mother Reads to Us. Platt & Peck 50 cents each.

Dimock, A. W. Dick Among the Miners. Stokes. $1.25 net.

Elson, W. H. Primary School Reader. Book Three. Chicago: Scott, Foresman. 45 cents.

Enock, C. R. The Republics of Central and South America. Scribner.

Folsom, J. W. Entomology, with special reference to Biological and Economic Aspects. Second revised edition. Phila.: Blakiston. $2.25 net.

Foote, J. S. The Comparative Histology of the Femur. Smithsonian Institution of Washington.

Fowler, N. C., jr. The Art of Story-Writing. Sully & Kleintelch. $1 net.

Glass, N. R. The Mountain Spring and Other Poems. Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.

Graham, R. B. C. William Morris. Dutton $2.50 net.

Grinnell, G. B. Jack, the Young Cowboy. Stokes. $1 net.

Howard, Mrs. B. C. Fifty Years in a Maryland Kitchen. New, revised edition. Baltimore: Norman, Remington & Co.

Lee, F. T. The New Testament Period and Its Leaders. Boston: Sherman, French. $1.35 net.

Lind-af-Hageby, L. August Strindberg, the Spirit of Revolt: Studies and Impressions. D. Appleton.

Mississippi Historical Society Publications. Vol. XIII. University, Miss.
Ordway, E. B. Handbook of Conundrums. Sully & Kleinteich. 50 cents net.
Paine, R. D. The Steam-Shovel Man. Scribner. $1 net.
Parce, Lida. Economic Determinism. Chicago: Kerr & Co. $1.
Russell, G. W. Coöperation and Nationality. Baltimore: Norman, Remington & Co. 50 cents net.
Steegmann, M. G. Bianca Cappello. Baltimore: Norman, Remington & Co. $2.50 net.
Thirty Years of New York, 1882-1912: Being a History of Electrical Development. New York Edison Co.
Thompson, R. C. A New Decipherment of the Hittite Hieroglyphics. London: Society of Antiquaries.
Wigmore, J. H. Principles of Judicial Proof. Boston: Little, Brown.
Wilde, Oscar. Poetical Works. Crowell. 60 cents.
Williams, Archibald. How to Make Things. Sully & Kleinteich. $1.20 net.
Wilson, Philip. The Beginnings of Modern Ireland. Baltimore: Norman, Remington & Co. $3.25 net.
Woolley, E. M. The Cub Reporter. Stokes. $1 net.
Wynne, May. The Story of Heather. Nelson & Sons. $1 net.

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1913.

The Week

It was to have been expected that the income tax rate fixed originally by the Democratic caucus would not stand very long. Every such tax starts with a low percentage, and is then increased at the earliest opportunity, on some ground or other. We had not thought, however, that so radical a change would come before the bill had even become a law, as is now contemplated as a result of the revolt of radical Democrats. The *Nation* does not often find itself in agreement with Senator Lodge, but it must heartily endorse the position he took in the debate. The bill exempts from all burden the great middle class; it discriminates against people of wealth whether that wealth has been acquired by industry, as a result of a Congress-granted privilege, or in some other way creditable or discreditable. It exempts from taxation the great body of our citizens who ought to share their fair proportion of the tax, if only for the sobering effect it would have upon them to realize that the Federal Government does not get its money out of the air, but from their pockets, and that, therefore, it should expend the money wisely and economically.

The House resolution authorizing an investigation of charges against Judge Speer, following so closely as it does the Archbald investigation and trial, is all the evidence the ordinary citizen will need to show him that the Constitution is not utterly powerless in the face of suspected or actual delinquency in our courts. Impeachment is not a weapon which may be seized by a handful of dissatisfied men, but it has a finality, and what is more important, a dignified and judicial method of procedure, about it, that advocates of the recall might well sigh for in their rude substitute for it. Indeed, it is the unjust judge who would naturally prefer the revolutionary device proposed by the Progressives. To be put off the bench by popular vote would not be pleasant, but the victim could very frequently solace himself and confuse many of the open-minded by pointing to the nature of the campaign which would almost inevitably precede such a vote. The upright judge, on the other hand, who had offended, not the popular sense of judicial propriety, but a popular interest or prejudice, would be greatly handicapped in employing the very arguments upon which his case would rest most solidly.

Mr. Morgenthau's nomination as Ambassador to Turkey, long foreshadowed, insures for that post an incumbent of unusual ability, a clear-headed business man, who ought to repeat at Constantinople the successes of Oscar Straus. To do as well in every respect would rank Mr. Morgenthau one of the ablest Ambassadors the country has ever had. At least, in Turkey, the halcyon days of Mr. Straus's two periods of service are still gratefully remembered by Americans, while most of the other Ministers are forgotten. We do not know whether Mr. W. W. Rockhill, the present Ambassador, leaves the service voluntarily or not. He has spent virtually all his life in the State Department, or in China, Russia, and Turkey, and Mr. Wilson ought not to let him go out of the service if it can be avoided. Apparently, however, the President is going to make a clean sweep—something that is most regrettable, particularly in one who was so long devoted to the principles of civil service reform.

The interest of next Monday's election in the Third Maine District will lie as much in its indication of the permanent consequences of the Progressive secession as in its reflection of public sentiment upon the tariff and currency bills. Last year the district had no Progressive candidate for Congress, but Forrest Goodwin, a Republican elected by a vote of 17,221, over 16,512 for S. W. Gould, Democrat, ran ahead of Col. Roosevelt by only 4,000 votes. The present election will show how many of these 13,000 Progressive voters can be held in line in a local contest, into which the personality of their national leader does not enter. The Maine papers find it difficult to regard the three-cornered fight as turning upon approval or disapproval of Democratic policies. Victor Murdock, however, tells the voters "there is no national hope in the partisan habit, a mechanical see-saw from one party to the other." The anxious dispatch of Democratic Cabinet officers and House leaders to the scene also reflects the sempiternal interest in Congressional elections that follow tariff legislation. The district was Republican before 1910 by consistent majorities of 3,500.

While municipal home rule makes steady progress in second and third-class cities, its way in the larger centres seems beset with obstacles. At the Governors' Conference last week Gov. Dunne, in the words of the Chicago papers, "lamely excused" the Illinois Legislature's failure to pass a home-rule measure for the State metropolis. How little better off is New York, the attack by the Bureau of Municipal Research upon the laws recently passed at Albany would seem to show. Its report gains especial force from its concrete examples—nearly one hundred in all—of legislation violative of home-rule principles, fifty-three of these examples being of mandatory and forty-two of permissive laws. Attorney-General Carmody has already pointed out that "as a whole the present law undertakes only to fill out imperfect grants of powers to cities by the Legislature," and leaves the city impotent in many directions. There is no want of models for an adequate home-rule measure for either New York or Chicago. A dozen States have granted their cities power to determine the form of their own municipal machinery and their local policies, usually limited, as in Ohio, upon only the financial side. In California, where local autonomy of this sort has long been an established constitutional policy, it was extended in 1911 even to county government.

For several weeks recently a negro was railway mail clerk on a train between Norfolk and Raleigh, N. C. Under him was a white subordinate. Was this a condition that a free people would long endure? Not on the line of railway between Norfolk and Raleigh, N. C. The Congressman from the Raleigh district was asked to investigate and bring about a change. Mr. Small did investi-

gate. He found that the outrage was one of those perversions of the merit system which make it unpopular here and there. The Civil Service Commission, that is, had actually conducted an examination for railway mail clerk on the line between Norfol and Raleigh, N. C., without asking any questions about color of skin, eyes, or hair. The questions were such as any capable person could answer, no matter what his race. And, as it happened, a negro had answered them better than some white men. If it had not been for the examination, the negro would have had no chance at the superior position. The examination was, therefore, evidently faulty. Congressman Small, we read, "assured the Civil Service authorities at Washington that the people in his district and on this line of the Norfolk Southern would not stand for a negro being placed in charge of a mail car with white clerks as helpers." The Commission saw the point, and an order has now been issued from the railway division headquarters making the negro the "helper."

As usual in things Shakespearean, the Germans have assumed the lead in the matter of the tercentenary of the poet's death in 1916; while the English are endeavoring to build a National Theatre, the Shakespeare Society in Germany is celebrating its fiftieth anniversary and discussing plans for a memorial performance of the plays. The suggestion of *Die Woche*, that operas founded on Shakespeare should also be presented, is calculated not merely to honor Shakespeare, but to gratify German pride. In a list of productions that covers several pages a scant half-dozen are English, by such old-world composers as Busby, Purcell, and Bishop; and two of these are attempts to extract a "Rule, Britannia" theme from "The Tempest." Italian composers began to avail themselves of the plays with Gasparini's "Hamlet" in 1705, and their work includes scores of titles, among them Bellini, Rossi, Verdi, and Rossini. The French are represented by Gounod, Berlioz, Debussy, Ambroise Thomas, and others; the German Nicolai's "Merry Wives" is more widely popular than the comedy itself.

It is always satisfying to see merit recognized, and what group of persons should be more eager to hail it than representatives of a university? If a lad graduating from a secondary school leads his class in the final Latin examination, is there anything wrong in various universities doing all they can to impress him with their respective advantages? Shrewd persistence in such a course would in time redound to the great increase of the fame of a university for turning out men of rare scholarship. So it is one reads with pleasure that Brown has scored a triumph in the announcement of a Springfield, Mass., boy that he is going to Providence this fall. For a time Dartmouth seemed to be upon the point of winning him, but the classic atmosphere of the Rhode Island university prevailed. Drew, for that is his name, is the fastest amateur short-distance runner in the whole world. He is expected to be a thorn in the side of the sprinters from the University of Pennsylvania next year, who were thought to be sure of winning the short-distance races. Of course, one sprinter does not settle the question of relative scholarship among the universities. That must remain in doubt until we know where the champion broad-jumper and pole-vaulter are going to pursue their advanced studies.

How sensitive public opinion has become towards sex-instruction, urged by Dr. Eliot at the Congress of School Hygiene, is shown by the protests against it in Cincinnati and Chicago. Those who feel the sincerity and force in all that Dr. Eliot said will be first to demand caution in carrying out his principles. In the first place, great as public opposition often is to the utilization of the school for the physical welfare of society, it is especially exposed to prejudice and hostility on this point. In the second, while sex-education in the right hands may do great good, in wrong hands it can accomplish a greater amount of harm. What seems chiefly demanded is that its administration be given over to a competent and tactful medical corps. While the public schools as yet offer no grounds for observation, every one in college and preparatory-school circles is acquainted with results of sporadic, ill-digested lectures from semi-religious sources which are at least of debatable value. It is true that fatal ignorance in vital matters cannot be left to chance correction. It is true, in Mrs. Ella Flagg Young's words, that the school can acknowledge no parental "rights" inimical to social progress. But it is equally true that one shudders to think of sex-instruction in the hands of the ordinary school teacher and under the control of a Mrs. Young.

That the problem of enforcing local-option laws is increasingly national is shown by recent attempts in Pennsylvania and throughout the South to prevent illegal liquor shipments. In Indiana, by the formation of "Young Men's Independent Clubs" in nominally "dry" territory, the brewery interests seek to get round the law. Crawfordsville is making a hot campaign against "clubs whose rules permit the sale of liquor to members only—any one being a member who has the money." Strict city ordinances and a good detective have convicted seven such club managers within a few weeks. Other cities, such as Evansville, where the press laments a jury disagreement over the plainest evidence, are preparing to imitate Crawfordsville. Gov. Ralston has repeatedly told the communities that in dealing with local-option enforcement "they must be their own moral agents, without appealing to State help." Of course, enforcement of the law is impossible without positive public opinion. But in the case of fraudulent "clubs" it would seem that officers of the law have a plain duty to perform.

The emphasis of the World's Medical Congress upon not only the wide extent of war against disease, but its coöperative character, is already receiving practical comment. The French *Journal de Philanthropie* points out how much even of administrative method in combating the chief evil, tuberculosis, is international. To the Germans, for example, the sanatorium long represented the sole means of defence. Lately, however, the German Central Association has borrowed a leaf from the book that Calmette and Waldeck-Rousseau began to write at Lille in 1901, and has centred its attention upon the dispensary. The secretary already reports four of these in Berlin, and 720 in all Germany. At first passive, they are now active agencies, and inspect homes, lay down rules of hygiene, and help the public to follow them. Assisted by workingmen's societies, the Association has given special

attention to "forest dispensaries," of which in 1911 there were 98, receiving 3,000 patients yearly. These stations are located near the larger cities, and with the smallest possible plant they receive the ailing daily, care for them in the open air, and send them home at night. Two suggestions used are ascribed to America—the plan of receiving at these forest dispensaries night patients, busy in the daytime, and the open-air schools.

Our large cities may find profit in the recommendations of a Parliamentary committee on "London's gigantic problem." This is the connection between the vast development of the motor-'bus there and the increase in risk to public life and limb. In 1907 the 3,700 power and 12,700 horse vehicles injured about 12,000 people; in 1912 the 13,800 power and 2,800 horse vehicles ran down more than 20,000. This weighs gravely against the service of the omnibus in carrying two billion passengers and linking the city to its outermost suburbs. But, as in Paris, which also is protesting against the daily list of *écrasés*, neither speed nor weight is singled out as responsible. "With its great increase in size, power, and speed," says the report, "the motor-'bus must lose its privileges of irresponsibility. It cannot be let choose its pathway unrestrained." Nothing more. And the omnibus company declares "speed has the smallest possible share in the causing of accidents, and has been talked of until the public are impatient." The reduction of the number of motor-'buses to the necessary minimum, the perfection of safety devices, and the education of the public as to the exact course of the routes, are suggestions which the company endorses. All these tend to give the motor-'bus lines the same status as surface street-car systems, and to restrict or destroy the old liberty of movement of the individual vehicle.

President Wilson may or may not succeed in his Mexican policy, but one thing is certain, the English newspapers are not entitled to sneer at him for failure. Some of them are now complacently saying that we see what comes of entrusting diplomacy to "amateurs." Well, for the past two years England has had her finest professional diplomat at work in the Balkans, and a fine mess he has made of it. A simple enumeration of the successive positions taken by Sir Edward Grey, with a list of his unfulfilled prophecies and frustrated efforts, ought to make his countrymen see that gibes at anybody else are just now delicious effrontery. There was to be no Balkan war. But there was. If there was a war, no territorial changes whatever would be permitted. But Turkey in Europe has been carved to pieces. When Turkey pressed back into Adrianople she was instantly to be turned out. But the latest number of *Punch* has a cartoon in which the Turk in Adrianople asks Sir Edward Grey who is going to put him out, and the great English diplomatist replies that this is exactly the thing which the Concert cannot make up its mind about. An American "amateur" could not do worse than that!

Two things stand out clearly in the report on rent and prices, just published by the English Board of Trade, the most comprehensive and thorough of recent studies of the cost-of-living problem. One is that the rise in prices, as has been recognized before this, is a world-wide phenomenon. The other is that, certainly in so far as Great Britain is concerned, and holding true probably for other countries, wages have not kept pace with prices. In Great Britain the increase in the cost of living since 1905 has been 10 per cent., whereas the increase in wages has been from 2 to 5 per cent. Here is a simple explanation of the labor unrest which has marked recent years on both sides of the Atlantic. In Syndicalism we are probably not witnessing, as its prophets would have us believe, a new philosophy and tactics of social reconstruction. Under a new name and through somewhat novel methods, the old process of readjusting wages to prices is at work. There is no real reason to suppose that the foundations of society are in greater peril to-day than in preceding periods of economic readjustment.

Anglo-German relations will suffer no harm from the disclosures contained in Count Hayashi's diary regarding the diplomatic history of the alliance between Great Britain and Japan. The alliance dates from 1902. When the idea of an agreement between the two Powers on affairs in Asia was first broached by the Japanese Ambassador, it was Lord Salisbury who suggested the inclusion of Germany. The Japanese Government, for reasons not yet made public, objected. This bit of news will be rather embarrassing to the jingo element in Germany, by whom England's policy during the last two decades has been described as one of implacable hostility to the Empire. British statesmen supposedly lay awake nights thinking out all the possible permutations and combinations by which the Kaiser might be isolated and encompassed. Yet here was the head of the British Government and the leader of the party that had always stood for Imperialism and a forward policy in foreign affairs, urging the inclusion of Germany in a partnership which, as events showed, was destined to exercise an extraordinary influence on the history of the last ten years. And Lord Salisbury's proposal came at a time when the Boer War was still under way and the Kaiser's telegram to Krüger was a very vivid and bitter memory.

How different the present international situation in Europe might have been if Lord Salisbury's proposals had been accepted! In 1902, it will be recalled, the famous *entente cordiale* was not yet in being. The Anglo-French agreement came two years later, and even then it required the stress and agitation of the long controversy between France and Germany over Morocco to convert the Anglo-French marriage of convenience into an alliance of the heart. Ten years ago the advocates of a reconciliation with Germany were much more influential in French public life than they are to-day. If Great Britain had entered into partnership with Germany, even if it was only for the regulation of affairs in Asia, the present *entente* would have been rendered difficult, if not impossible, and France, because there was no one else to turn to, might have consented to enter into an understanding with the Kaiser. There might have ensued an era of international good feeling; or, if England, regretting, in turn, any close approach between the opponents of 1870, had set about to redress the balance, we should have had a European alignment almost the opposite of what it is to-day, and come much nearer to a reduction of armaments.

PROGRESS WITH THE BANKING BILL.

With the vote of the House Democratic caucus, approving the banking and currency bill as amended to date, the third stage in the history of that important measure is completed. The first stage comprised the original drafting of the bill for submission to Congress. In that process, many hands were at work, and by no means with harmonious plans or purposes. Among those whose handiwork was recognizable in the original bill were conservative men who had made thorough and useful study of the subject; radicals who were eager to inject as much of inflation and Government paper issues as circumstances would admit; and theorists who wished to try all sorts of venturesome experiments at once. In its original form, the banking bill, despite many fundamental and incidental merits, was a highly defective measure, containing unquestionably dangerous possibilities, on the side of currency issues in particular.

The spirit in which these defects were taken in hand, when the second stage of the measure's history began with its reference to the House Banking Committee, is familiar to all who have observed the progress of events. The changes made were radical and fundamental; in many of the sections they transformed a bad measure with incidental merits into a genuinely good measure with incidental defects. Except for its misleading and inaccurate language in regard to the Government's part in what is to be purely a bank-note currency, the note-issue sections were amended into a scientifically sound and practical provision. The holdings of United States bonds, pledged by national banks against their present outstanding circulation, were protected, as they had not been in the original bill. Powers of the national board, in certain important directions, were restricted, partly through requiring unanimity of decision, partly through the formation of an Advisory Council chosen by the banks themselves.

During its third stage, now completed, in which the House Committee's amended bill was placed for debate before the Democratic caucus, further progress of an equally significant character has been made. Discussion being free and unrestrained, the radicals, the hot-heads, and the inflationists had their day in court. They offered and urged amendment after amendment embodying their ideas. On the other hand, the banking community made its first formal entry into the discussion through the debates and resolutions of the Chicago bankers' conference, on Friday and Saturday of last week.

What has happened in the caucus is that the changes urged excitedly by the radicals have been steadily voted down by large majorities—the one concession which they claim, the elimination of a clause which might be construed as forbidding rediscount of agricultural warehouse paper, being in fact an ineffective alteration—while two of the amendments urged by the bankers' conference have been adopted. Reserve requirements for individual banks have been reduced as the bankers at Chicago asked, and, again in deference to their suggestion, the reserve against the proposed new note issue is now prescribed to consist of gold alone, and not of "gold or lawful money."

After this rather striking attitude on amendments, the measure was adopted in the caucus by a vote of 160 to 9. Within a week the bill as thus approved goes formally to the House of Representatives, whence, after debate and vote, it will be handed over to the Senate Committee and the Senate. It is not yet free from serious defects, and it is wholly reasonable to expect that its remaining shortcomings will be a matter of serious consideration in the other house. We believe it, however, to be a thoroughly workable bill as it now stands, or at least to be a bill which may be made so by a few further changes which will not affect vitally its underlying principles.

Here, then, in the future stages of the discussion on the bill, is the legitimate opportunity for broad-minded bankers and business men of the country to serve a public purpose. The delegates who voted for the series of resolutions at last week's Chicago Conference were perfectly well aware that all of their recommendations would not, in the nature of things, be accepted. But they wisely separated criticisms on general principles from criticisms based on technical experience. Their final attitude was of a sort to invite the friendly discussion which was peremptorily necessary, between the legislators and the bankers, if snags and pitfalls in the practical operation of the bill were to be avoided. The more consistently this policy is pursued, the less of an obstructive influence will arise from that vague suspicion of the bankers' motives which prevailed very largely up to last week, and for whose prevalence the bankers themselves were by no means wholly free from blame.

The rest of the discussion of the bill must, in our judgment, centre to a great extent upon the powers of the national board. Those powers, as they stand in the bill to-day, and notwithstanding the House committee amendments, are too sweeping and unrestricted. We should so describe them, even if the four civilian appointees to the board were all, by law, to be trained bankers. That the system of separate regional banks requires large powers in a central board, for exercise in a possible emergency, we have heard no one question. But ours is, in more ways than one, a government of checks and balances, and the powers referred to are of a sort whose misuse, even with the best of purposes, would have immediate and serious consequences on the country's welfare. It is not abolition of such powers, but restriction on their hasty, ill-judged, or impetuous exercise, which our national experience indicates as essential to the safety of the new experiment.

FIRST CLASS IN SENATORIAL LOGIC

One advantage of the linked sweetness long drawn out of the Senate debate on the tariff has been strangely overlooked by educators. It is the splendid exhibition of the logical faculty in the give and take of discussion. It is a pity that every student in logic could not have been in the Senate galleries to derive instruction from the continued display of the deepest principles of the art. Few have availed themselves of the great opportunity, since the event came off in the time of school and college vacations; but we wonder why no summer school or university extension grasped at the opportunity. To stand by and see giant minds grappling with one another and illustrating every phase of the art of reasoning would have been an invaluable privilege to any who desired to learn how to think clearly and argue soundly.

Something of the effect, though only a pale reflection, can be got from a perusal of the *Congressional Record*. In

it we get the cold results without the personal animation, the flashing eye, and the triumphant mien with which some logical demonstration was accompanied. Not to neglect entirely the alluring material, let us turn to the debate of Monday of last week. The cotton schedule was under discussion. Senator Smith, of South Carolina, took the floor and read from a careful report on the New England mills, showing the low wages and the long hours of the operatives. This was only preliminary to the real clash of mind on mind. Senator Lippitt, of Rhode Island, begged permission to ask a question. It was granted. He said:

> I merely wish to ask the Senator from South Carolina if the wage paid in his State for this same occupation is not in the neighborhood of one-third less than that paid in New England, and if the hours the people work in his State are not more than 10 per cent. greater for that wage, and if it is not true that there is practically no age limit for the children employed in the cotton mills in his State.

This was clearly a neat case of the *argumentum ad hominem*. But was the South Carolina Senator staggered by it? Did he betray even a glimmering of the *ignoratio elenchi?* Not at all. Observe the completely logical and crushing reply which he instantly made:

> I will reply to the Senator from Rhode Island that those we employ in my section of the country are native born, and whatever they get goes back to an American for the work an American does, and we have not used the pauper labor of Europe to displace him.

Have the standard writers on logic ever given such an illustration as this of the effect of close and sinewy reasoning? We should like to see them try to get Senator Smith's syllogism into any of their formal categories! It would not even come under *barbara*, though that word suggests certain analogies in the case. As for the great native reasoners, like Socrates, they would certainly be lost in wonder at the dexterity and logical resource of Senator Smith. Of his overwhelming retort upon his questioner, Socrates could only say, as he did on a certain occasion: "Great, oh, Glaucon, is the power of contradiction."

It certainly required a degree of audacity in Senator Lippitt to return to the intellectual combat after so heavy a logical blow, but he took his courage in both hands and put another question to Senator Smith. He said:

> I should like to ask the Senator from South Carolina if he thinks native-born Americans should be paid 33 per cent. less wages than New England is willing to pay the people who come from abroad. New England pays her native-born Americans more than she pays these people from abroad; and yet the Senator from South Carolina is boasting that in his own State, for more hours of employment, he is satisfied to pay 66 2-3 per cent. of the wages New England pays.

There appears to be a certain plausibility about this, but Senator Lippitt did not know his man. He could scarcely have been prepared for the terrific logical "facer" which the South Carolina Senator at once delivered. It was this:

> When we take into consideration the number of millionaires there are in the New England section and the number of millionaires we have in our section, I do not think the Senator and I will find much to argue about.

There was a good deal more of this, but we have given enough to show what a treat for the logician, and the lovers of high debate, may be got by dipping almost anywhere into the *Congressional Record*. It really ought to displace the text-books on logic. Not one of them could furnish so much instruction. And it is teaching which is blended with the element of constant surprise, and even amusement, which is the best thing to hold the attention of the pupil. Why should there be expensive schools to teach young men how to reason when the Senate is giving such wonderful examples virtually free? Schopenhauer had an entire cynical treatise on "The Art of Reasoning," which he dealt with as a thing of trick and artifice, rather than a real intellectual process; but the most whimsical rules that he gave for dodging the point of an argument, or evading the consequences of your own logic, along with the most fanciful examples which he invented, would seem plodding and prosaic alongside the Senatorial reality. "Logic is logic, that's all I say." Yes; but there are more things in Senate logic than were dreamed of in the philosophy of the one-hoss shay.

SEQUELS OF LABOR LEGISLATION.

The past fifteen or twenty years have seen a great body of labor legislation, proposed or enacted, in all civilized countries. The United States has not been so laggard as some have asserted. In nearly all the States, as by the Federal Congress, new laws have been put on the statute-books intended to secure the rights or to improve the lot of workingmen. Into this movement different motives have entered, but there can be no doubt that its chief driving power has been the humane spirit of the age. This it is which has been sympathetic to the demand that the laborer in dangerous occupations shall be safeguarded, as far as possible; that child labor shall be more and more limited; that special protections shall be thrown about workingwomen; that workers disabled by accident shall have full right of recovery of damages from negligent employers, or be insured for loss of time or health. It is not necessary to extend the catalogue. The kind of legislation referred to is familiar to all. It responds to the growing humanity of the age. But it is our duty to be intelligent as well as humane; to look ahead at consequences as well as about us at misfortune and suffering. And labor legislation has now been long enough in force in various places to give us material upon which to base a judgment concerning some sequels of it that its benevolent promoters were very far from foreseeing.

An article in the last *Edinburgh Review* on "National Insurance and National Character" is said to have been written by that stout individualist among English public men, Mr. Harold Cox. Whoever the author, it is an instructive study which he makes of some of the unexpected results, physical, mental, and moral, of laws insuring workingmen against accidents and against sickness. He turns at once to the country which has had the widest experience in such matters—Germany. The subject has attracted a great deal of attention from German physicians and students. A recent suggestive book is that of Prof. Ludwig Bernhard, "Unerwünschte Folgen der Deutschen Sozialpolitik." "The tragedy of all great reform movements," writes Professor Bernhard, "lies in this—that the unintended results are more powerful than the intended results." And in the spirit of this saying, the *Edinburgh Review* writer masses a part of the evidence which German investigators have been getting together about the effect of workingmen's insurance laws in Germany. Already in England, where legislation of the kind has but lately been embarked upon, much is heard about sim-

ilar undesired consequences showing themselves.

In the main, it is an old story. Paternal legislation tends to make its beneficiaries childishly dependent, where they are not increasingly exigent. But some of the special results observable on a large scale in Germany are peculiarly interesting. It is not merely the general question of individual self-respect being impaired and initiative cut into by looking to the aid of Government. There are specific developments which are giving thoughtful Germans pause. Malingering has enormously increased; and the authorities have to be increasingly watchful against it. If a workingman knows that his pay is to go on while he is ill, he falls sick with wonderful ease. Nor is it all a matter of feigning. Every doctor knows the part played by the imagination in disease, and it has been displayed in extraordinary ways in the experience of insured German workingmen while they are ill. The facts show that they fall sick quicker and stay sick longer than before the law protected them. In certain forms of illness, the psychology of this is well understood. The determination to recover speedily is a help to recovery, and without it, or the motive for it, the patient stays longer in bed. Even in cases of fractured bones, where this mental element would not be expected to operate so strongly, the German experience makes a remarkable showing. Take the common accident of a broken collar-bone. In the young, medical statistics prove that the period of mending is from 15 to 20 days; in older persons, 20 to 40. But the average insured German workingman who breaks his collar-bone requires eight months to get over it!

We will not dwell upon other details set forth in the *Edinburgh Review*. Its article but reflects the concern which German statesmen feel over these aspects of the practical working of laws which were undoubtedly beneficent in intention. Various studies of the operation of the German laws for the insurance of workingmen show what good reason there is for doubt of their entire success, and what is the need of amendment and strengthening. There is something in Voltaire about the light-hearted way in which men pass laws, and the astonishment with which they observe how these laws work in practice. This has been distinctly the case with the matter under discussion. Disappointments and unforeseen results are, indeed, no argument against attempting humane legislation; but they are a clear warning against rash lawmaking. The utmost care should be taken in the drafting of labor legislation, so as to make it as sure as is humanly possible that evils will not be created greater than those which it is designed to cure.

ANGLO-SAXONDOM AND WORLD-PEACE.

The main trend of Lord Haldane's address before the American Bar Association at Montreal was determined in advance by the nature of the occasion. When the Lord Chancellor of England comes across the seas to speak in Canada before a gathering of lawyers, of whom a very large proportion are from the United States, it is inevitable that his subject should concern itself with the affiliations that bind this country, Great Britain, and the Dominion into what may be described as a community of nations. Speaking before lawyers, Lord Haldane was at pains to point out that the causes of Anglo-Saxon amity are independent of treaty arrangements. The Lord Chancellor is a student of philosophy and he went to the vocabulary of the German philosophers for a word that would adequately describe that spirit of amity. But when we have followed the speaker through his eloquent and lucid disquisition upon *Sittlichkeit*, we find ourselves, after all, in the presence of a familiar thing. He is referring neither to legal systems nor to specific morals, but to those habitual sanctions which determine the conduct of men in a community, the way of reacting towards the duties of civilized citizenship, the way, in short, of looking at life. And he finds that in this country, in Great Britain, and in Canada there prevails a common *Sittlichkeit*, a similarity of social conduct, which is the principal basis of Anglo-Saxon friendship, and which may become the foundation of still more intimate relations in the future. It is a scholarly way of formulating the idea embodied in such familiar phrases as "hands across the sea" and "common inheritance."

Emphasis laid on Anglo-Saxon friendship as a factor in the establishment of the ideal of world-peace is desirable only to a certain point. The danger of expatiating on Anglo-Saxon unity consists in the fact that it may serve as an irritant upon the world at large. There are nations which may be inclined to regard a union of the English-speaking races as a union, not for something, but against somebody; not for the encouragement of the ideas of peace, but for the imposition of peace on those outside the Anglo-Saxon community. In specific instances we have seen how the proposal of a treaty of arbitration between the United States and Great Britain has been received, even by citizens of this country, as a menace to Germany. The Kaiser's people have been trained to envisage a unity of Germanic races no less ambitious, and we may reasonably suppose no less inspired by high motives, than the unity of the Anglo-Saxons. In Eastern and Southeastern Europe Slavdom has its own aspirations. The political evolution of the Old World will be shaped for many years to come by the rivalry of the English, the Germans, and the Slavs. The question arises whether this country, by making itself a member of an Anglo-Saxon "unison," does not to that extent make itself a party to the great rivalry of races.

There is no need to lay stress upon a community of *Sittlichkeit* in the Anglo-Saxon world as an argument for peace between Great Britain and the United States. We may concede that our American way of looking at life is closer to the English way than it is to any other, though such a statement never fails to bring out arguments regarding the enormous infusion of non-Saxon blood and brain into our people. Conceding that we have a community of thought and habits and language with the English people which makes war between the two nations an inconceivable thing, it is still true that war between this nation and any other of the leading Powers of Europe is almost equally inconceivable. Does any statesman really foresee the chance of our engaging in hostilities with the German Empire, or with Russia, or with France? There was, of course, that flurry over German designs in the Philippines at the time of our war with Spain. But, then, there was something more than a flurry with Great Britain over Venezuela. No; we must still maintain that conflict between this country and any European nation is rendered impossible by other than ethnological or sociological causes. The

old arguments still hold. Situated here on the Western Continent, at a remote distance from the age-old rivalries that make of Europe an armed camp, these United States are as unlikely to be the armed enemies of one European country as of any other.

If war is to make way for reason in the settlement of international disputes, it will not be because the world will be transformed into a single community with only one code of manners. World-peace, if it eomes, will eome with the triumph of those universal ideas which are above all national habits and manners, the ideas of justice, of reason, and of law. We can have world-peace with world diversity. For diversity is no more an essential force for armed conflict than uniformity is an unfailing factor for peace. Where, for instance, eould Lord Haldane find a eloser identity of *Sittlichkeit* than that obtaining in the two Balkan peoples that have lately been tearing at one another's throats like mad dogs? Bulgaria and Servia are two peasant populations living on the same economic level, speaking what is virtually two dialects of the same language, acknowledging the same faith, and held in subjection for centuries by the same master at Constantinople. What but the survival of primeval brute instincts is responsible for the horrors of Macedonia and Thrace? The same way of looking at life will not keep two nations at peace if both look at life with distorted vision.

IS THERE A "PUBLIC"?

One thing is quite certain: we are living in a highly significant age. The only question is whether this is the age of Strindberg and Brieux or of Hall Caine and Harold Bell Wright; the age of Matisse and Picasso or of Dingbat and Desperate Desmond; the age which insists on ruthless details of life in the white-slave markets or the age which insists that its heroes of fiction must be six feet six inches and more; the age of Debussy and Anna Pavlova or the age of the Temagami Rag. One thing is certain: the Public is eager for something. The question is whether the public wants the red meat of John Masefield, the eosmopolitan fare of Arnold Bennett and H. G. Wells and Theodore Dreiser, the plain home cooking of Winston Churchill, or the sugar and cream confections of Eleanor Hallowell Abbott and Gene Stratton-Porter. Or, after all, is nothing certain? Are we at liberty to doubt whether there is such a thing as a Public, instead of merely so many people? Is there such a thing as a spirit of the age, instead of now this fad and now that one forging ahead in the newspapers?

Not that the formulæ makers are altogether at fault. The temptation to generalize at times becomes well-nigh irresistible. The current at times does seem to set steadily in one direction. The vista does seem to stretch out over new landscapes. We can hardly blame, for instance, the student of morals and manners who assures you that this country is in full revolt against the hereditary Puritanism. The old prudery of speech—and of behavior—is passing. On subjeets worthy and worthless we feel and speak to-day with a freedom that ten years ago would have been inconceivable. The habits and speech of common life have become heavily charged with the habits and speech of the *intellectuels* and the underworld. Tango, eugenics, the slit skirt, sex hygiene, Brieux, white slaves, Richard Strauss, John Masefield, the double standard of morality—here is a conglomerate of things important and unimportant, of age-old problems and momentary fads, which nevertheless have this one thing in common that they do involve an abandonment of the old proprieties and the old reticences. Neither our newspapers nor our preachers nor our college presidents can be accused of being mealy-mouthed. Take, as a single instance, the invasion of the theatre by the crook play and the white-slave play. Is it rash to say that a revolution has occurred in the few years that have elapsed since the police put the ban on "Mrs. Warren's Profession"?

It *is* rash. No such revolution has oeeurred in the sense of a profound transformation working itself out within the great mass of our people. To make a revolution it needs something more than that all of the people shall be stirred some of the time and some of the people shall be agitated all of the time. The great publie, in spite of the tango and the white-slave propaganda, has not shifted its moorings. Its fundamental tastes are very much what they have been. When we speak of every one reading Strindberg and Brieux it is only in the same sense that everybody is out of town in summer. We generalize from insufficient data. The assertion that the American reading public is learning to view life boldly with Bennett and Wells and Dreiser is disproved by the fact that hundreds of thousands are viewing it in the good old romantic fashion with Hall Caine and Marie Corelli. The underworld theme may sell books by the thousands, but to sell books by the hundreds of thousands we still require such old themes as home and mother and love's devotion. The noisy few may point the way and a goodly crowd may follow in meek imitation. But the great crowd also chooses for itself, and its independent choice is for the broad and simple effects that have always appealed to the masses.

We must still distinguish between the fluttering taste of the few who have lost their intellectual mooring by a kind of half education, and those profound changes which truly constitute a revolution in the life of the people. The self-esteemed *intellectuels* are terribly exposed to self-deception; they have neither the instincts of the masses nor the settled conviction of those who have felt the long judgments of time. In their hands are all the organs of publicity—the newspapers, the reviews, the circles and cliques which create "movements," and tendencies, and vistas, and revaluations. There may be a lively play of wave and spume on the surface; in the depths change works almost by impereeptible stages.

POINCARE'S LAST BOOK.

PARIS, August 20.

"Dernières Pensées" (E. Flammarion, 3.50 francs) is the last book of general interest which we are to have from that lucid thinker and clear writer, Henrl Poincaré. It eomprises late articles and lectures, some written within a few days of his death in July of last year. He intended the collection to form the fourth volume of his series of works on the philosophy of science—"Science and Hypothesis," "The Value of Science," "Science and Method," and this one dealing with outstandlng questions, such as the evolution of laws; Space and Time; the logic of the Infinite and of mathematics; Matter and Ether; and moral systems and science, and moral union among men. A supplementary lecture by him on new conceptions of matter has since been published in a volume by several authors, "Le Matérialisme actuel" (Flammarion,

3.50 francs); and two years ago he published a brief pamphlet on another burning question, "Les Sciences et les Humanités" (A. Fayard, 1 franc).

All these convey with sufficient fulness the message to the world of the one master who has recognized the limits of science and proclaimed them frankly. Other gleanings, particular applications of a method of thinking more valuable perhaps than his science or philosophy, may be found by even general readers in his special works. They must have the patience to skip the mathematical operations which a dozen in each generation may hope to follow; and between they must read the paragraphs where slow processes of physics merge into intuitions of the universe.

These "Last Thoughts" emphasize the hard sayings which so offend those who have been dreaming of science without limits ruling absolutely the universe of thought:

> Science will always be imperfect, and not only because our faculties are weak. It will be imperfect by definition. He who speaks of science speaks of a duality between the mind knowing and the object known; and so long as this duality subsists, so long as mind is distinct from its object, mind will be unable to know its object perfectly, since it will never know aught of it but the exterior. Therefore, neither the question of materialism nor that of determinism—and I do not separate this from that—can be solved in last resort by science.

The lecture from which this is taken comes in the series of "Present Materialism" immediately after Professor Bergson's declaration on "Soul and Body":

> In philosophy we have to choose between pure reasoning, which aims at a definitive result, not to be perfected because it is judged perfect, and an empiric method which contents itself with approximate results that are capable of being corrected and completed indefinitely. . . . Between these two manners of philosophizing, my choice is made.

It would be a measureless error to confound Henri Poincaré's philosophy of science with Bergson's philosophy of what he thinks underlies science. Poincaré mischievously reduced Bergsonian Time to a fourth dimension of Space, and he says here seriously:

> Psychological time, Bergsonian duration, from which the scientific man's time issues, serves to classify phenomena which pass in one and the same consciousness; but it is powerless to classify two psychological phenomena which pass in two different consciousnesses—and, *a fortiori*, two physical phenomena. One event passes on earth, another on Sirius; how shall we know whether the former is anterior to the latter, or simultaneous, or posterior?

Of the value of science, Poincaré had already noted:

> Newton showed us that a law is only a necessary relation between the present state of the world and the state immediately following. All other laws since discovered are nothing else—they are differential equations.

He now adds:

> If we wish to write out the differential equations that rule the world, either such equations will be inexact or they must depend on the state of the world whole and entire. There will not be one system of equations for the world of earth and another for that of Sirius; there will be a single system applicable to the whole universe.
>
> Now, we do not observe directly the differential equations. What we observe are finite equations which are the immediate translation of observable phenomena and from which the differential equations are deduced by differentiation. . . .
>
> How, then, can we pass from finite equations to differential equations of which the former are the integrals? . . . One only solution is realized in nature, although there is an infinity of possible solutions. To form the differential equations, we should have to know not only this one solution which is realized, but all those which are possible.

At a time when philosophy has once more come in fashion—and when the scholastic bane of philosophy multiplies labels for every thinker and each thought—we must here follow Henri Poincaré to the brink. For his critics call after him names such as phenomenist, relativist, idealist, pragmatist—and, doubtless, would cry skeptic if they did not fear to imply that science has become dogma. In reality, all Poincaré's reasoning tends to establish the essential verity of the "relations" which science discovers between the terms of our sense observations. These relations are reduced to mathematical equations, without which Kant said there could be no physical science. But what may be the essence of the "terms" of our sense observations—why, that is a question Professor Poincaré leaves to Professor Bergson and those who choose to occupy themselves with it otherwise than by science, which cannot go beyond sense observation and experiment.

The charm and power of Henri Poincaré's thought came largely from his alert sensitiveness and ready response to the mental difficulties of living thinkers around him. It would be a sin not to cite here a refreshing sample of his kindly trial of conclusions with an American on the Infinite:

> Mr. Russell, no doubt, will say to me that the question is not one of psychology, but of logic and epistemology; and I shall be led to answer that there is no such thing as logic and epistemology independent of psychology—and such a profession of faith will probably close the discussion, because it will bring to sight a divergence of views beyond remedy.

To a question more important to the average man than all this scientific philosophy, Henri Poincaré gives an answer that contradicts schoolmastering reformers and republics:

> There cannot be a scientific morality; but there also cannot be immoral science. And the reason is simple—purely grammatical, if I may say so. . . . The principles of science, the postulates of geometry, are and can only be in the indicative; only in the indicative are experimental truths—and, at the basis of the sciences, there is not, there cannot be, anything else. So the most subtle dialectician may juggle with such principles as he will, may combine them and build up scaffoldings of one upon the other—all he will get out of them will be in the indicative. He will never get a proposition to say "Do this!" or "Do not do that!"—that is, a proposition either to confirm or to contradict morality.

Religious thinkers, if they were in the political ascendant, would very likely be little more pleased with Henri Poincaré than his brethren of science are:

> All dogmatic morality, all morality that is demonstrated, . . . is like a machine in which there are only transmissions of movement and no motor force. The moral motor, that which sets going the whole apparatus of wheels within wheels, can only be a feeling. . . . And that is why religions are powerful and metaphysics are not.

Henri Poincaré did not despair of his generation. The last time he spoke in public, three weeks before his death, he summed up in one the many reasons why the so-called "conflict of moralities" does not exist and ought not to exist:

> On one reason, at least, we cannot help agreeing. The life of man is a continuous struggle. . . . If we enjoy relative rest at times, it is because our fathers have striven much; let our own energy and vigilance relax but a moment, and we lose all the fruit of their struggles, all they have won for us. . . . What I say applies to the struggle which humanity has to sustain for life—the discipline it must accept is called Morality. The day that Humanity forgets Morality, that day it will be vanquished beforehand and plunged into an abyss of evil. . . . On all such things, we all think alike, we all know where we should walk—why, then, do we separate from one another?

The master who had the courage to maintain that the Ten Commandments of our fathers are scientific enough for morality might be expected to uphold their classical training "for the formation of men of science." He has a curious example of a university examination in which an entire class from its modern training failed to grasp the verbal bearing of the demonstration that the product in multiplication does not depend on the order of the factors. "Yet they had been drilled in grammatical analyses. . . . In a class from the classical training, M. Vacquant (the mathematician) said to me, nothing of

the kind could have happened!" But Poincaré rises higher:

A spirit breathed of old on Greece and gave birth to poets and thinkers. There remains in our classical education I know not what of the old Greek soul—something that makes us look ever upward. And this is more precious for the making of a man of science than the reading of many volumes of geometry.

S. D.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Bernard Quaritch, who died on Wednesday of last week, was without question the greatest bookseller in the world. He was a young man, not more than forty-five, had always been a hearty eater and drinker, and these habits had no doubt undermined his health. He had been ill a long time, in fact, ever since his last visit to New York to attend the second Hoe sale in January, 1912. He was unmarried, and his property will, probably, pass to two sisters, who survive him.

The elder Quaritch came to London from Germany in 1842, and after some delays established himself in the book business in a very small way near Leicester Square. Later he removed to 15 Piccadilly, and made that address well known to librarians and book-buyers the whole world over. When he died in 1899, leaving an enormous stock and heavy debts, it was generally predicted that the business, built up with such skill, would disintegrate. His only son, who had taken little or no interest in the business, took hold, however, and showed unexpected ability. He sold, sometimes probably at a loss, some of the big things that his father had carried a long time in stock, and in a year or two Quaritch was again the leading name in the auction room and in the trade, and this position it has retained. He left the old Piccadilly shop, took Lord Howe's old house in Grafton Street, and leaving the rooms much as they were, only installing a slow-moving "lift," he filled the house literally with books from wine-cellar to attic.

The elder Quaritch was overbearing in his manner, didactic and sarcastic in his speech. The son, though gross in appearance, was genial and kindhearted, and withal more politic in business than his father. He made friends and made sales, and above all else kept the name Quaritch standing for absolute honesty, with no misrepresentation of anything which he offered for sale.

He made frequent visits to the United States, bringing a trunkful or two of his treasures, and these trips were generally successful. He sold many fine books to Mr. Morgan as well as to almost every other collector of fine books in this country.

Like his father before him, he was independent and generally against the combination of London booksellers, which has established the "knockout" system at English book sales. The booksellers in the "ring" do not bid against each other in the salesroom, but later at a little auction of their own resell the books among themselves and divide up the profit.

The father used to impress upon collectors the advantage of giving him their commissions at auction sales, and if he allowed an important item to go to a competitor, the latter won a Pyrrhic victory. The son followed the same plan, but in extreme cases seems to have exercised a better judgment.

But while the larger part of his business was with collectors, Mr. Quaritch was equally proud of the fact that he had books for scholars and students. Books on natural history, Oriental languages, and archæology were some of his specialties, and he was London agent for the publications of learned societies in all parts of the world. He published few books, generally scholarly monographs on special subjects, and these were, probably, seldom profitable.

Mr. Quaritch did not have the wide knowledge of books which his father, with more than sixty years' experience among them at the time of his death, possessed. In this respect, no doubt, the death some ten years ago of Michael Kerney, who since 1862 had been his father's literary adviser and chief cataloguer, was a severe blow. Kerney, one of the most erudite of modern Englishmen, published almost nothing over his own name and is already all but forgotten. Mr. F. S. Ferguson, a quiet-mannered scholar, and an authority on early Scottish printing, who came to New York to attend all four of the Hoe sales, now fills the position of chief cataloguer. It is to be hoped that an arrangement will be made so that the business will be carried on, with Mr. E. H. Dring, who has been Mr. Quaritch's manager for many years, as its head.

Correspondence

THE PASSING OF GREEK?

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: A few days ago I was searching for a certain edition of the Iliad, in the original text. Requisition upon one of the large repositories of educational works in my own city having failed to bring to light the desired book, the brisk young salesman who waited upon me explained apologetically, "We don't keep up our stock of such things nowadays. Greek's gone by!" I meekly withdrew, pondering whether it were really true that the study of that marvellous language of the past, the delight in the literature of ancient Greece, in the works of Homer and Plato and Æschylus, of Bion and Moschus, of Herodotus and Xenophon and Thucydides, were extinct, or nearly so.

Thackeray, who himself loved to besprinkle his writings with phrases from the ancient poets, once lamented that Walter Scott, with his "modern troop of gallant young Scotch adventurers, merry outlaws, valiant knights, and savage Highlanders," had overcome the heroes and demigods of Greece and Rome. "See! Robin Hood twangs his bow, and the heathen gods fly, howling. Down goes Ajax under the mace of Dunois!" Must we add that in their turn the mighty deeds recorded by the Wizard of the North have now paled before the exploits of the cowboy and mining prospector? That Ivanhoe's shout of battle is drowned by yells and revolver shots of the modern offspring of Jack London and Rex Beach?

It is true that just now we are experiencing a sort of "wave" of interest in Greek—the smug young bookseller's pronunciamento to the contrary. Our leading literary magazine has recently yielded several of its closely guarded pages to an extended and extremely interesting dissertation upon Greek metres and rhythm. Here and there, in the other periodicals of the day, there have been sporadic attempts by professional experts in the language to revive an evidently flagging interest in Greek, and fresh translations of Homer still find a sure, if limited, market.

In spite of this revival, or pseudo-revival, of interest in Greek literature, it cannot be denied that strong forces of modernism, the tremendous and clamitant "progressive" spirit of the day, are arrayed against it. Many schools and colleges are seriously considering the omission of Greek from their curriculum; others have already dropped it. It is moreover undeniable that even a slight knowledge of the language is far more rare, among well-educated people, than in Thackeray's day, when schoolboys were required to commit to memory long passages, and, as the great English novelist has implied, were as familiar with the exploits of the heroes of Homer as are those of to-day with the various "boy aviators," detectives, scouts, and what not.

The practice of memorizing page after page of the Latin or Greek textbook has long since been abandoned. There was much to be said, after all, in favor of that method. Its thoroughness, at any rate, was commendable. It gave the student a certain firmness of footing, a solid foundation, that was pretty sure to remain unshaken throughout his life. At our class reunions those of us who were brought up on Andrews & Stoddard, or Harkness, or Sophocles, are fond of calling upon one another for the list of prepositions governing the accusative; or the principal parts of certain Greek verbs that seemed to us, in our boyhood days, the result of deliberate and ingenious malice on the part of the ancients: forms invented to entrap the unwary lad, nodding over his humdrum recitation. No wonder the Greek grammar was the pet aversion of every healthy boy in school!

The trouble undoubtedly was that the system then in vogue, with all its merits, gave the student no broad view of the language or its literature. The fact that it was a dead language was driven home to him by its constantly repeated dissection. His attention was, so to speak, of necessity concentrated upon its morphology and chemical analysis. Homer, the grand old poet and story-teller, was to him but an inventor of out-of-the-way forms and phrases, each of which must be studied and classified. It was as if a party of boys were taken to the Grand Cañon—that Iliad of landscapes, with its deep and shadowy gorges, its records of the strife of the elements for untold æons, its marvellous glow of color, its low, far-off murmur of many waters, its lurking-places for strange and awful Powers of the Air, its drifting clouds and wondrous radiance of each coming of "rosy-fingered Dawn, the child of Light"; lacking only the wide and mysterious expanse of the "wine-dark sea"—as if, I say, a class of young students were taken to Colorado, and upon the brink of this wondrous chasm were set to geologizing, *scanning* the storm-beaten cliffs with dactylic strokes of their little hammers: *Clinkety-clinkety-clinkety-clink!* What marvel that "their

eyes are holden," and that only in later years do their hearts burn within them, as they begin to realize the revelation they have so long missed.

We return to our first question—in the onrush and novelty of modern life and its varied interests, has the study of Greek really "gone by"? A few weeks ago a body of learned educators met at Richmond, Va., in a "National Conference for Education in the South." In the course of debate, one of its members urgently demanded "the complete abandonment of effete classicism in the public schools." "Effete classicism!" How poor and ill-considered, how futile, unpractical, and weakly sentimental, under the glow of these impressive words, delivered at white heat by the learned doctor from Mississippi, seem the memories of Rugby and Eton, of Oxford and Cambridge, of the old Boston Latin School, of Columbia, Yale, and Harvard!

Doubtless there are many among our statesmen and professional men who, like Rufus Choate, find their truest recreation in their classical library, softening the memory of the asperities of competition and slander and forensic passages-at-arms by the mellow phrases of Cicero's "De Amicitia," or the tales of Homer and Ovid, so free from the wearisome subjectiveness of the literature and conversation of the twentieth century. An old friend of mine was recently stopping at my house. As I showed him to his bedroom, I asked, "Shall I not bring in some books, in case you are wakeful in the night?" "Thank you, no," he replied; "I have my New Testament and Homer." There was the genuine lover of Greek, as against the restful charm of which the modern "best seller" had no attractions.

This brings me to one branch of my theme which I approach with reverence, and upon which I may not linger. To one who reads Greek, even slowly and with frequent reference to his lexicon, the Scriptures become as never before a treasure-house. To read the original text for the first time is to come upon an entirely fresh revelation. It is indeed a *New* Testament. The effect it produces is like that of the first visit to Palestine, for him who reveres the sacred story of old, and who now treads in the actual footsteps of the Carpenter of Nazareth. Whatever a man's religious belief, or non-belief, the study of the New Testament in the original is well worth all the time and trouble expended upon the language.

WILLIS BOYD ALLEN.

Boston, August 28.

THE "YELLOW PERIL."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The California newspapers are ringing the changes on the alleged danger of "Asiatic invasion," as did Hobson in the years agone. The yellow peoples of the Far East are said to "menace this continent today as they menaced Europe centuries ago." That such fears are groundless is made plain by a study of the relations of America and eastern Asia from the visit of Perry to the present, also by a study of the Oriental spirit.

Instead of war, the prospects of continued peace between the Orient and the Occident were never brighter. The increasing importance of the Asiatic peoples in the economic life of the world should not be lost sight of. The interests of commerce make for peace, as does the interchange of ideas by means of books and papers printed in the English language, which is studied in the schools of China and Japan, so that a better understanding is possible now than ever before between the yellow and white races. Increased familiarity is bringing an enhanced regard for the Orientals, especially the educated classes of Nippon and the "Middle Kingdom."

There are, too, financial obstacles. The Chinese lack the sinews of war, and the Japanese are staggering under a heavy load of debt. War is out of the question and will be for a long time to come. The inheritance of acquired character in the Orientals is against aggression. Their horizon has been broadened by travel in the United States and by the spread of Christianity in the Far East. Motives of self-interest make for continued peace. The folly of war is apparent to the men who shape public policy in these ancient countries; they are not to be classed with the Mongol and Tartar chiefs such as Tamerlane and Genghis Khan. In view of these considerations, it is no time for intemperate language. "Fiery talk fans the flame of war."

Japan had its anti-foreign demonstrations in the '50's and the '60's. Then came the era of enlightenment (under Mutsuhito, which might be well named the era of toleration). The moral sense of the nation asserted itself. For thirty years or more Christian missionaries in Nippon have not been molested, and the native converts have enjoyed religious freedom. Christianity is the faith of a minority in Japan, but a very influential minority. The influence of the Christians outweighs that of the jingoes. Notwithstanding the disturbances of the first decade of the régime of progress and the conflicts of recent times, New Japan is rightly called "The Land of Great Peace." The wars with China and Russia were really defensive wars, because of Japan's intimate relations with Korea.

Is it not a reasonable hope that Tennyson's dream will be realized at no distant day, that the time is not far off when "East and West will meet and be merged into a higher form of existence, a Federation of the World, perhaps, in which men shall learn war no more"?

EUGENE PARSONS.

Denver, August 25.

BASEBALL SLANG.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In an article on "English and Baseball," in the *Nation* for August 21, you say, "Why baseball should be more addicted to this vice [referring, of course, to the use of distorted slang in the reports of baseball games] than golf, tennis, or even football, is part of the general mystery of the case."

Two reasons, perhaps, operate in the use of extraordinary slang in reports of baseball games. Golf, tennis, and football are games that have few terms peculiar to themselves, as a comparison of the rules of these games with those of baseball will show. Naturally, there is more opportunity offered in baseball for a quick-and-ready synonym.

And this opportunity is eagerly seized by sporting writers because of the readers they are writing for. Baseball appeals, generally, to a different crowd from that which is interested in golf, tennis, or football. Whatever objections one may have to professionalism in any sport, he must at least recognize the fact that for recreation many people go to see baseball games who have no opportunity to play golf, tennis, or football, or to see them played. That a baseball crowd is a cosmopolitan crowd is evident to any one who ever saw a professional baseball game.

Furthermore, the greater part of this crowd is everywhere as democratic and careless as it is at a baseball game. These people use slang. With some of them it is part of their habitual method of talking, and they understand it and appreciate it when used by any one else. Consequently the "great American daily," with its avowed intention of giving the people what they want rather than what is best for them, writes its reports of baseball games in such slang as its readers understand and like, even though they don't use it.

JAMES GREGG.

Greensburg, Pa., August 27.

Literature

THE WRITING OF HISTORY.

History and Historians in the Nineteenth Century. By G. P. Gooch. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $3 50 net.

"The object of this book," says the author, "is to summarize and assess the manifold achievements of historical research and production during the last hundred years, to portray the masters of the craft, to trace the development of scientific method, to measure the political, religious, and social influences that have contributed to the making of celebrated books, and to analyze their effect on the life and thought of their time." An author whose ambition is so inclusive may achieve much and yet fall short of the goal.

One feels that it is so with Mr. Gooch. He has written an excellent book, and a useful one: useful, especially, because there is no book in English, and no book of similar scope in any language, which covers the field; and excellent because what the author has done has for the most part been extraordinarily well done. And yet what he has done is something less than he professes, in the preface, to have aimed at. If one may distinguish, as Mr. Gooch himself seems to do in the title, between history and historians, it may fairly be said that the book is far more concerned with historians that it is with history: it is rather a collection of appraisals of many historians than an ordered presentation of the evolution of historical research and interpretation as a phase of intellectual history.

Mr. Gooch's plan would almost of itself preclude any serious attempt to trace the evolution of historical inter-

pretation as a phase of intellectual history. He has grouped his historians partly according to their nationality, partly according to the countries whose history they studied, partly according to the conception of history which inspired their work. To the synthetic mind it is a little irritating to find Niebuhr, a Dane, who wrote Roman history, placed with the Germans because he feared the French Revolution and was an inspiration to Ranke, although Mommsen, who *was* a German, is placed elsewhere because he was engaged in Roman studies, while Lamprecht, who wrote a "Deutsche Geschichte," is not classed with Treitschke, who wrote one also, but with Burckhardt, because, like Burckhardt, he had faith in the *socialpsyche*. Mr. Gooch probably has not the synthetic mind. There is no harm in that; but his classification is clearly not well suited to measuring "the political, religious, and social influences that have contributed to the making of celebrated books," or to analyzing "their effects on the life and thought of their time."

In this respect, therefore, one feels that Mr. Gooch has not been altogether successful. It is true, we learn what were the particular influences which directed Savigny, for example, or Ranke, Thierry or Michelet, Macaulay or Guizot to the study of the past; and the point of view from which they regarded it, as well as the conclusions which they arrived at and set down in their books. But their work is nowhere related to the "political, religious, and social influences of the time" in which they lived. Mr. Gooch does not tell us whether there was any philosophy of history common to these men, or what the connection was, or whether there was any connection at all, between this philosophy and the general ideas that lay at the basis of liberalism in politics, romanticism in literature, and idealism in philosophy proper. Similarly, although the reader understands that the ideals and methods of natural science had a great effect on the work of Taine, he will lay down the book with no clear notion of the profound influence which the positivist and materialistic tendencies in the third quarter of the century had upon the formation of the modern conception of "scientific history."

That Mr. Gooch is not much interested in such questions is partly due, no doubt, to his own attitude towards history—to his loyalty, if one may so express it, to the current orthodox conception. Manifestly, he approaches the subject from the point of view of a devotee of "scientific history." At the close of the Introduction, he tells us why there was, as he thinks, so little genuine historical work done before the last century. "The conditions which rendered it possible to set forth the truth without fear or favor were as rare as the will to learn it, and the critical equipment required for its discovery. For the liberty of thought and expression, the insight into different ages, and the judicial temper on which historical science depends, the world had to wait till the nineteenth century." Again, in connection with Froude: "The main duty of the historian is . . . interpretation of the complex processes and conflicting ideals which have built up the chequered life of humanity." And at the very close of the book: "While historical science is thus extending its conquests in every direction, the philosophy of history lags behind. But though it is not yet possible to formulate the laws explaining the purpose and the plan of human evolution, every true historian contributes equally with the student of science and psychology to the progress of our knowledge of man."

The salient characteristic of this somewhat naïve and altogether pleasant conception of history—a conception which is neither so complacently nor so generally held to-day as it was twenty years ago—is in supposing that the past can be known in some ultimately true and final manner: once determine what actually occurred in any part of it, however small, and so much of the historian's task is done for all time—a "permanent contribution to knowledge" has been made. And what is chiefly essential to such discovery is the proper way to go about it, the "true scientific method." This, unhappily, did not exist, was not, as it were, invented, till the nineteenth century; but, happily, does now exist; and, being every day more faithfully applied, and applied by more workers, will one day bring all the past within the category of the definitely known; so that the historian, having finished his predestined task, may give way to the philosopher, who will "formulate the laws explaining the purpose and the plan of human evolution."

If this indicates, doubtless with some exaggeration, Mr. Gooch's general point of view, it at the same time helps to explain his lack of interest in the sort of synthetic treatment suggested above. For if one already possesses, in the "scientific method," a standard of value for measuring and assessing historical work, it matters little in what order the masters of the craft are presented for the test, or whether they are seen in their proper social setting. The social setting is all important if one seeks an explanation rather than a judgment. But Mr. Gooch seeks, incidentally, to explain it is true, but fundamentally to judge, or, as he says, to "assess," the historians of the century: his primary interest is in determining to what extent any actual historian has approached to a kind of ideal historian—an historian whose research is based upon methods abstractly and universally valid, whose interpretation, precisely because he has withdrawn himself from the social setting, is untainted by prejudice or bias, and whose work is perfect because the facts which he declares, and the meaning he attaches to them, will prove a permanent possession. As a matter of course, therefore, it is possible to say which historian is "greater" and which "less"—and which is greatest: Ranke is "beyond comparison the greatest historical writer of modern times; . . . no one has ever approximated so closely to the ideal historian."

These remarks are offered, not in disparagement of Mr. Gooch's book, but in order to define it, to place it in *its* setting. One has but to accept the author's point of view, in respect to history, to find that there is singularly little to object to in his judgment of historians. He is at his best in portraying the masters of the craft, the great writers of Germany, France, and England, in summarizing their works, in balancing their merits against their defects. Not infrequently the gist of the matter is put in a striking sentence: Schlosser, he says, was a "child of the *Aufklärung*, who had learned the Categorical Imperative from Kant." Occasionally, perhaps, the just measure is sacrificed to the crisp phrase, as where it is said of Lamartine's "Girondins": "The most worthless and the most eloquent of books had done its work; the constitutional monarchy had been succeeded by the Second Empire." Many readers will not agree that the "literary ability of the massive prefaces [of Stubbs] was as striking as their erudition"; and some will think that Carlyle gets scant justice in the matter of style, while Ranke gets more than his due. But on the whole Mr. Gooch's judgments are remarkably fair-minded; and notably so in the case of certain writers whom the scientific historian too often dismisses as of slight worth—half-forgotten men like Gervinus, or men whose works will be long remembered, such as Froude and Taine. No judgment, of course, would please at once the ardent admirers of Taine and of Aulard, or of Froude and of Freeman; and no just judgment, it may be added, would please either.

Mr. Gooch's knowledge of the subject is remarkably accurate and detailed. It need scarcely be said that it is not derived exclusively from the sources. As a matter of course, he has read widely in the books which he describes, and his summaries and estimates of the principal historical works of the century are his own. Yet he is thoroughly familiar with the secondary literature, of which he makes discriminating use, so that his conclusions do not often differ widely from accepted views. In dealing with the Germans, for example, Mr.

Gooch follows rather closely (as who would not?), sometimes even to phraseology, the profoundly penetrating essays of Lord Acton; but it is precisely an evidence of his independence that he has not embodied in his own work those judgments, often so original and illuminating and sometimes rather cryptic, which may be said to be peculiarly Actonian.

The nineteenth century is doubtless still too recent to be seen in right perspective. In the eyes of the future historian, one feels sure, the stature of this "historical century," even in the matter of historical research and interpretation, will appear much reduced. No doubt the student of historiography will always have much to say about our "scientific history"; but he will probably be interested in it less as a measure of value than as a phenomenon to be evaluated, less as an explanation than as something to be itself explained. And for those who seek below the surface for an explanation of the historical work of the century, it may be worth while to quote, as pointing the way, two sentences of Lord Acton. The notion that "the state does not exist for the purposes of men, and is not governed by laws of their devising, but by the Cosmic forces above," he pronounces to be "the strongest of all the agencies that have directed German effort towards history, *viewed as a remedy for the eighteenth century and the malady of vain speculation.*" And again: "All the successions of thought during three generations constitute the shaft whose shining point is made by the Berlin interpreters of enlightened and triumphant Germany. They are the legitimate dynasty, reigning by right as well as by force, inheritors of the line that came down from Burke to the last stage of evolution and selection, who have set up the reign of imperishable moral forces for an intermittent Providence, the play of passion, and the blind will of man."

CURRENT FICTION.

The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Being the Story of Mary O'Neill written by Hall Caine. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

Blazoned on the fly-leaf of this absurd book is a list of translations which are ready or in the making. We do not see that the story is likely to lose anything of importance in any of them. It has the sort of sensational mediocrity which is bound to appeal to the vulgar of any speech. Mary O'Neill and her Martin Conrad bid fair to be quite as convincing in Bohemian or Yiddish as in the tongue of Miss Marie Corelli and Mr. Hall Caine.

The theme is as threadbare as possible. A fair and innocent maiden is snatched from her convent to be married to a wicked lord. Her father, of course, is a millionaire of lowly origin. The maiden, having changed her name, wakes on her wedding night to the evil of the world, and refuses to change her estate. Wicked lord, furious but helpless, goes his wicked way and presently finds a fit companion, formerly the naughty girl of the convent. Maiden wife still does not love lord, but is jealous, and tries to lure him back to her side by painting her face and other fashionable wiles. He laughs at her, and she is on the eve of desperate action, when Martin Conrad, an old playmate, reappears, and Mary and he soon discover that they have always loved each other. Martin is an Antarctic explorer, about to make a dash for the pole; but he is ready to give up all for her if she will fly with him. This she will not do, partly because it would not be right, and partly because it would ruin his career. But the wicked lord sets a trap for them, and at the last moment she gives herself to Conrad. The upshot is that while he is pushing towards the pole, she is bearing him a child. She flies to London with a few pounds, is confined in a hospital, puts her child out to nurse, and slaves in a sweat-shop to provide for it. The third elaborately sensational moment in the book is that at which she brings herself to street-walking to keep her child from starvation, and the first man she approaches is Conrad! The moving conclusion is to the effect that although she does not regret having given herself to Conrad momentarily, or having meant to sell herself for bread, and though the wicked lord has divorced her, she will not marry Conrad. The utter muddlement and fuddlement of her mind (and apparently of the author's) are sufficiently shown in these adjacent passages from the woman's last message to the man:

> Don't think I regret that night at Castle Raa. If I have to answer to God for that, I will do so without fear, because I know He will know that, when the cruelty and self-seeking of others were trying to control my most sacred impulses, I was only claiming the right He gave me to be mistress of myself and sovereign of my soul. . . . All the same, my darling, to marry again is another matter. I took my vow before the altar, dear, and, however ignorantly I took it, or under whatever persuasion or restraint, it is registered in heaven.

O Pioneers! By Willa S. Cather. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Few American novels of recent years have impressed us so strongly as this. There are two perils by which our fiction on the larger scale is beset—on the one hand a self-conscious cultivation of the "literary" quality, and on the other an equally self-conscious avoidance of it. The point may be illustrated by the work of two "late" novelists of native force, Frank Norris and David Graham Phillips. There was no doubt about the Americanism of either of them, so far as their subject-matter was concerned. It was the newer Americanism which has displaced the New Englandism of our nineteenth-century fiction. These men saw American life on a larger scale. Its scope and variety, its promise rather than its accomplishment, absorbed them. The big spaces and big emotions of Western life seemed to them far more interesting and more significant than the snug theory and languid practice of society in the smaller sense of the word. But Norris could not forget the books he had admired, and died before he had outgrown the influence of the French masters of "realism." Phillips, on the other hand, failed to shake off the pose of the plain blunt man, who thinks that the amenities of life are symptoms of weakness and that all Harvard men are snobs.

Now (in writing this story at least) it is the same big primitive fecund America which engages Miss Cather's imagination. She dwells with unforced emotion upon the suffering and the glory of those who have taught a desert to feed the world. The scene is laid in the prairie land of thirty years ago. The settlement to which we are taken is of some years' standing. The rough work has been done, the land cleared and broken up, sod homesteads built, crops planted—and then (the great test of courage and faith in that land) a succession of dry seasons. The weaker have already abandoned their claims, or lost them by mortgage. Only here and there a strong heart, like that of the heroine of the story, refuses to be discouraged, persists in believing that the country has a future. Her father, though defeated, has died in this faith, bequeathing it to her; so that when the stupid brothers wish to give up the fight, it is she who insists not only upon holding the land they have, but upon buying every acre they can in the thinning neighborhood. The years justify her, bringing wealth to her and to her beloved country. She prospers beyond her dull and penny-wise elder brothers, who nurse a grudge against her accordingly. Her heart she lavishes upon her younger brother, the baby of the family, and she procures for him the advantages of education which shall give him a larger horizon, more flexible interests, than her own. He is a fine lad, manly and responsive, but youth and circumstance prepare a dreadful end for him and for the hapless object of his love. The familiar matter of "rural tragedy" is here. Whether its detail is dwelt upon too ruthlessly is a question which readers will decide according to temperament and individual taste. To us the treatment of the episode seems justified by the mood of tragic emotion which underlies it. As for the bereaved sister, if loneliness has shadowed her youth and tragedy dark-

ened her maturity, there still remains the quiet fulfilment of a long-dreamt-of happiness. The sureness of feeling and touch, the power without strain, which mark this book, lift it far above the ordinary product of contemporary novelists.

An Unknown Lover. By Mrs. George de Horne Vaizey. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The agreeably irrepressible Grizel who blithely renounces a fortune to wed a modest novelist, and the scrupulously conscientious Katrine who hesitatingly permits herself the luxury of being wooed by correspondence, share equal honors. First there is the novelist's superannuated loyalty to the long dead bride of his youth to be dispelled, then the conscientious girl's cherished delusions as to the duties of a widower's sister. Grizel makes short work of both difficulties. She has no respect for tiresome duties. She insists upon making the novelist happy in her own way, and packs the chronically self-sacrificing sister off to India and the up-country station where the romantic correspondence took its rise. The voyage considerably enlarges Katrine's experience. Symptoms of the "Cranford cramp," contracted in twenty-six years of provincial English life, completely disappear. She arrives in Bombay horrified by her own sudden loss of principle, for even while the epistolary Jim awaits her she has fallen hopelessly in love with his brother-officer deputed to escort her from Port Said—a dilemma more apt to nonplus a heroine than a reader.

The story contrives to include a deathbed scene, a suicide at sea, and a shipwreck, without ever losing for more than a moment at a time its prevailing light-heartedness.

BUSINESS AND LAW.

The American Business Encyclopædia and Legal Adviser. Editors-in-Chief: John D. Long and William P. Wilson. Five volumes. Boston: J. B. Millett Co.

If we had not examined this voluminous publication with considerable care, we might have been tempted to adopt the typewritten estimate of the work with which the publishers have favored us. In one of the publishers' declarations we concur: "There are no other publications of this sort in the country." We do not hesitate to go further, and to declare that there ought not to be another. "Our main object," say the publishers, "has been to produce a work that is entirely devoted to such subjects as are of value to business men." Persons "just starting their business careers" are advised what industries are "back numbers," and, on the other hand, what vocational "lines have a big future for all the efficient and energetic people connected with them."

Opening the initial volume, we find that the editors inaugurate the "bold emprise" of the publishers with a four-page article on Abbreviations, beginning thus: "When in doubt about a business abbreviation, the best rule is to spell it out." Spell what out, we are moved to ask? Apparently the abbreviation. The reader is adjured never to employ the abbreviation "Gents." There is always time enough, he is told, to write out "Gentlemen," which is preferred to "Dear Sirs." Again, he is advised to use "Doctor" and "Professor" in full, "remembering, however, that professors in our leading universities usually prefer to be addressed as Mr." Sensible advice, undoubtedly. After giving the usual abbreviations of the names of the States, the contributor adds: "Note, however, that Cal. is often mistaken for Col.; Pa. for Philadelphia; Miss. for Missouri. It is well to spell out California, Mississippi, Missouri, Maine, Iowa, Ohio, Utah, Alaska, and Idaho; and to use Penn. or Penna. That care in adopting such abbreviations is a matter of dollars and cents, every mail-order house understands."

The matter of dollars and cents occupies a prominent place in the thought of the editors throughout these five volumes. If any one doubts this, let him examine such articles as Accountancy, Advertising, Banks, and Department Stores, with their accompanying bibliographies. Much interesting information is contained in this class of articles, and many of their suggestions should prove useful to the business man. Some of them remind one of the primer of one's boyhood. This is true especially of the discourse on correspondence, which rambles along disconnectedly through more than thirty pages and assures the reader, among other things, "that the pronoun I should always be capitalized."

It seems to have been "a matter of dollars and cents" that induced the publishers to furnish a generous supply of articles on legal problems. "Charges for legal services," to quote from their typewritten statement, "are regarded as among the important charges on most businesses of importance." The reduction of such charges by supplying the owner of this work with legal information which will enable him to solve or to avoid "the difficulties which are found in the path of every-day work," is one of the altruistic purposes of the publishers. And with ex-Secretary Long as editor-in-chief, many a person may be induced to expect that this purpose has been achieved. Alas! After reading many of these legal-problem dissertations, we are forced to wonder how much ex-Secretary Long could have written or revised of them. Certainly, he is not responsible for the following: "*Stare Decisis.*—Under the doctrine of *Stare Decisis, i. e.*, to abide by the principle of the decisions made by it, a court makes but few exceptions to this rule, and whenever it overrules or qualifies one of the earlier cases, it is called upon to show good cause for it. The public act under the law laid down by its highest court, make bargains, buy and sell, and do whatever the court decides it may." Nor do we believe that he is responsible for the definition of a check as "a bill of exchange drawn on a national bank on demand." It would be interesting to learn the source of the legal contributor's misinformation on this point. Most laymen and all lawyers know that a check may be drawn on a State bank or a private bank or banker as well as on a national bank.

The article on Sales consists of a reprint of much of the Uniform Sales Act, but without any commentary. That the contributor is not perfect master of his topic is indicated by his statement that the act was codified by "the committee on uniform laws of the American Bar Association," whereas it originated with the Commissioners on Uniform State Laws, a body wholly distinct from the American Bar Association.

The imperfections in the legal articles did not surprise us, for we had read the "editor's introduction to legal topics," and had found him asserting that the decisions of the New York Court of Appeals are reported in Cowin (misspelling for Cowen), Denio, Duer, and Johnson. Apparently, he is sweetly ignorant of the fact that the Court of Appeals was not in existence while Johnson, Cowen, and Denio were editing their reports, as well as of the further fact that Duer's reports are confined to cases in the Superior Court of the City of New York.

Schleiermacher: A Critical and Historical Study. By W. B. Selbie, Principal of Mansfield College, Oxford. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.25.

The Theology of the Church of England. By F. W. Worsley, M.A., B.D. The same.

These volumes belong to a new theological series entitled the Great Christian Theologics, edited by the Rev. Henry W. Clark, M.A.; and according to their statement they "are not controversial, except incidentally, but are primarily careful expositions of the theological systems dealt with."

The volume on Schleiermacher comes at a most appropriate time. For just now, when we are in the midst of romanticism, it is worth while to read Schleiermacher, whose significance in theology lies in his relation to the romantic school. Although he was never dominated by that movement, and would have regarded its excesses with horror,

yet his first and in some respects most important book, "Reden über die Religion," was written under its influence, and within that school won great popularity. That influence, and his Moravian training, led him to give most emphasis to the immediacy of feeling as the ultimate element in the religious consciousness, especially the feeling of dependence on God. On the other hand, his studies in Plato, his loyalty to Kant, his practical experiences as a great preacher, enabled him to avoid extreme individualism. He tried to steer between rationalism and crude supernaturalism.

Principal Selbie has given a clear exposition of Schleiermacher's philosophy of religion, doctrine of God, the person of Christ, the Christian life, and the church. His criticism is just and discriminating. He recognizes the strength and weakness in Schleiermacher, "a man of his day, governed by its antecedents," and yet a man of the century, profoundly important in the history of serious thought. Considering the excellence of the work, and the fact that we have comparatively little in English about Schleiermacher, we heartily recommend this volume.

"The Theology of the Church of England," by F. W. Worsley, is in reality a commentary on the Thirty-nine Articles. The method is that of the Proof-text. Definitions are found in the Articles, and satisfactory explanations in quotations from the Book of Common Prayer. The depth and originality of this treatment may be judged by the statement: "These quotations need no comment; they demonstrate with perfect clearness the teaching of the church on the subject." Its reach of thought may be observed in its attitude towards the Atonement. Perhaps no question in theology is more difficult; yet this, having been defined as in the Articles, with a prayer from the Prayer Book as a gloss, is dismissed with the remark:

> It may be said at once that the Church of England does not discuss the many minor points and questions which may arise in connection with the Atonement. Probably many different theories are held in regard to them. The church is content with the broad outline in the statement quoted above, and indeed nothing further is really required.

One short chapter is given to the Being and Nature of God. The principal part of the book is devoted to creeds and sacraments. The former are authoritative; the latter are vehicles of grace. The style of the book is scholastic, the atmosphere ecclesiastical. The readers of the "Apologia" will remember the question which so seriously disturbed Newman. "What will you make of the Articles?" Evidently that question is still a troubler in the Anglican Israel.

California: An Englishman's Impressions of the Golden State. By Arthur T. Johnson. New York: Duffield & Co. $3.50 net.

Under the Sky in California. By Charles Francis Saunders. New York: McBride, Nast & Co. $2 net.

California Coast Trails. By J. Smeaton Chase. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2 net.

Out-of-Doors California and Oregon. By J. A. Graves. Los Angeles: Grafton Publishing Co. $1.50.

Eggs in California are so bad that it has become a custom never to serve one which has not had its contents first examined by the cook; consequently, if you ask for a boiled egg in a restaurant, the waiter brings it to the table with its contents turned into a glass—a most uninviting dish. This is one of the brilliant observations of an Englishman, Arthur T. Johnson, who has just honored the Golden State by adding another to the countless books written about it. And be it said at once, those bad eggs are merely a sample of the general rottenness of that overpraised State. It is overrated even as a fruit-growing and agricultural region; "hence the struggle for the tourist's money." It is the alien who makes most out of the soil; the Western American is never satisfied with anything, anywhere. He is a born gypsy, always eager to move on, after selling out to a tenderfoot from the East. And how they do misrepresent and cheat! Lying pamphlets are sent broadcast, and many are the victims; "but no one who has ever lived three weeks in California with his eyes open will hazard his money on that great gaming-table of earth, unless he does so in a spirit of sport and devil-may-care." To add insult to injury, the Californian has a most irritating way of laughing contemptuously if you happen to mispronounce one of the many Spanish names on his maps and real-estate circulars, although those names are almost the only things he himself speaks correctly.

In short, Mr. Johnson appears to have had a sad time of it in California, especially in the mosquito-infected irrigated regions, where everybody had "the shakes." In moving on from Sacramento towards Mount Shasta, he pitied the herds of sheep, defenceless against the merciless heat. The poor birds, with drooping wings, took refuge in the slender shade of the telegraph poles—the only available shade—keeping pace with it as it slowly moved; but for the weary traveller there was not even that comfort. At last he was cheered by the sight of snowy Shasta. That mountain he liked; in fact, there were several things in the State he managed to enjoy, among them the salmon and the rainbow trout, "the finest, gamest, loveliest fish that swims," the native redwood trees, the lovely exotic plants that adorn California. He was impressed by Los Angeles; her "splendid streets and great business blocks were a revelation"; and he was sorry to leave Catalina Island and, later, Santa Barbara and Monterey; also, he admits that the electric trolley system of Los Angeles is the best he has ever seen in any land. In conclusion, he gives Californians a bit of advice they need badly: They must not, he says, expect wealthy European tourists to submit to their habit of having only three meals a day and those at fixed and limited hours. Furthermore:

> California may have the climate of Paradise, but she will never get the European winter visitors—as Nice and Mentone get them—or the wealthy Eastern American visitor either, until she more closely studies the desires of others, until she puts Mrs. Grundy in the cupboard and prepares to resolutely defend her liberties against those universal pests, the so-called reformers, female orators, meddling Sabbatarians, and other faddists.

Opposed to Mr. Johnson is the author of "Under the Sky in California," to whom everything is *couleur de rose*, even the desert. One reason why Mr. Saunders liked the desert so much better than Mr. Johnson did was that he did not go to see it at random, but when it had on its holiday attire. His object in visiting the desert regions was chiefly to study flowers and paint them, and he went at the right time to each section, knowing that, to be seen in the glory of its spring, the Mojave should not be visited till early May, whereas the Colorado Desert offers its best in March, although those who are heat-proof may linger till May or even June to enjoy the glorious display of cactus blossoms, of the purple tree-dalea, and the gold-bespangled palo verde.

Useful hints to those who would see the deserts at their best are given by Mr. Saunders. But the deserts are only a detail in his general scheme. He travelled many hundreds of miles, in all parts of the State, and while there is a chapter on the Tourist Towns from San Diego to Monterey, the greater part of his book is devoted to the immensity of almost unexplored mountains, cañons, and flowery plains, of which the ordinary tourist at most gets a glimpse from the car window. The California known to hunters and anglers, to prospectors and cowboys, to miners and Indians, is the California we learn to know better in this delightfully sympathetic and entertaining volume. The author is an expert in camping, which is a recreation most Californians indulge in passionately at least once a year. He has much to say about desirable equipment, and some of his cooking recipes are worth trying at home; but he gives this counsel: "Never attempt to camp at

all, unless some one of your number understands how to cook and thoroughly enjoys it." He found the cost of camping no more per week than it is to live in a hotel a day. The Yosemite is seen to best advantage by campers, who have better opportunities to enjoy the sights by day and the "nights of the gods," tents being usually superfluous in this climate. On this climate Mr. Saunders has one of the most informing and unbiassed chapters we have ever seen; nor has any one given a better answer than he (pp. 246-56) to the question so many Easterners ask themselves: "Could I make a living in California?"

J. Smeaton Chase is another enthusiast to whom California is "by much the most beautiful, interesting, and attractive of all the States of the Union." In this opinion he was more than confirmed by two trips he took, one south from Los Angeles, the other north to the Oregon boundary, aggregating together some 2,000 miles. They were leisurely horseback journeys through the coast regions, and he particularly emphasizes the fact that there is only one region of the United States (with few anywhere else) in which one may travel with enjoyment for half a year continuously, secure from climatic vagaries, and carrying on the animal one rides everything needful for comfort by day and night. He gives a list of the things he took, admitting that they made a good load for his horse; but his daily stages were short, as his object was not to make speed, but to look about at ease. The most entertaining pages are those telling of his agreeable experiences with the dwellers in these regions. Among them all he found a surprising amount of hospitality, regardless of whether they were native Californians or Mexicans, or Irish, or Italians, or Portuguese. For the Californian Spaniards and Mexicans he professes a genuine liking.

Mr. Graves's book gives the experiences of a well-known citizen of Los Angeles as an automobilist of the present and a hunter of the past, chiefly, though there is also a section headed "Last Quail Shoot of the Year 1911." Shooting is not what it used to be in the days when the author, as a boy of eight, began to carry a shotgun, and often, on going to bring home the cows, brought back a dozen or so quail, slain with one gunshot. There are accounts of a visit to the Yosemite and an auto trip through the Sierras. But the most readable and novel chapter is one entitled "Professor Lo, Philosopher." It is about an Indian whom the author found fishing, and engaged in conversation. To his amazement, the Indian talked about everything under the sun, much like a professor; and, indeed, he proved to be professor of belles-lettres and philosophy in the Indian College on the Klamath reservation. His wife, who presently joined them, was an old Indian woman, clad in a calico wrapper, bareheaded and barefooted. The author had noticed, before he spoke to the professor, that on catching grasshoppers he ate three of every five, keeping the others for bait. In this and other respects he was still a savage; a "savage" also (as the author might have added, perhaps, had not a guilty conscience prevented) in both his fishing and hunting habits: "I never catch more fish, or kill more game, than I need for my present wants."

The Old Irish World. By Alice Stopford Green. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.60 net.

Readers of Mrs. Green's "Making of Ireland and Its Undoing" will be prepared for both the excellences and the defects of her latest work on Irish history. They will find in "The Old Irish World" the same wit and vivacity, the same shrewdness in argument, and the same strong and effective insistence on the use of native Irish materials in the investigation of Irish history, which have characterized her earlier writings. They will recognize the justice of many of her claims, and will perhaps find an excuse for the unduly controversial tone of the book in the unquestionable prejudice of many writers against whom it is aimed. But they will hardly lay the work down, in our opinion, with the feeling that Mrs. Green herself has achieved the result of writing sober and impartial history.

The volume has less the character of a learned treatise than the "Making of Ireland." It is rather a collection of popular essays or lectures, with no special order or unity beyond the fact that they all bear upon Irish history or illustrate the character of Irish civilization. Two chapters, the first and the last, are direct protests against the treatment which Ireland has received at the hands of British historians. Between these is a chapter on Trade Routes, which sets forth interestingly the commercial relations between Ireland and the Continent in early times, and emphasizes some facts which are often overlooked; an account of A Great Irish Lady (Margaret, the wife of Calvagh O'Connor of Offaly), which is disappointing in that it tells us much less of the lady than of the troublous times in which she lived; and a description and historical sketch of the old castle at Ardglass, recently restored as a monument of Irish civilization. The author makes all three chapters bear upon her main thesis by emphasizing the evidences they offer of native Irish virtue, culture, hospitality, or material prosperity.

In so far as Mrs. Green's arguments, either here or in her other writings, challenge the traditional "wild Irish" theory that has obtained in many literary and historical books, they serve a good purpose. Without doubt, British historians have often shown as little sympathy in writing of Ireland as some British statesmen have manifested in their attempts to govern her. A substantial treatise might be written on the successive phases of anti-Irish satire in English poetry, drama, history, and journalism; and while much of the contempt visited on the Irish is the natural feeling of the political and economic superior for the poorer and less successful race, much of it is unquestionably the product of mere ignorance and misunderstanding. It is only lately that the advance of Celtic scholarship has made it possible, on the historical side, to present Ireland in a truer light, and Mrs. Green is doing well in her determined effort to spread the new knowledge. But now that she has made her protest, or joined it to that of native historians before her, we wish that she might write, on her own side, with a little less animus.

The time is ripe for an impartial estimate of the value of Irish civilization, made in the light of the best Celtic scholarship. There are real problems at issue, and the solution of them is by no means easy. If the disparagement of the "wild Irish" party must be discounted on the one hand, so, on the other, must the claims made for Irish culture be critically examined. The language of native writers concerning saints and scholars, law-givers and poets, cannot be taken at its face value, but sound and fair standards of comparison must be applied to the various phases of Irish civilization. We believe that, on the whole, the reputation of Ireland will gain from such an examination.

Notes

The Frederick A. Stokes Company will shortly issue the following novels: "The Way of Ambition," by Robert Hichens; "The Heart of the Desert," by Honoré Willsie; "Anne, Actress," by Juliet G. Sager; "Dave's Daughter," by P. B. Cole; "A Modern Eve," by May Edginton; a volume of short stories by Richard Dehan, under the title "The Headquarter Recruit," and a romance entitled "The Soul of Melicent," by James Branch Cabell.

A new novel by Meredith Nicholson, entitled "Otherwise Phyllis," is announced by the Houghton Mifflin Company, as are also the following: "Midshipman Days," by Roger West; "The Housekeeper's Handy Book," by L. M. Baxter; a new edition of Hawthorne's "House of the Seven Gables," and a number of children's books in the Orange Tree series, illustrated in color by Patten Wilson.

The autumn list from McClurg & Company includes, under fiction: "The Maid of the Forest," by Randall Parrish; "The

Dominie of Harlem," by Arnold Mulder; "A Master's Degree," by M. H. McCarter; "The Great Plan," by E. H. Mason; "The Island of the Stairs," by C. T. Brady; "Captain Protheroe's Fortune," by Oswald Kendall; "The Coming of Cassidy," by C. E. Mulford.—History and travel: "The Odyssey of the Philippine Commission," by D. R. Williams; "The Story of the Pony Express," by G. D. Bradley; "Kit Carson Days," by E. L. Sabin; "The Coming Canada," by J. K. Goodrich: "The Story of California," by H. K. Norton.—Juvenile: "The Trail to El Dorado," by J. M. Hanson; "Will o' the Wasps," by Margaret Warner Morley; "The Wilderness Castaways," by Dillon Wallace; "Flamehair the Skald: A Tale of the Days of Hardrede," by H. Bedford-Jones; "Billy To-Morrow's Chums," by Sarah Pratt Carr; "Storming Vicksburg," by Byron A. Dunn; "The Enchanted House, and Other Fairy Stories," by E. O. Harrison.—Miscellaneous: "The Study of Literature," by P. H. Pearson; "Myths and Legends of the Plains," by K. B. Judson; "The Making of an Oration," by Clark Mills Brink; "Choice Readings," by Robert McLean Cumnock; "Early English Water Color," by C. E. Hughes; "How to Improve the Memory," by Edwin G. Lawrence; "American Irrigation Farming," by W. H. Olin; "The New Competition," by Arthur Jerome Eddy; "Daly's Billiard Book," by Maurice Daly and W. W. Harris; "Dame Curtsey's Book of Candy Making," by Ellye Howell Glover; "Free Trade vs. Protection," by Amasa M. Eaton, and eight new works in the National Social Science Series, edited by Frank L. McVey.

The Selden Society has issued and sent to its members in America the regular and also an extra volume of its publications for the year 1913. The volume for 1911, however, is still delayed in the hands of its editor. One of the volumes for 1913 is of the Year Book series, Volume VIII, being Volume III of, and completing, the Eyre of Kent, 6 and 7 Edw. II, 1313-1314. The secretary and treasurer of the Selden Society for the United States is Mr. Richard W. Hale, whose new address is No. 16 Central Street, Boston. If the Society should have the additional support which it endeavors to deserve, it might be able to carry out its ambition to give an extra volume every year, publishing one Year Book and one volume of more varied character.

Mr. Wilfrid Meynell, with whom the name and fame of Francis Thompson are a kind of sacred deposit, has made a careful edition of his works which Scribners publish in this country in three substantial volumes. In dealing with the verse Mr. Meynell has had at his command the last revisions of the poet, which render this edition definitive. Some readers will prefer to have "The Hound of Heaven," "To the Dead Cardinal of Westminster," and his few other really great lyrics in a small volume of selections, and it may be said plausibly that the difficulty of reading Thompson's poems increases by a sort of geometrical ratio with their bulk. But we have acquired a taste for complete editions, and Thompson wrote less than many a lesser poet. The quality of his verse Arthur Symons once expressed in a fit metaphor: "Other poets of his time have had deeper things to say, and a more flawless beauty; others have put more of their hearts into their song; but no one has been a torch waved with so fitful a splendor over the gulfs of our darkness." The third volume of this edition contains the prose—the essay on Shelley (a miracle of critical genius to some; to others a piece of overblown enthusiasm), "Health and Holiness" (a subtle study of spirituality and asceticism), and a group of literary reviews and brief critical articles. These last one naturally compares with the similar remains of Lionel Johnson recently published. They are not a match for Johnson's work in learning, penetration, or judgment, but they are well worth reading. There are three portraits of Thompson at various ages. Mr. Meynell is to be thanked for executing so well a task of piety.

The personality of Salisbury Plain, with its cathedral, Stonehenge, the Saxon and Roman camps at Old Sarum, and its rolling chalk downs, diversified by occasional quaint villages, Ella Noyes has tried to express in a volume ("Salisbury Plain," Dutton), to which Dora Noyes contributes a number of illustrations. Some scholarship has gone into an attempt to trace the historical background of the more important localities, and literary and architectural attractions have their space; but the best portions of the book are the descriptions of agricultural life and village customs, reminiscent in their way of Jefferies himself, who is buried in Salisbury. With the northern and eastern parts of the plain invaded by military camps, and the vicinity of Salisbury overrun by tourists, it is a pity more space was not given such places as Longford, Bemerton (where Herbert had his charge, "appearing twice every day at the church prayers," as Izaak Walton tells us), Durrington, and Bulford. Even such a seat as the wooded demesne of Fonthill, where the Nadder skirts the plain, and Beckford held extravagant sway, is dismissed with a footnote reference.

Books of the type of Lady Macdonell's "Reminiscences of a Diplomatic Life," imported by Macmillan, can hardly be produced in America, though they are common enough on the other side. Lady Macdonell is more consciously the person of quality than the diplomat's wife. Least of all would she wish to be regarded as a writing woman. These are merely "stray memories," the idle product of certain convalescent hours, meant for the amusement of her family and published only at their request. Her disclaimer of literary pretensions is somewhat quaintly borne out by the attribution to Matthew Arnold of the single quotation in the book, the line "Allured to brighter worlds and led the way," and her style has the good-humored inaccuracy which, romantic fiction to the contrary, belongs to the speech of the upper world. But that is neither here nor there, since the book is offered as a document and not as a work of art.

Lady Macdonell's father was a younger son of good Yorkshire stock, who went as a lad to Buenos Ayres, made his fortune there, and there married an English girl and brought up a family. Presently one Hugh Macdonell came to Buenos Ayres as a Secretary of the British legation. He was all a girl could ask for; "he danced beautifully, was a splendid shot, and a first-rate horseman"; and promptly fell in love with one of the beautiful Misses Lumb. Not long after their marriage he was appointed to Madrid; and in the years that followed he served as attaché successively in Berlin, Rome, and Munich. In 1885 he procured his promotion as Minister to Rio de Janciro, and later held the same post at Copenhagen and at Lisbon, retiring in 1902. To these various scenes Lady Macdonell brought an unaffected enjoyment of society, and a warm interest in the great people with whom she was thrown. When the shift was made to Berlin, she was already the mother of three children, but had lost nothing of her childlike zest for "a good time." The old Emperor was very attentive to her, and the Crown Prince (the present Emperor) became a sort of playmate: "then a fine young man, with a strong sense of fun and fond of teasing." She records how he swung her off her feet in dancing; and how when, to tease her, he once accused her of cheating at draughts, she leaned over and boxed his ears. It is this sort of experience which pretty frankly means to the author of these reminiscences "a diplomatic life." It might have been unsafe for Hugh Macdonell to practice the same kind of diplomacy!

In "London Streets" (London: T. N. Foulis), Mr. Arthur H. Adams has made himself the singer of the great metropolitan thoroughfares. The Strand, Fleet Street, Hyde Park, Cheyne Walk, among others, are celebrated in a modification of the rather inflexible stanza of FitzGerald's "Omar Khâyyâm." Whether a varying verse would not have lent itself better to the multifarious aspects of the city, is a fair question. But that Mr. Adams has by no means failed in eliciting poetry from a subject which seems to strike the modern imagination with particular force, is evident from the following lines on the Temple:

> About its feet the city brawls;
> But deep within high sheltering walls,
> The shadows dawdle listlessly,
> Reluctantly the fountain falls.
>
> For this an isle of silence seems,
> A cloistered place between two streams,
> For Fleet Street here goes swirling past,
> And here the Thames remembering dreams . . .
>
> So the loud city has its deeps
> Of solitude, as though it keeps
> The silence of the country-side
> About the place where Goldsmith sleeps.

The publishers of the useful and inexpensive little books collectively entitled "A History of the Sciences" (Putnam) have included in the series two volumes on the history of ancient and modern philosophy by A. W. Benn. Mr. Benn writes from a lifelong study of the philosophical classics, and he has the art of being concise without being dry; so that, though his expositions are at times open to criticism, he has on the whole told the long and complex story of European speculation more readably than it has hitherto been told in English in such extremely small compass. He is perhaps more at home among the ancients than the moderns. The writers and tendencies of the last half-century are treated with disproportionate brevity, and with far less understanding than are those of earlier periods. The general character of the series might well have suggested a closer corre-

lation of the history of philosophy with that of natural science than is attempted.

In the seven consecutive and closely coherent essays which make up Sir Francis Younghusband's "Within" (Duffield), the author has attempted what can hardly be better described than by calling it a philosophical view of the essentials of human life. Though the theme is therefore a somewhat tremendous one, the treatment is modest and unpedantic; and though some of the views expressed may seem to many readers, even in these days, extremely radical, few into whose hands the book is likely to fall will find it other than delightful reading, so well written is it, on the whole, so fine and even-tempered in tone. The subtitle, "Thoughts During Convalescence," is explained in the first essay. There the fact is brought out that the book is the result of a very painful and all but fatal motor accident of which the author was the victim some time in 1912. During the long days of his slow recovery, his thoughts were directed more insistently than they had ever been before to the enigma of suffering in a world commonly supposed to be under the dominion of a being at once kind and benevolent, and omnipotent. Consideration of this enigma leads Sir Francis to the conclusion that there can be no such being, and then to an attempt at the formulation of views consistent with the known facts of existence. These views have some kinship to those of English Positivists like Mr. Frederic Harrison; but they are the product of markedly independent thinking, and cannot profitably be placed in any familiar category. Orthodox Christianity itself would doubtless claim for its own the conclusion of the author that love is the fundamental and final good in human life; but it would be very far from approving his handling of love, particularly in reference to marriage and the domestic relations. Even here, however, what he has to say is both strikingly and graciously put.

"The Bliss Book" (Hartford: privately printed), by Charles Arthur Hoppin, is one of the best of the newer, readable type of genealogies. In connection with the account of the early Blisses, considerable information is given concerning the life and customs of feudal and Tudor England. Full copies of ancient records and attractive half-tones of the churches and towns mentioned in the text add greatly to the value and character of the volume. Mr. Hoppin's comment on the Bliss arms and their use is interesting and suggestive, even if purposely vague. Historical accuracy seems to have been kept constantly in mind, with the result that the American pedigree extends only to 1460 rather than to that too popular 1066. The volume is a large quarto of 184 pages, and many illustrations.

There seems but little excuse for the publication in this country of a book like Edward Thomas's "The Icknield Way" (Dutton). The first general chapter, On Roads and Footpaths, is interesting and promises well; the second chapter contains a succinct and painstaking account of the history and traditions of the Icknield Way, the ancient road that crossed England from east to west and is still traceable over the greater part of its course. These two chapters would make an acceptable pamphlet issued under the auspices of an English archæological or topographical society. Later chapters record details of the author's tramp over a portion of the road and include extracts from his philosophy of life and snatches of conversation with chance acquaintances of the way. Borrow could make this sort of thing extraordinarily fascinating, but Mr. Thomas, although a confessed Borrovian, is by no means a Borrow, and the reader who must follow his peregrinations finds himself limping in spirit no less than did the author on his blistered feet. We are not optimistic enough to think that many American readers will be inspired by this book to spend their next European vacation on Shanks's mare tracing the course of the Icknield Way. The illustrations, some in color, by A. L. Collins, are attractive.

There is one State in the Union, at least, that has so organized its activities in historical research as to promote the greatest industry in publication; and that State is Iowa. Under the general superintendency of Prof. Benamin F. Shambaugh, the State Historical Society turns off volume after volume, series after series, in the greatest profusion; and the most amazing fact is that a relatively high standard is maintained. The two latest volumes are intended to supply the need of the Legislature of the State with facts for their guidance in future legislation. The Society is developing into a kind of historical reference bureau. Mr. John E. Brindley, in his "History of Road Legislation in Iowa," treats his subject chronologically, from the time when plank roads were popular down to the present-day movement for good roads. The second volume is the "History of Work Accident Indemnity in Iowa," by E. H. Downey. This is a general treatise on the law and economics of the subject and is well done. As is the case with all the volumes from the Iowa Historical Society, the printing and binding are excellent. Each volume has an analytical index; but the arrangement of the notes and references at the end of the volumes is most inconvenient for the reader, and should be abandoned in future publications.

The small volume on contemporary German philosophy by Professor Külpe, of Bonn, which now appears in an English version by M. L. and G. T. W. Patrick ("The Philosophy of the Present in Germany," Macmillan), is designed for the general reader, and has for a decade had a wide circulation in its original form; it was therefore a book which clearly called for translation. The reader will not, indeed, find in it all that the title seems to promise. It attempts no synoptic view of the present state of the German mind in relation to philosophical issues; and of the individual teachers whose opinions it expounds, several were in their prime more than half a century ago; while numerous living philosophical writers of consequence are unmentioned or but briefly touched upon. The book is chiefly a concise presentation, with some slight criticism, of the doctrines of Mach, Dühring, Haeckel, Nietzsche, Fechner, Lotze, Hartmann, and Wundt.

The translation is occasionally happy as well as faithful; but more often it follows Külpe's German too closely to be agreeable, or even always intelligible, English. The original, it is true, is written in the sort of blurred, circumlocutory, professorial German which, to be truly Englished, needs to be translated into another intellectual as well as another verbal idiom. But not all the faults of the translation are explicable on this ground. For example, "reale Disziplinen" does not signify "real sciences," but sciences of empirical facts, in contrast with the sciences of formal relations. When the author says that to logic and mathematics the "reale Bedeutung" of their objects is unimportant, he means that it is indifferent to those sciences whether their objects exist or not —not that "the question of the real significance of their objects" is unimportant for them. The phrase "just as little is it identical with the conscious reality of the facts expressed" (p. 135) makes the entire passage meaningless; the sense is: "just as little is it identical with the actual content of consciousness." "Die achtziger Jahre des 19. Jahrhunderts" were not "the *eighth* decade" of the century—though this is rather an arithmetical than a linguistic blunder. Proper names are printed throughout in italics—a disagreeable typographical affectation which it is to be hoped will not be imitated.

Black's "Guide to Ireland" (Macmillan) has now appeared in its twenty-fifth edition. In the absence of a Baedeker for Ireland, Black's book has long been used as the best available substitute, and while it does not quite measure up to the standard set by Baedeker, it nevertheless deserves high praise as a digest of practical information for tourists. The accounts of routes of travel, hotels, and local institutions of all sorts are full and trustworthy. The book is conveniently arranged and well indexed, and supplied with plenty of maps. But on the side of history, archæology, and the fine arts, the reader will miss the systematic essays, usually the work of learned experts, which Baedeker's guidebooks contain. Black's introductory notes on the Irish language, and to a less degree those on art and archæology, seem very meagre by contrast. They have been somewhat expanded since earlier editions, but to be of any real value they ought to be rewritten at greater length by competent scholars. Considerable information of an historical character, we ought to add, is given in the body of the work, in the accounts of various places, and the compilers seem in general to have drawn upon good sources.

The new volume of "The English Factories in India" (The Clarendon Press), carefully edited like its predecessors, with an introduction, by Mr. William Foster, calendars documents in the India Office for the years 1642-1645. As this is the period corresponding with the beginning of the Civil War, from the raising of the royal standard at Nottingham to the battle of Naseby, one naturally wonders how the strife affected the East India Company. Apparently the war interfered with the company less than might be expected. To be sure, the market for Indian silks fell off sharply, and one of the company's ships was betrayed into the hands of the royalists by her jealous and cantankerous captain, who tricked his superiors into landing on a barren shore and then sailed away to England without them. Otherwise the Civil War was without serious effect on trade in the East. Much more serious was

the continuous competition of Courteen's rival trading association and the superior power and success of the Dutch. "The Dutch in these parts," says a characteristic English letter from India, "only prosper and flourish by their industry, patience, and indefatigable paines and unalterable resolutions obtain what they please." The attempts of the English to open trade in China at Macao and in the Philippines at Manila, which are described in picturesque letters in this volume, met with less success than they deserved.

Through the generosity of one of its resident members, the Colonial Society of Massachusetts has been able to issue the second volume of its Collections (Boston: Published by the Society), containing the extant royal commission granted to certain of the crown officials of Massachusetts Bay from 1681 to 1774, both dates included. The material for this volume has been in preparation for many years, ever since in 1893 Abner C. Goodell presented to the Society copies of certain commissions and instructions that were in his hands, with permission to print. Lack of funds and a growing realization that further and more prolonged search was necessary before printing should be begun led to continued postponements, until in 1910, when pecuniary support had finally been assured, it was found that enough material had accumulated to fill two volumes. This accumulation was due to the decision reached by the Society to print not only the royal commissions, but the royal instructions also; and the same member having placed the Society under additional obligations by offering to pay for the printing of the new material, a second volume will be issued in the near future. The documents here presented number fifty-eight in all and include all the royal commissions that the editor has been able to discover, either himself in Boston or through agents in London. The series is not complete, as five of the commissions have eluded the editor's search; but the loss is not great, for these five commissions would have added nothing of value to the historian, being duplicates in all essential particulars of similar commissions already obtained. The collection as a whole is unique, none of the original thirteen colonies having printed anything like a complete series of these royal documents; the best that has been done hitherto is the issue, here and there, without any pretence at systematic presentation, of an occasional instrument. The Society, therefore, is to be heartily commended for its enterprise, and the anonymous member who furnished the funds deserves thanks not only of the Society, but of all interested in colonial history. The work has been done with great care, and the editor, Albert Matthews, has demonstrated again, as so often before, his ability to perform the work that he has been called upon to do. Aid in compiling the second volume will be furnished in the forthcoming report of the American Historical Association, which we recommend to the editor for his guidance.

Italian immigration plays so important a part in our social and industrial life that we welcome every means which enables us to understand it better. One of these is *La Vita Italiana all' Estero*, a monthly magazine, which began publication last January. It consists of eighty pages a number, and contains many articles and discussions concerning the condition of the Italians in the United States. Its editor, Dr. Giovanni Preziosi, has spent much time in this country, and is the author of the best book on the Italian situation here. His journal naturally pays great attention to the hardships suffered by immigrants, and it expresses the popular Italian opinion on supposed abuses and injustice; but it aims at fairness. In the July number, for instance, M. Piacentini gives a temperate account of the Ettor-Giovannitti case, showing that they were not tried merely because they were Italians, as was the current supposition in Italy, but because they were suspected of statutory crimes. He adds that it is praiseworthy that the responsibility of the strike leaders towards society should be increased, so that strikes may be conducted with dignity instead of with violence. The *Vita Italiana* is published at Via Due Macelli, 9, Rome; its annual subscription is 12 lire.

"Italy To-day," by Bolton King and Thomas Okey, was first issued in 1901. In 1909 a "new" edition appeared. Now we receive a "new and enlarged edition" (Scribner), but we fail to discover any statistics or references to public events later than 1909. This is unfortunate, because during the past four years Italy has witnessed the close of an old epoch and the opening of a new. For better or for worse, the Italians have assumed the rôle of world power; so that the "To-day" of Messrs. King and Okey, which takes no note of this, seems already antiquated. Nevertheless, the more fundamental conditions described by them have not wholly changed, and their work may still be consulted with profit, although their strong socialist bias and their generally pessimistic view of Italy and the Italians color, if they do not sometimes vitiate, their statements.

The Rev. Dr. Marvin Davis Bisbee, for many years librarian of Dartmouth College, is dead at Portland, Me. Dr. Bisbee was born in Chester, Vt., June 23, 1845. He was graduated from Dartmouth in 1871, and prepared for the ministry at the Andover Theological Seminary. He entered the Congregational ministry in 1874. In 1881 he became associate editor of the Boston *Congregationalist*. He was appointed professor of divinity and librarian at Dartmouth in 1886, and professor of bibliography in 1893. In 1910 Dr. Bisbee retired on a Carnegie Fund pension.

Science

The Geography of New Zealand: Historical, Physical, Political, and Commercial. By P. Marshall. Melbourne: Whitcombe & Tombs.

On October 10 last, three works on the geography of Australia were reviewed in these columns. They were treated as applications of the doctrines of the new American school of physiography. The volume by Professor Marshall on the geography of New Zealand is another application of the same methods and concepts, and it is worthy of its place in the series. It owes not a little of its merit to the luminous introduction by Professor Gregory, now of Glasgow, to the chapter on geysers by the same writer, and to the chapter on earthquakes by Mr. George Hogben. On all the topics there discussed, and, indeed, on all that are connected with physiography, New Zealand has something to teach.

While New Zealand consists of two large, one smaller, and many small islands, its structure is continental. Its rock-sequence is as complete as that of Australia, which is thirty times as large. It is still immature. While Australia is comparatively stable, New Zealand is still rising and falling, and great earth-movements are yet in progress. The important physiographical agents are unusually active, and powerful forces are wearing the country down. Hence the variety and freshness of its land-forms. The rivers are still undergoing development. Valleys and mountains are equally immature. The planing down of ancient mountain ranges and the dissection of old plateaus can be plainly discerned. Here fan-shaped deltas and there fan-shaped hills betray their common origin. Here, too, the river that forms the fan is observed to have been captured and destroyed. It is illuminating to know that the great Hauraki Gulf, with its magic clusters of islands —emeralds set in a sapphire sea—is a drowned river-valley. Beaches that have not yet lost their freshness mark the recent elevation of the coast. Everywhere we perceive the tool-marks of the demiurgic powers. The flora and the fauna are alike archaic. And we may add that, in many parts of the country, the very soil is too unripe to carry cereals, because it has never been enriched by decayed foliage.

Not a little of the book is new, and in parts the authors are at variance with one another. In opposition to Professor Gregory the view of Professor Marshall is that the features of New Zealand have been formed by extensive glacial erosion, though in other respects he would limit the action of huge glaciers. Peculiar facts are often elucidated. Thus, the abundant hanging valleys are found in districts where glaciation has been most severe, and are lacking in others that have never been glaciated.

Professor Gregory shows how the theory of geysers due to the observations of Descloiseaux and the work of Bunsen and Tyndall is confirmed by the geysers of New Zealand, which for four short years had the greatest geyser in the world, as it still has the loftiest waterfall.

Mr. Hogben's chapter on earthquakes is brief but masterly, and it is probably the best contribution on the subject from this part of the world. It adduces con-

firmatory evidence of the theory that earthquakes are connected with fault-movements and repacking processes. Most of that evidence, though still meagre and disconnected, bears in favor of the view that the floor of the Western Pacific is gradually elevating.

But much of New Zealand remains unexplored. Meanwhile, it appears certain that, with its immeasurable water-power, it will resemble the Scandinavian countries that are almost antipodal, by becoming the centre of the electro-chemical industries of the southern hemisphere.

The first number of the University of California Publications in Geography is an account of "The Russian River, a Characteristic Stream of the California Coast Ranges," by Prof. Rufus S. Holway. The chief problem here discussed is the departure of the river from an open valley, which it follows southeastward for fifty miles and which continues to San Francisco Bay, by flowing westward for twenty miles through a rugged cañon cut in a highland a thousand feet in altitude. The manner of discussion is one that is often followed in modern geographical investigations, in that it is chiefly concerned with the discovery of past conditions as an end in itself, and that it does not proceed sufficiently to the systematic generalization of those conditions, whereby they may be used in the explanatory description of existing features. The essay is illustrated by a number of excellent photo-plates, but the direction in which the views are taken is unfortunately indicated only on the accompanying map, and not in the explanatory legend.

An atlas, or "Mapa escolar," of the Republic of Chili on a scale of 1:1,500,000 has lately been issued. It was prepared by order of the Minister of Public Instruction, Don Domingo Amunátegui Solar, during the Presidency of his Excellency, Sr. Don Pedro Montt, constructed under the direction of Chief Engineer Don José del G. Fuensalida, and printed in ten or more colors by Justus Perthes, of Gotha. The long north-southward extent of nearly 3,000 miles requires the subdivision of the country into nine double-page sections, each of which includes an area of the Pacific on the west and a liberal extension eastward into Argentina. The three strikingly unlike divisions of the republic are well brought out: in the north, the arid or desert district, with salt basins in the highlands and scanty population on the barren coastal lowlands; in the middle, the fertile and well-occupied belt between the lofty Andes and the discontinuous coast ranges; and in the south, the region of glaciers on the higher mountains, lakes in the inner valleys, and long fiords and channels between the countless islands of the coast. The atlas is especially interesting in connection with the Chilian-Argentine boundary and the dispute of some years ago regarding the interpretation of its definition as following "the crest of the Andes between the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific." This definition could not be applied in the north, because the crest line is there double, enclosing basins that do not drain to either ocean; nor in the south, where the crest line is deeply cut down by valleys which drain lakes lying at the eastern base of the mountains, the divide between the two oceans there lying on the pampas farther east. The compromise decision made by the late King Edward VII was accepted by the two countries, and the line thus determined is well displayed in the atlas.

The "Common Diseases" (Houghton Mifflin) of Woods Hutchinson is, as usual, a collection of his articles, nineteen in all, already utilized in magazines. A goodly number of diseases are discussed in such a way as to enlighten the ordinary reader and particularly to lessen the vague dread of many of them. We have often found this author somewhat wild in his generalizations and given to too much looseness of statement. In this book these defects are by no means altogether absent, but they seem much less obnoxious than usual. Those to whom the Hutchinsonian breeziness is not wearisome may read him with comfort and profit, not least his chapters on worry, obesity, and drugging. Concerning obesity we miss the illuminating dictum of Mr. Dooley that "when a man is in the prime of life he should be provisioned," leanness being the proper portion of only very young and very old men. There are also entertaining and instructive chapters on insomnia and imaginary diseases, which ought to be helpful to any one who suffers from them. "Necator Americana" (p. 317) is a bad slip in proof-reading, but the correct form appears in the index.

Drama and Music

The publication of the Tudor "Hamlet," Sonnets, and the second part of "Henry VI," which have now reached us, leaves but two volumes in this series (Macmillan) forthcoming—"The Tempest" and "Antony and Cleopatra." Prof. George P. Baker, who edits "Hamlet," offers no new theories, yet sifts the evidence of previous judgments, both as to text and interpretation, with the care to be expected of him. The only important omission we have noted is his failure to summarize Prof. A. C. Bradley's masterly analysis of this perplexing character. On page x "1554" should read 1594. Prof. Raymond M. Alden presents the time-honored problems connected with the Sonnets, but is careful not to register his own opinions. From the hasty conclusion that because sonnet sequences were the fashion Shakespeare must throughout have maintained a conventional impersonal attitude, we are duly warned, etc. Nor even at this day can we safely decide between the Earl of Southampton and the Earl of Pembroke as the person addressed; though the bias of the general editors is betrayed by the inclusion as frontispiece of the Earl of Southampton's portrait. "A Lover's Complaint," which was issued in the Thorpe edition of the Sonnets in 1609 and there ascribed to Shakespeare, also forms a part of the present volume. "Henry VI," part ii, is edited by Prof. Charles H. Barnwell.

The last work to which the late Dr. Furnivall put his pen has been completed and issued by his disciple, Mr John Munro, with the title "'The Troublesome Reign of King John': Being the Original of Shakespeare's 'Life and Death of King John.'" Dr. Furnivall's share of the editing runs to only a few pages, but we may be sure that his plans have been carefully followed. The difficult literary history of this old play is gone into minutely and its service to Shakespeare is fully stated. It is interesting to note that Mr. Munro, catching up a hint of Sir Sidney Lee's, makes out a fairly plausible case for the common authorship of "The Troublesome Reign" and the much-discussed "Leir." The present volume appears as a member of the Shakespeare Library, published by Duffield, of which Prof. I. Gollancz is general editor.

It is evident that both money and pains have been expended upon the production of "Much Ado About Nothing," which Charles Frohman has just made at the Empire Theatre—and for these acknowledgment is due—but the general result is a performance which cannot be ranked above the second rate. And this is in accordance with what might naturally have been expected. It is virtually impossible now to collect at will a company capable of dealing satisfactorily with either Elizabethan prose or blank verse. In the company assembled by Mr. Frohman there are many modern actors of more than common ability, but they proved absolutely incapable of giving to the text the life and color which properly belong to it. Innumerable passages were robbed of point and force by slovenly delivery. Moreover, the romantic spirit of the piece found no expression in the tameness and invariableness of the stage action of the modern school. John Drew, by far the greater part of whose professional life has been devoted to modern and semi-farcical social drama, was utterly unable to give to Benedick the authority, the brilliancy, or the distinction brought to it by actors of the calibre of Lester Wallack or Henry Irving. He was effective in the church and challenge scenes—where he emphasized the soldierly side of the character, but elsewhere indulged far too freely in his own mannerisms and the tricks of low comedy. In some respects his impersonation was inferior to that of E. H. Sothern. Nor was Laura Hope Crews equal to the part of Beatrice. She had nothing of the great lady about her, and her wit, ever suggestive of the carefully calculated impromptu, lacked fire and spontaneity. Her "Kill Claudio!" was but a feeble manifestation of outraged womanhood. The part is, as yet, too large for her in every way, but her attempt was intelligent. The Dogberry of Hubert Druce was not a bad embodiment, but the actor made the mistake of putting an excessive stress upon his verbal blunders, as if the constable were inventing them for his own amusement. Most of the players affected a modernity of speech and style which was ridiculously inappropriate to a piece of this romantic character. An amusing illustration of the fallacy of this device was afforded in the case of the Don John, the Bastard, who uttered his ferocious sentiments with a placidity of feature and serenity of tone which might have been comic if they had not been so stupid.

Josef Stransky has procured for the New York Philharmonic the right of the first performance in America of Richard

Strauss's latest work, a "Festival Prelude," for organ and orchestra. This score will have its first hearing at the inauguration of Vienna's new concert hall on October 19.

The house in which Wagner composed "Lohengrin" is not to be turned into a distillery after all. The King of Saxony, on hearing that this was to be done, expressed his disapproval, and the young Crown Prince, who is an enthusiastic Wagnerite, promptly took up the matter, about which he conferred with prominent artists. Furthermore, a wealthy Dresdener, who has given large sums to artistic projects, has announced his intention to purchase the "Lohengrin" house and convert it exclusively into a Wagner Museum.

The most important product of the Verdi centenary will be the publication of his correspondence. For sixty years (1840-1900) he habitually made sketches of the more important letters he wrote. These sketches, bound in five volumes, have been in the care of his niece, Mme. Carrara, since his death. She has also placed at the disposal of the publishers thousands of letters, telegrams, and cards sent to Verdi, including many by famous contemporaries. Among the treasures hoarded by Mme. Carrara is a "King Lear" libretto. During the last years of Verdi's life, there were occasional rumors that he was writing a "Lear" opera; but in truth he never got beyond the libretto, which he arranged himself. The oldest among the Verdi manuscripts is a "History of the Popes."

Verdi's Requiem Mass and three of his operas will be heard at Milan the coming season, the operas being "Falstaff" (with Scotti), the juvenile "Nabuco," and his first great success, "Ernani." The conductors will be Toscanini, Mancinelli, Mugnone, and Serafin. The last-named will have the honor of conducting "Parsifal."

Operatic competition does not seem to result in disaster in Paris. The management of the Grand Opéra reports an exceptionally favorable season, in spite of the rivalry not only of the Opéra-Comique, but of the newly founded Champs Elysées, the manager of which boasts of having taken in 1,213,620 francs at seventy performances. It is said that this manager, M. Astruc, has his eyes on the Grand Opéra when the seven-year lease of MM. Messager and Broussan has expired. Other candidates for the place are Gailhard and Gunsbourg. M. Astruc promises "Parsifal" in German, next January, with leading German artists. The Grand Opéra made a special arrangement with the German publishers, whereby it is enabled to use the orchestral parts four months before the copyright expires. The Opéra-Comique has also promised a "Parsifal," but it is not likely that this promise will be kept.

Ferruccio Busoni will leave Berlin in a few weeks to assume the directorship of the Bologna Conservatory of Music. He will also conduct the Bologna Symphony Orchestra, which consists of ninety players.

Maud Powell believes that women should play in symphony and other orchestras if they want the work. But "If they accept the work, they should be prepared to accept no privileges because of their sex." John C. Freund suggests that an orchestra of women should be established in New York with Maud Powell as conductor. Such an orchestra would not be a new thing. Women ensemble players are rapidly coming to the fore.

Gustav Mahler's version of Weber's "Oberon" has been produced successfully in Cologne. Weber wrote this opera hastily in order to keep his promise to a London manager. He intended to rewrite it, but died before he could begin the task. There is much entrancing melody in the opera, but the spoken dialogue marred it. Mahler changed this dialogue into recitative and melody, using Weber motives throughout. He wished to produce it in New York while he was one of the conductors of the Metropolitan, but got no encouragement.

The majority of the actors and actresses of the theatres in Germany have an income not exceeding $500 a year, while more than one-third of them earn only half that sum. Among the singers connected with the opera houses, there are a few stars who earn up to $10,000, or even more; but $1,500 is reckoned a very good income, even for those who take the leading parts. Chorus singers get at best $450 a year, but most of them earn much less than that. Dancers average about the same as the choristers, and, like them, they are kept busy eight or nine hours a day. Even solo dancers get only $500 to $750 a year. These figures are based on careful investigations by the *Reichs-Arbeitsblatt*.

Debussy's "Pelléas et Mélisande," which is an example of modern harmony without melody, will have its first production in an English version next season in the English provinces by Ernst Denhof's opera company. Strauss's "Rosenkavalier" also will be done in English. Six of Wagner's operas are included in Mr. Denhof's scheme, besides Gluck's "Orfeo," Mozart's "Magic Flute," and Strauss's "Elektra." Thomas Beecham will conduct some of these operas.

Art

"Symbolism of Animals and Birds Represented in English Church Architecture," by Arthur H. Collins, is to be published by McBride, Nast & Co.

The fourth volume of Lanciani's "Storia degli Scavi di Roma" (Rome: Loescher), covers the period from 1566 to 1605, and the reign of six Popes, Pius V, Gregory XIII, Sixtus V, Gregory XIV, Innocent IX, and Clement VIII. From the standpoint of general history this was a half-century of unusual significance, for in it the position of the Papacy as a great temporal power was solidified, and the old régime of family Popes, who used their elevation to aggrandize their relations, was definitely superseded. From the standpoint of the archæologically inclined the period is less vividly interesting than those that preceded it. Only one work of ancient art of prime importance was then brought to light, the fresco of "the Aldobrandini marriage." But the investigation of the catacombs was inaugurated under Gregory XIII (1578) by the discovery on the Via Salaria of the first catacomb known to modern times, and many of the most prominent features of the Rome of the present day are due to the restless activity of Sixtus V. To him we owe, for example, the fan-like arrangement of streets that radiate from S. Maria Maggiore, the building of the Acqua Felice, the erection of obelisks, the placing of statues of Sts. Peter and Paul on the columns of Aurelius and Trajan, the re-establishment of the statues of the Dioscuri before the Quirinal Palace. Against him, besides much else, must be reckoned the wanton destruction of the magnificent remains of the Septizonium of Septimius Severus at the southeast of the Palatine, and the removal of the ancient structures of the patriarchal palace by St. John Lateran. Sixtus cared much for his city, but little for antiquity. The municipal council voted him a statue for his services in the restoration of prosperity and public security; but when he died (1590), the magistrates announced the fact thus: "On this day our holy Lord Pope Sixtus V, amid universal joy and gratification, has ended his life"! The collection of ancient material for new building projects went merrily forward during this half-century, as it had done before, but the visible ruins of antiquity had already assumed by this time substantially their present aspect. Only the Baths of Caracalla, apparently on account of their remote and isolated situation, continued to be exposed to piratical devastation till a time within the memory of men yet living.

The runic crosses of Bewcastle and Ruthwell have been fertile matter of controversy. Especially the Ruthwell Cross bearing a portion of a poem on the legend of the cross has with many passed for one of the oldest monuments of the English language and decoration. Prof. Albert S. Cook devotes an elaborate monograph to the subject, "The Date of the Ruthwell and Bewcastle Crosses," separately reprinted from The Transactions of the Connecticut Academy of Arts and Sciences by the Yale University Press. Professor Cook's conclusion is that the inscriptions, though archaic in form, contain also very late spellings, and can point to no early date. The figure sculpture and ornamentation suggest a date about the middle of the twelfth century. He supposes we have to do with monastic columns of Continental derivation set up by David I of Scotland. About the time of publication, Rivoira, in the *Burlington Magazine*, arrived at an identical conclusion on grounds solely archæological. His opinion has since been contested by Mr. Lethaby and Sir Martin Conway, both of whom assume the existence of an accomplished school of sculpture in Anglia in the seventh century. The existence of such a school is most doubtful, and nothing that these critics have advanced seems to us to offset the evidently late and Romanesque look of these crosses. Professor Cook seems to us to have made out his case. In fact, much additional evidence for his dating might have been got from paging over Westwood's facsimiles of manuscript miniatures. There are found exact parallels for the figures and for the interesting combination of geometrical and naturalistic ornament which we find on the Bewcastle Cross. Furthermore, it is hard to escape the conviction that the *rinceaux* on both crosses are specifically Romanesque and French. With the Coptic examples cited by Lethaby and Conway they have only the remotest connection. Again one who knows the French tomb-slabs of the twelfth century will see merely a vertical adaptation

of familiar motives in these two crosses. No reversal of the conclusion reached by Professor Cook with fairly appalling thoroughness is to be expected.

To the Country House Library (McBride, Nast) are added two new volumes. Charles Edward Hooper, in his "Reclaiming the Old House," gives a great deal of sound advice to those who, with moderate means and some antiquarian taste, wish to establish themselves in modest country homes. He is probably justified in assuming, as he does, that people of this type are, as a rule, ignorant of methods of construction and have little knowledge of country life. His book contains a large number of plates, showing old, and often abandoned, houses that may be suitable for, or that have been so altered as to become, comfortable and attractive places of residence. Aymar Embury, 2d, in his "The Dutch Colonial House," gives us an attractive survey of the modes of construction, and the architectural forms, if they may be thus dignified, employed by the early Dutch farmer who settled in this country, illustrating his text with many good plates. Quaint and interesting as these examples are, we surely cannot afford to take them very seriously. Those of us who find the antique attractive are all too likely to overlook crudities, and even ugliness, in constructions which are old; and are thus prevented from the cultivation of good taste without which we can have no hope of advance in architectural design.

James Wall Finn, mural painter, died Wednesday in Giverny, near Paris. He was born in New York about forty-five years ago, and studied art here and in Paris. He worked for a while as an interior decorator for McKim, Mead & White, and for Carrere & Hastings. He decorated the Public Library, the Hotel Astor, the Knickerbocker Hotel, and the Century Theatre.

Finance

THE AUTUMN MARKETS.

This week the financial markets, here and abroad, entered on what is perhaps the most interesting period of the year. This is particularly true of the American markets, for the interior now begins to draw heavily on its New York balances. Last year the surplus reserve of New York banks, which had already been falling at the end of August, almost disappeared by September 7, and was raised to a respectable figure only by reducing loans $46,000,000 in three weeks. Call money rose in 1912 from 3½ per cent. at the end of August to 7 per cent. at the end of September. In 1906, September brought a deficit in New York bank reserves; in 1905, a September deficit was avoided only by a $73,000,000 loan reduction. Call money went to 7 per cent. at the end of September, 1905, and to 40 per cent. at the beginning of the month in 1906.

Four or five months ago it was very generally believed that a strain of great violence would be witnessed in the period now immediately before us. To take the most extreme predictions: Germany was, by autumn, to be in the grasp not only of extremely tight money, but of paralyzing industrial reaction. Paris was to be witnessing serious failures and defaults. London was to be fighting to keep its gold from being depleted by the demands of the other European markets. New York, and the United States as a whole, were to be drifting into some sort of financial panic.

Nobody pays attention to any of these predictions, now that we have really entered the period when they were to be fulfilled. But at just this particular juncture it should be interesting to point out why the predictions went astray, what has happened to change the situation from what it was in the first quarter of the year, and, not least of all, just what the financial history of the coming season is likely to be.

The predictions of the pessimists went astray, partly because they ignored some underlying elements of strength in the situation, partly because the fear of a general European war was not realized, partly because the progressive increase in certain burdens on credit was checked, and partly because outlying markets (in North and South America especially) were able to provide the gold which Europe needed to replenish its bank reserves. Several things have happened in line with these influences for good. It has turned out that general trade conditions, in America especially, but in Europe also, were much sounder than many people had supposed. Relations of the great neutral Powers in Europe have come out of the severest of tests more strongly harmonious than they were before.

London and, in a less degree, New York have laid a heavy repressive hand on the mass of new securities which, six months ago, were choking the markets; underwriters have consequently been getting rid of their holdings, and new issues have begun, even at London, to sell at a premium instead of a heavy discount, after their issue. Not only has the United States been able to spare $43,000,000 gold for Europe without inconvenience, but Brazil and Argentina have sent thirty to forty millions. As for the coming "American panic," the past few months have shown that panics do not come on a business community doing a conservative business, with merchants' shelves stocked only for immediate and peremptory needs. On the contrary, such a state of things means repeated quickening of legitimate industry.

When one comes down to prediction, the first fact of interest is that money rates were going lower, especially in New York, through the very month of August. That usually means a relaxing strain, a full preparation for autumn needs, and vanishing expectation of money stringency. Money should normally go higher in the autumn, even in an ordinary year. But London is now beginning to predict that the Bank of England rate will not rise this season above its present 4½ per cent.; it was 5 at the beginning of the year. Paris will probably continue to hunt for gold (unless the past year's money-hoarders solve the problem); in London and Berlin, however, the central banks are unusually strong.

The fact appears to be that nearly all of the world's great markets have prepared for autumn on the basis of the worst apprehensions of last spring. To a large extent, this would warrant the inference that they have overprepared. The first test of how far this overpreparation has gone should occur with this week's completion of the "quarterly settlements" at Berlin and elsewhere. The second should be witnessed when the traditional season for New York's heaviest shipments of currency to the interior begins—say a week or ten days hence. We shall then know how far the Treasury deposits have helped the situation. The third test possibly may come through a legitimate demand for gold imports to New York from Europe. It would be important to see how Europe would meet such a demand. If we have really easy money, and if our Government deposits find their proper lodging-place, we may need none of Europe's gold.

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1913.

The Week

The special Congressional election in the Third District of Maine was fought over with peculiar intensity. It was the first test of party strength, on traditionally debatable fighting-ground, since Roosevelt finished his meteoric campaign, since the Republican party received the stunning blow of being placed third in the popular vote of the nation, since the beginning of President Wilson's Administration, and especially since the absolute identification of the Democratic party with a sharp reduction of the tariff, now on the eve of going into effect. The Republican candidate has been elected by a plurality of about five hundred, being a little less than the Republican plurality in the Congressional election of last November; but as the Progressives had no candidate in that election, this must be accounted a distinct gain for the Republicans. The Progressives polled a vote of only about 6,500, as against 13,236 for Roosevelt last year; and this in spite of a most strenuous campaign on their part—an outcome that falls in line with a long series of indications all over the country of the want of staying power in the Progressive ranks. As for the relation of the vote to President Wilson and the Democratic tariff policy, inasmuch as the number of voters in this Maine district who cast their ballots for the Democratic candidate for Congress on Monday was about 14,600, while the total number of votes cast for Wilson for President was 14,692, it is evidently impossible—in spite of the Democrats' disappointment in not carrying the district—to find in the result any trustworthy sign of that anti-tariff-reform reaction upon which the Republicans are counting.

"Foreign books were returned to the free list as originally provided in the House." Thus ran a brief but important item in the Washington dispatches reporting Monday's happenings in the Senate. By foreign books is meant, of course, books in foreign languages. The proposal to put a tariff on them led to the most vigorous protests on all sides, for it was the least defensible of all taxes—a tax on learning. Fortunately, those protests were so successful, although made at the last moment, that no one can doubt, hereafter, that it pays to oppose unyieldingly a deliberately planned injustice. With reason triumphing in this case, there is no ground why anybody should despair of yet getting the similarly incomprehensible tax on art removed when the conferrees of the two houses meet. We again urge every one interested to make it clear to Mr. Underwood how widespread is the feeling of disgust at so backward and anti-democratic a proposal.

The House of Representatives did the expected thing in passing the Hetch-Hetchy bill. The Committee on Public Lands had unanimously approved the scheme, and had submitted a report piling up all the pleas that could possibly be made in its favor, while giving extremely scant attention to the protests of those who are earnestly opposing the project as one that will destroy the distinctive character of a wonderful national park. Upon many readers of this report, it will doubtless make the impression of having shown that the possession of the Hetch-Hetchy water supply is indispensable to the welfare of San Francisco. This, however, is by no means the fact. Not only does the report fail to *show* that the Hetch-Hetchy supply is indispensable; it does not even *assert* that such is the case. All that is contended, in the repeated references made to the matter throughout the report, is that the Hetch-Hetchy supply is the most accessible or the most economical source available to San Francisco; and very little indication is even given of the degree of this advantage. We have no doubt that a large part of the favorable vote was due to the false impression, conveyed not by the specific statements of fact, but by the tone and temper of the report, that the San Franciscans have no other practical recourse.

Mr. Taft has the courage of his convictions on the subject of the judiciary. So far from assuming that "good Lord, good devil" attitude which some persons, even though they dislike the idea of recall of judges, adopt towards that scheme, he referred to it, in his American Bar Association address, as "the preposterous innovation of judicial recall." And the reasons for its preposterousness were clearly indicated in the address, both directly and by implication. Mr. Taft urged, what it seems impossible that any person who has thought seriously on the subject can doubt, that not subjection to removal by an irresponsible majority of voters, but independence of passing clamors and assurance of permanent tenure are needed to raise the quality of the administration of justice by American judges. That accessibility to some process less difficult than that of impeachment may be desirable, Mr. Taft does not deny; but he refers with fully justified scorn to the loose and ignorant identification of the recall nostrum, by some of its advocates, with the method of removal "by joint resolution of the House and Senate, in analogy to the method of removing judges in England through an address of both houses to the king." This method, which has long existed in some of our States, manifestly provides, as the ex-President says, an opportunity for "full defence, hearing, and argument." And he might have added, what is no less important, that the vote for removal is the recorded action of a small and definite number of conspicuous men, whereas in the proposed recall by popular vote the odium of an unjust vote cannot be brought home to any of the thousands who deposit their ballot in secrecy against a judge who may have incurred, whether through merit or through fault, the immediate dislike of a majority.

We cannot sympathize with the position of Secretary Daniels in refusing to accept the resignations of naval officers who wish to return to civil life, or to grant the applications of those who wish to go on the retired list voluntarily. Mr. Daniels is of the opinion that an officer educated for the navy at Government expense has no right to resign when he can get a better opportunity in civil life. But the contrary has been the policy of the Navy Department since the beginning of this Government, with the exception of war-

time. It has always been felt that these resignations were of benefit to the whole service by accelerating the flow of promotion, and by increasing the number of trained officers available in war time. It was conclusively shown during the war with Spain that officers who had resigned were only too willing to volunteer for war service, unless prevented by reasons of health. They have always felt themselves under a moral obligation to rejoin the navy in a national emergency. At this very moment, the House Naval Committee is considering testimony with a view to relieving the stagnation in promotion now existing in the navy's personnel. Yet the Secretary of the Navy is deliberately increasing that stagnation by refusing to permit men to resign or to retire voluntarily.

In the matter of permitting officers of thirty and forty years' service to retire, Secretary Garrison has taken with the army the same rigid position. The *Nation* has always been opposed to the unnecessary increase of the retired list, repeatedly calling attention, during the Spanish and Philippine war, to an abuse which Congress finally stopped—the loading up of the retired list with officers who merely served for a day or two as brigadier-generals. It has also urged that there be stricter physical examinations, on entrance into the service, to prevent the breaking down of young officers. But we cannot feel that there would be any grave danger to the Treasury of the United States, or to the services themselves, if Secretary Garrison and Secretary Daniels should permit every officer above the rank of major or commander to retire who so desired. There were twelve such army retirements in 1910, 24 in 1911, 27 in 1912, and there have been only 12 thus far in 1913. Moreover, the officer who wants to get out of the service, or is unhappy because he cannot retire, is not apt to add to the contentment of his comrades, or to be himself at the high-water mark of efficiency.

The Army-Navy football game at the Polo Grounds in November will bring to New York a welcome touch of color. For a city of its size, New York has very little of the brave pageantry of gold lace and epaulets. Even the fraternal, benevolent, and protective orders do not parade as they used to do. Candor compels one to say that the Polo Grounds, in their dingy surroundings of railway trestles and factory chimneys, are not the ideal setting for the brilliant display that has made Franklin Field in late November a very fair approach to the jousting places of European knighthood in its flower. But the poetry of color and motion is one thing, and the increased receipts available at the Polo Grounds is another. It may very well be that the Army-Navy game will set a fashion. The people of New York have had no chance to see first-class football since the big college teams ceased dropping in on Columbia's, which means that the people of this city have been deprived of the most stirring of all athletic spectacles.

Chicago taxpayers are having an opportunity of comparing the cost of administration under the merit system with that under the spoils system. For two years the county offices were filled by appointment following examination. Then, a few months ago, the State Supreme Court declared the County Civil Service law unconstitutional because of the careless failure of the Legislature to print amendments to the bill. The consequence was to reopen these places to the politicians. Now the County Civil Service Commission estimates that an annual saving of more than a million dollars would be possible by the restoration of civil service rules. Heads of departments managed in some instances to retain a few positions for their personal disposal, and it was absolutely necessary to keep some of the old employees, but "there was an agreement that the great bulk of the county positions should be pooled in the hands of the County Committee." This Committee proceeded to allot the places to party leaders, according to the vote polled in their districts. Thirty of the resulting appointees are "pluralists," being on the pay-rolls of the State, city, and park districts. Nine of these are members of the Legislature! Not only is incompetence the rule in offices so filled, but the only limit to the number of employees "needed" is the tax limit.

The familiar habit of staying at home and letting somebody else do the voting was conspicuous in an election in San Francisco the other day, in which 51,000 ballots were cast in favor of a bond issue of $3,500,000 for the extension of the municipal railway system, and 13,000 were cast against it. The total vote was less than half of the registration. Yet the issue cannot be called an unimportant one. Nor were the voters without a basis for deciding it. For a year the city has operated a short stretch of road. Had it been sufficiently successful with it to be entrusted with more? All that the election settled was that a large majority of a considerable minority of the voters thought that it had. To the country at large this experiment in municipal ownership will be of great interest, owing to its scale. It is to be tried, too, under conditions which ought to make it comparatively easy for the citizens to judge of its success, for the city will be a competitor with the present private system. The duplication of tracks involved is unfortunate, but is an incident in the failure of the city and the company to effect an agreement regarding extension of the latter's franchises.

Among the sweet uses found in the agricultural adversity of Kansas is the impulse it has given to the employment of county advisers. This new profession, in the words of a Topeka official, offers a golden opportunity to country lads who now "go in for business and professional clerkships at pay that rarely reaches an appreciable figure." Five Illinois counties, with the assistance of Chicago firms, have already hired graduates in agriculture to give their farmers counsel in planting, reaping, and maintaining the fertility of their land. For $3,000 they can have a soil analyst and crop and stock expert who, when duties crowd upon him, commands the aid of the whole State University corps. It seems likely that in time only the number of counties will limit the profession. As one way of making the agricultural college come to the people, and overcoming the handicap under which untrained farmers labor, the innovation is said to appeal even to those who think illiberally of higher education. In Illinois, to see your schooled neighbor getting ahead of you; in Kansas, to watch the inroads of the drought—is a potent argument for procuring the public services of a "demonstrator" of advanced farming ideas.

The acclamation of Harry K. Thaw

by the people of Sherbrooke may be explained more precisely than by saying that human nature is queer. The latest Thaw episode shows that human nature is amazingly persistent. After several thousand years of civilization the primitive instincts reassert themselves. There is the primitive hostility to law, and there is the primitive hostility to fact. The crowd pays respect to law in the abstract, but is inclined to make an exception of every specific violation of the law. The crowd acknowledges the authority of fact in the abstract, but, in the specific instance, is too often tempted to assert that what is so is really not so. The Tichborne claimant was proved to be an impostor; therefore he was the rightful heir. Dr. Cook has been shown to be a liar; therefore a good many people shake their heads profoundly and assert that there must be something behind it all, the apparent conclusion being that behind Cook the liar is Cook the man who told the truth. Harry K. Thaw killed Stanford White; but he is not a murderer. He has been an inmate of a lunatic asylum; therefore he is not insane. He is a fugitive from justice; therefore he ought not to be handed back into custody. To an extraordinary extent human nature rejects the work of human progress. We have built up society and retain the anti-social habits. We have celebrated the triumph of science and retain the superstitious frame of mind which rejects evidence and fact.

Little by little they are taking the schoolboy's long vacation from him. The time when the schoolhouse and yard were let severely alone for three full months, except for occasional visits from the conscientious janitor, has passed away in many communities, and is rapidly passing in most of the rest. If this development adds a new touch of bitterness to the coming of the fateful month of September, the same stoicism that has stood the pupil in good stead heretofore must sustain him still. In many instances, however, the work that is invading his former period of leisure has a novelty that cannot fail to commend it. There is agriculture, for example. Even boys and girls with a keen appreciation of unmortgaged time will be reluctant to hand over to the tender mercies of weeds and parasites the acre of corn and potatoes which they have planted and tended in accordance with the latest principles of scientific farming. To stiffen this interest, an inspector will appear at intervals during the summer, with words of praise or censure for the way in which the crop has been looked after.

In an article in the London *Economist*, entitled "The Revival of the Piano Trade," President Wilson might find interesting confirmation of his favorite view on the wholesomeness of vigorous competition. It appears that some fifteen or twenty years ago British makers of pianos allowed themselves to be completely outdistanced by their German competitors. The Germans had been quicker than the British in adopting a number of improvements in piano construction, "with the natural result," says the *Economist*, "that they steadily gained ground while we lost it, and even our home market ultimately was flooded with the German article." In this country, under the good old protectionist rule which we are now shaking off, a flood of this nature would, as a matter of course, have called for the building up of a higher tariff dike to keep it out; but in free-trade England no such thing was possible. Well, what happened? Was the British piano industry ruined? Not at all. The pessimists who thought it would be, says the *Economist*, "reasoned without an adequate knowledge of the grit and doggedness which characterizes the captains of most British industries." The British piano-makers had a hard task in making head against the prestige which, through their want of quickness, they had allowed the Germans to obtain; but they stuck to the job and have now fully turned the tide. They have stopped the German inroad on the home market, and have regained in large measure their old place in foreign markets. The number of foreign pianos imported is less now than it was eight years ago, while the number of British pianos exported has more than doubled in the same time. The affair is not one of world-shaking importance, but it is an excellent object-lesson on the basic elements of wholesome economic policy.

Since Theodor Herzl first brought forward the idea of a Jewish autonomous state in Palestine under Turkish suzerainty, the Zionist movement has grown in strength, but the drift has been steadily away from Herzl's ambitious plan. The overthrow of Abdul Hamid II and the advent of the Young Turks were serious checks to Zionist aspirations. The new régime at Constantinople aimed at bringing the various provinces of the Turkish Empire into closer coordination. A self-governing Jewish state in Palestine was necessarily at variance with the new ideas of Turkish nationalism. The recent crushing defeat of the Turks raises an additional obstacle. With five-sixths of its European possessions lost, the Porte is less likely than ever to consent to a scheme which would threaten the dismemberment of its territory in Asia. The leaders of the Zionist movement have recognized the logic of facts. The political phase of the movement has fallen into the background, and greater stress has been laid upon the economic conquest of Palestine through the establishment of a large Jewish agricultural population. The break with the original idea of Zionism is marked at the congress meeting by the formal secession of Max Nordau, the foremost supporter of Theodor Herzl's views.

Either the loyalty and discipline of the Japanese people have been exaggerated or else the population of Tokio is not typical of Japan. The frequent recurrence of rioting in the Mikado's capital certainly betrays no inclination on the part of a considerable number of his subjects to accept without protest whatever governmental policy is imposed upon them in the Mikado's name. It is a changing Japan, with Parliament defying the Elder Statesmen and women haranguing the crowds. It is a Japan experiencing the growing pains of a mere nation that is becoming a Power. The country is torn between imperialistic dreams and a crying need for peace and retrenchment. Those intimately acquainted with present conditions in Japan declare that we have no conception of how crushing is the burden of taxation upon the people, and how fierce is the struggle for economic existence. Poverty brings discontent, and the people of Tokio riot. That they should be rioting in favor of a stronger foreign policy, more soldiers, more battleships, in other words, more poverty, is not an unknown phase of crowd psychology.

Burlington Public

THE LOPSIDED INCOME TAX.

Senator Root was in a strong position to make his speech in the Senate last week, in protest against excessive discrimination in the levying of the income tax. Just where he would draw the line, he did not say; like many of Mr. Root's utterances, his speech dealt with the broad principles of the question rather than with details. And he was in a strong position to say what he did, first because he had firmly advocated the approval of the income-tax amendment by the State of New York, and secondly because he admits the propriety of a graded tax. There are objections to a Federal income tax, and there are objections to a graded income tax; but in the face of these objections, Mr. Root, like many others, is convinced that the argument in favor of these things outweighs the argument against them. He falls back, as thoughtful men in general fall back, upon the hope that the representatives of the people will exercise their powers in these matters with sobriety, and in a spirit of fairness and good will.

The bill as originally reported exempted all incomes up to $4,000. The modifications since made in this regard have not altered the character of this exemption, indeed they have rather intensified it; for the $3,000 limit applies only to men without wife or child, while a married man with two children has an exemption of $5,000. The effect of an exemption of this sort is to give to all but a small fraction of the people of the country the feeling that their only personal interest in the tax is that of getting its benefits while bearing no share in its burdens. That this is a most undesirable condition, in a democratic republic, ought to require no insistence. With the exception of those who have a hard struggle for the necessities of bare subsistence, every citizen ought to feel that in the contributions towards the maintenance of the government he bears his share, however modest, in some sort of fair proportion, along with the wealthiest. What that fair proportion ought to be, there is no scientific rule for determining, but at least it is not zero. And a like consideration applies to the question of graded rates. The signal advantage of a tax at a uniform percentage of income is that it does not open the door to exploitation that is limited by no principle, and is dependent for its reasonableness solely upon the good sense and good will of the majority. The best thought of the time undoubtedly approves the levying of taxes on those who have a great superfluity at higher rates than on those in moderate circumstances; but the process is not without grave dangers in a democracy. Combining the total exemption of all but a small fraction of the people with the levying of discriminatory rates within that fraction, we have a situation calculated to put the temper of the nation to a severe and critical test.

Now what Mr. Root's speech brings to the fore is a consideration over and above all this, a consideration peculiar to our own system of States united into a nation. Over and above the personal discrimination is the fact that the sectional distribution will be even more lopsided, and that, consequently, many of our States, as States, will be tempted to look upon the tax as solely a thing to be got, and not a thing to be paid. And, since it happens that, through the equal representation of all the States in the Senate, those States which will do nearly all the paying are grossly under-represented in the upper branch of the national Legislature, it is plain that all the danger inherent in a system of high exemption and graded rates is most seriously aggravated under our system of government.

It is plain enough, therefore, that Mr. Root's appeal to what may be called the national conscience of the Senators who represent the more thinly settled and less wealthy States is fully needed. The idea of many of them is evidently that the inequality with which the tax will bear on the various States is not only no objection to it, but a positive recommendation. In point of fact, such inequality, in so far as it fairly corresponds to the ability of the various States to pay, cannot justly be urged as an objection; but there is a point to which the one-sidedness of a scheme of this kind can be carried which offends not only the instinct of equity, but the instinct of sound politics. An object lesson in the exploitation of the wealthy States, light-heartedly given at the very inception of the income-tax régime, and given with many indications of special pleasure in the performance, is calculated to stimulate a spirit which it is not pleasant to see introduced into our national legislation. The Constitutional prohibition of direct taxes except on the basis of apportionment by population was designed as a defence against the possible manifestation of such a spirit. That defence, so far as income taxes are concerned, has been removed; and it will not be a gratifying spectacle to find in the first fruits of that removal an emphatic argument for those who believed in the need of the Constitutional protection.

PATIENT WITH MEXICO.

In quarters where President Wilson's Mexican policy has been regarded with disfavor from the beginning, the attempt is now made to stigmatize that policy as one of failure and humiliation From Vera Cruz we have had dispatches recounting the indignities to which those Americans have been subjected who have made up their minds to comply with the Administration's advice to leave the country. American residents in Mexico City are described as growing restless under the taunts of foreigners—Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans—who say, "What, still here?" There is pungent criticism of Mr. Bryan, upon whom responsibility has presumably been laid for the "weak" features of Washington's diplomacy. On reading these dispatches we at home are expected to share with Americans in Mexico the sense of shame and resentment at a policy of abandonment and scuttle. Whatever may be the original merits of President Wilson's case, we are asked to concur in the simple proposition that no reasons of state and no moral considerations will excuse the sacrifice of this nation's prestige and dignity.

This summary is so clearly false to the sober truth of the Mexican situation, that it would scarcely deserve consideration if it were not for the fact that when argument touches upon the question of national pride some men are apt to grow insensitive both to logic and to facts. Too much stress, therefore, cannot be laid on the truth, plain to all thinking men, that if the prestige and dignity of this Government have indeed been affected, it is an injury which the Government has voluntarily and with open eyes inflicted on itself. It is not fear that has forced us into a policy which its opponents are at liberty to characterize as cowardly, but a

rigorous limitation which we have imposed upon ourselves. With regard to Mexico our Government has been acting under a self-denying ordinance. President Taft began the policy of forbearance, and President Wilson has continued it. We have been on guard not so much against Mexico as against ourselves. We have risked a possible temporary impairment of our national prestige out of consideration for that true national honor and dignity which demands that this great nation shall be faithful to its own permanent democratic traditions, to its own fair name, and to the dictates of international justice and peace.

Critics of President Wilson's policy may cry scuttle if they will. But they must forbear from sneering at the same time, as they have been doing, at the idea of a foreign policy based on purely ethical considerations. They have been arguing that it is no concern of ours by what reprehensible means Huerta has made himself the ruler of Mexico. This Government is not called upon to play the rôle of international censor of morals. Possibly we are not. But it is plain that the Administration at Washington cannot be accused at the same time of being cowardly and of being unduly sensitive to ethical considerations. The second accusation kills the first. It may be an unwise policy, but it is not a cowardly policy. Don Quixote was hardly a poltroon. A powerful nation confronted by a nation much weaker than itself can afford to be accused of a policy of scuttle. What it cannot afford is to be accused of playing the bully. How long is it since the outside world was grumbling at our Big Stick diplomacy and our shirt-sleeve diplomacy with regard to Latin America? It is possible to imagine an American citizen in Mexico feeling vexed under the taunts of his European fellow-residents. It is not so easy to imagine him feeling ashamed.

Once for all, then, it is well to put aside all discussion of President Wilson's tactics from the point of view that Mr. Hearst likes to assume. We are making temporary sacrifices in Mexico; but we are doing it out of consideration for our own best interests in the final result and the best interests of the Mexican people. Whether our efforts have been tending in that direction is the real question to be answered. It is the belief of the Administration that its work has not failed, and public opinion in this country is predominantly with the Administration in this belief. It is all very well to argue that the first result of the Lind mission has been to strengthen Huerta's position in the country. We still await evidence on this point. As a result of our intervention Huerta may be a little more liked by the kind of people who liked Huerta before. The Constitutionalists have not rallied to him; and they are all the less likely to submit because of the assurance that armed intervention by this country is not forthcoming. It is the opponents of Mr. Wilson's "weak-kneed" policy who would have united Mexico against us by this time.

THIRTY YEARS OF AN EMPIRE.

Thirty years ago there was driven the last spike of the Northern Pacific Railroad, a simple rusty iron nail, which had also been the first used. With that act there was thrown open to rapid settlement the great Northwestern Empire of this country, for the Northern Pacific was the first rail connection between Oregon, Washington, Montana, and the East. The ceremony took place in the open country in western Montana, and the presence, among hundreds of distinguished visitors from abroad and the United States, of a number of Indian chiefs was particularly significant. The day before, the excursionists had passed a Sioux encampment of more than 2,000 persons, among them many warriors who were present seven years before when Custer was killed and his battalion of cavalry exterminated on the Little Big Horn. Almost up to the last year of construction the advance workers on the Northern Pacific had to be protected by United States troops; but after the opening of this railway there was only one more serious Indian outbreak in the Northwest. The driving of the last spike momentously affected seven great States and Territories, but none so much as the original owners of the land, for it marked the beginning of the end of the old frontier, as it marked the disappearance of the transcontinental mail-coach.

The speeches at the opening of the railway, and at the great celebrations held all along the line from St. Paul to Portland, were not lacking in glowing visions of the future. Here was a stretch of three thousand miles suddenly brought into touch with the outside world. Its broad acres contained untold mineral wealth, and its prairie crops were to feed the entire globe. One had only to scratch the surface to reap the golden harvest, and as for its water powers and forests, why, in them alone were wealth and happiness for millions of the unborn. The gigantic task just completed of running a railway across a little-charted Continent, through hundreds of miles of prairie, desert, "bad lands," and almost primeval forest, stirred men not a little, but it was the future that thrilled them more. Lust for the conquest of nature was strong upon them, and their great victory against seemingly insuperable natural obstacles, which they were celebrating September 3, 1883, was merely to be the prelude to vastly greater conquests. Not Pizarro nor Balboa, nor Lewis and Clarke themselves at the climax of their adventures, were more elated by the new worlds they discovered than were the men of the Northwest when the Northern Pacific's iron rails bound them to the East and gave them access to the markets of England and Europe.

As we look back now it is easy to see that these visions and prophetic forecasts were warranted enough at the time. But the first few years brought only disappointments. The expectations of immediate prosperity were utterly dispelled by the world-wide depression of 1883-1886, which checked the looked-for immigration. Thus, the railway, which had earned $12,603,575 gross in 1884, was earning $900,000 less in 1886, with 250 additional miles of track. The farm products of Montana increased in value by only four million dollars between 1880 and 1890, and in Minnesota the increase was only 22 millions in that decade, as contrasted with no less than 90 millions of dollars in the next. But the time came when the expected prosperity did not come about. The three Northern Pacific Territories, Dakota, Montana, and Washington, were admitted as States in 1889, and their total population of 250,000 in 1880 had become in 1910 2,095,000, while Minnesota grew in the same period from 780,773 souls to 2,075,708. The Northern Pacific itself earned $72,676,138 in 1912 on a mileage of 6,313, and its net prof-

its were $24,312,632. Who shall say what the next thirty years will bring forth in the same section of the United States?

But these material changes are not the only ones that have taken place. Even the disappearance of the buffalo and other big game, the passing of the redskins and the many little army posts whose soldiers kept them in bounds or pursued them when the rapacity of the whites drove them to the warpath—in short, the almost complete transformation of that West which Theodore Roosevelt, the ranchman, described in the eighties is no more striking than the absolute change in the attitude of this Western empire towards the railways themselves. In 1883 the railway builder was the greatest benefactor in the community; to-day he is forgotten, and his successors are too often regarded merely as enemies of society, to be controlled, taxed, and regulated within an inch of their lives. In place of being the greatest asset of the States along its lines, the railway is made an object of suspicion and of hatred—the oppressor of communities, instead of the advance agent of prosperity. In 1870 the States and the Federal Government were ready to make any sacrifice to obtain a Pacific railway. It could have all the land it wanted. Was there not abundance? To-day it is the habit to refer to the land grant of such a line as the Northern Pacific as a "theft of the people's property," without stopping to ask if without it such a road could have maintained itself in its early days, or if its originators, like Jay Cooke, could have been induced to undertake what seemed the impossible task of penetrating the wilderness. With the passing of the pioneer has thus gone a clear understanding of the pioneer's problems.

That this great change in the relations of the railway corporation to the community it serves is in part due to the mistakes or actual wrongdoing of railway managers no one can deny. All the more is it a pity that out of that old feeling of enthusiastic acclaim which marked the running of the first train from St. Paul to Portland there has come the present state of tension and mutual misunderstanding. That was one thing which the orators at the opening of the Northern Pacific did not see in their justified visions of the coming grandeur of their Northwestern empire—just as they did not know that the finding of gold in Alaska would enormously hasten the development of such cities as Tacoma and Seattle. The greater part that was proposed then divine Providence has disposed as they wished. Towns, cities, commonwealths flourish to greatness, as their agricultural lands blossom into riches, and their mines and forests yield up their treasure. It is the human element itself which has proved incalculable.

CHANGING JOURNALISM.

From the point of view of the reading public, the newer journalism is preferable to the old. There has, on the whole, been a general improvement in the daily press in the last twenty years—an all-round speeding up. Newspapers of all classes are better written, more readable, more entertaining, and more attractive than ever they were, and are quite as well informed. Even the greatest of them all, the *Times*, has been touched with the spirit of modern enterprise at every point, and never reached a higher level of journalistic excellence.

These are the words of Mr. Robert Donald, the president of the British Institute of Journalists, in his recent address at the annual conference of that organization. Himself managing editor of the *Daily Chronicle*, he speaks with the intimate knowledge of the working journalist, and sketches with vivid pen the many startling changes in the British press. But if he records what he chiefly and sanguinely regards as progress, he also admits the growth of far-reaching changes of a less desirable kind, akin to those that have taken place in journalism on this side of the water. He does not, for instance, deny that commercialization has gone on apace. The "proprietorial system" has almost disappeared, the corporation having taken the place of the individual owner, to the extent that nine-tenths of the leading daily newspapers "belong to limited companies"; twelve such, listed on the Stock Exchange, figure in its daily quotations. Naturally, he finds that under this corporate ownership "the main concern of shareholders, who are investors and not journalists, is their dividends, and dividends must be earned even if principle has to suffer in the process."

Side by side with this development has come a distinct check to the increase of the number of newspapers in England. That increase has been only 6 per cent. in the morning and evening field for the past twenty years, in which the population has grown 24 per cent., and the reading public at an even faster rate. The explanation of this is not far to seek. It costs large sums nowadays to found newspapers, and the aggressive reaching out into the provinces of the London dailies makes the lot of the small-town newspaper less and less secure and inviting. This competition is accentuated by the simultaneous publication of several newspapers in two centres. If this has stimulated the provincial press to greater efforts, it has damaged the advertising of the press as a whole, the advertiser feeling that the newspapers of great metropolitan and provincial circulation fill all his needs. The more or less sensational methods of the successful London half-penny papers "make it impossible," Mr. Donald declares, "for papers run on old-fashioned lines to survive." He is sure that the immediate future will see this fierce competition intensified, and more and more of the old-fashioned kind of journals go to the wall. It is the day of the newspaper with tremendous means for special trains, motor-car delivery services, publicity campaigns, and endless billboard and poster advertising, and Mr. Donald prophesies that twenty years hence an English newspaper which has not at least a half-million readers "will not be seriously considered as an organ of the people."

The political and social power of these journalistic Dreadnoughts will not be any less, Mr. Donald feels; and then, to console the small journalist who may see himself finally put out of business by the coming use of the aeroplane, airship, "motorplanes running on special tracks," the merging of morning and evening newspapers, with hourly editions by day or by night, which our authority foresees, he adds that there will be a revival of the purely local country newspapers, "much improved in form and style." But all newspapers, it appears, will have to fear not so much competition from one another as from new methods of delivering news by cinematograph, telephone, or phonograph. This is indubitably looking a little far into the future. But what we do not get from Mr. Donald is some assurance that under the wonderful new conditions the character of newspapers will continue as high and their sense of respectability to the

public as keen. That is the question which deeply concerns everybody.

We wish the omen were more favorable on this side of the water, or at least clearer. Our worst specimens of the yellow type combine all the bad features of unscrupulous, irresponsible proprietorship and of corporation management. The only thing certain is that the day of the old-fashioned type of newspaper is rendered more difficult by the journal which is the counterpart of the British halfpenny shrieker. There is striking proof of this in a remarkable editorial article that has just appeared in the Chicago *Inter Ocean*, which that veteran journalist, Mr. H. H. Kohlsaat, purchased about a year ago. He declares that "from being the purveyors of news and opinions in due perspective for the public, the daily and periodical press have become very largely the muckrakers of the universe, the distorters of facts, and the debauchers of thought for the masses, in whom eventually abides the fate of the republic." In his crusade to combat this he has been producing in the *Inter Ocean* a newspaper according to the ideals of St. Paul in his epistle to the Philippians. He has made gratifying progress, but here is the warning which is the real keynote of the editorial:

> So long as its present editor retains control of the *Inter Ocean* it will continue faithful to Chicago, true to the higher traditions of journalism, alert and fair in printing the decent news of each day, sane and fearless in discussing the questions of the hour as they arise. But if the business men of Chicago, who have more at stake than the *Inter Ocean*, fail to accord it steady and generous support, the temptation to stand from under may prove irresistible. And then journalism of the "itching palm and wanton eyes" will have its way.

It is the problem of every sane journalist which Mr. Kohlsaat confronts, but it is still more the problem of the intelligent public. Over decent and indecent journalism alike the public has the power of life and death. The question is simply how far it will utilize this power—whether it will guide towards good ends the rapidly changing currents of journalistic activity, or let them be directed solely by the will-o'-the-wisp of individual or corporation gain.

FASHIONS IN SMILES.

This is the heyday of the twisted smile. Unless you can smile crookedly, you are lost. Time was when a "bitter" smile might finely "wreathe your lips," and all be well. There were also the "cynical," "quiet," "gentle," "excited," "faint," "grim," and "ghastly" varieties, formerly regarded as effective. But the latest note from Paris is the "crooked," or "wry," smile. Except your heroine wear it, she might as well wear nothing.

Illustrators, it must be admitted, are still afraid of the new fashion. A virgin field, indeed, awaits the bold artist who will attempt its portrayal. But it must come. The very best literary modistes have adopted the "crooked" smile, to the exclusion of all others.

It is, to begin with, the hall-mark of a perfect lady. Since the days of Van Bibber and The Girl, we have had no more ladylike characters than those of Julian Street. So, when we read in *McClure's* for August, "Then with a rather crooked little smile, Mrs. Railey asked," we sigh with satisfaction, just as when we inspect pictures of Newport ladies. That's what they're wearing this season, "a rather crooked little smile."

The "crooked smile" is effective in many modes. It may be touched up with irony, paradox, or fatalism. Suffrage leaders are wearing it this season, when dismissing their forlorn suitors. Thus the militant discarded the man in Miss Alice Brown's story, in the August *Atlantic:* "She smiled, a little wry, old smile." What could a mere Man do against a "wry smile"? Especially when the "wry" was a "little old"?

All the men are mad over the new style. Ever since sentimental Tommy noticed Grizel's crooked smile, the male idiots have been daft over it. Mrs. Gerould sets us right about this, in the September *Harper's:* "She smiled her sweet, crooked smile, that came out so well in life, and so badly in photographs." And again: "She smiled for the first time as she said it—her crooked smile, that we had all so liked from the beginning."

The girls like it equally well. Samuel Hopkins Adams's hero, in the August *Everybody's,* knew this: "The firm mouth smiled a little awry and unfailingly won her response."

The "crooked smile" is also cynical, and they're all wearing cynicism now. It's the new color. Thus Mr. E. W. Hornung, in the same copy of *Everybody's:* "'A new religion, in which you'll never believe any more,' said Dollar, with a wry smile."

One can use the crooked smile for emphasis, too; for the faint flavor of suggestion so necessary now. Thus, to quote Mrs. Gerould again: "'Sidney, you see'—her crooked smile accentuated the words—'will let me off, on one condition.'"

Some of the modes are, of course, extreme, and hard to imitate. Authors themselves are often not quite sure it *is* a smile. This makes it all the more *distingué*. "Some spasm of expression, that was intended for a smile."

Mr. Hugh Johnson in the September *Century* is responsible for the above mode. Corra Harris, in the August *Harper's,* is equally striking: "A slow, crawling worm of wit, showing slyly in his eyes."

The "crooked smile," however, is undoubtedly most effective when trimmed with introspection and a little spice of morbidity. This style is adapted from the Russian ballet, which, *McClure's* tells us, is the one great dramatic influence of our time. It is interesting to trace its influence on the smile of heroines. Fannie Stearns Davis, in the June *Atlantic,* has best achieved the mode; and, not to weary you, her words shall close our illustrations: "In her heart she would whisper, even while the swift, crooked smile danced across her lips, 'O God, make me remember!'"

These snapshots, taken from the very latest cry in story-forms, prove the popularity of the "wry," or "crooked," style of wearing one's lips. One may see everywhere heroines at practice under the dictate of Fashion, and yet, one may ask, why the "crooked" smile? Are our modern heroines too fond of bitter and forbidden fruit? Is it the Cult of the Ugly that has set this form? Or is the microbe of crookedness in the air, affecting politics, railway signals, and smiles?

PROFESSOR KITTREDGE AND THE TEACHING OF ENGLISH.

The distinguished scholar whose scientific curiosity burns its way through no man knows what thorny tangles of contemporary research, and who, according to common report, in his heroic vigils nightly outwatches the Bear, very possibly sat down some summer evening to the congratulatory volume marking his twenty-fifth anniversary at Harvard,* and between curfew and cockcrow digested it all, formulated his opinion on the point of each of the forty-five contributions, and slept the sleep of the just. We others, who are but "men of mould," may well content ourselves on this occasion with merely a cursory glance at the stones of this monument of honor and pass on to a consideration of its general significance. Briefly, then, let it be said that in bulk and quality it is comparable with perhaps three or four numbers of the Publications of the Modern Language Association, and that the individual articles, though for the most part of no concern to the non-professional reader, will be perused with interest by those who have reached divergent conclusions upon such points as the date of Hegetor, swan-maidens, Celtic cauldrons of plenty, the priority of the A or B versions of the prologue to the "Legend of Good Women," mediæval lives of Judas Iscariot, Vegetius in English, or Caiaphas as a Palm Sunday prophet. Let it be added that the forty-five contributors are but chosen representatives from Professor Kittredge's great following, that perhaps scores of others are chagrined that their names

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do not appear in the table of contents, that uncounted young Doctors of Philosophy would gladly have come bringing similar gifts with them, who, should they fall in their spring, would be pleased with the simple Grevillian epitaph—"He was a pupil of Kittredge's." Let it be noted, finally, that the entire cost of issuing the volume has been handsomely contributed by the publishers, and that the proceeds of the sale are to constitute a special book fund for the Harvard Library, to be expended under the direction of the Master.

Had it been only what some famous wit has called "a mere damned professor" lapsing quietly into the retiring age, had it been any but he, one would have been inclined to murmur, *sunt hic etiam sua præmia laudi*—a tolerably adequate testimonial, as academic distinctions go, to a quarter of a century spent in the self-effacing life of a scholar. But Professor Kittredge's has not been precisely a self-effacing life, he is not so far as we know about to retire, and we cannot imagine him "quietly lapsing" into anything. He has written learned books and articles on subjects ranging from "Arthur and Gorlagon" to "The Old Farmer and his Almanack," but one wonders whether his reputation would have been perceptibly less to-day if he had not written a line. He has not dulled his palm by the entertainment of newspaper reporters, nor popularized his science for the magazines, nor been a delegate to a national political convention, nor even, we believe, been presented to the Kaiser. He has kept his name austerely within professional circles. Yet he has had his way in his profession. If a ballot were taken, among those qualified to vote, on the most eminent and influential professor of English in America, who would head the list if it were not he? He has exercised, indeed, a kind of overlordship upon English instruction in this country. But whether by virtue of his official position, or his erudition, or the merit of his ideas, or by his organizing power and the singularly dynamic force of his personality, the big congratulatory volume does not indicate—is as inarticulate as a cairn on a battlefield. The occasion demands a tablet and an inscription, and perhaps the unveiling of a portrait.

I.

First of all, let us declare that Professor Kittredge belongs to that generation of great college teachers which well-informed observers tell us is rapidly giving place to a later undergrowth of special investigators. There are, to be sure, a few small colleges left in the land, which, without much regard for "productive scholarship," still bestow their pudding and praise upon the man who can master his classroom, stab the laggards broad awake, and by the venerable inquisitorial methods discover and develop the young men of parts. But generally nowadays the word is passed round among the rising generation of instructors that the way to get on in the academic walk is not to waste time on one's pupils, but to publish—it matters not what. Whatever indirect responsibility Professor Kittredge may share in the propagation of this notion, it is undeniable that his own example has not sanctioned it. When the "efficiency" experts began last spring their abortive inquiries into the time spent by members of the instructional staff in preparation for each lecture, Professor Kittredge said, as it is reported, "I shall refuse to answer; it is my trade secret." A thoroughly characteristic *mot*, and it helped reveal the Philistine futility of the investigation. The special flavor of it lay in one's certainty that the *questionnaire* would, as a matter of fact, be dropped by him summarily and with perfect impunity into the waste-basket, and in the universal recognition that as a teacher, pure and simple, Professor Kittredge is, as they say in Cambridge, "one of the glories of the University." We are thinking now particularly of that famous course in Shakespeare which for many years has been one of the good reasons for going to Harvard.

There is a persistent tradition that Professor Kittredge formed what we may call his undergraduate manner in his preliminary pedagogic experiments long ago at the Phillips Exeter Academy. It is a manner primarily adapted to young, resistant, "tough-minded" persons, and it is perhaps not unconsciously reminiscent of Dr. Boyer of immortal memory and of that older schoolmaster at whose hands John Dryden received, as he gratefully testified, the only thrashing that he ever deserved. Exponents of the new style of teaching salute their assembled pupils in the French fashion with a courteous "Gentlemen," deliver an essay spiced with epigrams, or twitter extemporaneously through the hour, bow, and disappear. Or—of another type—enter the lecture room, weary, dreary from their private lucubrations, explain that they are but fellow-workers with their pupils in the same vineyard, pull out a sheaf of ill-digested notes, and drone away till the welcome bell. The new style is based not merely on the assumption that the student is "interested in his own intellectual welfare," but also on the far wider assumption that he is interested in his teacher's intricate "special problem." In dealing with undergraduates, Professor Kittredge is an educational realist. He assumes nothing but the general ignorance, indolence, and inattentiveness of undisciplined youth. He sees congregated before him, in that curious mixture fostered by the Harvard system, boys of eighteen and men with hair as white as his own, hard students and loafers from the "Gold Coast," keen-eyed freshmen from the Cambridge and Boston Latin Schools and untrained bachelors from the soft Southern colleges, stiff-necked elderly schoolmasters who wish to "brush up a bit," and opinionated, unlicked cub professors on leave from the exuberant West. He does not cast a farewell glance about the room and dive into a manuscript. He envisages the situation. Before instruction proper can begin this unequal conglomeration of alertness and dulness, humility and conceit, must be subjugated, must be terrorized, must be welded by common apprehension into one homogeneous whole.

Perhaps the technique of terror is a "trade secret," too, but it is also a rich legend recited by every group of men that have studied English at Harvard. After the lapse of a good many years we can call up with perfect distinctness some of the Black Fridays when there was great slaughter of the Innocents. A pretty abrupt hush follows his rapid footsteps up the aisle, deepens as he seats himself sidewise and menaces us thunderously from behind the formidable blue glasses, becomes painfully intense as he rises to stride to and fro the length of the platform in a kind of tiger-tread, and the blackboard pointer, overstrained by his nervous fingers, breaks with an electrifying snap. We are about to enjoy a bad quarter of an hour. "Mr. A! How does a play begin?" "With dialogue," hazards Mr. A. "Mr. B! How does a play begin?" "With the introduction of the characters," stammers Mr. B anxiously. "Mr. C! How does a play begin?" Mr. C, who is from the Gold Coast, quietly mumbles, "I don't know." The hunt is afoot. The next dozen men go down amid derisive snickers—no one dares to laugh aloud—like clay pipes before a crack marksman. Panic spreads. Half of us refuse to answer to our names. The other half, in desperate agitation between an attempt to conjure up any sort of reply and a passionate desire to sink through the floor, shudderingly wait for the next victim, till the pursuer, at last weary of the sport, cries out, "A play begins *in mediis rebus!*" Then we turn to the text. "'We would not die in that man's company that fears his fellowship to die with us.' Mr. X! Explain 'that fears his fellowship to die with us.'" Mr. X proffers something very elaborato and very confused. "Somebody explain that explanation!"—this with the true Johnsonian shout. "Mr. Y!" Mr. Y moistens his lips, starts, hems, hesitates, fumbles for words. "Come! Come! Mr. Y. Time flies! Hell threats! Heaven invites!" Mr. Y shuns salvation and hangs silent in Limbo. Mr. Z ventures on a surly pleasantry and is greeted with an invi-

tation to "come over and swap jests with me at 2:30 this afternoon." We all envy Mr. Z as we should envy a man invited to take supper in a lion's den. Like many other of the great experiences of life, it was a rigorous ordeal while one was undergoing it, but it was pleasant to look back upon years afterwards, and, like Purgatory, it was very salutary.

The instruction proper had, also, as we recall it, a powerful purgatorial quality. What has subsequently seemed to us to be Professor Kittredge's guiding spirit is happily embodied in one of the "golden sayings," to use his own phrase, of Josh Billings: "It ain't the things we don't know that makes such fools of us, but a whole lot of things that we know that ain't *so*." This, despite the vernacular dress, is the spirit of science, and for at least once in a lifetime it was an entirely wholesome spirit to encounter amid the bogs and fens of Shakespearean "interpretation." "War to the death," was the cry in that course, "on gushing Mrs. Jamesons, moralizing clergymen, and fantastic Teutonic metaphysicians." "There are many ways of studying Shakespeare," he told us, "but the object of this course is to ascertain what Shakespeare said and what he meant when he said it." The session ordinarily began with five or ten minutes during which we called out questions on difficult points in the previous day's reading. These he answered instantly, always without consulting the book, and succinctly or copiously as the case required. For the next ten or fifteen minutes he subjected us in our turn to a grilling examination on whatever we had prepared for the day. For the rest of the hour he commented with racy phrase and startling illustration, and left the room at the last minute, talking all the way down the aisle and half way down the stairs.

II.

For graduate students there was another manner. Jupiter Tonans gave way to benignant Jove, a being of equal or greater fascination, but with his terrors laid by, alert, omniscient as it seemed, a hawk-eyed critic still, but of princely amenity, tireless helpfulness, and the cordialest interest in one's personal destiny. This is the Kittredge of the disciples—the candidates for the doctorate—who hand down his *obiter dicta* from year to year, and speak of his chance commendation of some former pupil or pupil's work, as one speaks of the conferring of an Order of Merit.

There was nothing lethargic in the atmosphere of those meetings. When the analysis and destruction of a great piece of German interpretation was completed one felt such a glow of satisfaction as must have thrilled the blood of a red-handed Saxon churl when he had assisted good King Alfred in flaying off a Dane skin and nailing it up on a church door. Nor, under that leadership, did one's interest flag when occasion failed for noble rage and cannibalistic enterprise. Fired by that unrelenting ardor, one fixed one's attention with as intense a concern upon a disputed comma in a Canterbury tale as one could have felt for the most momentous crisis in the affairs of a nation. One could sit for week after week copying down under that dynamic dictation an endless ballad bibliography that one never used, nor ever hoped to use, and yet maintain through it all the spellbound gravity of one hearkening to a seraphic discussion of fate and foreknowledge absolute.

Best of all were the ever-memorable individual conferences, when the candidate, now going heavily with his dissertation, visited the arbiter of his fate by special appointment at some hour not far from midnight, and came upon him, in the midst of his study, seated at the centre of a great half-moon of tomes and treatises, and enveloped and clouded, like a god, in infinite smoke. You began the interview with a half-hour of wizardry, during which, while you helped thicken the smoke, he told you of the smoking customs of barbarians or poured out odd stories of witchcraft and alchemy in New England. Then you explained your difficultics and he cleared them up, or you told him what you were hunting for, and he pulled out of some recess or other a box full of references bearing exactly upon the point, and filed away months or years before, when he was working upon the same topic. You returned to your labors with a persuasion that there was no topic which had not, on one occasion or another, engaged his attention. You returned with a feeling, also, that your academic fortune was insured. For it may be said of Professor Kittredge, as it was said of the old Germanic chiefs, who never forgot their friends nor forgave their enemies, he has been a good "Ring-Giver."

III.

We have spoken with some fulness of the more personal side of Professor Kittredge's teaching, because it is only by dwelling upon his dæmonic energy, his relentlessly positive temper, and his passion for domination that we can make wholly credible, even to ourselves, the nature and extent of the influence that he has exercised upon the teaching and the study of English at Harvard and throughout the country. For it must be frankly admitted that he has wielded his authority against a good deal of bitter opposition, and that many who have been constrained to submit to it have been rather subjugated than pacified.

There is a current story that a certain student, hankering vaguely in his uncorrected youth for the divine elation and finding himself out of the way of experiencing it, admitted to Professor Kittredge that he was not interested in "mere facts." "I am interested," was the withering response, "in nothing but facts." Doubtless the word "facts" had a wider meaning in the retort than in the provocation, and perhaps the whole incident is apocryphal. It is none the less suggestive. It hints at a type of pitcher, not empty nor entirely worthless, that is not readily filled at that well. It is a curious matter that though for years we have heard witnesses testifying various indebtedness to their guide, philosopher, and friend, we do not recall that any one has acknowledged indebtedness to him for a "love of good literature." We are inclined to doubt whether he considers it any part of his function to impart to his students a love of literature. We are certain that they receive little encouragement from him to form opinions upon the æsthetic or other merits of the pieces with which they are engaged. Possibly an early abhorrence of elegant lecturers and uninformed enthusiasms has hardened with time into an unconcealed, somewhat contemptuous antipathy for "literary fellows," concerned with the ideas and emotions which constitute the spirit of letters. "What did you learn in those graduate seminars that was permanently useful to you?" the writer once inquired of a favorite pupil, who was teaching modern English literature. "To verify my references," was the reply, "and to transcribe quoted passages with punctilious accuracy." That was, of course, a jest. What the speaker meant was that he had carried away the technique and the ideal of scientific research. That, as we take it, is what Professor Kittredge has principally desired to impart to graduate students.

Now, it is impossible to make the study of literature a rigorously scientific pursuit without terribly impoverishing it. You cannot give it the standing of a science unless you deliberately choose to ignore those scientifically imponderable elements of thought and feeling which essentially and permanently distinguish the field of humane letters from the field of science. In the approach to these elements the scientific spirit is, as every one would admit, an indispensable lamp to the feet, but in dealing with them one must use a headlight filled with another oil. The moment that you touch upon them, you have passed the boundaries of the unvarnished verifiable fact. You are in the Debatable Land; you are in the moral world. Philosophy and religion lie before you, and ethics and æsthetics—which is not a science outside of Ger-

many—encompass you around. You must proceed with tradition, authority, and a seasoned judgment to guide you, yet walking mainly by the "inner light." You are shoulder to shoulder with the thrice accursed "literary fellows" in the demesne of the man of letters. You are in imminent peril of becoming a literary dilettante, and there is one chance in a thousand that you may become a great critic or literary historian.

Professor Kittredge has taken few chances at making great literary historians or critics. Hating the literary dilettante with a perfect hatred, he has probably never paused to consider whether the odds are not equally heavy against the production of a great philologist, nor whether, for the service to which he is called, the literary dilettante is not on the whole about as useful a kind of humbug or mediocrity as the linguistic dilettante. Pausing, we may suspect, to meditate neither of these important questions, he has squarely turned his back upon the Debatable Land and has led his followers by forced marches into the opposite quarter of the English field, where he has taught them the elements of textual criticism and linguistic science, interested them in the editing of unpublished manuscripts and the collection of folklore, and made them all zealous bibliographers and compilers of card indexes. In short, he has been a potent force in bringing about the present sterilizing divorce of philology from general ideas. If his school has not been very prolific in important books, it should be remembered that one of its maxims is, "Any one can write a book; the difficult thing is to write an article." This appears to be a veiled way of saying that the digestion of facts, however weighty, sinks into insignificance in comparison with the discovery of facts, however trifling.

The great field for the discovery of facts, memorable chiefly because they have been forgotten, has long been the Middle Ages, and Professor Kittredge is a mediævalist. To a mind in which the master impulse is a wide-ranging curiosity this tract of literature is endlessly fascinating, by virtue of just those qualities which, to a mind with ulterior purposes like Matthew Arnold's, for example, make it seem almost negligible—its prolixity, its formlessness, its naïve superstitions, its lack of high seriousness, its insolidity of substance.

We are not so foolish as to object that an eminent mediævalist has followed his bent. Our objection is only that he has, in no very indirect way, prevented other men from pursuing their bents. There should certainly be room and following at Harvard for a distinguished scholar in the mediæval period. But there should also be room and following for men qualified to deal in a really distinguished fashion with the vital ideas and movements of English literature since the Renaissance. We will not speak for the present year of grace—conditions vary somewhat from year to year. But within, say, the last fifteen years, there have been long intervals when, barring the drama, there was almost no instruction in English offered at Harvard that an intelligent graduate student could take seriously in the period from the sixteenth to the nineteenth century. There were popular "snap" lecture courses for miscellaneous good-natured auditors; but for the student who had got beyond that, neither guidance nor encouragement. When, in conformity with the printed invitation, the candidate for the higher degree unfolded to the Department his plans and desires for work in modern literature, a majestic figure waved him to a more removed ground. There was nothing on paper to indicate objection to his enterprise, but after a few weeks he began to perceive that the modern period was not, so to speak, in good odor with those in authority. There was the system which incorporated the leading ideas of the Chairman of the Division of Modern Languages, and which prepared one for research in the Middle Ages. The core of the course was prescribed and the rind very strongly intimated—Germanic Philology, Romance Philology, Historical Grammar, Old Norse, Anglo-Saxon Grammar, Beowulf, Lynewulf, Old Irish perhaps, Ballads and Metrical Romances, Chaucer, Shakespeare, another course in the Drama also desirable. It was notorious that in the grand ordeal of the far-dreaded final examination serious inquisition into your scholarship would, in nine cases out of ten, end with the fourteenth century.

Without drawing too closely the links between cause and effect we may say that the conditions prevailing at Harvard at the period which we have been describing have affected more or less seriously the teaching of English throughout the country. Departments in the older institutions with established and more humane traditions of their own have, of course, been less subject to the influence, and at least one great department has gained in prestige in proportion as it has reacted against it. It is in the small colleges and in the younger universities with rapidly growing faculties that the new generation of English teachers have been planted and have had their way. And it is when you see the newly-fledged philologist at work, teaching composition (an art which he has never practiced) and eighteenth-century prose (a sea which for him has never been charted), it is then that you begin to recognize that something is out of joint in the state of Denmark. It is when you have observed half a dozen aspiring instructors publishing in the learned journals first-hand comments on mediæval syntax, etymology, and beast fable, and uttering in their classrooms third and fourth-hand comments on Milton, Dryden, and Tennyson—it is then that you understand the vogue of the teachers who "vitalize" literature by the use of the magic lantern. It is when you have attended the annual advertising picnic of the "scientific investigators" and have compared the quality of the papers and discussions at a convention of the Modern Language Association with those of the historical and philosophical societies—it is then that you wonder why it is that, wherever English scholarship is taken seriously, from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico and from the James River to the Golden Gate, all America mediævalizes. It is when you have lived for some years in an English department, and have watched your colleagues settling into the rôle of routine teachers, losing their zest for discovery or taking it as a recreation like golf, abandoning the hunt for subjects and letting the dust gather on their card catalogues—it is then that you feel what Professor Grandgent, in his Anniversary contribution, has described as "the necessity of self-deception regarding the futility of human endeavor." You feel in this "fellowship of scholars" an almost tragical lack of common interests and ideas. You feel as one wandering in an intellectual Sahara in a silence unbroken save by an investigating sparrow chirping from time to time over a kernel of musty wheat in the shroud of Ptolemy the Great.

THE FRENCH UNIVERSITY CONFLICT.

(Formation versus Information.)

PARIS, August 27.

For two years and more, a campaign has been waging against the University of France in its spirit and its official teaching, and in its pretension to form the mind and will of the French people. The foreigner who wishes to understand independently even the state of the question has to confront a literature comparable to that of some historical epoch. It is only in the light of a first fact of the collective life of France that any understanding at all of the case can be reached. This fact is that, in France, the University is in politics; and that politics is religion, just as religion too often—and anti-religion always—is politics.

The offensive in the campaign has been taken by Young France. The defence, it must be said, has all the marks of a generation already passing. After much rumbling discontent, the note of defiance to University authority was raised in the publication of "L'Esprit de la Nouvelle Sorbonne"

(Mercure de France), signed "Agathon." It was the joint work of two sons of the University, Alfred de Tarde and Henri Massis. They have continued their campaign by publishing in the present year "Les Jeunes Gens d'aujourd'hui" (Plon). Among the more decisive books which have come to emphasize their attack or give it another direction are "La Doctrine officielle de l'Université" (Mercure de France), by an avowed philosopher of Reaction, Pierre Lasserre; and "Aux Ecoutes de la France qui vient" (Grasset), by Gaston Rion, who prophesies of the coming generation and looks to the Geneva of Calvin for guidance, but has Emile Faguet, of the Academy, to introduce him. A "symposium" investigating the literary youth of France—"A quoi rêvent les Jeunes Gens" (Champion), by Emile Henriot—adds a number of representative personal letters.

For it is the formation of French youth which is at stake. These combatants, who are newly men, come forth to fight that the national genius may still be trained to aspiration and to action by the traditional Humanities, and not be immolated to materialism and the ideals of internationalism by new science.

The "new Sorbonne" which is the occasion of the campaign dates formally from the revolutionary University programmes of 1902, in which the classics were cast into the sea of elective wreckage, while modern and historical methods—the latter, it is charged, "made in Germany"—take their place. In reality, it is said, this plan of studies continues the policy of the Jacobins of the Revolution, of the *idéologues* suppressed by Napoleon, and of late *intellectuels* of Socialism and internationalism. A people like the French naturally react strongly against such a transformation imposed on them by politics. For it must be remembered that the various French universities all merge in the one State University of France, which conveys official teaching of every grade to the French people and is as much a government service as the civil administration, the machinery of justice, or army and navy.

The campaign against the University reform of 1902 was not begun in the cause of religion, although religious exasperation has gone so far as to accuse the University authorities of suppressing Latin in order to discourage vocations to the priesthood, which requires a knowledge of Latin. The League for French Culture has in its Committee of Honor thirty-three of the forty Immortals of the French Academy; twenty of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres; thirty-one of the Academy of Sciences; twenty-six of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, and twenty-six of the Academy of Fine Arts. The manifesto to which they have given their names speaks for them:

> On every side there is verified the weakening of general culture, with forgetfulness of our qualities of clearness and logic. There is talk of a *crisis of French*. This uneasiness coincides with the abandonment of classical studies, the discredit of Latin and Greek, and the abuse of specialization which a series of reforms has introduced in the higher as well as the secondary teaching. Above all, the reform of 1902, which was carried through with a utilitarian aim, has broken the unity and integrity of our system of studies.
>
> Experience has condemned these new tendencies. It is not men of letters and *dilettanti* who have proved the insufficiency of modern teaching; it is men of science, physicians, engineers, manufacturers.
>
> The League for French Culture has for its purpose to group together all who believe in the superiority of classical education.
>
> Defence of the Humanities—that is, not only of Latin and Greek studies, but of general and disinterested cultivation of the mind—such is the precise meaning of its action.

Henri Poincaré led the campaign of this League for Culture with an explanation of the necessity of training in the Humanities for the study of the sciences:

> There might be a serious objection to classical studies. If it is to be desired that nine out of ten Frenchmen become good merchants and business men, is it not dangerous to disgust them beforehand with that which is to fill their lives? No doubt, it would not be impossible to refute such an objection; but that is no business of mine. . . . I seek what must be done to form men of science. And here all is clear. The man of science ought not to tarry in the realization of practical aims; these, no doubt, he will obtain, but he must obtain them over and above. . . . Science has wonderful applications; but the science which would have in view only the applications would no longer be science—it would be only the kitchen. There is no science but disinterested science. . . . The spirit which should animate the man of science is that which breathed of old on Greece and brought there to birth poets and thinkers. There remains in our classical teaching I know not what of the old Greek soul; I know not what that makes us look ever upward. And that is more precious for the making of a man of science than the reading of many volumes of geometry.

Pierre Lasserre, who fights for other causes than French culture, defines the "accusation":

> It is said that philosophy, history, and letters no longer exist, are cultivated only by name in the new Sorbonne. That which takes their place and figures in their stead is reduced to a purely material labor of bibliography, classifying, numbering, and ticketing, of documentation and erudition blind and without thought. . . . [In the secondary education] it sacrifices that which is the object itself, the reason for existing, of the *lycée* or college—that is, the general formation of the mind, the formation of the man—to the fallacious utilitarianism of premature specialization. . . . With the pretext of bringing *school* and *life* as near together as possible, it asks the school to furnish data and lessons and influence and maturity which only life itself, with its experience and practice and business undertakings, can make alive—and which will live then only in minds and hearts that are prepared. Now, it is this preparation which is compromised.

Here we are on ground familiar to Americans who remember the opening of Cornell University and the early reforms of President Eliot of Harvard. It is rather the extremity of French University controversies that perplexes us. Professor Lanson, of the Sorbonne, answers back:

> Classical culture was general culture—a formal, brilliant, superficial education, a training to speak of everything without knowing anything exactly. Teaching was mainly oratorical and formal. It was a question of drilling minds to the rhetoric of the salon and the tribune; . . . to give the mind a pretty form.

While he does not judge the "formation of mind" so bitterly, Professor Lavisse does sum up the traditional classical education as aiming at the formation of the man *comme il faut*. He asserts that Colbert and great Frenchmen like him came from colleges where they learned nothing but Latin. The assertion is not in accord with what we know of the routine work of such colleges, and still less with the immediate mastery of life shown by Colbert and other students issuing from them. Englishmen fondly repeat that India was conquered to their country on the benches of Eton, where, besides Latin, there was little taught but Greek. Or was it on the Eton cricket field? One of these new Frenchmen, writing to "Agathon" on the revolution which is turning French youth from their University, has hit on this:

> My first criticism is that you seem to me not to attribute to athletic sport the part it really plays. I believe this part essential. It is not because the young men of to-day are *anti-intellectualiste* that they give themselves up to sports. On the contrary, in my opinion, it is because they go in for sport that they are *anti-intellectualiste*. . . . By accepting the value of sport, they have come forth from that nihilism which, you say, was peculiar to the preceding generation.

It must not be thought that we are here running up a side alley in this labyrinth of University disputes and revolutions of Young France. Automobiles and Latin, Catholic renaissance and minds formed to the higher mathematics, all turn and wind in this maze where theory is at conflict with life. For, from the whole controversy, there is one thing certain—the ultra-modern reforms of the University of France have excited not only the opposition of the older masters of French learning

and science. They are diametrically opposed to the evolution of that part of Young France which seems likely to count most for the future.

Whether this wave of reaction will be sufficient to bring back classical education is another question. And whether, as Henri Poincaré, with others like him, thought, French science is to suffer from the loss of the Humanities, is yet another. A foreign observer, in an ingenious anecdote, puts the case as it is here and now—for the benefit of "Agathon":

> A notable American, who prided himself on sociology, came lately to study France. He asked to be shown the tomb of Napoleon, the Moulin Rouge, and a French peasant. . . . Most foreigners would have asked to see the Sorbonne, for the France they love and admire, though with a shadow of disdain, is rationalist, humanitarian, and decadent France—that which the young generation repudiates so violently. What is outside of that France generally escapes their notice.

S. D.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

No translation of Boswell's "Life of Johnson" was known to Birkbeck Hill, most inquisitive of Johnsonians. Lord Rosebery in his address at the Lichfield commemoration in 1909 said that he had heard only of an abstract in Russian. To Hill Dr. Johnson appeared "so English that foreigners could neither understand him nor relish his Life." Even a less enthusiastic reader might vary the application of certain words of Dr. Johnson's to express the opinion that a translation "would be impossible if it were endeavored, and would be foolish if it were possible." And, indeed, the French, the Italians, the Spaniards, and the Danes seem, so far as my inquiries have gone, to have been thoroughly intimidated all these 122 years. But Dr. Hill or Lord Rosebery could have discovered from such accessible sources of information as Brockhaus's or Meyer's Konversationslexikon that once upon a time there was one, bolder than the rest, who did not shrink from the high emprise of translating the great Biography. This one was a German, and a woman.

Her Boswell is a scarce little book. There is apparently no copy in the British Museum; it is not mentioned under "Boswell" in the catalogue of printed books of the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris; neither the Rothschild nor the Municipal Library at Frankfort nor the Royal Library at Munich has it; and German booksellers in a large way do not regard with confidence the prospects of procuring a copy. But one may be seen at the Royal Library in Berlin.

Its title is "Denkwürdigkeiten aus dem Leben Samuel Johnson's von James Boswell Esq." The translation was made from the second edition and was published at Königsberg in 1797 by Friedrich Nicolovius, who, by the way, must have presumed a liberal taste among the Germans for translations from the English, for he issued about the same time one of Butler's "Hudibras."

The name of the translator does not appear on the title page, nor, in full, elsewhere in the book. A dedication to some Hofrath is signed "M. L.," the designation "Uebersetzerin" under a footnote shows the sex, and a little bibliographic research soon disclosed her to have been one Dorothea Mathilde Liebeskind. More research revealed nothing further about her.

Of her version only a part was published. It is contained in a small volume of 532 pages, and extends to the letter which Johnson wrote to Boswell on March 15, 1772. The intention is expressed in a preface to conclude the last volume with a list of all the writings acknowledged by, or ascribed to, Johnson, the titles of which were, however, to be reproduced in the original language. As nothing further could be learned about the translator, it is not known why she did not finish her work. It is still true that a *complete* translation of Boswell's "Life of Johnson" does not exist in any language.

What manner of performance is this German Boswell, as far as it goes? The translator flattered herself that she had given an exact reproduction of the picture of Johnson in respect of the drawing as well as the coloring; but, while a degree of fidelity bordering on literalness will not be denied, the product is far from Boswell's "Flemish picture." To use an expression of Dr. Johnson's borrowed from another art, the tune is there, but not the tone. Boswell himself with delightful ingenuousness branded as "cold-blooded and morose mortals" those "who dislike this Book"; we should be less severe towards the Germans if their indifference discouraged the completion of this translation.

Leo Newmark.

Correspondence

THE SCHOLAR AND THE LIBRARIES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Mr. Joseph De Perott expressed in your issue of August 21 what was evidently heart-felt exasperation with our public libraries. Although I have no hope of convincing him by my reply, I should, being at present a librarian and formerly having been a college instructor, and so knowing something of his kind, like to say a few words in answer to his points of criticism.

His first grievance is that he was supplied with no list of Spanish novels of chivalry printed before 1650 when he asked for a list of such of these as were in the possession of the libraries of Boston, New York, and Washington. Either the libraries possessed none of the novels, or, through what was to him inexcusable ignorance of Spanish novels of chivalry, they were unable to answer his question. In the first place, I should like to call attention to his unwillingness to give all the help he could have given in answering his question, because this is a characteristic attitude on the part of library users, and I regret to say more especially on the part of college professors and other "scholars" who are the very ones who should realize the value of precision. In this case, Mr. De Perott evidently had at hand a complete list of the novels he wished, namely, that in the "Biblioteca de Autores Españoles." It would have made his question easier to answer, and would have saved probably hours of search on the part of some underpaid library assistant, if he had sent a copy of this list to the libraries in question, asking them to check off those books in their possession; for then a few minutes' consultation of the catalogue would have given him a precise answer. Or if he could not take the time from his scholarly activities to copy this list, he might at least have given the reference to the "Biblioteca," for the chances are a thousand to one that the Boston and New York libraries at least have this bibliography. To be sure, the ideal reference librarian would have consulted his Spanish bibliographies, but even the best are not ideal, and demands are many. Furthermore, if the gentleman had taken the pains to consult Mr. Whitney's catalogue of the Ticknor collection in the Boston Public Library, he could have answered his own question as far as one library was concerned. I have no doubt he could have found this catalogue in the Worcester Public Library or in the library of Clark University. Apropos of novels of chivalry and roguery, it might be interesting to know, shocking as the knowledge would prove, how many college graduates could tell what a picaresque novel is. At least I congratulate Mr. De Perott and the ignorant world of librarians and others that, in spite of American libraries, the recent article in the "Archiv für das Studium der neueren Sprachen" was not still-born. Alas for the Athens of America!

The next point of criticism is that books are bought by libraries only when there is a demand for them, and that many rare books useful to scholars are not in our public libraries even when they might have been bought by the alert librarian at a merely nominal price. If the gentleman is speaking of public libraries supported by public taxation for the use and education of the masses, I am inclined to think that the consensus of unscholarly opinion would be that the public cause might be farther advanced by the purchase of other books than an Italian translation of the Greek novels or than a copy of "Il Sacrificio degli Intronati." Aside from wise appropriation of public funds, mere physical limitations make it sensibly clear that public librarians should be careful not to load their shelves with books which would be used rarely or almost never by a very limited class, when by so doing they must exclude books that would be of use and benefit to many readers with needs which are vitally real if not scholarly. One has a right to expect Harvard or Columbia or libraries that have primarily scholarly aims to have such books as Mr. De Perott speaks of, but even in the case of a huge university library such as that of Harvard, the mere storage of little-used books is a serious problem and will continue to be so even with its new building. Not long ago, if I remember accurately, President Eliot spoke quite strongly on this point and advocated separate storehouses of books which a university library should have, but could not afford to shelve with its books more generally used.

From personal experience, I can say that this criticism that libraries buy only books demanded is unjust, for I know that li-

brarians of college and reference libraries are on a constant lookout for books of this very sort. Recently several of the reference and university libraries of Chicago have combined to send a representative to Europe for this purpose, and this present summer this representative is in South America searching for rare and valuable books. Consequently, from only a slight knowledge of the matter, I am very sure that, although Mr. De Perott has been disappointed in several cases, his general criticism is not well founded in the case of libraries which might reasonably be expected to cater to scholars. Also he must remember that general libraries cover the whole field of human knowledge, and that the specialist in any particular subject must expect to find a proper balance among the various branches.

As for the "American notion of cataloguing books from the title alone," an examination of one of the printed catalogue cards of the Library of Congress, the John Crerar Library, Harvard College Library, or the Boston Public Library—say a card for one of the incunabula—will make one wonder if the present critic is entirely familiar with all the methods of American cataloguing.

A lack of courtesy is always to be deplored, and the evidences "of centuries of half-education" are extremely irritating to those bearing the weight of centuries of culture, but what are we to expect in the letters of poor maiden library assistants, when scholars write in their letters sentences like the following: "Now, the late Dr. Furness had a copy of *it*, and I have three of *them*, but a person who should ask for *it* at an American library would probably get nothing but a stare"?

HENRY NICHOLS SANBORN.

Chicago, September 3.

"HEREOS."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The word at the head of this note appears, so far as I know, in not a single dictionary, old or new, and it has dropped, as regards its real significance, into absolute oblivion. Yet it occurs in two of the classics of English literature, and an adjective derived from it (although this origin has never been recognized) is one of the key-words of a famous third.

The well-known description in the "Knight's Tale" of the pains of love which Arcite suffered, ends with the lines:

> And in his gere, for al the world he ferde
> Not oonly lyk *the loveres maladye*
> *Of Hereos*, but rather lyke manye
> Engendred of humour malencolyk
> Biforen, in his celle fantastyk (A 1372-76).

The word *Hereos* has puzzled Chaucerian scholars from Speght and Thynne until now, and the generally accepted explanation—that it is a fourteenth-century attempt at *Eros*—is wrong. *Hereos* is a technical medical term, used by the mediæval physicians whom Chaucer knew (among them his "Arnold of the Newe Toun" and the Bernard whom the Doctour of Phisyk had read) for a specific and well-recognized malady, which can be traced in the treatises on medicine from Galen and the later Greek writers through the great Arabic physicians and their followers straight down to Robert Burton. Moreover, it explains a well-known crux in the "Philobiblon" of Richard of Bury, and it throws an entirely new light upon the origin and significance of the adjective *heroicall* in the "Anatomy of Melancholy" and elsewhere. And finally, it has very direct bearing upon the paraphernalia of conventions summed up under the name of courtly love. The subject, however, is too wide even to sketch in a note, but its unusually varied interest, both human and literary, seems to warrant this brief preliminary statement.

JOHN LIVINGSTON LOWES.

Cambridge, Mass., August 29.

RURAL SCHOOLS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The improvement of our country schools, especially in the Eastern States, is a most important educational duty at the present time. Until the children in our farming communities are properly instructed, we cannot expect the growth of stanch and intelligent men and women, similar to those who founded our nation, and fitted properly to develop our agricultural wealth. A great difficulty is that in many country districts there is no one capable of selecting proper teachers and of supervising the instruction given. Consequently, I suggest that county school committees shall be chosen, who shall appoint teachers for the rural schools, direct the instruction to be given, and care for the school buildings.

JAMES M. HUBBARD.

Boston, Mass., September 4.

Textbooks

THEORIES OF TEACHING.

Among recent educational books several may be mentioned as sources of special information. Since the first edition of "Medical Inspection of Schools" (Survey Associates, Inc.), by Gulick and Ayres, was published by the Russell Sage Foundation in 1909 there has been a threefold increase in the number of American cities having systems of medical inspection, and a new edition brings the subject up to date. "The Conservation of the Child" (Lippincott), by Arthur Holmes, is a study of defective children and a description of the work done by the Psychological Clinic of the University of Pennsylvania. Prof. Frank M. McMurry's "Elementary School Standards" (World Book Co.) is an attempt to estimate the quality of the teaching, the course of study, and the supervision by the principals in the elementary schools. The investigation was part of the New York City School Inquiry, and a wealth of illustrative detail makes the book at least an instructive study. "The Kindergarten" (Houghton Mifflin) consists of three reports by Susan E. Blow, Pattie Smith Hill, and Elizabeth Harrison, appointed by the International Kindergarten Union to formulate the theory and programme of the kindergarten. One gets the impression that the kindergarten is rather overloaded with Hegelian philosophy. Laura L. Plaisted's "Handwork and its Place in Elementary Education" (Frowde) is a rather full and well-illustrated practical manual. W. J. Gibson's "Education in Scotland" (Longmans) is a short and convenient sketch of the history of Scotch education and recent movements. For those who may be interested we mention Emma Sheridan Fry's little handbook of "Educational Dramatics" (Moffat, Yard).

It is a good deal of a question whether formal instruction in morals can be made effective in the schools; and in any case it is a question where to begin. The second question is treated sensibly and clearly by Prof. E. Hershey Sneath, of Yale, and Dean George Hodges, of the Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge, in a readable manual entitled "Moral Training in the School and Home" (Macmillan), which also points the way to a quantity of useful material in the form of illustrated stories. It is worth noting that stress is laid upon the nearly forgotten household virtues as a point of departure.

As a specimen of the noisy and pugnacious in pedagogical literature, we recommend "Youth and the Race" (Scribner), by Edgar James Swift, professor of psychology and education in Washington University. The one thesis that emerges from this "study of the psychology of adolescence," with its ramble of edifying illustrations, including dialect stories and newspaper quotations, is that, where school and child disagree, the truth lies with the child; and for dramatic effect the tension of the disagreement is greatly exaggerated. By virtue of the special illumination afforded by primitive racial instincts (such as those manifested in "the spirit of the gang"), the child knows much better than the teacher what is good for him; and, as everybody knows, it is the bad boys that have the real stuff in them. Everybody knows, too, that teachers as a class are a set of blockheads; "it is no idle charge that teachers do not know what they are trying to do." "The racial and social instincts are exhaustless storage-batteries of nervous energy, and"—but this should be enough.

"Problems of Educational Readjustment" (Houghton Mifflin), by Dr. David Snedden, Massachusetts Commissioner of Education, is a clear and effective presentation mainly of the problems of liberal versus vocational education. Dr. Snedden knows what he means and has the gift of stating the issues simply. The distinction between the logical and natural methods of introducing a subject is neatly put by saying that the logical method is that of the adult mind. Hence, the logical method is not rejected as pedagogically meaningless. His position is that, while the "fundamental principles" of grammar or science, or what not, are barren as a method of approach—which must be based upon some concrete and natural interest—they represent the form of organization at which we must aim. Education is then a gradual substitution of logical and scientific categories for natural. This Aristotelian compromise reflects his general educational attitude. The essence of liberal education is to be found in the conception of man as a user; vocational education looks only to the producer. Much that he points out in this connection is instructive—for example, the contrast between the relatively barren results of the conventional musical education, which aims at proficiency of execution in the few, and the neglected possibilities of musical appreciation in the many. Yet we may wonder whether, in his emphasis upon "democracy" and "citizenship" as fields of life and en-

joyment, he has appreciated the full scope and import of the citizenship implied in a truly *liberal* culture. Otherwise, why question the importance of Greek life and literature? In the matter of liberal and vocational education Dr. Snedden again seeks the best possible combination, but his main point is that, however combined, the two forms of education are in idea and method radically different and should never be confused. Manual training and like things have indeed a place in liberal culture; they stand for a broadening of experience and of sympathies; hence, they should be taught from this point of view rather than from that of technical proficiency. But in vocational training the academic point of view should be replaced by that of the workshop, with workshop hours, rules, and clothes. Above all, the work should be actually productive and the product as far as possible salable. Otherwise we miss the most important element in vocational training, which, as Dr. Snedden thinks, is the discipline of really productive work. We may doubt if the point has been better stated.

ENGLISH.

By all means the most significant contribution to rhetorical study in a great while is Prof. W. T. Brewster's addition to the Home University Library, entitled "Writing English Prose" (Holt). Indeed, it would be hard to imagine anything more illuminating—so perfectly does it mirror the vices and follies inherent in the present system of teaching rhetoric as a practical art, or, one might say, handicraft. In the ingratiating tone commonly assumed by writers on the subject, Professor Brewster begins by assuring the anxious reader that there "is no cause for alarm," since the study of literary composition is "simply the human process of making more intelligible or more interesting or more persuasive what you are going to write or what you have written." Alas, that it should be impossible in anything short of the original compass to do justice to the manner in which Professor Brewster addresses himself to the solution of this simple problem! All that can be done is to illustrate his exemplary perspicuity of statement and charm of style. "Narration," we are told among other matters, "is engaged in salting down what has happened or is imagined to have happened and is primarily engaged in looking for new events to salt down," while "exposition is striving to place new ideas, concepts, inventions, etc., in the cold storage of reality." Nor shall we readily forget the touching and beautiful figure of the Renaissance "as having turned up its toes and being laid out for decent burial," or of the thesis of a composition as "the fork or spit which toasts the facts before the fire of genius."

These, however, are but minor graces. The most characteristic thing about Professor Brewster's book is the absence of anything like a solid intellectual content. Take a subject like argumentation, which has been thoroughly systematized in the course of centuries and whose classifications might be made an occasion of mental discipline. And the same remark is true of figures of speech. And yet under the former head there is nothing more than a loose and rambling discussion; while this latter does not even appear in the index. But why continue? The book is a sad one; what value it has is due to the reflections it suggests. There is one, indeed, which seems vital to this whole matter. After all, the basis of expression is the sentence; that is fundamental. But of the other units of discourse so called, which modern composition has spent so much of its time working up, it may be questioned whether they are not more or less artificial and factitious in the form in which they have come to be presented today. At all events, it is in sentences that we actually write. Now a sentence is only the formulation of a judgment, and as a result the "art" of writing consists at bottom in the ability to form judgments. There is no way of getting around this difficulty; a piece of writing is worth just as much as the judgments included in it—no more. No amount of talk about language or composition, no amount of exhortation or ingratiation on the part of the instructor can take the place of judgment in the writer. Hence the absurdity of the modern rhetoric, which light-heartedly engages to make writers, regardless of mental immaturity and indiscipline. And not only the college student—almost everybody is in that plight nowadays. Wherefore this pother about composition, since in an abeyance of thought expression must always become a matter of tremendous anxiety. On the other hand, this was the advantage of what we have come to speak of as the old education; it had very little to say about original production, but it did do something for the student's judgment finally; it knew nothing about composition, but it had some notion of intellectual discipline, and in training the student's judgment it did at the same time prepare him to write.

Among recent reading books and texts there are several which deserve attention. "The Golden Deed Book" (Macmillan) is a rather interesting volume, from the fact that its selections are chosen, first of all, for the moral instruction they are supposed to convey more or less indirectly. As in so many of these readers, the range of choice is rather broad, embracing such titles as Wordsworth's "The World Is Too Much with Us," Markham's "The Man with the Hoe," and William Finnemore's "The Boy and the Cigarette." But on the whole, it is instructive to see how representative the collection is of the best modern English literature and how persistently that literature seems to have founded itself on moral ideas. "The Riverside Readers" (Houghton Mifflin), the seventh and the eighth of which are now issued, have a certain originality of plan. Besides the ordinary reading matter, they include a "study of authors," which consists of a biographical sketch of some writer by the editors, followed by a set of characteristic and appropriate extracts. In this manner each volume introduces the pupil to the life and the work of six or more important authors, American and English.

For advanced reading H. S. Murch's edition of Carlyle's "Hero-Worship" (Heath) is a conscientious piece of work. It contains a sufficient introduction with enough of the ordinary critical comment for its purpose, and is adequately provided with notes. In his edition of "Robinson Crusoe" (Scott, Foresman), W. T. Hastings seems to have taken extraordinary pains with the text for this sort of work and has published in the back a collation of several of the early editions. The volume is introduced by a life of Defoe, together with some remarks on his place as a writer. The appendix contains Steele's account of Selkirk and Capt. Rogers's narrative of his rescue.

"Matter, Form, and Style" (Dutton), by Hardress O'Grady, is an interesting little book for several reasons. It is designed as "a manual of practice in the writing of English composition," and is aimed in the first instance at a British audience. To what lengths the teaching of original expression is now carried, abroad as at home, becomes evident from a few of the exercises in the handbook. In his own instruction Mr. O'Grady believes it "more human and humane to get first the creative act and then shape the thing created." To this end presumably he recommends, among other things, as admirable practice for the student the making of sonnets on set subjects; such as, "a wave coming in and rising to its crest (octave) and then breaking smoothly round (sestet)." He also assigns a series of triolets on such themes as "the dog is jumping up at the cat, who is furious." And yet in spite of these extravagances the book is not wanting in shrewd and suggestive remarks. Style, for example, is defined as sincerity; and there is a certain illumination in the antithesis of classic and democratic literature. The difficulty is that such matters are incidental to the purpose and require for their appreciation the possession of the very faculties that they are intended to cultivate.

CLASSICS.

Prof. J. C. Egbert's edition of "Livy, Book XXI, with Selections from Books XXII-XXX" (Macmillan) is an elementary college textbook designed to present the most important episodes in the Second Punic war in one volume. There is a very brief introduction, which hardly deserves the name. The meagre commentary contains the necessary historical information combined with elementary syntactical and linguistical notes and a large amount of translation. On the assumption that a college freshman needs a very elementary book, this edition is excellent, but if, after four years' high-school training, such an edition is still necessary, the high-school instruction must fail of its purpose.

Our supply of introductory Latin books has been increased by the "Elements of Latin" (Heath), by B. C. Smith, and the "Latin Ladder" (Macmillan), by R. W. Tunstall. Both of these books are by teachers of long experience who try to embody here the secret of their success. Neither book shows any striking novelties of method, and both ignore the recent agitation in favor of more "direct" teaching. In the "Elements of Latin" we find the order of the grammar followed in the presentation of the forms, as Professor Bennett advocates, and almost all syntax excluded until the forms have been mastered. The exercises consist of detached forms and sentences nearly equally divided between Latin and English, while connected stories are deferred until the twenty-fifth lesson. In the "Latin Ladder," on the other hand, we have the piecemeal presentation of forms, with verbs and nouns alternating, only three cases, nominative, genitive, and accusative, being given in the first twenty-one lessons. Syntax is introduced

early and systematically developed, while connected stories of the history of Rome are introduced as early as the tenth lesson. A neat device of review questions at frequent intervals keeps the student stimulated, and a great deal of attention is paid to the mastery of vocabulary, the words being assembled in convenient lists. In external appearance the books differ radically. The "Elements of Latin" shows an open, pleasing page, while the "Latin Ladder" is closely printed, and encumbered with footnotes. This packed appearance is due largely to the presence of much unnecessary "talk" to the pupil. This is wholly lacking in the other book. Both books are good, but the "Latin Ladder" shows a surer grasp of recent theories of teaching as well as a more exact acquaintance with syntactical progress.

A "Latin Reader for Beginners" (American Book Company), by F. A. Gallup, comprises the familiar old fables, a few simplified short stories, also well known, with various tales of early Rome adapted from Livy and a few odds and ends. The very elementary notes are at the bottom of the page, while a vocabulary gives further assistance. The collection is not uninteresting and may serve a useful purpose.

A more advanced book, "Sight Reading in Latin" (Ginn), has been prepared by H. H. Bice. The pupil is supposed to have read two books of Cæsar and the material here offered is somewhat more than the equivalent of books iii and iv, required by the New York State syllabus. Some introductory selections from Gellius, Pliny, Cicero, Livy, and Nepos lead up to the selections from Cæsar, which are chosen from the "Civil War" and books iii-vii of the "Gallic War." A serious attempt is made to teach vocabulary systematically, as well as the peculiarities of word-order, and the absence of a vocabulary emphasizes the word "sight" in the title. The book is carefully planned and ought to be welcomed by teachers as a rational attempt to develop systematically the power to read at sight.

Messrs. H. F. Scott and C. H. Van Tuyl have followed up their "Cæsar Composition Book" (1910) with a "Cicero Composition Book" (Scott, Foresman & Co.). This is, like the former, frankly a drill-book, the exercises consisting of detached sentences based on the Latin read, but grouped to illustrate particular syntactical constructions. The explanations show in general the influence of Professor Hale and often err on the side of minute distinction, but the plan is good and the material well chosen. A selection of recent college entrance examinations is added for testing purposes.

MODERN LANGUAGES.

In his "Graded French Method" (Holt) Prof. W. F. Giese, of the University of Wisconsin, starts from the principle that in the study of foreign languages reading should from the beginning hold the central place instead of grammar. His own particular way of fusing reading and grammar is a highly original application of the old pedagogic maxim: *repetitio mater memoriæ*. In each of the twenty-two graded chapters he begins by an effective statement of a certain amount of grammatical theory, and then illustrates this theory, not by disconnected sentences, but by three "readings," in very fluent and idiomatic French (the first two narratives, the third usually a dialogue), in all of which the same vocabulary appears. This is followed in turn by a "drill" for oral as well as written use, and by passages for rendering into French, also connected and based in vocabulary on parts of the previous "readings." "Thus," says Professor Giese, "in the reading-matter of the fourth chapter, the student will meet nearly two hundred regular present-tense verb-forms, in the fifth chapter as many imperfects, in the twelfth as many partitives, etc. . . . In combining this insistent repetition of given elements of grammar with the equally insistent repetition of a given vocabulary, I have had to reproduce, not once but several dozen times, the performance of the ingenious Arab who arranged overnight a thousand random words so as to impose on them meaning and logical sequence (it is added that his hair turned white in the process)." The remarkable fact is that in spite of the formidable obstacles imposed by his system of multiple repetition the author contrives to be light and entertaining. One is inclined, indeed, to wonder that a person capable of so much wit and ingenuity should deign to write grammars at all. The staider type of teacher and student will no doubt be disconcerted by the constant irony with which Professor Giese treats persons and things usually accounted respectable—for example, German doctoral dissertations, women's clubs, humanitarians, and Victor Hugo—and will set him down as a cynic; but even they can scarcely fail to be amused. On the whole, the book strikes one as an unusually successful attempt to sugarcoat the grammatical pill, and should receive careful trial, especially in first-year college classes.

Martin Schmidhofer's "Erstes Lesebuch für amerikanische Schulen" (Heath) is intended for children who are fortunate enough to begin the study of German early. Those who come naturally by some knowledge of the language can presumably use the book to the best advantage. An admirable spirit pervades it. Besides appropriate anecdotes, it includes many riddles and poems and some well-selected songs with music.

"German for Beginners" (Holt), by Eduard Prokosch, is a manual in three parts: Texts, Exercises and Lessons, and a Synopsis of Grammar—the whole preceded by a good Introduction on pronunciation. The Exercises and Lessons, printed concurrently on opposite pages, are based upon the Texts, and furnish material for practice in German and for drill in grammatical forms; in other words, for inductive teaching, supplemented by the learning of paradigms. The Synopsis serves the purposes of reference and review. The texts are intelligently chosen, and the pedagogical elaboration of them is thorough. The book contains sufficient material for at least a year.

It is to be regretted that E. C. Hills and S. G. Morley, in compiling their anthology of "Modern Spanish Lyrics" (Holt), did not limit their field to the nineteenth century; for if they have aimed at providing a handbook enabling the student to trace the history of the Spanish lyric from the fifteenth century down, they have failed of their purpose. Obviously, the twenty pages devoted to the period prior to the eighteenth century give the student no adequate conception of the development of the lyric through the ages, and might better have been omitted. One notes with surprise the omission of names like Boscan, Garcilaso de la Vega, and Gongora in a collection which includes a *Canción* of the Portuguese Gil Vicente, a writer principally noted as a dramatist. Certainly Garcilaso is the greatest lyric poet of the period in question; and while the editors may be justified in their hostility to Gongorism from the æsthetic point of view, the historic importance of the euphuistic movement is so great that at least one specimen of a poem written in that manner should have been included. The criterion of selection seems to have been a desire to include only those poems which would be likely to interest the student. But it may well be questioned whether modern mediocrities should be preferred to classic authors, merely to humor indifferent students. The nineteenth century is fully and adequately treated. The foremost Spanish poets of the century just past are all well represented. In addition, selections are given from the leading poets of Argentina, Colombia, Cuba, Ecuador, Mexico, Nicaragua, and Venezuela. The highest praise that can be meted out to these facile rhymesters is that their output compares favorably with that of the mother country. There is to be noted the same melodious flow of words expressing the same shallowness of thought. In their notes, the editors have been accurate, scholarly, and as copious as space permitted. The introductory treatise is superior to any similar study in English. The history of Spanish lyric poetry is a short, convenient guide for the beginner, and remarkably free from error. The publishers deserve especial credit for the handsome form in which they have issued this textbook.

Teachers of Spanish grammar will welcome Prof. E. S. Ingraham's excellent "Brief Spanish Grammar" (Heath), a revision of Edgren's once popular, but now almost obsolete, textbook. Professor Ingraham, while retaining many excellent features of the original, has wisely omitted much superfluous philological material which only served to bewilder the beginner. His aim has been practical and pedagogic. The whole course is comprised in thirty-eight lessons, and the study of verb forms is completed in lesson eleven. The vocabulary is well chosen rather than extensive; the exercises consist of simple sentences. While in no sense a grammar of reference, the book is a valuable first aid to beginners.

HISTORY.

Most American histories have been written from the political and constitutional point of view, a large proportion have shown strong national or sectional bias, and a considerable number, especially in recent years, have attempted to treat our national annals as a confirmation of particular schools of the philosophy of history. Prof. J. P. Bassett's "Short History of the United States" (Macmillan) belongs to the very small minority which escape inclusion under any one of these heads. He has given just and well-proportioned emphasis to social, economic, and military factors as well as to political. A Southern man with Northern education and resi-

dence, he has held the balance remarkably even between the sections. He has deliberately and successfully avoided the extreme and the doctrinaire. Keeping in mind his purpose to explain the early history of the United States, he has not allowed himself, in describing the colonial period, to be over-influenced by the recent and able writers who stress the theory that colonial history should be regarded primarily as a part of English history. The difficult problem of selection and elimination of super-abundant material has been skilfully handled. The writer has preferred to give adequate accounts of the topics chosen for treatment rather than to include all items for which frequent mention in earlier works has created a tradition of historical importance. Accuracy of a high degree characterizes the book. The style, though not brilliant, is clear and terse, occasionally a little stilted, but on the whole well adapted to historical narrative. It is perhaps asking too much in a work which frankly relies upon other investigations for much of its material to expect satisfactory treatment of the first half of the eighteenth century. Its history has not been adequately written by earlier historians, and it remains in this work the *neglected period*. The national period is, on the whole, handled with a surer and a firmer grasp than the colonial.

Prof. Hutton Webster's "Ancient History" (Heath) will be acceptable to the teachers who think that military and political affairs have had too large, and social and cultural affairs too small, a place in our historical textbooks. It draws liberally from the wealth of information which recent excavations in Oriental and classical lands have made available. Of the 639 pages of text, fully 300 are given to describing manners, institutions, art, literature, and other phases of civilization. Archæology is explained, both as to methods and as to results, and there is a wholesome critical spirit in the treatment of tradition, whether it be Oriental, Hebraic, or classic. The style is pleasing, as it should be in an elementary textbook, and the narrative is not overburdened with details. There are many useful illustrations, and the index is adequate. Much praise must be given, also, to the bibliographical suggestions. The large amount of attention given to antiquities and life necessarily shortens that which can be devoted to history in the older sense. If we must have in one textbook all that the author has felt impelled to treat in this book, probably no better distribution of space could be made; but it is a question if the pupil would not have a more vivid, and consequently a more permanent, mental picture of what he is expected to know if the subject-matter were taken in smaller assignments treated on a larger scale. It is not essential that a high-school student should acquire a knowledge of all history from its beginning to the death of Charlemagne, even in outline. It would be better if he knew the significance of Greece and Rome as contributors to later history, and knew them so fully that he would have a reasonably clear and warm consciousness of the Grecian and Roman spirit.

A new edition of Professor McLoughlin's "History of the American Nation" (Appleton) brings the narrative down to the inauguration of Woodrow Wilson. Much of the original text has been changed. The author's facility of clear presentation, which has made his book a favorite in many schools, is maintained, spite of much condensation in the recent period of his history.

SCIENCE.

The rapidity in the change of attitude towards the teaching of mathematics is emphasized by the "Calculus" (privately printed) of Professors Franklin, MacNutt, and Charles, of Lehigh University. The calculus, as here treated, is a means to express the principles of physics and engineering. Little effort is made to develop the subject as a branch of pure mathematics, to insist on rigorous deductions, or to train the student to solve formal problems. The authors are convinced "that it is a pedagogical mistake, in a textbook on calculus for young men, to break the thread of the textual discussion by unnecessary algebraic developments and by large and frequent groups of purely formal problems." So the formal problems are collected in an appendix where some ingenuity will be required to find them. A textbook by Professor Franklin is sure to be original and interesting. He has also the faculty of seeing problems clearly and solving them simply. As an aid to students who desire to know the applications of the calculus to physics, no better text could be found, but we cannot help wondering how they will get the ability to solve problems after they understand the principles. Mathematicians have rather stubbornly refused to teach mathematics except as an end in itself, or to shorten their courses by fusing more or less together such related subjects as geometry, trigonometry, and algebra. Whether their method is the best is open to question, but they are correct when they maintain that a rigid course in mathematics, with persistent practice in the art of solving problems, is essential to the training of the physicist and the engineer. We have never been able to develop a school of theoretical physics and engineering in this country, largely because our students do not have a training which puts the technique of mathematics at their fingers' ends. It is still to be proved that it is not better to let mathematicians teach the theory and art of their subject and to require the physicist and the engineer to teach its applications. With the present scheme, our college students seem increasingly unable to deal with mathematical problems.

A rather useful book on "Electric Arcs" (Van Nostrand) has been prepared by Prof. Clement D. Child. The treatment is elementary, but a fairly good descriptive text of the theory and applications of the arc is given.

The third and concluding book of "The Silver-Burdett Arithmetics" has been issued by the press of that company. The plan of this arithmetic is similar to that of the first two parts, which have been reviewed in these columns.

Two new books, "School Algebra" and "Academic Algebra" (Ginn), have been added to the well-known and popular Wentworth-Smith Mathematical Series.

Prof. Alfred Monroe Kenyon and Louis Ingold have written a "Trigonometry" (Macmillan). The book follows the modern method of teaching mathematics by its practical applications. The text is short, but the tables are unusually full and are conveniently arranged.

Whenever Prof. J. M. Coulter, of the University of Chicago, prepares a treatise for the use of students of botany, he is sure to make it well proportioned and clear. Careful examination of his latest venture, "Elementary Studies in Botany" (Appleton), shows that he has kept both of these points constantly in mind. But let no purchaser be misled by the title into thinking that this volume is a primer in words of one syllable. It is a comprehensive and straightforward statement of the essentials of modern botany, with a definite object kept constantly in view, namely, of introducing the beginner without loss of time into that part of the field of botany which borders upon horticulture and agriculture. This introduction to what may be called practical botany is accomplished without the employment of unnecessary technical terms or conceptions. Therefore the volume is not only useful, but is readable and interesting.

"Agronomy" (Ginn), by Willard N. Clute, is an excellent treatment of this department of farming. Being limited to the study of plant production, it can be used to advantage in city or town as well as in country schools. It is adapted to high-school pupils, but has the advantage of being simple in both language and plan. Many of its illustrations are new, which is not always the case with textbooks, and all of them are to the point. The book is practical, and can be recommended.

Animal husbandry, the complementary department of farming, is treated in "Animal Husbandry for Schools" (Macmillan), by Merritt W. Harper. The extent of this subject, the need of many tables of figures for the study of rations, and the widely different animals that must be included, make the writing of such a book difficult. Mr. Harper's is compact and clear, is thoroughly illustrated, and by its laboratory and class exercises is properly fitted for use in high or agricultural schools.

In the same Rural Textbook series, published by Macmillan, "Farm Management," by G. F. Warren, offers to farmers a complete and very timely handbook on a subject which in future must be more and more considered. The problem of successful farming was never more pressing or more difficult than now, and every aid which science offers should be at the service of our agriculturists. Whether to farm at all, and, if so, how, where, and by means of what equipment, how to market, and how to keep accounts, are questions examined by Mr. Warren in an interesting and suggestive, but also a very trustworthy, book.

In "Animal Geography, the Faunas of the Natural Regions of the Globe" (Frowde), Marion I. Newbigin attempts to set before the geographical student the main facts which relate to the distribution of animals. This subject is in direct line with the trend of modern evolutionary study, and offers a large field of intensely interesting research. The present volume is evidently intended for the uninformed layman or the beginning student. The facts are obviously given at second hand, but have been drawn from trustworthy sources. The chapters deal successively with the fauna of tundras, coniferous forests, steppes, mountains, tropical forests, deserts, islands,

the sea, lakes, rivers, and caves. No effort has been made to reproduce any realism or the atmosphere of the respective zones, and comparatively little correlation among the facts themselves, so that steady reading is but dull work. The best sections are those dealing with the tundras and the tropical forests. If something of the spirit of Gosse or Renshaw had permeated the text, the "student" would take more joy in his work and the subject would appeal to a much wider circle of general readers.

A wholesome innovation is the correction of wrong popular names, as prong-buck for prong-horned "antelope," and prairie marmot for prairie "dog." It is a case of the mote in the brother's eye, however, for in the European names such nomenclatural purity is not always maintained. The title of the chapter on steppes is misleading, as it treats in addition of prairies, pampas, and deserts. The paragraphs on arboreal adaptation of organisms to life in the tropical forest are excellent and should have been the pattern of treatment held to throughout. Most of the illustrations are photographs of mounted museum specimens which show the structural adaptations fairly well; there are in addition Himalayan and other views. It is difficult to speculate why such impressionistic paintings as that of the snow leopard were admitted. A brief outline classification of animals forms an appendix for "readers who are not well acquainted with modern zoölogy," but such an audience should have been attracted by more entertainment in the main body of the book. The index is inadequate and of use only for referring to the various organisms as such, and not in relation to their distribution. As encyclopædia articles these chapters would be admirable, but as a bound animal geography they leave much to be desired, and for either comprehensive views or detailed reference one had better turn to Wallace or to Scharff.

Literature

STATESMAN AND GENTLEMAN.

The Windham Papers: The Life and Correspondence of the Rt. Hon. William Windham, 1750-1810. With an Introduction by the Earl of Rosebery. 33 portraits. Two vols. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $10 net.

"Why may not the life of Windham be written by his letters?" asked a writer in 1831. To-day, a century after the statesman's death, a conscientious editor, whose identity is not evident, shows that a life can be so written very successfully. The editor has limited himself to the briefest kind of explanatory comment, mostly relegated to footnotes and not always quite accurate. Windham is an especially good subject for a biography of this kind, for he himself was a writer of very unusual charm and he was the constant recipient of familiar letters from such eminent and interesting persons as George III, Burke, Fox, Pitt, the Grenvilles, Cobbett, Hazlitt, Dr. Johnson, Dr. Burney, Mrs. Siddons, and many others.

The Windham Papers, which were acquired by purchase by the British Museum in 1909, and from which the bulk of the material here published is drawn, comprise ninety-four volumes, almost all of which, with the exception of the Windham-Burke letters, have never before been printed. They are of considerable historical value, not only as a mine of information concerning Windham himself, but also as throwing light upon English domestic politics and foreign policy during the French Revolution and Empire. About 1782, when past thirty, Windham also began to keep a somewhat sentimental and introspective diary—"My confidential book; in this will be contained all those thoughts, memorandums, notes, reflexions, &c., which no eye must see but my own." By the time of his death this intimate journal swelled to fourteen large volumes, and affords an exact, though painful, picture of Windham's character. It also reveals why it was that he did not achieve more in public life. It is full of vacillation and endless agitations on the smallest activities of daily life. He seemed to worry himself with his pen. Lord Rosebery thinks it would have been better for Windham's reputation if some judicious friend had put the whole diary behind the fire. Lord Holland and Charles Greville have intimated that parts of it could not with decorum be made public. All this may be true; but if the editor was wise to publish any of it—and we think he was—he would have been wiser to publish more.

William Windham was, according to the universal testimony of all those who knew him, a man of very unusual personal charm. In conversation, where he was at his best, he could be earnest, playful, and eloquent. He had the attractive faculty of appearing to give his very best to the persons with whom he was conversing, and the spell of his fascination was complete. Even Dr. Johnson admitted him, when a mere country gentleman of twenty-eight, to his famous club, and, in his declining days, to his bedside. "Such conversation," wrote the dying sage, "I shall not have again till I come back to the regions of literature; and there Windham is *inter stellas luna minores*." On Windham he bestowed a Greek Testament, with his views on religion and with injunctions for the protection of his faithful servant, Frank.

Windham was a man of bodily vigor. Like the Greeks he loved youth, beauty, and manly exercises. His own many-sidedness was Greek-like, and quite in harmony with his genuine love and knowledge of the classics. He had the robust old English liking for boxing, and was known in his youth as "Fighting Windham." In advanced years, when he could no longer put on the gloves himself, he often attended the matches of others, and the technical comments in his diary show that he looked on with the eye of an expert as well as of an enthusiast. He once started on a voyage to discover the North-West Passage, but at Bergen gave it over on account of sea-sickness. In 1785 he wrote: "From the moment of my hearing of balloons"—which were as much a novelty and a danger in his age as monoplanes in our own—"I felt, in common I believe with every other man of the smallest imagination, the wish of adventuring in one." He therefore speedily made his will, wrote out a confession of his religious faith, and procured his balloon. Burke wrote banteringly:

> Adieu, Star triumphant, and some pity show
> On us poor battlers militant below.
>
> I think you are the first rational being that has taken flight. What time will you receive the congratulations of your Terrestrial Friends on your return to Mortality?

Windham's own comment in his diary is very characteristic:

> Much satisfied with myself; and, in consequence of that satisfaction, dissatisfied with my adventure. Could I have foreseen that danger or apprehension would have made so little impression on me, I would have deferred going till we had a wind favourable for crossing the Channel.

We quite agree with Lord Rosebery in hazarding the opinion that Windham was a flirt. He gave young ladies volumes with dedications in pedestrian verse of his own making. He chided his friend Cholmondeley for lightly engaging the affections of Miss Cecilia Forrest, whom he married himself with singular secrecy thirteen years later, and yet he himself had been similarly engaging the affections of a daughter of Sir Philip Francis; a lady endeavoring to console the unhappy girl told her that Windham had long hesitated between Miss Forrest and a devoted widow. He was also welcome in the evening by the fireside of the beautiful Mrs. Siddons, and he wrote intimate and affectionate letters to Mrs. Crewe; he even records his agitation on meeting her the first time after his own marriage. But his flirtations were rather the result of his conversational fascination and whimsical nature; they were, in Lord Rosebery's phrase, "unconscious, innocent, and honorable."

In public life Windham was "not a strict party man," not a very hard worker, and not very ambitious—three serious defects in any one who wishes to attain leadership in politics. He entered Parliament from Norwich in 1784 as a Whig; accepted an office in Pitt's Tory Cabinet from 1794 to 1801; went into the Opposition and was intimate with Radicals like Fox and Cobbett un-

till in 1806 he again accepted office under Lord Grenville as Secretary of State for War, in the Administration derisively known as the "Ministry of All the Talents." This apparent political fickleness, which led him to be called by turns a Foxite, a Pittite, and a Grenvillite, was, however, more apparent than real, and more creditable than censurable. It sprang from his strong independence of mind, and the fact that he preferred freedom of opinion and action to party regularity. As an independent, and as a follower of Burke, who exercised a great influence on his mind, Windham naturally favored many things in the programme of each of the two great parties, and he made no secret of his opinions. He was the enthusiastic advocate of Roman Catholic Emancipation, but the bitter enemy of the French Republic and the unflinching opponent of parliamentary reform; he slew one Reform Bill, as with a smooth stone from a brook, by saying effectively: "No one would select the hurricane season in which to begin repairing his house." As Secretary for War for seven years under Pitt, sharing the duties of the office with Dundas, Windham exercised an important influence upon England's conduct of the war against France, for Pitt was not a military man; "I distrust extremely any ideas of my own on military subjects," he wrote to Windham in 1794. Windham was personally present for a time with the English army in the Netherlands, and had the courage to write Pitt firmly of his own conviction of the utter incompetence of the Duke of York as commander-in-chief. This was a difficult and delicate duty, for he was fond of the Duke and had received much kindness and confidence from him. It was an especially embarrassing matter to recall the Duke just at this time, as he had been forced to a series of retreats, and recall would look like official censure for failure. Pitt, however, took the hint, and the recall was soon arranged in a way which hurt no feelings, but which relieved the army of the incubus of an inept commander. Windham carried on an extensive correspondence with the French royalists, and was the man chiefly responsible for the sending of the ill-fated expedition to Quiberon. But in fairness to him it should be added that it was not Windham's plan which was responsible for this failure, but the folly and cowardice of the French émigrés, to whom he entrusted the execution of the plan. During his years at the War Office he attempted some reforms in the service, "but the few pebbles which he left on the shore of military history scarcely constitute a memorial cairn."

Of the letters to Windham which are here printed perhaps the most interesting to American readers is the sixteen-page letter of June 1, 1793, written from Philadelphia by some unidentified French royalist. It is a survey of the political men, parties, and conditions in the "Unitate States" from the point of view of an intelligent foreigner, written "in English to prevent you to read a bad French hand."

CURRENT FICTION.

The House of Thane. By Elizabeth Dejeans. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

"Missouri's my State, and I don't want a better," declares this hero who had found money in oil in half a dozen Western States, but who could never fulfil his dream of founding his house and perpetuating his name outside of St. Louis. The author is equally free from any dread of provinciality, and her story of the American money-maker, his wife, his mistress, and the woman he should have married gains immeasurably by its flavor of local speech (something very distinct from dialect), and from the unpremeditated snatches of description in which she communicates her familiarity with the Missouri metropolis and the California oil fields.

The plot contains many situations that are tritely sensational and sentimental; an adored son is proved illegitimate and an unselfish mistress disembarrasses her lover by going off to die alone. Yet the story puts in a clear light many of the wrongs that men and women do each other in unions not founded on mutual love and respect. The extent to which the barbarous assumption that money can purchase the rights of love still persists in the mind and common practice of "the money-making animal" is disclosed with considerable shrewdness, though without any trace of cynical intention. For many reasons the book is more likely to appeal to the untutored appetite for fiction than to a highly cultivated taste. For one thing, it is carelessly written, and many of its clumsily contrived phrases make rough reading for those who value verbal niceties. For another, the characters might almost be dismissed as conventionalized types, were it not for the perspective of emotional history that opens up behind each of these figures.

Courtin' Christina. By J. J. Bell. New York: George H. Doran Co.

Those popular favorites, Wee MacGreegor and Christina, now appear in conjunction. MacGreegor has been at his chosen trade of "pentin'" for some years; Christina is the assistant and mainstay of a vague old-maid dealer in "stationery and fancy goods." MacGreegor has had his youthful amours, but the sight of Christina in a red blouse blots them out forever. The courtship which ensues is as quaint as would be expected of the amusing pair. Christina is a canny soul, and the means by which she causes him to abandon his pentin' for a career of greater promise are as old and as solid as the hills. The atmosphere of Caledonian humor in which the narrative is steeped need not be analyzed for readers who are familiar with this author's knack.

WO_2. By Maurice Drake. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

The mysterious letters that form the title of this book the reader guesses at once to be a chemical formula, but he guesses many times before he discovers what the strange mercantile company is doing with the material thus designated, which it is importing from Holland to England. In fact, this is a detective story in which the amateur sleuth is a character whom Mr. Locke might have created, and in which the events unroll with a zest of ludicrous surprise worthy, almost, of Mr. Birmingham's "Spanish Gold." Most of the action takes place on the sea, and the talk is of a salty flavor wondrously learned and quite delightful to a landsman. It is not often that detective work, vagabond adventure, and love-making are more pleasantly mingled.

Murder in Any Degree. By Owen Johnson. New York: The Century Co.

Mr. Johnson, whose "Stover at Yale" brought him into the field, is making hay while the sun shines—hay of somewhat uneven quality. The tales in this collection show more versatility than seriousness. The title story is the best of the lot, from the serious point of view, a study of marriage versus art. "One Hundred in the Dark" handles a confessedly trite situation in a novel way; it is the kind of yarn which stands or falls by its "thrill." "A Comedy for Wives" deals with another ancient situation in a forced and vulgar fashion. Mr. Johnson's humor is not his strong point. He should reserve it for such material as that of "Even Threes," a golfing tale of unusual merit.

LITERARY LONDON.

London in English Literature. By Percy H. Boynton. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. $2 net.

"No, sir," declared Dr. Johnson, "when a man is tired of London, he is tired of life; for there is in London all that life can afford." Mr. Percy Boynton, American though he is, would, we fancy, be tempted to subscribe to the Doctor's axiom. At any rate, his interest in London is so keen that he has been able to find, if not a new, at least a different angle from which to view and describe the city. While, as he says in his preface, "nothing is included in the volume which cannot be easily traced by refer-

ence to standard works on London and obvious sources of literature," we have to admit his claim that the exact method and purpose of the present book have, so far as we can recall, never been anticipated. Mr. Boynton has set himself to reproduce, in chronological order, the contemporary atmosphere of successive literary periods in the history of London, and the principal value of his achievement, as he intended it should be, is in its suggestiveness.

The book is written primarily for the student of English literature—doubtless it is the outcome of Mr. Boynton's experiences with his own students—and we shall be guilty of no disrespect towards the author if we liken his work to the tempting *hors d'œuvre* that whets the appetite for the more solid repast. There are a dozen topics touched on and passed by concerning which we would desire more information, or would wish to join issue; but it is atmosphere with which Mr. Boynton is concerned, and when with a few bold strokes he has indicated how men lived and moved and thought in a given period he is ready to pass on to the next picture. As a sop to our curiosity, or more probably as an ingenious bait for those students at whom he is constantly looking out of the tail of his eye, to each chapter he appends a brief catalogue of "illustrative readings," works, modern and contemporary, which will throw further light upon the figures and events which he has only adumbrated.

Mr. Boynton has done what he set out to do so extremely well that one is tempted to wish that the limitations he imposed on himself had not been quite so rigid. Even at the cost of slightly increasing the scope of the book, the topography of the city in the various periods described might advantageously have been dealt with in greater detail. In this connection, too, it is unfortunate that the maps and plans included in the volume are reproduced on too small a scale to be of great value. On the other hand, it must be recorded that Mr. Boynton has been singularly successful in avoiding the "sketchiness" and lack of cohesion which are liable to be the faults of a book of limited dimensions dealing with a wide subject. At the same time that he is directing our attention to particular aspects of his subject he never allows us to miss the synoptic view or to lose sight of the continuity of London in letters, in history, and even in topography. The transitions from one period to another, their co-relations and their contrasts, are very deftly suggested.

It is perhaps to be regretted that Mr. Boynton did not elect to close his book with the excellent chapter on "Victorian London." In writing in the final chapter of "Contemporary London" his perspective, as was perhaps inevitable, seems for the first time to be faulty, and in some of his observations he comes perilously near to the platitudinous. Curious mistakes on the part of an author usually extremely careful occur on page 199, where the Prince of Wales is described as the "Crown Prince," and on page 275, where Charles II is represented as the monarch who was condemned to death. The value of the book is enhanced by a discriminating selection of illustrations, ancient and modern, and by an excellent appendix of "illustrative novels."

Concordanza delle Rime di Francesco Petrarca. Compilata da Kenneth McKenzie. New Haven: Yale University Press. $10 net.

The completion of this volume, upon which Professor McKenzie has been engaged for several years, will be regarded as something of an event in scholarship, not only in this country but abroad. Italy, in particular, has reason to be grateful for the interest which Americans have shown in her best literature; for owing to their labors we now have concordances to the minor Italian works and the Latin works of Dante, to the "Divine Comedy," and to Petrarch's "Rime"—truly a notable achievement.

Although the influence of Petrarch has been known for a century and more to have been enormous, the use of Professor McKenzie's systematic lists can scarcely fail to add much which has escaped detection. Not only did Petrarch's language largely shape the procedure of Renaissance lyrics, it entered, in one way or another, into nearly every literary type which was used in that period; and his analysis of detached moments of life had its effect—indirectly, if we mistake not, even on the Romanticists. His relation to the lyric is in some ways more vital than that of Seneca to the drama, for not only did he catch up and hand on themes and attitudes of classic Greeks and Latins, but opened to art what must seem to moderns the closed systems of the troubadours and the *dolce stil nuovo*. So that through him, if allowance be made for a few later borrowings from ancient times, in particular a revival of Anacreontics and of Horace's calm reflective mood, the modern lyric appears like the outcome of a steady unbroken stream starting in antiquity. To grasp fully what Petrarch's writings meant to Europe is an important work for future scholarship, the preliminaries of which have been admirably accomplished by Professor McKenzie.

As the basis of his concordance Professor McKenzie has taken the text of Salvo-Cozzo (Florence, 1904), but he has constantly consulted the manuscripts of the Canzoniere in the Vatican Library which were rediscovered in 1886 and part of which proved to be in Petrarch's own hand. The absence until recently of a definitive edition has given rise among editors to great variations of arrangement and numbering of the poems; and to make his concordance widely serviceable, Professor McKenzie furnishes a comparative table of first lines, as recorded in such editions as those of Salvo-Cozzo, Mestica, Carducci and Ferrari, Soave, and Marsand. In a preface written in Italian the author fully explains the details of his system, which need not be described here more than to say that in general he has followed the methods adopted by Sheldon in the concordance to Dante's minor Italian works. All words, except the commonest particles, etc., are recorded, progressively, as they occur in the text; verbs are grouped under the infinitive, adjectives under the masculine singular, after the manner of a dictionary. In the case of the Trionfi the excellent text of Carl Appel (1901) has naturally been followed.

Only frequent use of this work can fully test its accuracy, but a somewhat searching experiment with it here and there by the reviewer has failed to disclose any mistakes of numbering or of printing.

Ellen Key. By Louise Nyström-Hamilton. Translated by A. E. B. Fries. With an Introduction by Havelock Ellis. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25 net.

Mrs. Nyström-Hamilton's biography of Ellen Key throws some desired light upon the personality of this interesting woman, though as a whole it is rather unsatisfactory as a study of character and in information meagre and vague. Of external events, as a matter of fact, there is little to record. Ellen Key (the name was originally the Scotch "Mac Kay") was born in 1849, of a race of squires and statesmen, and passed her childhood in the wholesome atmosphere of a country home. Later she spent her winters in Stockholm as the companion and secretary of her father, Emil Key, who was a member of the Riksdag. By 1880 Emil Key had spent his fortune in the interest of the Liberal party, and Ellen began a career of nineteen years as a high-school teacher. She had always been a student, and in 1882 she began to give public lectures, embracing a variety of subjects in history, sociology, and literature, before the People's Institute of Stockholm, which had been founded by the husband of her biographer. From this point dates her literary output, of which, it should be said, the discussion of sex relations forms a rather small part. It seems clear that she had no special ambition for publicity, and her prominence as a critic of the institution of marriage was in a measure provoked by the action of the authorities when, in 1889, four young men who had given expression to some crudely radical views concern-

ing the marriage relation were imprisoned under an old statute against blasphemy. With no sympathy for their manner of expressing themselves, Ellen Key felt that their imprisonment was nevertheless a crime against freedom of speech; and in view of a general indifference she felt called to their defence.

Ellen Key is a single woman, and her biography records not so much as one "affair." Apparently, the philosopher of love has been too busy. Her biographer resents indignantly the "slanders" that have been heaped upon her; and her resentment is so far justified that no one who reads Ellen Key carefully could associate her with anything vulgar, however unconventional, though vulgar episodes may plausibly be referred to her for authority. Yet it is scarcely fair to scold an unenlightened public for supposing that "Miss Key lived as she preached," and on the other hand a defence of the champion of love's freedom by the standards of Mrs. Grundy seems a trifle irrelevant. Her biographer also resents the imputation that Ellen Key's insistence upon freedom in marriage represents the morbid preoccupation of an old maid. Rather, should we say—in spite of sixty years and a well-seasoned intellect—the uncalculating idealism of youth. For the practical fact about marriage seems to be that every marriage, however well founded in mutual sympathy, presents a problem. There are always some differences of temperament, become important through close association, between which compatibility is still to be effected. In Ellen Key's philosophy the possibility of creating compatibility plays no part, as, indeed, her biographer notes. Marriages are made in Heaven. Men and women are either compatible or incompatible, once for all; and when they are incompatible the marriage is to be dissolved.

It is then no surprise to learn from Mrs. Nyström-Hamilton that Ellen Key's writing is the fruit of intuition rather than of logic, and that she is even somewhat baffled by the requirements of grammatical construction. Her work is a curious combination of the naïve and the profound. It contains many passages hardly to be surpassed for virility and nobility of conception and for penetrating insight; and then again passages which, taken in themselves, seem to countenance a scandalous frivolity and libertinism. It seems clear that when Ellen Key writes she is absorbed in the thought of the moment and in the aspect of the question which is immediately before her, and it is left for the reader to find "the complementary contradiction and restriction" which would give her exact meaning. The effect of this upon the thoughtless and dissatisfied is likely to be demoralizing; but this will not permit us to deny that the writer herself is a high-minded woman whose personal sympathies are sound and wholesome.

Tibullus: The Corpus Tibullianum. Edited, with Introduction and Notes on Books I, II, and IV, ii-xiv, by Kirby Flower Smith. New York: American Book Co. $1.50.

It is a pleasure to acknowledge the debt which American classical scholarship owes to Professor Smith for this edition. We have here not only the first commentary in English upon the whole text of Tibullus, Sulpicia, and the anonymous elegies of the fourth book, but we have an edition which in minuteness of scholarship, sympathy and acuteness of interpretation, and extended knowledge of similar literature in other languages combines the excellencies of Earle's editions of Sophocles and Shorey's edition of Horace.

The most obvious criticism is on the form. As one of a series of school and college textbooks, it is restricted by various limitations of space and style, notably evident in the Introduction, which, though extensive (94 pages), still of necessity omits many important details of discussion. However, Professor Smith always sets forth his own views clearly and adequately, and the ample footnotes supply the bibliography necessary for verification. Then, too, the text, embracing the whole *corpus Tibullianum*, is printed solid (66 pages), while the critical variations are relegated to the Appendix. These should be more extensive and should appear at the bottom of the page. The same limitations of space have probably caused the omission of a commentary on the third book and the "Encomium Messallæ" (IV, i). It is true that these elegies are distinctly inferior to the genuine work, but the addition of a brief commentary on them would have made the book complete.

Professor Smith is not so much a textual critic, as a student of language and literature. These two characteristics dominate in the extensive commentary (344 pages). This is written for the university student and the student of comparative literature. Here are no futile "grammatical" notes intended for the young collegian, who still finds it difficult to construe, but such grammatical notes as find place are elaborate and exhaustive treatments of word meaning and syntactical phenomena, in which every available bit of information is cited and weighed. Many of these notes remind one of Mayor's commentary on Juvenal, without its irrelevancies. Parallels in ancient and modern literatures are lavishly quoted, as a rule in the language in which they are written, and to get the full benefit of the notes the reader must be familiar with French, German, and Italian, in addition to Latin and Greek. While Tibullus has had no such influence upon later literature as Horace and Virgil, it is remarkable how many real parallels are here collected.

Great interest centres in the Introduction, which treats of the Development of the Elegy, the Life of Tibullus, Later Tradition and Imitation, Criticism and Discussion, etc. The most important chapters are the first two. In the first the editor sketches the history of this most fascinating but elusive department of literature from its earliest appearance, when it seems already fully developed in all its moods, down to and beyond Tibullus, "to whom belongs the distinction of having given artistic perfection to the department on Roman ground." Owing to the many uncertainties due to the almost total loss of early Greek elegy, this discussion should have been much longer, for many students will not have ready access to many works cited in the footnotes. The chapter on the life of Tibullus furnishes an excellent example of literary criticism. Our external information regarding Tibullus is extremely scanty, while the references to himself in his poems are so vague and so inextricably interwoven with the inherited literary machinery of the elegy that nothing positive can be deduced. Here Professor Smith is at his best. His extensive studies in this department, his delicate humor, and his power of divination have enabled him to reconstruct a charming personality who, while a prominent figure in the literary circle of Messalla, was at the same time a much loved companion of Virgil and Horace.

History of the People of the United States. Volume VIII. By John Bach McMaster. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $2.50 net.

Thirty years have passed since Mr. McMaster began his "History of the People of the United States," the final volume of which now appears. He ends abruptly with the inauguration of Lincoln as President. The volumes of Rhodes continue the story, though after quite another method; and thus, for the first time, we have an elaborate history of the United States from 1789 to 1884. Channing has already covered the Colonial period, but with nothing like the same detail. A final chapter by McMaster, describing the general situation in 1860, and in the same form as his first chapter in the first volume, would have been interesting, if only to furnish a measure of his development during the progress of his work.

In that time a new school of historical writers has been trained. Mr. McMaster began to write soon after special departments in history and economics were established in our leading universities, the first effect of which was to

show the essential defect in the work of the accepted writers of the time. He has been quite consistent in his methods, and from the beginning has placed his main reliance upon contemporary newspapers. From these he summarized state papers, political declarations, and the more obvious symptoms of social movement, selecting with judgment and combining with skill, so as to form narratives of special incidents. The connection may be of the slightest, chiefly chronological; but the result brings into relief a number of almost forgotten social facts, abortive or fruitful in later improvement—early evidences of movements still in action. As an open field for social development and experimentation, the United States offered an opportunity for appreciating social forces. Without training in economics Mr. McMaster is on this matter at once suggestive and weak. The ten years covered by this volume marked the fullest development of slavery in the South; but no attempt is made to show its evils and its supposed advantages. That the year 1860 should have found the people willing to enter into extreme protection, even under cover of a war necessity, receives no explanation, and his treatment of the wages question carefully avoids any connection with the tariff. Nor while describing the growth of cities does he suggest the beginnings of the political "boss," surely a distinctive creation of municipal opportunity. He is strong in collecting a large number of items on a certain subject; but too often these elaborate compilations lead to no conclusion. Names and incidents, called into activity by a special occasion and exerting only local influence, might judiciously have been pruned so as to permit the introduction of matters of permanent importance.

If the filibusters against Cuba and Nicaragua deserve notice, would not commercial reciprocity with Canada, of strong and lasting influence on the economic development of the Dominion, demand at least mention? The opinions on Lincoln's capacity expressed by individuals of all parties were even more remarkable than those cited from the Democratic press. The economic dependence of the South on cotton, which led to a political assurance of its power to coerce foreign nations as well as the North, is only casually mentioned; while the intensely bitter sectional hatred of the South against New England escapes attention.

The paraphrasing of newspapers involves dangers which Mr. McMaster has not escaped—those of monotony and prolixity. Contemporary opinion needs to be tested by severe analysis, for it suffers from all forms of distortion. In biography this distortion is an advantage; it gives the personal equation of the subject, and the frame or setting of the biography corrects the most marked defects. But Mr. McMaster is the most impersonal of historians. He rarely expresses an opinion beyond the adjective he uses in the narrative, and nowhere has he sought to outline the character of a leader. Lincoln, Buchanan, and Brown are no more to him than a steamboat, a railway, or an anonymous writer in a village newspaper. These well-known names appear and disappear as occasion offers, but the cause of their existence and the result of their agency are equally ill-defined. With a style which lends itself to the picturesque, the volume is singularly lacking in that quality. The trial of John Brown and the Mountain Meadows Massacre are related in the same terms as a political convention; and to the summary of the Lincoln-Douglas debate, though called in the chapter heading "the great debate," is assigned no more space than is given to the visit of Kossuth.

In paraphrasing from a number of sources confusion is created. Many of the paragraphs read as if made up by the "clippings editor." In drawing his material from many sources, without regard to the standing or influence of the source, skill in piecing cannot avoid this confusion. In a paragraph on North Carolina in 1860 a single sentence is taken from each of seven journals. In an attempt to estimate public opinion in one State this is justifiable; but the method fails when public opinion on the repeal of the Missouri Compromise is to be defined. On pages 267-268 a part of the paragraph is taken from D. D. Field; but the relation continues in the same tone without credit given to any source. The reader must decide if it is Field who is still speaking, or some unnoted authority. Then, too, in drawing from those who have made special studies in the same period Mr. McMaster might have been more liberal of credit. In this case criticism of style and method is in place, because much more is demanded of this last volume than of the first. Not only has the subject broadened, but the reader is more critical. He looks for something beyond a compilation from printed sources. Mr. McMaster does use manuscripts, but haltingly and unskilfully. He has dipped into the Webster, Buchanan, Stanton, Hammond, and Dreer collections, but the results are not striking and show the author to be out of his true element. Nor has he done what was needful in some instances. Injustice is done to Col. Higginson in making him remain at Worcester after the failure of Brown's raid. He wrote letters to his colleagues crying out against the cowardice of deserting Brown in his extremity, for which they were in a measure responsible; and, in disguise, he went to Harper's Ferry to see what could be done to aid the doomed man. A request would have obtained from the Department of State the instructions given to McLane (p. 437); the name of the Tennessee paper of divided political allegiance might have been given. Of positive errors a few may be noted for correction: It was Daniel S. Dickinson, not Daniel A. (p. 168); Troup, not Troupe, of Georgia (p. 178); Amory Laurence, not Amos (p. 203); and Donelson, not Donaldson (p. 265).

After all is said in criticism of methods and results, Mr. McMaster has shown great industry and no little discrimination during the progress of his extensive undertaking. Others will find his volumes a great storehouse of facts, presented in an attractive manner. He is not to be compared with Henry Adams; he has not the breadth, certainty and sweep of Channing; he lacks the poise and personal element of Rhodes. He must stand as a highly trained compiler, possessed of a style which sometimes betrays him into unexpected weaknesses.

A Preface to Politics. By Walter Lippmann. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $1.50 net.

Cleverness, cynicism, humor, and common-sense, together with a liberal infusion of that curious credulity that is so distinguishing a feature of modern "advanced" thought, all expressed with a liberal sprinkling of epigram, make of Mr. Lippmann's book pleasant reading and a gentle stimulant to thought. He has read his Chesterton to some purpose, at least so far as style is concerned, and he has yielded his philosophic soul to the allurements of Bergson and the Pragmatists of the most ultra school. He has made his act of faith in that "modern philosophy" which in its vigorous revolt from the deadening mechanistic theories of Spencer and his day has placed the will in its new found "freedom" on the throne of the universe, wholly autonomous, wholly creative, wholly loosed from the trammels of a past which concerns it not, and wholly lord of a future which lies at its feet. Without following him in subscribing to this somewhat portentous and highly dogmatic creed, one may cheerfully assent to some of his suggestions and criticisms upon present tendencies. His view of the business of politics is that of an intelligent socialist. "It is perfectly true that that government is best which governs least. It is equally true that that government is best which provides most" (p. 266). In these phrases he seems to sum up the fundamental idea of his system—if, indeed, he would allow that he has a "system," and he probably would not! And when we come to ask what government is to "provide" we get the idea that, instead of a mechanical repression of "evil" by police power (what he

calls the "taboo"), the statesman will strive to find a "moral equivalent" for that evil (in the manner of James in the case of war) and will furnish an innocent or even useful expression for the impulses and desires which in their perversion give birth to wrongdoing. (It is not clear that Mr. Lippmann believes in the existence of any wrongdoing which has not "social" consequences; if he does he has not said so, and one gets the impression from his book that he does not.)

But it is not in his constructive suggestions that he is most profitable or most entertaining; it is rather his remarks upon things as they are and his criticisms of men as they live that are stimulating. His characterizations of Roosevelt, Wilson, Bryan, and Tammany Hall are penetrating, and there are occasional vignettes that are worth while. For instance: "From Senator Lodge, for example, we do not expect any new perception of popular need. We know that probably his deepest sincerity is an attempt to reproduce the atmosphere of the Senate a hundred years ago. The manners of Mr. Lodge have that immobility which comes from too much gazing at bad statues of dead statesmen" (p. 6). For the sake of this kind of thing one can easily pardon his rather juvenile and cocksure pronouncements on such things as art, morals, and religion, with the feeling that he will probably outgrow most of them.

The Life of Sir Henry Vane the Younger. By John Willcock, M.A., D.D. With 13 portraits. London: St. Catherine Press.

The lives of those seventeenth-century Englishmen who for one reason or another emigrated to America and subsequently returned to participate in the great religious and constitutional struggles that were raging in their native land, are fraught with unusual interest for readers on both sides of the Atlantic. The most important of them was unquestionably the founder of Pennsylvania. Another, less known than he deserves to be, was Sir George Downing, a graduate of Harvard College in the class of 1642, who went back to England during the Civil War to become Ambassador to the Netherlands under Cromwell and Charles II, and a stanch upholder of the doctrine of appropriation of supplies. The career of Sir Henry Vane the Younger, however, surpasses both of these in human interest and dramatic climax; indeed, it would be hard to find a more attractive subject in a period which teems with great men. Four formal lives of him had already been written in England and America when Mr. Willcock (who, by the way, is the author of three other recent seventeenth-century biographies) began the work which lies before us; but he has found enough new material, and been able to present old facts in sufficiently new lights, amply to justify him in his latest undertaking.

Born in 1613, the eldest son of a father prominent in the Parliaments and councils of the first two Stuart Kings, educated at Westminster and Oxford, Sir Henry Vane the Younger emigrated in 1635 to Massachusetts, in order to be able to enjoy the free exercise of his strong Puritan beliefs. Elected Governor of the colony, the year after his arrival, at the age of twenty-three, he was obliged to yield his office to Winthrop in 1637 on account of the unpopularity of Mrs. Hutchinson and the Antinomians, whose cause he had warmly espoused; and in August of that year he returned to England. He sat as a member of the Short and Long Parliaments, accidentally discovered and permitted Pym to copy the notes taken by his father on Strafford's famous speech at the fatal Council meeting of May 5, 1540, and thus furnished the evidence which ultimately was to send "Black Tom Tyrant" to the block; he was an ardent supporter of the "Root and Branch" bill, and gave his whole-hearted allegiance to the popular cause. An enthusiastic champion of liberty of conscience, he bitterly opposed the tyranny of the Presbyterian system, and until the year 1647 was one of the dearest and most intimate friends of Oliver Cromwell. His desire to reach some compromise which should save the King and settle religion on the basis of moderate episcopacy and toleration led, however, to a divergence between the two men, which became a permanent breach on the occasion of Cromwell's forcible dissolution of the Long Parliament in April, 1653, which Vane bitterly opposed. The scene enacted there is familiar to all students of English history.

Perhaps the most difficult question which confronts the biographer of a man like Vane is to decide how much general history of the period to include. Certainly, no one can complain that Mr. Willcock has neglected his background; some of his readers will probably feel that he has overdone it, especially as he is by no means uniformly accurate in his delineations of current events or constitutional problems; his statements about "tonnage and poundage" on p. 20 are a case in point. The somewhat wandering accounts of the early lives of Laud and Wentworth could also, in our opinion, have been omitted, or at least cut down. There is a misprint on page 9. Narragansett is not, as Mr. Willcock (p. 28) seems to think, the name of a river. These details, however, do not seriously diminish the value of Mr. Willcock's work. And it is gratifying to note that he has resisted the temptation to hero-worship (would that all the other biographers of Vane had done the same!), that he writes pleasingly and for the most part convincingly, and that he knows his subject sufficiently well to be entitled to speak with authority. His life of Vane is by far the best that has yet been produced.

Notes

Volumes I and II of the "History of England in the Eighteenth Century," are soon to appear in Longmans' popular edition of Lecky's works.

"Greek Imperialism," by W. S. Ferguson; "The Publisher," by Robert S. Yard; "New Letters of an Idle Man," by H. J. Warner, and a uniform edition of the writings of James B. Perkins, comprising six volumes, on French history, are among the new books listed by the Houghton Mifflin Company.

Autumn offerings for children listed by Duffield & Company include "Imagina," by Julia Ellisworth Ford, illustrated in color by Arthur Rackham; "Hoistah: An Indian Girl," by S. M. Barrett; a new edition of Carové's "Story Without an End"; "The Peekaboo Book" and "A Spartan Primer," by Grace G. Drayton, and "Festival Plays," a new volume in the Play series by Marguerite Merington.

The Cambridge University Press will issue through G. P. Putnam's Sons "Der Zuave," adapted from the German and edited by G. T. Ungold, designed for pupils who have completed their first course in German, and "The Little Schools of Port-Royal," by H. C. Barnard, a detailed study of the theories and practice of the Port-Royalists.

G. P. Putnam's Sons are about to publish "The Married Life of Queen Victoria," by Clare Jerroid; "The New Agrarianism," by C. W. Dahlinger; "The Quest of the Dream," by E. K. Wallace; "A Little Green World: A Village Comedy," by J. E. Buckrose; "The Belief in Personal Immortality," by E. S. P. Haynes; "Which Temple Ye Are," by A. H. W.

The story of "A Fool and His Money," by George Barr McCutcheon, heads the list of Dodd, Mead & Co.'s autumn publications, followed by novelizations of "Peg o' My Heart" and "Years of Discretion"; "The Taste of Apples," by Jennette Lee; "The Destroyer," by B. E. Stevenson; "The Honour of the House," by Mrs. Hugh Fraser; "The Honour of the Clintons," by Archibald Marshall.

Other books listed by the same firm are: "Religion in Social Action," by Graham Taylor; Maeterlinck's "Our Eternity," translated by A. T. de Mattos; Fabre's "Life of the Fly"; "The Tourists' Spain and Portugal," by Ruth K. Wood; "Travels in the Pyrenees," by C. Scott-O'Connor, and the story of the polar expedition, under the title "Scott's Last Expedition."

Autumn and winter publications scheduled by the Columbia University Press include

"Learned Societies and English Literary Scholarships," by H. R. Steeves; "Gnomic Poetry in Anglo-Saxon," by Blanche C. Williams; "Aaron Hill: Poet, Dramatist, Projector," by Dorothy Brewster; "Chaucer and the Roman de la Rose," by Dean Spruill Fansler; "Wieland and Shaftesbury," by Charles Elson; "The Dative of Agency," by Alexander Green; "Diderot as a Disciple of English Thought," by R. L. Cru; "Uncle and Nephew in the Old French Chansons de Geste," by W. O. Farnsworth; "Sumerian Records from Drehem," by W. M. Nesbit; "Root Determinatives in Semitic Speech," by S. T. H. Hurwitz, and Vols. I, III, IV, Studies in Cancer and Allied Subjects.

The twenty-fifth edition of Baedeker's "Switzerland, and the Adjacent Portions of Italy, Savoy, and Tyrol" (Scribner) comes out at a time when the heavy travel to that country has closed for the year, but the book will be ready for the spring exodus and will need no recommendation.

The American Book Company, in conjunction with G. & C. Merriam Co., has brought out a new "Webster's Secondary-School Dictionary," which, as it is abridged from the "New International," has the stamp of authenticity and authority. It contains above 70,000 words and some 1,000 illustrations. It is sold at the low price of $1.50.

A new edition of "The Family" (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company), by Charles F. and Carrie F. Butler Thwing, has been issued. The first edition was published in 1885 and is widely and favorably known. The changes in this edition include a revision of the chapter on the teachings of Christ on the family, corrections of statistics respecting divorce, and a discussion of the probable effects on the family of possible changes in the direction of Socialism.

The new edition of Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell's "Labrador: the Country and the People" (Macmillan) is a reprint of the edition of 1909, with two additional chapters on "Animal Life in Labrador" and "Conservation and Exploration," and brief bibliographies. It is too bad that the original text has not been revised: the account of the present condition of the Moravian missions and the Eskimo, for example, needs recasting, and chapter ii, on travelled routes to Labrador, is quite out of date. The work of the Grenfell mission, also, has expanded a good deal since the book first appeared. In his new chapter on conservation and exploration, Dr. Grenfell makes an earnest plea for the scientific utilization of Labrador as a game preserve, a study of the fisheries with a view to their preservation, and the development of the mineral and timber resources of the country.

"The First Explorations of the Trans-Allegheny Region by the Virginians" (A. H. Clark), by C. W. Alvord and Lee Bidgood, is an edition of the sources relating to English exploration west of the mountains between 1650 and 1670. The chief sources are Bland's pamphlet on the "Discovery of New Britain begun in 1650," the "Discoveries of John Lederer begun in 1669," Clayton's "Transcript of the Journal of Robert Fallam," a letter of Abraham Wood relating the journey of Needham and Arthur, and Daniel Coxe's account of the activities of the English in the Mississippi valley in the seventeenth century. The editors provide an introduction of eighty-four pages, presenting in great detail all that is known of the expeditions and much biographical material of the men connected with them. The motives of the explorations were "Asiatic commerce, mines of gold and silver, and the fur trade." The material here published corrects the impression conveyed by Parkman and Winsor, that the French had the better claim to the West by discovery. On the contrary, "Englishmen were among the first to see the waters that flow westward and southward. They knew the region of the upper Ohio years before the French had any record of the river's course." These facts are well established, but a much briefer introduction would have answered every purpose. The belief of the editors that Wood, Batts, Fallam, and Needham are deserving of fame as well as Joliet, Marquette, and LaSalle, doubtless accounts for the length of the introduction. But there is one striking difference between the explorations of the former and those of the latter: the discoveries of the French were followed up by the establishment of trading posts and forts, while the discoveries of the English were without practical effect, so far as English occupation is concerned, for nearly half a century. It is difficult for historians to confer fame on men whose actions were little noted by their contemporaries.

"France" (Macmillan), by Cecil Headlam, is one of The Making of the Nations series. It is certainly difficult to write a good history of the French nation in 400 pages. Besides accurate knowledge, the author should have a firm grasp of the larger movements, the decisive tendencies; and the literary skill which is essential for bringing them into proper relation. Mr. Headlam has accurate knowledge, for the most part, but the narrative is little more than a concise, clear summary of facts, mainly political, in chronological sequence—a series of events presented on a dead level, without relief or relative emphasis. The author is probably better equipped for the earlier than for the later part of French history. At all events the least satisfactory part of the book is that which deals with the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. The period from 1815 to 1870 is dispatched in fourteen pages, which is less space than is given to Philip IV and his three successors. Thirty-six pages are given to the *ancien régime* and the Revolution, neither of which is adequately presented, even allowing for the limitation of space. The reader will not understand very well why the king was executed, or what was the difference between Girondin and Jacobin, or what was the essential meaning of the Terror. It can scarcely be maintained without qualification that Voltaire was one of those who believed human nature to be naturally good, certainly not that the Constituante was mainly concerned with the agrarian revolution, or that it was dominated by the ideas of Rousseau. Montesquieu, not Rousseau, inspired the Deputies of the First Assembly.

Those who wish to form a first-hand impression of the character and work of Francisco Ferrer will welcome Joseph McCabe's translation of "The Origin and Ideals of the Modern School" (Putnam). The "Modern School," it should be noted, was the school established by Ferrer. The book was found among the papers restored to Ferrer's trustees. It was his only book, and, as Mr. McCabe says, it is a frank portrayal of the character of the man and a description of his aims.

The proceedings of the Second National Conference on Housing, held in Philadelphia last December, have been published in admirable form as Volume II of "Housing Problems in America." The first volume of that name, a year or so ago, signalized the auspicious beginning of a movement to bring together in one organization persons in all parts of the country who are thinking and working on the vital problems of housing. The second volume marks a gratifying advance in the number of those who assembled to participate in the Conference, and in the range and interest of the proceedings. Following an address by Mr. Bryce on "The Menace of Great Cities," the leading papers, ten in number, deal with sanitary inspection of lodgings, tenement and building laws, overcrowding and the lodger evil, the best types of workingmen's houses, the possibility of moving factories and the homes of workers to the outskirts of cities, garden cities, the financing of house-building projects, etc. Discussion of the papers and reports by delegates on what has been accomplished in their several communities occupy some 200 pages. The discussion is full of enthusiasm, suggestion, and practical experience.

Four years ago the *Nation* (September 9, 1909) noted the appearance of Prof. C. H. Grandgent's edition of the "Inferno" (Heath). A companion volume containing the "Purgatorio" was published in 1911. A third volume, the "Paradiso," and a large volume containing the entire "Divine Comedy" have now been issued simultaneously. The large volume is printed from the plates used for the smaller ones, and the three *cantiche*, in consequence, are separately paged. A few errors found in the separate issues of the "Inferno" and the "Purgatorio" are corrected in the complete form. The work thus finished is the first American annotated edition of the Italian text of "The Divine Comedy." The comment, appearing in footnotes and in arguments prefixed to the several cantos, is notable both for its thorough and alert scholarship and for its skilful adaptation, in material and in arrangement, to the needs of the American student. The open page gives the impression that the text's the thing, and the notes seem what they are, instead of presenting a formidable mass scholastic in proportions. The translations of difficult phrases are particularly good; they have something of the finality of the original. The mature reader will find, among many satisfactions, a style of delightful vigor and finish in the introductions and arguments. The book will stimulate American study of Dante both in quantity and in quality. In its importance and in its excellence this edition is worthy to rank with the Dante translations of Longfellow and Norton.

J. G. Robertson's "The Literature of Germany" (Holt) gives within a small compass an excellent connected narrative of the salient facts in the history of German literature from the earliest times down to the present day. It is a popular book and

passes lightly over many things which in themselves might seem to deserve more than mention. Naturally, the Middle Ages receive only scant attention. The period of the Reformation, however, is made to appear more barren of real literature than it was. The Age of Classic Achievement is most fully and adequately treated. Romanticism does not fare so well, and we should have expected such a figure as Heinrich von Kleist to stand out much more prominently. The multifarious nineteenth century is, on the whole, presented in orderly and skilful fashion. We may question Professor Robertson's judgment in the matter of omissions, but seldom in the matter of evaluation or the indication of relationships. The little book is interestingly written and is of a kind to inspire respect for both subject and author.

The career of Sigma Xi is so closely identified with the development of scientific study in America that its "Quarter Century History and Record, 1886-1911," compiled by the Secretary, Henry Baldwin Ward, and published by the University of Illinois, is a valuable document in the history of education. It is strange that, with the society's rapid growth in scope and dignity, embracing every section but the South, this is the first formal account of its activities to be published, and its first catalogue since 1893. It numbered, in 1911, twenty-eight active chapters, with 4,498 members distributed through all the important colleges and every scientific profession; and its influence on undergraduate scholarship is held second only to that of Phi Beta Kappa, founded more than a hundred years earlier:

> By stamping as the primary factor in scientific pursuits the power to investigate, Sigma Xi has laid the emphasis on the general good, and freed itself from self-centred tendencies. Locally it has often led in the discussion of educational values; and it has put on an equal basis with research in pure science that pursuit of applied science which has prolonged human life and made it in a thousand ways worth living. The emphasis thus laid upon service is a worthy contribution to national advancement.

Besides historical matter connected with Sigma Xi, which the reader must wish had been amplified, the publication contains statistical tables, lists of members by chapters, a general name-index, a geographical name-index, lists of officers, and the constitution and by-laws. The only illustrations are reproductions of early programmes and minute-sheets. The task of compilation was obviously onerous, and the secretary records that chapter negligence complicated the difficulty of procuring documentary materials, and at times made absolute accuracy impossible.

Henry Billings Brown, formerly Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court, died last Thursday at the age of seventy-seven. He was born in South Lee, Mass. He was appointed Federal Judge for the Eastern District of Michigan by President Grant, and was raised to the Supreme Court in 1890, retiring in 1906. He was the compiler of "Brown's Admiralty Reports."

Eugene Lemoine Didier has just died in Baltimore at the age of seventy-five. He was educated at Loyola College. He entered on a commercial career, but gave it up in 1867 to accept a place as editor of *Southern Society*, a weekly periodical. Later he was appointed Deputy Marshal of the United States Supreme Court at Baltimore. He was the author of "Life of Edgar Allan Poe," "Life and Letters of Madame Bonaparte," "Primer of Criticism," and "The Political Adventures of James G. Blaine."

William Carew Hazlitt, man of letters, bibliographer, and numismatist, died on Monday in London. He was the son of the late Registrar Hazlitt, of the Court of Bankruptcy, and grandson of William Hazlitt, essayist. He was born in London in 1834 and was educated at the Merchant Taylors' School. He studied civil engineering under George and Sir John Rennie, but gave up that profession for literature and archæology. Among publications by Mr. Hazlitt were: "The Venetian Republic," "Bibliographical Collections and Notes," "The Livery Companies of London," "Tenures of Land and Customs of Manors," and "Four Generations of a Literary Family."

We find reported the death, at Lausanne, of Mlle. Favre, who wrote under the well-known name of "Pierre de Coulevain." Her novels, which have been reviewed so recently that they need not be named here, dealt often with English and American matters.

Science

Mind and Health. With an Examination of Some Systems of Divine Healing. By Edward E. Weaver, Ph.D., Sometime Fellow in Clark University. With an Introduction by G. Stanley Hall, Ph.D., LL.D., President of Clark University. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2 net.

Readers of this very interesting book, if by chance they have watched the development of psychologists, and more particularly of those of the American brand, for the past few decades, will find fresh and entertaining evidence of the cool readiness with which these persons take any knowledge to be in their own special field when they choose to care for it.

It is with psychotherapy that Dr. Weaver wishes to deal, its development and some aspects of its application. He devotes an introductory chapter to a short and somewhat bare historical outline which starts with Mesmer. Earlier forebears of the psychotherapeutist are briefly mentioned, but with little or no consideration of their relative importance. As an outline the account is rather good, but the reader would never dream that certain periods had been times of most dramatic and passionate interest or that from time to time science and society were deeply agitated by some of the questions that arose, questions that now cause mere ripples on the surface of opinion. Concerning Mesmer and his immediate succession Dr. Weaver quite overlooks the fact that the general question of electricity and presently the particular question of animal electricity, as the term was then used, were, historically, most intimately connected with the frame of mind that made mesmerism possible. And when the reader to whom the subject is new comes to the modern period, he will hardly see the significance of the Nancy school. Liébeault, although he did not appear in print until 1866, had there begun as early as 1860 to show that by simple suggestion sleep may be induced, or something very like sleep, and also that certain symptoms of disease may be removed; but for years he was neglected and even despised by the faculty of the University and by the other physicians of the town. It was not until 1882, years after Charcot's trumpet from the Salpêtrière had awakened popular and scientific interest in a totally different conception of the questions involved, that Bernheim of Nancy began to pay attention to the healing which for many years had been done unheeded and almost at his very door, and became the prophet of Liébeault. Through Bernheim also, Liégeois and Beaunis were led to take an interest in these studies, and thus after a long delay Liébeault at last came to his own. And again concerning the last and brightest offspring of psychotherapy, psycho-analysis, it may be said that Breuer, although credited with the parentage, hardly gets quite full credit for his share in the upbringing of the child, most of it being given to Freud; but in this neglect of Breuer Dr. Weaver has plenty of company. On the other hand, one may commend the care that he takes to give just and full recognition of the influence of Quimby, without whom Mrs. Eddy and some others would have been impossible.

The next chapter is devoted to theories of mind that form a basis for psychotherapeutics. It cannot be said that a very deep plunge is made here, but the discussion is illuminating and probably sufficient for the readers whom the author wishes to reach. After a brief consideration of the three theories characterized as those of dissociation, of a subliminal self, and of the supra-mental, the first (that of modification or dissociation) is accepted as giving the best foundation, but with the express limitation that the theory must not be interpreted too rigidly. Then follow chapters on what are called the principles of psychotherapy, being an account of the armentarium and technique. Here there is a lack of definiteness and the presence of much confusing quotation where condensation and clean-cut statement are much to be desired. If the reader is looking for practical instruction he will look in vain, as the pages on psycho-analysis (pp. 110, 180 *seq.*) abundantly show.

Thus far it may seem that the author is seeking good psychological foundations to aid in the development of psychotherapy as a part of medicine, but the rest of the book makes clear that his real interest lies in its usefulness in the work of the church. After some explanation and much citation concerning reality, and particularly concerning religious reality and its share in some types of healing, Dr. Weaver goes on to consider a few of the religious systems of mental healing: Christian Science, the Emmanuel Movement, Divine Healing as exhibited in Dowieism and in the Christian Alliance of Simpson. To each of these systems is given considerable space for the presentation of the essential doctrines and a discussion of their merits and defects, a discussion that seems everywhere not only instructive, but also fair and just. Another chapter is devoted to metaphysical healing, Whipple's "Mental Healing" being taken as the representative of the numerous cults of "new thought." This system seems to appeal to him as the most sober and sanest of the group. Dr. Weaver evidently thinks that Whipple is on the right track, although he has far too much speculation and too little clearness "in his treatment of spiritual intelligence and its relations to consciousness and conceptual thinking." There is apparently just enough of truth in Whipple's metaphysical ideas of psychotherapy to justify the wish that they might be brought out more clearly and receive a surer foundation.

The last three chapters deal with a valid religious system of healing. Of this it is demanded that it be supremely good, recognize æsthetic values, and have in view the truth values; and it will misconceive the goal if it break away from scientific methods. Its aim must be to learn and apply psychotherapeutic principles, but with the recognition of God as the source of power, since to know aright this ultimate reality is to open the channels by which order and harmony may be brought to man's being. Such a power of healing must be exercised by ministers of religion, and this will involve a marked change in theological education with the broadening of the function of the religious teacher. The scope of the system as here set forth, and this is perhaps the crux of the whole book, seems to lie in the fact that an evident increase of ills calls for psychotherapy; in the assurance of greater power thus to be given to the well; in the universality of its message; and finally in the emphasis which will be laid on prophylaxis. There are also practical suggestions as to the part which the church as a body may play by improvement of its service, whose value is easily and now all too frequently underrated, by actively seeking the help of the minister, and by cooperation with all man-saving agencies.

This condensation of the ideas of the author may strike the reader as vague, but the original statement along with an undeniable grandeur of purpose is also vague. Here, as elsewhere in the book, Dr. Weaver evidently has no clear notion as to what the physician is and what he tries to do, and at best a very hazy conception of the danger of doing harm which a religious teacher endeavoring to practice psychotherapy must run. This comes out clearly enough also in his allusions to prophylaxis, with the particular stress on alcohol and venereal diseases, and in statements like this (p. 381): "Epidemics will lose their power. Contagious diseases will be effectually checked, or at least will be robbed of their malignancy"—all this and more as the result of the adoption of psychotherapy in a valid religious system of healing. It looks as though one might ride the psychotherapeutic steed with too free a rein, and there is also the much more serious danger that some readers may think him a mere hobby-horse, fit only for the wood-pile.

Originally begun as a dissertation, the book has many of the earmarks of its origin and of a development in which quotations and cards of reference seem to have swamped the writer at certain points. Its completed form would be much improved by the omission of many quotations or some form of marked concentration. The proofreading, especially with reference to umlauts and accents, leaves much to be desired, and a more careful system in the use of the names and titles of authors would improve the typography. The bibliography has evidently been collected with some industry; it has nearly three hundred titles. These are grouped in six sections and a number of subdivisions, an arrangement which causes much confusion if the reader seek any particular book, for neither the index of names nor that of subjects gives a clue. The basis for the selection of the books to be included is not evident, and the list is hardly as fundamental and exhaustive as its number would suggest.

The study of insects as a hobby is much more widespread in Europe than in this country, as is attested by the large number of collectors' guides and handbooks which there find ready sale. The most recent of these is A. G. Scorer's "Entomologist's Log-Book" (Dutton), which, as its sub-title indicates, is a "dictionary of the life-histories and food plants of the British Macro-lepidoptera." In a single alphabetical arrangement are the host plants, and genera and species of the larger moths and butterflies. By an excellent arrangement there are recorded the more salient points regarding the life histories, time of appearance, habits, etc., of the common British species, while interleaving provides for private notes. The volume will be of much service to English amateurs, but of course can be merely suggestive to students elsewhere.

Illustrated books about the animal world, more or less valuable and variously arranged, have poured from the press since photography and mechanical engraving have made printed pictures cheap and excellent, but the plant-world has been far less favored. Two English botanists, Messrs A. E. Knight and Edward Step, F.L.S., have entered this field in their "Popular Botany" (Holt, 2 vols.), offering an encyclopædic book well worth having for its illustrations if for nothing else. These number no less than 721, besides 18 colored plates; and most of them are from unusually good photographs of living plants, trees, growing fruits, etc. These are supplemented by many excellent drawings of structural details, making clear the anatomy and physiology of representative species or groups, and their specific adaptations. While the text is mainly descriptive of typical or interesting plants in various parts of the world, the general arrangement of the matter is botanical, in the sense that the chapters follow the natural course of plant development from seed to fruitage, and the various pictures and descriptions are of illustrative examples. Thus the attentive reader learns as he proceeds the composition of plants, how they obtain food, of what it consists, and how it is assimilated; the characteristics of plant-growth; the adaptations of plants to their environment, how they protect themselves against adversity, and so on. It is evident that the authors have read widely in their field, and the many citations made from the writings of botanists and scientific travellers add much to the value as well as to the readability of the volumes; yet America seems to have hardly a fair share of attention. On the whole, the work may be recommended, especially to school libraries.

The small book "On Alcoholism, its Clinical Aspects and Treatment" (Blakiston), by Dr. Francis Hare, is based largely on the author's somewhat extended experience as superintendent of the Norwood Sanatorium in Kent (England), a private institution for the treatment of alcoholism and drug habits. It is not intended primarily for the lay reader, and does not expound a "cure" as that term is commonly understood; nor are the methods of treatment such that any but medical men may safely use them. Dr. Hare was for a number of years in general hospital practice in the Colonies before taking up this special line of work. He is no fanatic regarding alcohol and has many rational views concerning its harmful action. His discussion of the problems belonging to the clinical side of alcoholism, particularly of true and pseudo-dipsomania and of alcoholic intolerance as the source of *mania à potu*, carefully to be distinguished from delirium tremens, may be commended to all who care to look into these questions.

The Cambridge University Press (Putnam) has been issuing the collected papers of a number of British physicists. Under the editorship of Sir Joseph Larmor, secretary of the Royal Society, the work of Fitzgerald and Sir George Stokes has been made accessible, and now "The Papers in Physics

and Engineering" of Prof. James Thomson has been added. There is hardly any work more useful to science than thus to collect and publish the papers of the men who have contributed anything of permanent value, and it should continue until all such are included. The case of James Thomson is an illustration. While he will not rank as a first-rate physicist, yet he discovered one law of fundamental importance, the change of the freezing point with pressure, and in a number of his other papers there are suggestions which have since been developed by others.

Thomson's scientific papers are classified under topics, the larger number of which relate to engineering problems. Of these, his work on pumps and the flow of fluids is the most important. In pure physics, besides the fundamental discovery already mentioned, which, by the way, was published when the author was only twenty-seven years old, there are important papers relating to fluid motion, air currents, and the physical laws of geology. The volume also contains a biographical sketch, which dwells particularly on Thomson's share in the interesting and beautiful family life with which we have already become acquainted in the biographies of his illustrious brother, Lord Kelvin. The excellence of Thomson's English style should also be noted. It is singularly clear and exact. In fact, one of his most characteristic traits was his scrupulous conscientiousness in endeavoring to impart to others in the least ambiguous language attainable the exact ideas he desired to convey. As a result, he apparently could not always find a word suited to his purpose, and therefore introduced many new scientific terms, some of which are now well established. This trait made him reluctant to express an opinion until he was certain of it, and probably accounts for a smaller amount of published work than might have been expected from one who was so constantly occupied with scientific problems. The work of editing is, as always with Sir Joseph Larmor, most unobtrusive and careful, and the press-work of the book is above reproach.

For school teachers the new small book on "School Hygiene" (Macmillan) in Monroe's Brief Course Series in Education may be much commended. It is the work of Fletcher B. Dresslar, who bears the cumbersome title of a specialist in school hygiene and school sanitation of the United States Bureau of Education. Pretty much every topic that bears directly on the health of children in school is touched upon, in so far as it comes under the control of the teacher. The discussion is in the main full, informing, and suggestive, although somewhat uneven. Members of school boards and committees would derive much benefit from a perusal of the book, and not least from a consideration of the duties of good janitors—men little lower than the angels.

Lucien Augustus Walt, professor emeritus at Cornell University, died Saturday at Clifton Springs. He was sixty-seven years old. He was born at Highgate, Vt., and shortly after his graduation at Harvard in 1870 he became assistant professor of mathematics at Cornell. He rose to the head of the department of mathematics in 1895, serving in that capacity until 1910. He founded the Cascadilla Preparatory School. Professor Walt served as United States Consul at Athens in 1873.

Drama

FILTH ON THE STAGE.

No other word will describe it. The theatrical season is just getting under way, and already the standards of ordinary decency and of honest art have been outraged by the mercenary playwright and producer. The success of the "crook play" of former seasons has convinced the traffickers of the theatre that a market exists for stronger meat than they have hitherto ventured to purvey. They have evidently set out to satisfy the demand, and we are now witnessing a competitive struggle in the theatre, tending towards the survival of the nastiest. Under the guise of contributions towards the study of the social evil, plays have been thrown on the stage which are abominable in their theme and still more abominable in their intention.

None of the factors that serve to excuse, partially or totally, the introduction into art of what is ugly or revolting enter into the present case. Not all of us admit that high purpose or sincerity is sufficient excuse for any treatment of any theme that the artist may feel impelled to undertake; but a great many do hold that opinion. Not all of us admit that the claims of art, for its own sake, absolve its practitioners from the established restraints of decency and the recognized laws of beauty; yet there are a great many people who do say so. But what question is there, in the present invasion of the stage by the cesspool exploiters, of either high purpose and sincerity or high art? Brieux and Shaw, and Gorky before them, have the standing of belligerents against society. They have made it their mission to instruct or shock into self-examination the supporters of a social order whose basic ideas they detest or pity. Whatever may be said about the sincerity of one who seems the least sincere of these leaders of revolt—Bernard Shaw—the fact remains that well through middle age he did not commit violence upon the public for profit. For this reason there is a certain difference between the significance of a production like "Mrs. Warren's Profession," and the foul material that is shovelled on the stage to-day by the native dramatists. The thing is so obviously done for profit and so obviously done in disregard both of the truth of life and the truth of art. What we have is neither satire as with Shaw, nor exhortation as with Brieux, nor wild wrath as with Gorky, nor the profound sense of the pity and terror of life as with Flaubert. It is just a trafficking in filth.

In this cold-blooded, almost automatic, response to the appeal, or supposed appeal, of the box-office, consists the main offence. If the promise of profit to-day were brighter for plays like "'Way Down East," these craftsmen would be turning out plays of homely pathos and platitude. If the outlook seemed to be bright for the drama of Big Business and politics, they would be lashing out at Wall Street. You are convinced that if public attention should centre next year upon the aeroplane or the model village, they will be producing aeroplane and commuter plays next year. Is this lack of conscience or lack of understanding? Are these men under the impression that putting the brothel on the stage has no worse consequences than putting a church-wedding on the stage? One is almost tempted to believe that ignorance is at the bottom of it all; that the men who are now dramatizing the reports of the vice commissions are not aware of the consequences of what they are doing. "White slaves" and the social evil are now in the air, and what is in the air is apparently fit for dramatic exploitation. The outcast of the streets is a novelty, just as at one time princesses of Zenda were a novelty; and the irresistible law of expediency makes the playwright forget what can be decently done and what must in decency be let alone. After all, behind the theatrical man who is exploiting filth for mercenary ends, we may not be wrong in laying the blame to no small degree on those sensational reformers and giddy humanitarians who, working in willing or unwilling conjunction with the yellow press, are accustoming thoughtless minds to the contemplation of vice in all its hideous forms, and deadening the right sensibility of the public while attempting to awaken it.

Plays of Old Japan: The Nō. By Marie C. Stopes. Together with translations of the dramas by M. C. Stopes and Joji Sakurai. Illustrated. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.75 net.

This charming little volume embodies the hard "task of years" of a brilliant Englishwoman. It is remarkable enough that a student of palæobotany, for such is Mrs. Stopes-Gates, should develop literary powers of a high class; it is altogether extraordinary that she should, as she has done, go deeply into the most difficult branch of the difficult literature of an old Oriental nation, and succeed in interpreting to the English-reading public its spirit and beauty.

The Nō pieces, of which four are here presented in English, were products of the simple literary taste of the warrior class of Japan in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. They are crude dramatizations of old legends, embellish-

ed with numerous allusions to ancient literature and traditions well known at that time; in spirit, the Nō plays are, one and all, thoroughly imbued with the Buddhist idea of the transitoriness of the world. Both the language and the thought are already so remote from the present generation of Japanese that, though the singing of the Nō is a fashion of the day among certain classes, commentaries are needed to elucidate many obscure points. The place the Nō occupies in the literary history of Japan is highly important; and, from a broader point of view, these plays are not without interest in the history of the world's literature—for their apparent resemblance to Greek dramas, at least in their use of choruses, and, above all, for their poetic presentation, sometimes in a highly dramatic fashion, of the elemental, universal pathos of this fleeting life of ours, and of the profound human desire to rise into the spiritual region where is neither birth nor death—which is eternity.

Our author manifests a lively appreciation of these points; she has never lost sight of them throughout her work of translation, which must have been arduous in the extreme. The validity of her general principle regarding translation, namely, to be faithful to the original sense, but not to be needlessly literal and unidiomatic, would seem to depend entirely on the personal success of the translator. In the present instance, the practice has justified the idea. It seems perfectly safe to explain the Nō to the Occidental reader through the medium of these translations. Such occasional slips as may be noticed, as, for example, *mō-shū* (delusion), on page 48, which is taken for *mō-zhū* (wild beast), are few and relatively unimportant. The only serious fault we have found arises from the fact that the various tendencies of Buddhist thought that are typified in the original plays—the Tendai, or Zen, of the "Maiden's Tomb"; the faith that centred about the resolves and acts of Avalokitesvara as expounded in the Saddharma-pundarika, of "Tamura"; and the dependence on the saving power of Amita-Budhha of the Pure Land of the West, of "Sumida River"—are not characterized by the translator with sufficient diversity. As a result, the chanting of the sutra (pp. 48, 49, 73), the religious care of the departed (p. 69), and the adoration of Amita (p. 78, etc.), are alike translated as "prayers."

The translations are preceded by an interestingly written introduction on the nature of the Nō and its performance on the stage. We venture to think that, had Mrs. Stopes-Gates read even Professor Tsubouchi's brief history of the Nō in "Fifty Years of New Japan," edited by Count S. Okuma (II, 378-380), her own account would have been made clearer without occupying any additional space.

Feminine touches of the translator are frequently visible (see, *e. g.*, pp. 18, 38, and note 48 on p. 102), and add greatly to the charm of the work. The illustrations are by the Japanese artist Kōgyo, who has also adorned Mr. Wada's tales of the Nō in Japanese recently published in two volumes.

The Baconian business is of the stuff selected by the dam of all the nightmares for the construction of the ancestral nest. A late example is Sir Edwin Durning Lawrence's discovery that a "starre-ypointed pyramid," found instead of the grammatically less correct "starre-ypointing" in one copy of Milton's famous epitaph, is really a *beacon* (pronounced Bacon, as it may have been in Elizabeth's day). Puzzles and puns we have always with us—and devotees of the cryptogram who are happily unconcerned with the facts of literary history. It is not to such that Mr. J. M. Robertson addresses his stout volume, "The Baconian Heresy" (Dutton). Mr. Greenwood and Dr. Theobald and the like are the men he attacks, and although they doubtless will remain eloquently unconvinced, the book should be of considerable service to the large class whom Mark Twain called "Brontosaurians"; honest men enough, not over learned in the ways of Elizabethan literature, who allow themselves to be puzzled by the factitious difficulties about Shakspere the player and Shakespeare the pseudonym. There are many such people, and to them Mr. Robertson's confutation does a great kindness in making the difficulties of the Baconian heresy abundantly plain. The matter of the legal acquirements, for example, possessed by the author of the plays has been a stumbling-block to many; even Andrew Lang expressed himself entirely at a loss on the point, and Mark Twain, following his inspirer, Mr. Greenwood, is willing to let his whole case stand or fall by the question of Shakespeare's limitless familiarity with the law. But it is easy for Mr. Robertson to demonstrate, though the assembling of the data cost some patience, that Shakespeare was on the whole rather less given than many of his contemporaries to adorning his language with legalisms; it was an Elizabethan fashion, and Shakespeare, by being in it, presents no peculiarity calling for an explanation, least of all the explanation thrust upon a credulous world by Lord Campbell, and supported, unhappily, by the facile guesses of some Shakespearean scholars, that he was a lawyer.

Again, the myth of Shakespeare's classical attainments, which rests on the blankest ignorance of the kind of literature accessible to the sixteenth-century reader, likewise fails utterly to stand the test of a comparative method. With undiminished vigor, however, Mr. Robertson continues to flog the dead corpse of heresy, showing the folly of argument from coincidence of phrase between Shakespeare and Bacon, and the world-wide contrast in their intellectual interests, their lives and personalities. Even the much vexed problem of the second-best bed is carefully discussed. Altogether the author is justified of his pains, disproportionate as they sometimes seem to the importance of the question involved, in the production of a book which renders further argument supererogatory. If after reading it the wayfaring man is still uncertain of his course, he may in all conscience be abandoned to his folly. Incidentally, the book contains some interesting critical asides, such as the examination of Shakespeare's prose style, which concludes that Chaucer was the greater master of the two.

Music

The *Century Opera Weekly* has made its appearance. Its 32-48 pages are to include not only the current repertory of the Century Opera Company, but a number of magazine features, besides news of conservatories, churches, and musical clubs. The first issue contains articles on "The American Girl in Grand Opera," "The Movement for Popular Opera in New York," "The Future of Music and the Music of the Future," "Russian Opera and Ballet in London," "Preparing for an Operatic Career." The writer of the first-named article makes the astounding statement that "America has turned out not only some but a majority of the greater prima donnas of the world."

Is the music teacher doomed? The opinion is gaining ground that he will be displaced by the phonograph, which shows every student how the great songs are sung by the great artists. Mr. Edison has phonographs which do for the ear what a microscope does for the eye, exaggerating everything, including the faults, which it is thus easier to correct. Hans von Bülow used to caricature the faults of his pupils for this purpose. His services were not without value in other respects; and perhaps some other teachers may survive in the struggle with the all-recording phonograph. One might say that teachers are needed to impart to pupils the art of interpretation. This art, however, cannot be taught, according to Liszt, who, nevertheless, taught it, and successfully, too. The world is full of paradoxes and contradictions!

The Pope's favorite among Italian composers of the period seems to be Don Lorenzo Perosi. Heretofore Perosi has been known chiefly by his oratorios, one of which made its way across the Atlantic; but it did not set the Hudson River on fire. Italian journals now announce that he is at work on an opera—not a "sacred opera," like some of Rubinstein's, but a real opera, with a worldly text. What is more, the libretto of this opera has been submitted to the Pope, who has approved of it. The opera is likely to be produced before the end of the season. Perosi was appointed director of the Sistine Chapel in 1898. The journalists, who refer to his operatic venture as something new and surprising, seem to be unaware of the fact that he composed a real opera, "Romeo and Juliet," some years ago. Of his masses the Pope is apparently fond, for there are twenty-five of them.

Is there such a thing as specifically and unmistakably Jewish music? Oscar Bie puts this question in an article written for the *Konzert Taschenbuch*, and translated by Jacques Mayer for the *Hebrew Standard*. After examining the peculiarities of Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, Halévy, Offenbach, and Mahler (with a few words on the

doubtful cases of Bizet and Wagner), he comes to the conclusion that there is no general or always conclusive characteristic. The Jews "have never created their own musical speech." Their creativeness is "somewhat greater in music than in poetry."

The operetta market is improving in Berlin. After a notable decline in the past few years, the present season promises an unusual number of novelties. The composers responsible for them are Edgar Istel, H. von Vojacek, Friedrich Bermann, W. W. Götze, Robert Leonard, Friedrich von Thul, K. F. Adolfi, Rudolf Baron, etc.

Philip Hale expresses the wish in the *New Music Review* that some one who has the patience and the critical acumen of Mr. O. G. Sonneck would make a collection of the popular songs of this country. "There are collections of Foster's songs; there is a volume of the more characteristic songs of Harrigan and Hart, with music by Dave Braham, but there is no anthology beginning with the Revolution." The collection might include some of the psalm tunes which in New England homes were folk-songs, and the patriotic songs of 1812. The nearest approach we have to real folk-songs are the melodies of Stephen Foster, the best of which would, of course, have to be included. Nor would it do to overlook some of the songs sung by Christy's Minstrels, the Virginia Minstrels, and Wood's Minstrels.

Art

A Short Critical History of Architecture. By H. Heathcote Statham, Fellow of the Royal Institute of British Architects. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.75.

If the English-speaking public is not thirsting for instruction in the history of architecture, there are evidently those who believe that it ought to be thirsting, and will thirst, and who are ready to provide the instruction in good season for the expected demand. The house of Scribners have imported from the Batsford Press in London a new one-volume history of architecture by the author of "Architecture for General Readers," published some twenty years since; of "Modern Architecture" (1895), and of other works. The new history is a stout octavo of 544 pages of historical text with 583 illustrations of a high average of excellence, and is in the main a trustworthy, intelligent, and (with occasional lapses) a well-written compendium. The general arrangement is along epochal and stylistic lines; the geographical and national divisions are minimized. This works well for the classical and Byzantine developments, but is sometimes confusing in the matter of the various provincial and national schools of the mediæval, Renaissance, and Moslem developments. The curious running page-headings are distracting rather than helpful; on the other hand, the chronological tables appended to each section are valuable aids.

Apart from the confusing association of works of widely scattered schools in the accounts of given periods, the historical matter is generally sound and accurate, though occasional slips may be noted, such as making the Hyksos period in Egypt last 500 years ("as long as the time from William the Conqueror to Elizabeth"), and dating the church of San Ambrogio at Milan, as a whole, in the twelfth century; but these are few and unimportant. The analysis and criticism of styles and buildings are generally fair. Roman architecture, so often disparaged in other books, is treated with discriminating praise and blame —the latter not wholly free from the narrow prejudices which seem to have become traditional among English and American writers in speaking of the orders, and especially of the arcaded order, which Mr. Statham thinks "has left a long legacy of falsehood to architecture." Mr. Statham admires the Pantheon at Rome, but is so sure that he could have designed it better that he offers his own design in evidence (p. 153). The serene self-confidence which this reveals appears also in the summary way in which he dismisses the controversy over the question of the stage in the Greek theatre. Although the best Hellenists and students of dramatics are still divided over it, it presents no difficulties for this author, who pronounces a final verdict *ex cathedrâ* against Dörpfeld and "the Americans," and in favor of the stage. So on page 158 he disposes of the mystery of the immense blocks in the podium of the Sun Temple at Baalbec; they were merely the advertisement of an enterprising quarryman!

The account of the mediæval styles, in spite of its confused arrangement, is excellent, and there is none of that "patriotic" effort sometimes found in English books to minimize the French achievements and influence and unduly to exalt the English contributions to the development of Gothic architecture. The Renaissance architects are acquitted of the charge of being mere copyists, and the Renaissance work of Germany and Spain is fairly treated, in contrast to its entire omission from the much larger treatise of Professor Simpson.

Of Americans and their art Mr. Statham has little good to say. In footnotes and *obiter dicta* he repeatedly girds at them, especially at their writers and professors, with sarcastic asperity. The Capitol at Washington is "only an effort at sublimity in cement" (*sic*); and our commercial buildings "are mostly mere masses of commonplace architecture run up with no purpose but money-making." The ultra-commercial spirit, he declares, began in America. Yet he has to confess that American architecture at present "takes a very high place indeed," especially in our public buildings; and as "it is superior to that of either Germany or England," he may be forgiven his cement Capitol and his slaps at the professors.

A glossary and a very full index occupy the last forty pages of the volume.

Curtis & Cameron announce the early publication of Mr. Abbey's last work, "The Reading of the Declaration of Independence," a mural decoration for the Pennsylvania State Capitol at Harrisburg.

Okakura Kakuzo, the distinguished Japanese art critic, died at Tokio September 4 at the age of fifty-one. After his graduation from the University of Tokio, in 1886, he was appointed in the Ministry of Education in charge of music affairs. Later he was a member of a commission to study Western arts and crafts with regard to possible adoption of the Western style by Japan. The commission recommended that Japan should continue in her own artistic traditions. To conserve these the Government founded a national school, the Bijitsu Gakko, and for eleven years Okakura served as its head. Meanwhile he worked with the Archæological Commission to preserve the temple treasures, the movement being largely due to his initiative, and became director of the allied Imperial Museum of Tokio, Kioto, and Nara. Through the growing popularity of European ideals in Japan, his position as director of the art school became impossible. After a vain attempt to combine the foreign with the native courses, he resigned. With him seceded the greater part of the teachers and many of the students to form a new school, the famous and successful Nippon Bijutsuin. For many years Okakura travelled in China, India, Europe, and America, constantly observant of all the arts. His grave and impressive figure clothed in the rich and sober robes of a Samurai was an occasional and welcome apparition in the artistic circles of New York and Boston, where he won friends and admirers. Though singularly reticent on all matters of merely personal concern, he was a brilliant talker and lecturer, and came to write the English language with force and grace. "Ideals of the East" and "The Book of Tea" are his most read books. For many years he had helped the Boston Museum as an occasional adviser, and it was but a strengthening of this relation when in 1910 he was chosen as curator of Far-Eastern art. He set himself to building up the collections in the field of primitive Chinese painting and sculpture. He was a steadfast advocate of the selective principle of museum exhibition, believing that only the finer objects should be displayed to the public and that exhibits of merely archæological interest should be reserved for students. In the Far-Eastern galleries of the Museum he set an example of beautiful and instructive installation along these selective lines. With fairly Samural self-control, Okakura combined extraordinary vigor and fervor of the mind, with great dignity and charm of manner. In a true sense he was an exemplar of the finest traditions of his land, a nationalist and yet a cosmopolitan—a choice and potent personality the like of which our times may hardly produce again.

Finance

THE QUESTION OF RAILWAY RATES

In October the Interstate Commerce Commission will hear the formal application of the Eastern railways for permission to increase their freight rates. Some fifty roads in the territory lying north of the Ohio River and east of the Mississippi River are concerned in this application, and the magnitude of the interests involved may be gathered from the fact that the annual freight revenues of these roads now aggregate at least a billion dollars. The advance is sought on all classes of freight, commodities as well as classified freight, and a uniform increase of 5 per cent. is desired. It is absolutely within the power of the Commission to grant or refuse the application; moreover, under the existing law, it is incumbent on the carrier desiring to increase a given rate to show that the proposed new rate is "reasonable." Consequently, it devolves upon the Eastern railways to show the "reasonableness" of the 5 per cent. increase. Elaborate preparations are now making, looking to this, and it is fair to assume that the Commission will have before it a great mass of testimony thoroughly covering the essential points at issue.

There is, however, an abiding and fundamental difficulty in this matter of railway rates, escape from which is apparently impossible, unless, by means of additional court decisions on matters of broad principle, the present "twilight zone" be more brightly illuminated than it is now. This "twilight zone" was demarcated some sixteen years ago by the Supreme Court of the United States in the famous Nebraska "maximum rate" case, known to lawyers as "Smyth vs. Ames." The decision was handed down by Judge Harlan and has long been classic. It laid down two sets of criteria as to "reasonableness" of rates, one concerned with and designed to protect the carrier, the other concerned with and designed to protect the shipper. It said briefly that the carrier was entitled to a fair return on the value of the property used in public service, and that the shipper was entitled to be charged no more than the service was reasonably worth. In the case of the carrier, the object was to prevent confiscation, and in the case of the shipper the object was to prevent exploitation. The former established a minimum and the latter a maximum, and between the two was the "twilight zone." Presumably, the "reasonable rate" could be found in given cases somewhere in this zone. The difficulty, however, has been to find it.

The whole trend of thought since this case was decided has been towards elimination of this "twilight zone" by the simple process of recognizing but one set of criteria, and those the criteria affecting the carrier. It is not too much to say that the public mind has proceeded on the basis that the Court, when it said that the carrier was entitled to a fair return on value of property in service, really meant that it was entitled to no more than this. The language of the Interstate Commission in many decisions certainly bears this construction, and it has come to be regarded as a more or less settled principle. In other words, where no confiscation can be shown by the carrier the reasonableness of the rate is considered proven.

Now, the fundamental difficulty above alluded to arises from precisely this thing, viz., elimination of the criteria affecting the shipper. For it can safely be said that the entire structure of rates involved in the present case has grown up under a process of competition governed originally and at all times guided by factors having nothing whatever to do with the carriers' position and having everything to do with that of the shippers. It being simply impossible for a carrier to determine accurately in advance what profit it can make on a given article or commodity carried at a given rate, the rates were made solely with reference to moving the tonnage; that is, were made by consideration of the shipper's capacity and necessities. A railway could determine that *less* than a certain rate would not give it the actual cost of hauling the freight without taking into account overhead charges of all kinds, and it could determine that *more* than a certain rate would not move the tonnage at all. Further than this it could not go; consequently, the rates were made somewhere between these two limits, and competition gradually stereotyped them—in classification territory at least—at a level where they have remained unchanged for twenty-five years. It is these rates which are now to be reviewed in the light of the carriers' necessities. There is no present complaint on the shippers' part as to the existing schedules—no general complaint, that is—and apparently the question will have to be answered solely on the decision whether or not the carriers need more revenues because the present return is not a "fair" return.

Obviously, a scientific solution is impossible under the circumstances, unless it be laid down as a principle that the rule which has governed all rate-making from time immemorial—"that which the traffic can properly bear"—is to be discarded, and unless it further be laid down as a principle that a carrier is to be limited to a fair return on value of property used in public service—in other words, that what Judge Harlan clearly meant as a *minimum* is hereafter to be regarded as the *maximum*. And, if this principle be adopted, there at once arises a practical difficulty, simple enough, but of great importance, which is that private capital cannot possibly be obtained for the public service upon any such conditions, and the next inevitable step is public ownership and operation.

It will be well if, at some stage of this dispute, some one will raise the question as to what Judge Harlan meant in "Smyth vs. Ames" by the phrase "what the service is reasonably worth," and get it before the Interstate Commerce Commission for discussion. For this is really the crux of the whole matter at the present stage. If there be such a thing at all as "reasonable worth of service," there must be criteria of this "worth" which are surely part of the matter now up for investigation and settlement.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

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National Museum. Report for year ending June, 1912. Washington: Government Printing Office.
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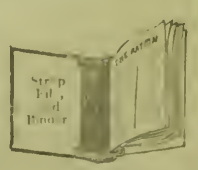

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1913.

The Week

Separated because of incompatibility of temper and, specifically, because of disagreement over the question who should be boss in the house, Progressivism and Republicanism are preparing to be reconciled for the sake of the child. The little one's name is, of course, Protective Tariff. The Congressional election in Maine and the passage of the tariff bill in the Senate have occurred in dramatic juxtaposition. Republicans and Progressives may differ on the eternal principles of social justice and the spirit of constitutional government, but on the question of high tariff duties they find it easy to agree, and, apparently, to win. Therefore, the talk of a national convention to bring about a reunion of the two factions has broken forth with renewed vigor. It is true that so far most of the talk about reunion has come from the side of the Republicans. The Bull Moose are verbally as hostile to the idea as they have ever been. But verbally; in practice they have simply been flocking back to the Republican fold in the most natural way in the world. There is no need for the Progressive leaders to say anything; the registration and election returns speak for them. After all, the eternal principles of social justice, being eternal, can presumably wait; whereas the protective tariff needs all the champions it can get, and needs them now.

It is not necessary for the Vice-President of the United States to be an authority on banking and currency questions; but neither is he under any obligation to talk about them. It is, of course, the privilege of a newspaper reporter to ask a Vice-President the question, "What is your opinion of the currency question?" but it is quite as indisputably the privilege of the Vice-President to decline to satisfy the reporter's desire for "copy." Doubtless it was owing to his invincible good nature that Mr. Marshall the other day, as reported in the New York *Times*, failed to adopt that course and the result is that he indicates his idea of the purpose of the Banking and Currency bill as follows:

> Some banking system which will prevent the hoarding of money until it commands very high interest, and which will permit sufficient elasticity to prevent recurrent panics, must be devised.

It is a pity that the House Committee completed its long and difficult labors without the benefit of this simple and straightforward statement, for we fear that the idea of preventing "the hoarding of money until it commands a high rate of interest" was sadly neglected in the deliberations of the Committee. But the reporter, evidently an enterprising young gentleman, was still unsatisfied, and so we have this further contribution to the subject:

> "Isn't the pending measure, with its reserve bank provision, really the reinstatement of the old United States Bank?" he was asked.
>
> "As a Democrat inoculated with the principles of Jefferson and Jackson," Mr. Marshall answered, "I am not sure it is not going back to the old ideas of the United States Bank."

Very like a whale, quoth Polonius; and Polonius, too, was a man who talked rather more than was absolutely indispensable.

A most extraordinary thing has happened in Louisiana. Its Legislature has adjourned after being in session a few minutes less than four days. Six important measures proposed by the Governor were put before both houses and carried within this period of time, with but eight adverse votes in the House and two in the Senate. Not one of the measures was amended in any important manner, and thousands of dollars were saved by this prompt transaction of business. The most important action taken was for the submission to the people of a proposal for a Constitutional Convention in November next, which will be limited, however, to a consideration of the bonded debt of the State, and a proposed amendment to the New Orleans Sewerage and Water Board act. This convention cannot, of course, be called unless approved at an election by the people. There is no doubt whatever that the people will approve, as the financial situation is pressing. Another important measure passed was one suggested by the Senatorial situation in Alabama. It provides that in the event of the death or resignation of a United States Senator from Louisiana the Governor shall fill the vacancy until such time as the people can elect. This is to bring the State procedure in line with the new amendment to the Constitution of the United States providing for popular election of Senators.

With the promise in appeals that the prosecutions under the Mann act in California will continue to arouse comment and feeling, it is becoming evident that the act itself is a probable subject of attack. It is already alleged that it loads upon the Federal courts duties better left to the local police courts; that it weakens suppression of the very traffic against which it was aimed, by confounding it with mere immorality; that it draws no distinction between offences of widely different degrees of guilt; and that the penalty for other crimes, lumped by it with so-called "white-slavery," is always, and sometimes unjustly, imposed upon but one party, the man. These are criticisms that demand consideration; but it is essential that, if any modification of the law is to be made, it shall not be such as to impair its severity or its efficacy in relation to the vile and cruel traffic for the suppression of which the act was designed.

President Wilson's sending of an agent to confer with the parties to the Calumet copper strike comes at the same time as intimations that Gov. Ferris was ready to call a special session to end the trouble. What the now unnecessary session would have done is of peculiar interest in a situation not unlike the recent strikes in West Virginia and Colorado. The legislators regarded the payment of the $250,000 required to maintain troops in the strike district as the chief issue. Although the companies virtually own the copper counties, the repeal of a recent law leaves the protection of their property a burden on the entire State. More important to the ordinary observer was a proposal for a compulsory arbitration law and the immediate appointment of an arbitration board. But little has been proposed and less done to stop the

sporadic rioting and shooting that have tormented the district even under militia protection. There have been threats of "putting the gunmen out of the district," and several arrests of agitators for "inciting to riot"; but the clashes between patrolmen and armed miners have gone on, the press reporting that the gunmen have "kept up night firing to keep the militia on a constant search," and that the militia have attested by inaction that they were neutral in the dispute. In Michigan, as in West Virginia and elsewhere, the local papers insist that, no matter how the strike ends and its expense is distributed, an investigation should determine the responsibility for its scenes of violence.

The true note of the new South comes to us in an editorial in the Lexington, Ky., *Herald* in regard to the segregation of the colored employees of the Government at Washington. "Knowing," it says, "that many will disagree with our views, and condemn bitterly our expression thereof," it none the less protests against this policy of the national Government, "the effect of which, transmitted to lower channels, may be most disastrous." "No greater calamity could befall this nation," it insists, "than to have included in its inhabitants millions of people of any race in whose face the door of hope is shut, who are not permitted to aspire to free and independent citizenship, and to strive for equal political, financial, and industrial reward that brawn or intellect brings to those of any race." These are brave words indeed, in shining contrast with the utterances of so many Southern Senators who claim to represent their section, and who certainly do represent the reactionaries and the ignorant.

It seems an anomaly that the third largest American city should be fighting for the removal of a whole district of unsanitary pig-farms from within its borders. But there is a deal of political hopefulness in Philadelphia's newest issue. There cannot be much question concerning the general merits of the present Mayoralty campaign. The public health has been safeguarded; the streets have been made cleaner; a new policy of economy has been inaugurated; the Police and Fire Departments have been taken out of politics. All this, and more, is effectively recited for the Blankenburg Administration in a pamphlet of the Civic Club. So long, therefore, as the specific fight turns upon a question of sanitation and attractiveness, with harbor and navy-yard considerations thrown in, the public is not likely to forget benefits received. The thousands of sties in South Philadelphia, as a menace to health, contravene such municipal regulations as almost, if not quite, every other large city has long since passed.

The celebration of Perry's victory is of especial interest to the Great Lakes, as recalling the one affair of the kind they have ever seen, and drowning, in its salutes and fanfares, the noise of our Canadian cousins over Chrysler's farm. Its pageants and water carnivals have given a long-extended thrill of patriotism to the lakeside ports at which the old fleet has touched. To the country at large the centenary looms small beside the half-centenary of Gettysburg. Its chief interest is in recalling a heroic deed and a heroic figure. Perry's exploit is, of all American naval victories, the one that would best have furnished a subject for Turner to paint. The Niagara was no Téméraire, but as our single important engagement between wooden fleets, Put-in-Bay links us to the days of Nelson and Rodney in a way no one-ship duels could do.

Two calamities are threatening the human race, according to reports from Colorado Springs, where the American Public Health Association is now meeting. One is the increase of insanity, and the other is the decrease in the birth-rate. As envisaged by one headline writer, the future presents a spectacle in which nobody will be born and everybody will be out of his mind. Fortunately, this condition of affairs promises something of the same consolation offered to the Irishman who received three serious wounds, one of which was bound to be fatal, but from the other two of which he might recover. A "birthless" race need not shrink from the advancing cloud of insanity, and an insane race is not apt to care much whether it is born or not. Lest, however, some timid person should refuse to see how the one evil cancels the other, let him turn from Colorado Springs to Birmingham, England, where recently the Association for the Advancement of Science was greatly concerned with the problem of over-population and food supply. People are still born in numbers sufficiently large to worry the scientists as to where sustenance for all of them is coming from. Or is it our duty to reconcile the findings of Birmingham and Colorado Springs and to look forward to a non-existent race of lunatics with nothing to eat?

"Food Inspection Decision No. 152," just issued by the United States Department of Agriculture, declares that brandy is the alcoholic distillate obtained solely from the fermented juice of fruit, distilled "under such conditions that the characteristic bouquet, or volatile flavoring and aromatic principles, is retained in the distillate." That is sound chemistry and common-sense. It will pass unchallenged by the medical profession and the consumer, however painful it may be to the compounding establishments where applejack, cognac, cherry brandy, and peach brandy are all made from the same barrel of crude spirits by the addition of flavoring extracts and coloring matter. The decision goes further, however, in defining grape brandy as the distillate obtained from grape wine under the conditions already set forth, in saying that other fruit brandies must be similarly prepared from the fermented juices of their respective fruits, and adding that "so-called brandy prepared from grain, potato, or other form of industrial alcohol, or from alcohol obtained from the by-products of wine manufacture, mixed with more or less true brandy or other flavoring material, is adulterated and misbranded unless labeled to indicate its true composition." Here is a step forward in the enforcement of the law by the Board of Food and Drug Inspection since the Taft Administration, which never arrived at a definition of what constitutes "straight whiskey." It is true that there was difference of opinion between a Kentuckian and a Marylander, an Irishman and a Scot, as to the best ingredients for whiskey, but all were virtually agreed as to labels until the compounders made it possible, by obtaining a favorable ruling from the earlier Food and Drug Board, to mix the alcoholic products of grain as they are now forbidden to mix the alcoholic products of fruit. Whatever injury re-

sults to public health and morals from the abuse of alcoholic stimulants is in part due to the adulteration of these products by the manufacturer.

A statistician of Indiana University has recently studied the qualifications, salary, and tenure of the high-school teachers of his State, with the usual startling results. On the surface, the outstanding and conventional fact would seem to be the low salaries. Out of 657 teachers, only one received a stipend of $2,000; less than 10 got $1,600; and 299 received less than $800. But there are other figures that prompt a doubt as to how many really were worth more pay. Of the 657 more than half held no degree, whether from normal school, college, or university; and even in cities of above 50,000, out of 281 high-school teachers, 120 had no special training. These facts are typical of many more States than Indiana. Even in the teaching world a natural law governs the relation between pay and ability. One hardly knows whether to feel indignation at the parents, or pity for the children, of backward communities; for in the words of the statistician, "school boards can secure any kind of teacher they wish if they demand the preparation and pay the price."

The complaint that our public schools have neglected the teaching of fundamentals for the teaching of fads and frills no longer holds against Chicago's school authorities. Mrs. Ella Flagg Young is going back to something more fundamental even than the three R's. She has begun to impart instruction in the law of self-preservation which is the first law of life. Time must henceforth be taken by the school principals from the regular curriculum for class-room talks, illustrated with motion pictures, on how to avoid accidents due to street traffic. There is a long list of cautions for children:

Cross the street at regular crossings, not in the middle of the block.

Obey the police signals at crossings.

Look in all directions before crossing the street.

Do not cross in front of a moving vehicle.

Danger signals from automobiles and cars should be heeded by every one.

Roller-skating in the roadway is forbidden by city ordinance.

Children should not hitch on to moving vehicles.

The majority of accidents to children do not happen when they are going to school or returning from school. There is great danger in playing backward and forward across the street, running across the street in the evening, hurrying to the show or the store, trying to overtake companions, running after a hat.

Is the number of mothers increasing who send their children into the streets without any injunction to be careful? Or is the number of children increasing to whom it matters very little what mother says but to whom Teacher embodies prestige and authority? It is the vicious circle again. The schools, as a type of social effort, are continually stepping in to make good the derelictions of the individual; and the individual is lulled into securer indifference. Because careless or ignorant parents have proved recreant to the gospel of the toothbrush, the schools are now exacting written pledges on the subject. And if a pledge of clean teeth falls within the province of the school, then why not a pledge against green apples, and a pledge against sleeping late, and a pledge against telling lies? Will the parenthood of the future develop into a sort of foremanship under school supervision? And in the case of a street fatality, will the mother of the child victim have a just grievance against the child's teacher?

Although every party attempt to read a political significance into the labor riots at Belfast has failed, it is notable that they have given a marked impetus to the insurance business, based upon an apprehension which looks to the political future. The English attitude towards Ulster has always been that it takes two to make a quarrel, and that as truculent drills and blustering speeches increase in the province, imperturbable good nature offers the best opposition to them. Even the latest programme of the Ulster Union, for September mass-meetings from Belfast to Derry, and the formation of a Provisional Government against the Home Rule bill's third reading, does not disturb British phlegm. The Government's disregard of technical treason and riotous rhetoric in the mouth of Sir Edward Carson, and its determination, in the face of the exaggerated temper of North Ireland, to let the Provisional Government, if it is ever formed, sit until it becomes a laughing stock, is beyond doubt a policy of wisdom. But the animus behind some of the labor outbreaks seems to be taken as warning that in a well-armed country, divided between Nationalists and Anti-Nationalists, the passage of Home Rule may be followed by sporadic rioting. Reports to the London *Times* show that in two days last week, $15,000,000 insurance was written in Ulster; that the previous week showed approximately $35,000,000 written; and that insurance companies, as in South Africa before the Johannesburg troubles, were attempting to secure as wide a distribution of risks as possible, to lessen the chance of concentrated losses.

In perhaps no journal in Europe would one be more justified in looking for a mature and intelligent judgment on the Administration's dealings with Mexico than in the London *Economist*. The leading article in its issue for August 30 is devoted to "Mexico and President Wilson's Message." In it there is no trace of the patronizing toleration or of the supercilious criticism which has been the note of a number of European newspapers less weighty and less well informed. On the contrary, the *Economist* acclaims the President's message as "the sincere attempt of a Constitutional ruler and trained jurist to insure that the Government of Mexico shall be based on a legal foundation beyond question." While the *Economist* recognizes that the contentions of those who argue in favor of the immediate recognition of the Huerta Government are plausible, it declares that President Wilson "may claim to have taken a longer and a broader view." As for the view of some "observers on the Continent" that the message was but "an ingenious move towards the annexation of Mexico," the *Economist* dismisses that as superficial. "But armed intervention," it adds, "might lead to a war beside which the Boer War would seem simple and short; and it could hardly end in the harmony which has happily been the outcome in South Africa." Fortunately, the people of this country are thoroughly aware that such is the case; and neither the public at large nor the Administration at Washington contemplates armed intervention in any other light than as one of the greatest of possible calamities.

A SPLENDID ACHIEVEMENT.

With ranks unbroken except for the vote of the two Louisiana members, the Democrats of the Senate have set the seal of their approval upon the great work of tariff reform in which their fellows in the House had so faithfully done their part. Even the defection of the Louisiana members has not in it anything of a sinister character. One can sympathize with the feeling expressed by Senator Thornton when he declared that he voted against the bill only because he regarded it as a death-blow at the greatest agricultural interest of his State, however much one may feel that the radical measure of putting sugar on the free list is justified by the largest considerations of national policy. Apart from this extreme case, the party has presented, not only in the final vote, but in the whole character of its dealing with the many crucial questions that have arisen, a spirit which it is hardly going too far to characterize as heroic. The notion that, when it comes down to a practical test, the tariff is, after all, a "local issue," has been magnificently repudiated. The differences between Senate and House are not such as in the least to affect the character of the bill as a truly national measure of reform, a measure fulfilling completely the promises which, from the time of Cleveland's memorable message of 1887 to the present day, have embodied the clear purpose of all the true leaders of the party. The words in which President Wilson acclaimed the result are fully justified by the facts —"a fight for the people and for free business, which has lasted a long generation through, has at last been won, handsomely and completely."

For the clean-cut way in which the result has been accomplished, for holding together the forces in the case of many causes of dissension—and this without any debilitating compromise—the chief credit must be assigned to the President. That he was able to achieve this in spite of its entailing the protraction of the extra session throughout the trials of a Washington summer, would of itself be signal evidence of rare powers of leadership; but the achievement was made the more extraordinary by the circumstance that, almost from the start, Mr. Wilson's purpose was clearly to insist also on the passage at the extra session of a banking and currency bill. His complete success in the first undertaking cannot fail to increase greatly the strength of his position in regard to the second; and if he shall achieve both, he will have made a record of constructive leadership rarely matched in the annals of parties. How great is his indebtedness, and that of the nation, to the ability and steadfastness of Mr. Underwood, the whole nation recognizes; and the tribute he pays also to the faithful and efficient work of Senator Simmons is likewise deserved. While the first place in distribution of credit belongs to the President, a large share is due to the whole party as represented in Congress, and especially to the leaders in the two houses.

Of the changes made in the bill by the Senate which will presumably form the subject of serious consideration in conference, there are three of more general interest than any others. The introduction into the bill of the proposed tax on cotton "futures" is thoroughly vicious. It is, in itself, a bit of ignorant or demagogic interference with a legitimate and, on the whole, decidedly wholesome and beneficial part of the mechanism of business. It was adhered to by the Senate caucus in the face of earnest opposition by eight Southern Democratic Senators who did not speak in behalf of "Wall Street," and who were specially qualified to speak in behalf of the interests of the growers of cotton. And in addition to its inherent injuriousness, it is open to the gravest objection as being essentially of the nature of a "rider"—a provision of peculiar and highly controversial character tacked on to a general revenue bill in the hope of its being accepted because it cannot be separated from the bill as a whole. It ought to be firmly resisted by the House conferrees; and the same is true of the increased tax on works of art, for which there is not a shadow of respectable justification. The third change we have in mind relates to the income tax. The increases in the rates on incomes above $50,000 will probably be compromised in conference; the change in the lower limit—the exemption limit—will probably stand. But it ought to bo clearly understood that, while the discrimination in favor of men with families is quite justified, the change by the Senate does not at all diminish—indeed it increases—the objection lying against the exemption as being too high. From this point of view, the raising of the $4,000 exemption to $5,000 in the case of married men with two children far more than counterbalances the lowering of the exemption to $3,000 in the case of single men.

But the conspicuous thing is not the differences between Senate and House, but their agreement. Nor is this concord remarkable only because item after item, hotly debated, has stood the test. It is far more remarkable because of the firmness with which a general principle, a general attitude, has been adhered to. That wonderful solution of the tariff question which, hardly more than a year or two ago, was acclaimed with such naïve delight in high quarters, has cut but a sorry figure. Not difference in cost of production, but the reasonable claims of the American people, has been the touchstone by which the rates have been determined. There has been no blind and sweeping reduction of duties, regardless of a just consideration for existing industries; but the doctrine that the manufacturer has a vested right in the home market, whatever it may cost his fellow-citizens, has been absolutely cast out. And all this has happened without any commotion or disturbance—almost without any protest in the public press except of the most perfunctory kind. To those whose memory is not hopelessly defective, we recommend the exercise of recalling how general, eight or ten years ago, was the notion that the American people had decided, for good and all, upon a policy of high protection, and that to reopen the question was merely to disturb business without the slightest prospect of accomplishing anything. Tho contrast between this state of mind and that shown by the passing of the present tariff bill with the general acquiescence of the nation affords a valuable illustration of the delusions of "manifest destiny."

THE WEST AND THE NEW AGRICULTURE.

The drought which week after week hung over the West this summer, with corn shrivelling and meadows browning under its sway, ponds contracting, and cattle being rushed to market, awakened a variety of comment. Sympathy found, as in former years, ready utterance by press and tongue. A ripple of appre-

hension spread over the country and into urban centres, where men had learned that failure of the sort quickly diffused its effects into the high cost of meat and cereals. There was a harking back to the years when drought was a grimly constant reality to Kansas and Nebraska, and when in the train of agricultural depression stalked spectral political and economic heresies. But when rain ended the suspense, and even those who appraised the damage highest admitted that various factors left the situation still bright, the public voice went to the other extreme. The resiliency with which the West shook off its load of disaster pointed to a new agricultural independence. The new agriculture was a magician's wand to stop the rising of plague, a force to conquer the elements when defeat was once passively accepted. Thus the *Outlook* said:

> The truth is that Western farmers have learned to get the most out of their soil. . . . This is due to the better methods of tillage. Agricultural college education and special trains giving practical instruction on right systems of planting and cultivation have had their effect. The modern farmer is a business man, and the drought has demonstrated that he now meets reverses, not in distress, but as one of the exigencies of his affairs.

At the same time, and in triumphant confirmation, was widely quoted the Government statement that wheat showed the highest acre-average—16.2 bushels—since the large wheat-planting era began.

But is it true that seeming disaster has twitched away the curtain that hid a great agricultural transformation? It should seem but too easy to confute or discount the fact alleged. Is the West thus energized because the despondent, short-sighted farmers of Willa Sibert Cather's "O, Pioneers!" have given way to a sturdier, more enlightened race? Rather because in a decade of fair weather and fair economic conditions the farmers have saved for a time of stress. Because crops which this year antedated the drought had so thriven that Gov. Hodges could say: "We raised a big wheat crop, a big oats crop, a big potato crop. Two cuttings of alfalfa were the best ever. And our bank deposits show $42,000,000 more than a year ago." Because the consciousness of high prices and increasing land values gave birth to a feeling of economic stability. Certainly there was no advanced agricultural knowledge to save the corn, or any great part of it; and a want of preparation was evident in the failure of stored water for beast and even man. As for the wheat record, it could be pointed out that, if the United States has never before reaped 16.2 bushels per acre, it has repeatedly risen near that figure, and repeatedly fallen from it; and that in the uneven line which records our crop-average, one year's result can no more serve as the index of a fixed tendency than can a single swallow of seasonal change. The average yield of corn in 1899 was 28.1 bushels; in 1909, 25.9. The average yield of oats in 1899 was nearly 30 bushels; in 1909, barely 28. And even if a study of decades showed a consistent improvement, allowance would still have to be made for such factors as the growth of intensive farming in the wake of a crowding population, and the abandonment in exhausted portions of the East of the crops staple to the West.

But while the notion that the new agriculture is to be credited with every favorable turn that may be noted in the crop situation is an illusion, the impression at the bottom of the notion is not wide of the truth. The new agriculture *is* making a new earth; it is only an exaggeration of its powers that streaks this truth with error. The public sees that the rural West is prosperous as no rural section has been since Washington first experimented with crop rotation on his Virginia farm. From this prosperity it turns to the great machinery of agricultural betterment that Western society has built up. At its centre is the State university; as radiating agencies are extension classes, demonstration farms and trains, the experiment station, bulletins, seeds, travelling soil analysts and dairy testers, the lecturer, and the adviser. Apart from these official agencies are the activities of the farmers' institute, the State fair, the farm paper, the commercial houses that flourish only when the farmer flourishes, and the rural centre of every sort. Advancement is infectious where one farmer plants a new variety of fruit with which the State has succeeded, and his neighbors in turn copy him. A rural life thus intelligent, into which professionally trained men are constantly infused, and to the improvement of which every communal assistance is given, is a guild for the prosecution of its calling that history will find it hard to match. Many farmers yet are skeptical, unprogressive, inclined rather to trust in labor than in science or thought. But, for all that, the face of the farm States is changing in a way not unsuggestive of what is taking place in the modern city itself.

How is the face of the West changing? In Illinois, says one newspaper, "silos and alfalfa are the solvers of the dried-up-pasture problem. A few more years and these cylindrical storehouses will dot the prairies as corncribs do now. And steadily the green fields of alfalfa are creeping over the black soil of Illinois, making a stand where once the farmer thought it would be impossible." The same correspondent of a Kansas City paper who found western Kansas filled with disgusted men—land speculators who came out to pick up bargains, and found none—also found the country transformed by crops undreamed of a few years before, the dairy and the poultry farm where once grain reigned alone, trees and orchards breaking the prairie winds. The writer for a Nebraska paper, who went to the State fair, learned that the whole State grew crops unknown anywhere in it a quarter of a century ago, that wholly new varieties of corn, oats, and wheat had been devised, and that a newer tillage was changing even the soil. He saw, too, much new machinery; but it is no longer invention, but science, that is transforming the farm. For that reason, much of the change is invisible. It is the change from farms productive in their ill-kept virginity to a farm production that rests on scientific cultivation, careful conservation, and the energetic utilization of every discovery, from Pasteur's fifty years ago to Babcock's and Hopkins's to-day. This general improvement of a fundamental calling is one of the most impressive facts of the generation.

THE CONSULS SAFEGUARDED.

Most gratifying news comes out of Washington in regard to the consular service. On Wednesday of last week President Wilson sent to the Senate the nominations of thirty men for high consular posts, of whom no less than twenty-eight are already in the service, while the other two have passed examinations entitling them to appointment. This should end much anxiety, both in and out of the consular service.

Within, the consuls have complained that they had no inkling as to whether they should be retained or have to seek other employments. Outside of it, too, the fear has been that, as in the diplomatic offices, there would be a more or less clean sweep, with a consequent undoing of the good accomplished since John Hay laid the foundations of a permanent consular service.

Instead of this we have the promotion of a number of men originally appointed by Republican Administrations. Chief of these is Alexander M. Thackara, who has been sixteen years in the service at Havre and Berlin; he now goes to the vacancy in Paris caused by the voluntary resignation of Frank H. Mason, a veteran consul of thirty-three years of consecutive service. To Dresden is sent Mr. Leo Bergholz, who has thirty-one years to his credit as a consular official, while to Calcutta is promoted James A. Smith, of Vermont, now at Genoa, whose first appointment bears date of 1897. It is men of experience like these who must form the backbone of any consular service, either of this country or of any other great nation. If the others have not had so many years of official life, they are all men who have been tried and not found wanting. They are eager permanently to represent the country abroad, and most of them have risen from the lower grades of deputy or vice-consul. Their political affiliations have obviously not been inquired into. Best of all is the leaving undisturbed of the present satisfactory Consul-General in London, John L. Griffiths. It is to be hoped that this foreshadows his permanent retention there, just as the appointment of two men who have passed examinations is good ground for believing that the vacancies created by the advancement of these thirty men will be filled only after advancement, on John Hay's plan, of subordinates now connected with consulates, or the appointment of others selected after passing prescribed tests.

Any other course would be deplorable retrogression, and would not be to the credit of the Wilson Administration. Whatever lapses there may have been, the last two Republican Presidents have steadily sought to establish precedents leading towards permanent consular officers. By Executive order they have sought to do what Congress itself should have done long ago. But the Congressional spoilsman dies hard, as witness the rage of Senator John Sharp Williams and others at the refusal of the new Secretary of War, Mr. Garrison, to consider the recommendations of Congressmen and Senators in the matter of promotions and assignments of army officers. Just as Congress cannot make up its mind to appropriate reasonable sums for the acquirement of proper residences for our Ambassadors on the Continent and in England, so it has always refused to create a permanent graded consular service, and every advance in that direction has had to come from the State Department itself.

But the present action is the more gratifying, if we are correct in believing it to be a clear indication of President Wilson's policy in regard to the consular service, by reason of its contrast with his treatment of the diplomatic posts. He had an unequalled opportunity to retain in service Ministers and Ambassadors of long experience, for he owed nothing to the politicians in the matter of his own election, and he had long been a civil-service reformer. But the pressure of the office-seekers was too strong to be resisted. While some of his appointments have been excellent, others have been the reverse. Thus it must have galled the President to read of the farewell dinner given to his Ambassador to Berlin by fifty Tammany men. In honoring Mr. Gerard, as in selecting Mr. Harrison for Governor-General of the Philippines, Mr. Wilson, wittingly or unwittingly, went to Tammany for two of its rich young men, ever ready with their campaign contributions to help keep alive that band of political pirates known as Tammany Hall. The minor diplomatic offices are now going to the ordinary hack politicians. Why, for instance, should William J. Price, of Danville, Ky., be sent as Minister to Panama? We have been unable to ascertain that he has had previous diplomatic service, or been anything else at home but a "prominent" local officeholder of mediocre abilities; and the same is true of others recently selected. Most disappointing has been Mr. Wilson's appointment of men like Mr. Penfield and Mr. Gerard, who contributed largely to his campaign fund. We have before us a vigorous protest from a reader against Mr. Morgenthau's selection for Turkey, on the same ground, and also because of his handling of the campaign funds. Anything that in any way connects diplomatic posts with money payments to a candidate or party is wholly regrettable, and Mr. Wilson cannot escape just criticism for this reason for several of his appointments.

THE BRYAN SCANDAL.

In his statement to the press on Sunday Mr. Bryan showed plainly that the continued criticisms of the newspapers, and particularly the foreign ones, on his lecturing for pay on Chautauqua circuits are beginning to make him wince. He felt that his foreign critics ought to know more about the facts before finding fault. It was not true that the Mexican and Japanese crises were so grave as rightfully to demand his full time. As for his home critics, he varied the usual answer of the Rooseveltian type of politician by substituting the epithet Tory for that of Wall Street, thus: "The domestic newspapers that have attacked me are all of the Tory stripe. Such attacks are to be expected. In the Tory newspapers the facts are distorted, and are twisted to suit the writers. There are reasons for those attacks." And he asked why it was that reporters who would not take $1,000 for the crime of murdering a man were willing to assassinate his reputation by misrepresenting facts.

Now, with Mr. Bryan's indignation at deliberate misrepresentation we have all sympathy. But we respectfully submit that nothing conscienceless yellow-journals have said about him could do him more harm than the simple fact that he is billed in circus style to appear between Swiss yodlers, bell-ringers, and sleight-of-hand performers. Mr. Bryan must have heard of William Allen White's Emporia, Kansas, *Gazette*, which is certainly not open to the charge of being a tool of Wall Street, or of being a Tory organ. We reprint the juxtaposition of names which we took from a page advertisement of that paper:

New York City Marine Band
Avon Sketch Club
English Opera Quintet
Neapolitan Troubadours
William Jennings Bryan
Elliot A. Boyl
Sears, the Taffy Man
Lorenzo Zwickey
Ed. Amhurst Ott

"And to think," adds the advertisement, "that all the supreme pleasure of this royal feast is yours for the mere payment of a few pennies a session under the season-ticket plan." And all of this is further cracked up to be "literary, musical, entertaining, instructive, devotional, inspirational, and life-building" —with the Secretary of State of the United States, holding the third office in rank in the country, as the special drawing card.

Now, the *Nation*, being published in the vicinity of Wall Street, has to admit its geographical damnation and to confess that it has been one of those journals which feel seriously concerned over the extra-official activities of Mr. Bryan. But there are no hidden motives for this, and there are no old scores it would even up. It simply has a deep respect for the office of Secretary of State, which transcends its interest in any given Secretary. It was not altogether displeased at Mr. Bryan s selection for his position, because it knew him to be a sincere devotee of peace. It has found much to admire in his conduct of his office, both in the Mexican and Japanese entanglements, and in his international peace-proposals. We, moreover, have not quarrelled with the idea that the Secretary of State or any other Cabinet official may from time to time accept pay for giving a lecture. We have no prejudice against the Chautauqua itself, and do not dispute that Mr. Bryan's discourses are all that he advertises them to be. He admirably expounds the homely virtues, the gospel of peace and human brotherhood, and probably gives to many of those who hear him better preaching and ethical teaching than otherwise falls to their lot. We are even willing to accept without question a Washington journalist's assertion that Mr. Bryan has actually spent more hours at his office than did his immediate predecessors in the same amount of time, and that when in Washington he works untiringly, often until late at night.

Despite all this we are deeply outraged by the spectacle of the Secretary of State appearing nightly under canvas for pay, or a part of the gate-receipts, in company with acrobats and vaudeville performers of every kind. We can most sincerely assure Mr. Bryan that in this part of the country our feeling is shared by all those who reverence our institutions and believe in their being dignified by those entrusted with the duty of governing. Into this feeling nothing enters which could properly be termed anti-democratic. When Mr. Wilson as Governor proposed to talk to his constituents annually from the steps of every county court house, it seemed to us an admirable plan. But no money consideration entered into it, and no jugglers or xylophone artists were included in the programme. We have no quarrel because the Secretary of State wishes to meet crowds of his fellow-citizens and draw inspiration from them. But we do protest emphatically at what is now going on—a Secretary of State cutting short conferences with foreign Ambassadors to rush off to a little town in West Virginia or Maryland to earn his $250; then returning to Washington by sleeper for a few hours at his office, and finally dashing off again for a wild night ride by auto or a train journey to some obscure hamlet. There, it is obvious, he appears not before a real old-fashioned Chautauqua—which was a dignified university extension type of movement—but before a vaudeville audience, with Sears, the Taffy Man, and Howard Jones's trained seals preceding or succeeding him in the limelight.

If Mr. Bryan will take our advice he will cease defending these performances and either resign his position forthwith, if he cannot live within his official means, or rest his case squarely upon his having the President's sanction for his performances. No other course appears to us to be possible. If that puts the responsibility for what seems to us nothing less than a scandal directly upon President Wilson, it is merely placing it where it already belongs. The President is charged with the duty of controlling his Cabinet, and the task of keeping its members in bounds when they exceed the proprieties, and that duty cannot be shirked even when the relationship is such as to call for most tactful and diplomatic procedure on the President's side.

WILLIAM J. GAYNOR.

Death has suddenly removed from the whirl of city life the most striking and extraordinary figure in New York; and he was snatched away at a moment when his part in the city's affairs was at its maximum of distinctiveness and perhaps of importance. If any one had been asked why there was any prospect of Mr. Gaynor's election as Mayor next November, the best short answer would have been that it was because he was the most interesting man in New York. The nature of the interest he excited was not simple; it was compounded of many elements. There was admiration for his courage; there was appreciation of his originality; there was delight in his wit and his almost unparalleled power of terse and pungent expression; there was wonder at the comprehensive range of his interests and sympathies, the readiness of his response to anything that smacked of genuine human interest, from the plaints of a strap-hanger or a push-cart man to the dreams of a Tolstoy or the theories of a Henry George.

In his public career, whatever its faults—and in our judgment they were many and grave—the dominant note was courage. It was his courage and success in fighting Boss McKane, at a time when bosses were far more difficult to fight than they are now, that first brought Mr. Gaynor into public notice; and we believe it can be said without qualification that from that day to his death he never flinched from attacking what he wished to attack, or defending what he wished to defend. Whatever position he made up his mind to maintain on any subject, that position he was never deterred from maintaining by fear either of criticism or of consequences. Signal examples of this will easily occur to any one. Among them are instances which we do not count to his credit, but which, in spite of the condemnation they justly aroused, undoubtedly served with many only to emphasize the identification of his personality with the idea of audacious courage. Of this his course in the Rosenthal-Becker police scandal and its sequels is the most remarkable example. But his career abounded with manifestations of courage and firmness for which unalloyed praise is due him. No politician, or group of politicians, dictated his policy; and he was afraid neither of labor organizations nor of newspapers. His masterful dealing with the garbage-men's strike was a signal proof of the former; and, though his sweeping denunciations of newspapers in general often overshot the mark, the predominant feature in them was a

seathing contempt for yellow journalism. His undeviating and unstinted hostility to Hearst is deserving of special recognition and gratitude.

That this rare courage, this unusual independence of mind, and the remarkable powers both of thought and of expression with which Mr. Gaynor was gifted, did not result in such a career in the Mayoralty as might have been hoped from these qualities was due to elements of character into which it is not necessary now to enter. But while his faults were such as sufficed to justify most serious criticism, they were far from being such as, in the heat of the present campaign, were by some imputed to him. No appeal to the consideration due the dead is needed for the rejection of any such view of Mr. Gaynor, or for the acknowledgment of much faithful and valuable service rendered by him to the city. That he would have been unable to render that service had his Tammany associates been elected with him four years ago, as he wished, we feel quite certain; but none the less must it be acknowledged that he set his face firmly against the Tammany idea of city government, stood stanchly by the merit system in subordinate offices, and from the first stamped upon the city's affairs as a whole the mark of a business administration. How profoundly the city was impressed with this when it was fresh was amply manifested in the unqualified praise he received from newspapers that had opposed him, throughout the first year of his Mayoralty—praise which reached its climax when he lay wounded, and in peril of death, three years ago. His death now is, in all human probability, a consequence of that shot; and that shot would, in all human probability, never have been fired but for the Mayor's firm and defiant refusal to conduct his office on the spoils principle.

Mr. Gaynor's entry into the present Mayoralty contest was a public misfortune. The prospect of his being a candidate brought confusion into the situation, as it pointed straight to a disastrous division of the anti-Tammany forces. Had this factor not entered, the argument in favor of a solid front being presented by the whole Fusion ticket would have been much stronger; and with Mitchel, McAneny, Prendergast, and Whitman enthusiastically uniting their efforts the prospect of a great victory for good government would have been very bright.

CHANGES IN PRONUNCIATION.

London, September 8.

As a rule, the correspondence columns of the London *Guardian*, the leading Church of England paper, appeal only to the ecclesiastical mind. The outsider is merely amazed and bewildered as he glances over page after page devoted to animated discussions of the minutiæ of liturgiology. Now and again, however, one discovers an oasis in these desert stretches of mediævalism. The last five issues have contained a really enlightening series of "letters to the editor" on changes in the pronunciation of English. The subject was started in an article by the Rev. J. E. Field, who took as his text the recent argument of the Poet Laureate in favor of spelling reform.

Mr. Field's thesis is that "the correct phonetic rendering of sounds in 1913 may have become quite incorrect in 2013, and extensive changes in spelling may mean worse trouble for our great-grandchildren." Opinions will doubtless vary as to the validity of his conclusion. The interesting point is the evidence presented by him, and by other correspondents of the *Guardian*, as to changes now in process. Mr. Field begins by reminding us that when Cowper wrote the lines, "God moves in a mysterious way. . . . He plants His footsteps in the sea," and again, "I am monarch of all I survey. . . . From the centre all round to the sea," these were good rhymes, for the English *sea* was sounded like the German *See*. So, too, the *tea* of our great-grandmothers was *tay*. Do we realize, asks Mr. Field, the extent to which similar changes are occurring at the present time?

Take vowel sounds, to begin with. We have made a revolutionary change in the sound of *i*, which in the time of Queen Elizabeth was pronounced in English as it still is in all other languages. One of the last survivors of Queen Victoria's bridesmaids always said *obleege*. The modern tendency is still gaining ground. Mr. Field has noticed a growing habit among the clergy to say *inspiration*, a practice which suggests the uncomfortable reflection that probably a coming generation will say *spirit*. The name of the Oxford saint, Fridswide, is now commonly hardened into the harsh and inharmonious *Frideswide*.

Again, the present-day tendency to pronounce the first vowel in *Berkshire* like that in *birch* illustrates how a once common sound of *e*, especially before *r*, is dropping out of use. In ancient writing *Berkshire* often appears as *Barkshire* and *park* as *perk*, showing that at one time *er* and *ar* were regarded as convertible. *Person* and *parson* give further evidence of the same point. Nowadays such words as *Hertford*, *Derby*, and *clerk* are becoming victims to what Mr. Field calls "the vulgar tendency to force all syllables under a rigid rule." Forty years ago *yallow* was not uncommon in the upper ranks of society, but it has now "succumbed to the destructive agency of education." A curious instance is *English*, which we spell with an *e* and pronounce with an *i*, in spite of the suggestion of its original vowel sound given in the equivalent *Angles*.

The letter *o* receives considerable attention in the *Guardian* discussion. The word *currant* indicates what our forefathers took to be the right way to pronounce *Corinth*. Among proper names the best-known survivals of the old pronunciation are *London* and *Somerset*. But *Compton* (correctly pronounced like *company*), *Cromwell*, *Ponsonby*, *Monmouth*, and *Montgomery* are yielding to the desire for standardization. *Foreign* has long since capitulated, and so has *sovereign*, where the vowel once had the same sound as in *covenant*.

Another correspondent remembers that, as a boy, he was caned for sounding the aspirate in *humble*, but now everybody sounds it. Possibly, Uriah Heep accelerated the change in usage. Formerly, as Mr. Field recalls, we followed the French rule of aspirating the *h* in our Teutonic words, but not in our Latin words. We still ignore the aspirate in pronouncing *heir*, *hour*, *honest*, and *honour*. The seniors among us retain this rule in the case of *herb* and *hospital* (of whose original pronunciation the word *ostler* is also an evidence), but the juniors have adopted the prevailing prejudice against allowing written letters to be silent. In the *Guardian* discussion no one has called attention to the curious difference between the English and the American treatment of *h* in unaccented syllables. An Englishman speaks of *an (h)istorical treatise*, ignoring the *h* altogether in his pronunciation, but an American of *a historical treatise*. The explanation seems to be that this difference is the natural and inevitable result of the difference between the English and the American treatment of particles. An American gives the particle *a* the full sound of the same letter in "fate," and detaches it completely from the following word, with a distinct pause between them. An Englishman, on the other hand, makes his *a* short, and runs it rapidly on to the next word. Thus, while the American gives equal value to each word in *a religious treatise*, in the Englishman's mouth this becomes almost *urreligious treatise*. Now, suppose the second word begins with *h*. If its first syllable is accented, full

value can be given to the aspirate, however rapid the pronunciation. But the attempt to pronounce an unaccented *h* syllable in rapid connection with the previous word produces only an uneuphonious grunt. *A history* can be uttered at the highest speed of which the human vocal organism is capable, but *a historical* is a problem.

But to return to the *Guardian* discussion. Several letters note changes in popular usage with regard to accent. *Balcóny* has given way to *bálcony*, and *revénue* to *révenue*. So, too, *precédence* and *fanátic* are now frequently pronounced *préccdencc* and *fánatic*. Complaint is made that many of the clergy nowadays say *Dcútcronomy* instead of *Deutcrónomy*, although they do not follow out their principles consistently by saying also *pálwography*, *ástronomy*, or *géology*. The general tendency thus seems to be to throw the accent further back. Mr. Field notes, and regrets, an example of the reverse process in *doctrinal*, which in many churches nowadays is pronounced not *dóctrinal*, but *doctrī'nal*. Somebody, apparently, remembered suddenly that the *i* in *doctrina* is long, and did not stop to reflect that the question is governed not by the quantity of the *i* in the substantive, but by the accent of the adjectival form, *doctrinalis*. Will the day come, Mr. Field wonders, when we shall be told that such pronunciations as *doctrī'nal* are entirely *natū'ral?*

H. W. H.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Bernard Shaw, somewhere in one of his innumerable and interminable prefaces, has complained that critics have traced his literary relationships to Nietzsche, Ibsen, Strindberg, and others, whereas they might have had the patriotism to discover his ancestors in his own native Britain. In fact, he suggested Charles Lever, the author of a novel which made a lasting impression upon him as a boy, a Capt. Wilson, and a certain Mr. Stuart Glennie. Now, I purpose to do Mr. Shaw the slight courtesy he desires; yes, I shall go to an Englishman who was even educated in Ireland—but I shall go back to the seventeenth century. Impossible? Shaw, who made sport of Ramsden because he had not an idea later than eighteen sixty, can he be found in the sixteen hundreds?

The differences between Shaw and Congreve are many and obvious, yet it is nevertheless true that the Restoration Comedy, of which I take Congreve as an example, presents many similarities to Shaw. The great abiding difference is the spirit in which these characteristics are displayed. My comparison shall be general between Shaw and Congreve, but where I grow specific, as in quotations, I shall have reference to "The Way of the World" and "Man and Superman."

Both Shaw and the drama after 1660 are reactionary. The former is a reaction against present thought and sentiment, the latter against the previous period of Puritanism. But there is a difference in the character of the reaction. One is a natural unconscious process, the other a deliberate antagonism. The Restoration theatre is like the unwinding of a spring just released. Shaw is a gun deliberately aimed and intentionally fired. But the difference is everything.

Congreve is immoral, but though we cannot accuse Shaw of immorality, we cannot approve him as moral. I confess this is a treacherous ambiguous use of the word "moral." The immorality of Congreve is a downright vulgarity; the unmorality of Shaw is only a theory of ethical conduct. But the effect of both is, in a way, the same: neither tends to uplift our moral character—though Shaw seriously means to uplift it by giving us a new basis, a new Decalogue. He desires to tear us from our moral moorings, believing them to be rotten, and to steer us for a new port. Again the difference in spirit is everything.

In particular, the Restoration drama presents three phenomena—(1) an absence of the breath of nature, (2) an anti-social spirit, and (3) an abundance of wit. And Shaw likewise.

Of nature as beauty, as romance, as a something, as a pulse to give feeling to the play, of this you hear nothing in Shaw or Congreve. Of nature as a philosophy of the life force in the one, and of nature in the other as a system of etiquette, of these you read. In the five acts of "The Way of the World" all the scenes, with the exception of two, are within doors. In "Man and Superman" three of the four acts are in the open, in a park or among the mountains, but these scenes are used merely as a means of physical location, and never in any of the lines are they referred to with any poetic charm. Nature does not exist.

Nature is wanting, but society is present. Both plays are anti-social; that is, both plays mock current, conventional society. Shaw attacks our mockeries seriously and remorselessly. Congreve is not so genuine. Indeed, there is the feeling that society is used only as a means to show off his wit. He certainly is not as conscious of a purpose to laugh at the *précieux* of his day as Shaw is of satirizing the "respectable" people of to-day. But yet words are not merely sounds; they convey thought, and Congreve does mock his society. Let us hear both him and Shaw.

Mirabell: I denounce against all strait lacing, squeezing for a shape, till you mould my boy's head like a sugar-loaf, and instead of a man child, make me father to a crooked billet. Lastly, to the dominion of the tea-table I submit with proviso that you exceed not in your province, but restrain yourself to native and simple tea-table drinks, as tea, chocolate, and coffee: as likewise to genuine and authorized tea-table talk—such as mending of fashions, spoiling reputations, railing at absent friends, and so forth—but that on no account you encroach upon the men's prerogative, and presume to drink healths or toast fellows.

And Shaw:

Tanner: We live in an atmosphere of shame. We are ashamed of everything that is real about us; ashamed of ourselves, of our relatives, of our incomes, of our accents, of our opinions, of our experience, just as we are ashamed of our naked skins. Good Lord, my dear Ramsden, we are ashamed to walk, ashamed to ride in an omnibus, ashamed to hire a hansom instead of keeping a carriage, ashamed of keeping one horse instead of two and a groom-gardener instead of a coachman and footman. The more things a man is ashamed of, the more respectable he is.

Both are saying what they mean, but only one of them is stirred. Here, also, perhaps, is the place to remark that neither Shaw nor Congreve is a master of character. It is not character, but manners, that they describe.

As to wit, both rank high. Not humor, but wit, characterizes both Shaw and Congreve, though occasionally there is an inclination in both of them to a bit of horse-play, as in the superfluous third act of "Man and Superman," and Act IV of "The Way of the World." Shaw is sharp; Congreve polished. Shaw is the keenness of a stiletto's edge; Congreve is the gleam of its polished surface. Congreve is a wit; Shaw is a wit with a purpose. Yet frequently their styles of scintillation approximate each other, so that you could scarcely tell, for instance, unless you had read one of the plays, who wrote the following:

Let us never visit together, nor go to a play together; but let us be very strange and well-bred; let us be as strange as if we had been married a great while, and as well-bred as if we were not married at all.

Even the English does not betray the author.

Or take this selection:

Fainall: 'Tis for the honor of England that all Europe should know we have blockheads of all ages.

Mirabell: I wonder there is no act of Parliament to save the credit of the nation, and prohibit the exportation of fools.

The following lines indicate the difference in intent in the two authors:

Mrs. Marwood: Faith, by marrying; if I could but find one that loved me very well, and would be thoroughly sensible of ill usage, I think I should do myself the violence of undergoing the ceremony.

And Shaw:

Tanner: We do the world's will, not our own. I have a frightful feeling that I shall let myself be married because it is the world's will that you should have a husband.

"Nihil novi sub sole"—not even Shaw.

ISADOR EDELMAN.

Correspondence

PROFESSOR KITTREDGE AS TEACHER OF LITERATURE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The writer of an article on Professor Kittredge which appeared in your issue of September 11 "does not recall that any one has acknowledged indebtedness to him for a 'love of good literature,'" and is "inclined to doubt whether he considers it any part of his function to impart to his students a love of literature"; and again: "Professor Kittredge has taken few chances at making great literary historians or critics." That many of Professor Kittredge's students will protest against these assertions I have no doubt; personally I cannot refrain from offering my testimony on the point.

Specializing in English, I studied eight years at four institutions of repute, but from no course did I receive more illumination through the interpreting of lit-

erature than I obtained from English 2 at Harvard (Professor Kittredge's course on six plays of Shakespeare). Notably I recall an entire hour given to portraying the character of Lady Macbeth, introduced by the words: "Lady Macbeth is one of the simplest, strongest, and greatest characters in literature." The tone of the words as they were uttered is in my ears as I write, and the lecture still seems to me to sustain the tradition of Hazlitt, Lamb, and Coleridge. Then there was the evolution of Lear's madness; the keen differentiation of Goneril and Regan; Edmund, the natural son, trusting in his native villany; the submissive faithfulness of Helena and the "gentle raillery" of the Countess in "All's Well"; with, not least, the triumphant readiness of Falstaff's wit to about-face and meet a new emergency. Nor shall I forget how our attention was called to Banquo's whimsicality, to the contrasting servants who bring tidings to Macbeth in Act V, the dual phases of Kent and Edgar, etc., etc. These are separate points, but I also felt that by Professor Kittredge's magic (I use the word advisedly, though speaking of a "scientific" man) the plays we read were unfolded before us as living organic wholes of art. As to stylistic points, we were made aware of the splendid diction of the witches at Macbeth's last interview, of Vernon's eulogy on Prince Hal, even of the "Russian" in "All's Well," concerning which our instructor said that he pitied any one who had not sufficient appreciation of nonsense to enjoy it. Besides, there were comparisons with Greek tragedies and citations of English poems.

These instances are set down after an interval of ten years on the spur of the moment without any reference to my notes or to the plays, and I could go on almost indefinitely. I have perhaps recorded enough to indicate the spirit of the course as a whole, but I can never express the inspiration it was and is to me. The scientific attainments of Professor Kittredge are admired and applauded by all; let any one who has glanced over the preceding remarks decide whether this eminent scholar "considers it any part of his function to impart to his students a love of literature."

CHARLES WHARTON STORK.

University of Pennsylvania, September 12.

THE IDEAL REPUBLIC OF LEARNING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: If Goethe is right in saying that we possess only what we enjoy, the intellectual life can hardly be accounted among the visible possessions of American undergraduates. What they learn is seldom assimilated to the extent of coloring their ways of thought and speech; what they learn they seem seldom to justify to themselves. Passing from the classroom to the liberal air of the campus, they lapse—if lapse be necessary—by an easy descent into the undiscriminating and surface thinking, the flat and ill-articulated speech of the uneducated. Is it not clear that the college community often furnishes in stimulating contact of mind with mind a poor substitute for the family circle that recognizes in table talk and fireside talk the claims of the spirit?

In spite of much anxious legislation, our college authorities fail to control student life at many vital points. Students may not drink to excess, their dances may not last after midnight—each law in its letter may be observed—but how about the authority of culture, which the united voice of the faculty presumably declares? Is this voice heard above the acclaim that comes from the athletic field and is it echoed in the casual conversations of students? Even to attentive ears, of course, it may come very faintly from the professors who have been "rooting" at the big game. Surely, every one knows that what is called "keeping in touch with the students" amounts very often to a frank repudiation of truly academic values and preferences. With such melancholy examples, we cannot blame the students if the whole community is not of one mind upon the need of elevating and refining its common life. For if gold rust, what shall iron do?

The ways and means of forming an academic society that will rest firmly upon an intellectual basis and not be overgrown with a thicket of silly organizations and movements are not clear; but something might be accomplished by a more liberal classroom policy, one in which the personality of teacher and of student should have freer play, one that should seem less like forbidding personal discipline. Course examinations, if required at all, should be of minimum importance, students being tested in broad and searching subject examinations, in preparation for which they would develop the initiative and self-direction of the educated mind. If they are to find themselves, they should be heartened to pursue independent studies—not necessarily "research"—stimulated at every turn by contact with men of light and leading. Under the existing system there is little nurture of self-respect in the case of the student who with necessarily indecent haste is trying to keep up with fussy and multifarious demands of scrap reading and inevitably hasty reports. If he is a man of original mind and consecutive thought, he will find it hard to excuse an instructor for introducing him to Arnold before he has finished his study of Carlyle, for confronting him with Keats just when he is beginning to see something in Shelley.

Little can be done without more vitalizing social contact among all who make up the university society. For what does culture count unless it is daily realized? And how is it realized unless it so permeates the social group that each member partakes of its beneficent power? The question is, of course, not one of generous communication from professors to students of all the requisites of Cardinal Newman's gentleman. The blunt fact is that the professors themselves have much to learn if they are to fill any better place than that which they occupy behind the classroom counter. It is not from that supposedly strategic point that they can do most towards the formation of that society within college walls without which it is not likely that our colleges will impress their stamp deeply and clearly upon the life of our people. If the professor's competence for his post is to be tested, it must be by the words of his mouth wherever uttered and by the daily meditations of his heart. J.

Urbana, Ill., September 11.

MRS. YOUNG AND THE CHICAGO SCHOOLS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I write to protest against such an expression as I read on page 200 of your issue of September 4, in reference to Mrs. Young, superintendent of the public schools of Chicago. Mrs. Young has demonstrated her good judgment and wisdom, and she needs no defence. Her attitude in regard to the persistent demand for instruction in sex hygiene, namely, that it shall be taught by specially qualified and approved men and women, commends itself to people of good judgment. ELLEN C. SABIN.

Milwaukee-Downer College, September 6.

THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Since you have of late permitted several contributions on the Roman Catholic Church, I take the liberty of presenting another.

Last April there was delivered at my room at Harvard a sample copy of the *Menace*. In it was an item dealing with the attitude of the Philadelphia *North American* towards a sermon of one Father Phelan, of St. Louis. It appeared that a subscriber had written to ask why the *North American* had paid so much attention to the speech of Gov. Blease, but had said nothing of Phelan's utterance, "To Hell with the Government of the United States." In reply the *North American* asserted that the priest had never made any such speech. Thereupon the *Menace* offered to prove that he had, and further offered a reward of one hundred dollars to the *North American* if it would publish the whole sermon. As the matter seemed to me to be one that would bear investigation, I wrote to the editor of the *North American* three different times, once a registered letter, but received no answer save that embodied in a return receipt. This experience, with another of more recent date, where the two local newspapers absolutely ignored a most revolting scandal connected with a priest (although one of them had not the slightest compunction about publishing an outrageous bit of ill-authenticated gossip regarding a recently married Protestant couple), lends an air of truth to the charge that there is a well-subsidized, carefully muzzled press in this country.

Apropos of G. H.'s communication, I have in my possession a book, entitled "Christian vs. Godless Schools," by T. J. Jenkins, published in 1889. It is endorsed by Cardinals Newman, James Gibbons, and others. From this book it is evident that in the minds of these men our schools are godless, and further that the following principle of action receives their endorsement:

> Neither is it expected of or designed by a Catholic, as God is our witness, that he should aid in any *secret* conspiracy for the bootless enterprise of *suddenly* overthrowing a public legal system, *unlawful* though that system be. We bring home to the consciences of Catholics that it is their *duty* to continue *deserting* all mere secular schools, and building schools of their own, until public opinion itself undermine what contains the source of its own downfall, and we be relieved of unjust taxes. (Italics are mine.)

On the same page we find the following: "Europe is convulsing in the ever-tightening folds of two serpents—the one public

and deadly, the other secret and poisonous as the asp in the fig leaves of Cleopatra's basket. They are the public state schools and the Secret Societies of Continental Masonry." This little booklet, which ran through several editions, goes on in this way gibing at our public schools for 174 pages. Such then is the attitude of Rome towards the public school; it seems to square well with its regard for the free press.

C.

Haverhill, Mass., August 28.

WORDSWORTH MISQUOTED.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I wish to call attention to a flagrant misquotation which is to be found in the review of "Pickett and his Men," in the *Nation* for August 21. The lines in question are taken from Wordsworth's poem on the "Character of the Happy Warrior," and should read:

> Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
> Nor thought of *tender* happiness betray.

The error lies in the substitution of the word "sinful" for "tender" as an epithet of happiness, thereby entirely transforming the meaning of the line, and making it absolutely foreign to the idea expressed in the rest of the poem. The thought of *"sinful* happiness" has no place in the poet's conception of a man of honor, neither is it appropriate to the character of Gen. Pickett.

As a lover of Wordsworth I cannot let the mistake pass unchallenged. Doubtless many other readers of the *Nation* have been equally offended by it.

C. E. Furness.

Whitefield, N. H., August 28.

Literature

SCHURZ, THE ORATOR AND PATRIOT.—I.

Speeches, Correspondence, and Political Papers of Carl Schurz. Selected and Edited by Frederic Bancroft, on behalf of the Carl Schurz Memorial Committee. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 6 vols. $12 net.

It is eminently fitting that the political life of Carl Schurz in this country, as partly told in his own "Reminiscences," and supplemented by Frederic Bancroft and William A. Dunning, in their sketch of his career from 1869 to his death, should now be allowed to unfold itself in an authoritative collection of his principal speeches, a large number of his characteristic letters (sometimes with the replies of his correspondents), and other miscellaneous writings. The material placed in the hands of Mr. Bancroft was abundant. Schurz kept a careful record of all he said or wrote for publication, and the editor has selected with excellent judgment what best illustrates the qualities of the orator and statesman, though it is to be regretted that of the early speeches, delivered between 1858-64, and published in 1865 (now out of print), but four have been retained.

Mr. Bancroft's documents are placed before us in chronological order, with no connecting thread and but few explanatory notes. The first letters, translated from the German, deal with Mr. Schurz's impressions of America shortly after his arrival. Of the extraordinary rapidity with which he mastered the political questions of the day there is proof in his early letters to Gottfried Kinkel, the German poet and professor at Bonn, whose escape from the fortress of Spandau he had so skilfully effected. He enlightens his friend as to the problems that are agitating the country; he speaks of the Kansas-Nebraska bill, the Know-Nothing movement, the anti-slavery agitation, and the question of the annexation of Cuba. Though still deeply interested in the affairs of his mother country, American life has taken the strongest hold of him. "I love America," he writes to Kinkel, in 1855. A letter written a year later contains the following striking forecast:

> From now on there can be only two parties in the Union: a Northern and a Southern party—an anti and a pro-slavery party, and at the present moment the Democrats up here are only the outposts of the slave-power in the free States. At last the slavery issue has become the watchword of the day; the time for compromise has passed, and the last chance for a peaceful solution has come. The next four years will decide the fate of the United States; in both camps there is firm determination. We have on our side the spirit of the age, a great inspiring idea and superior ability. The South has unanimity and brutality. I am not sure that this fight can be decided without powder. I doubt it. However, should the force of arms be resorted to as a last measure, the result cannot be doubtful, for the material superiority of the North is immense.

During the Frémont campaign of 1856, Schurz's speeches, in both German and English, delivered in the State of Wisconsin, established his reputation as an orator. His address on "The Irrepressible Conflict," at Chicago (September 25, 1858), stirred the nation to its depths. That remarkable address ought not to have been absent from these volumes. Schurz, the philosophical statesman, was clearly foreshadowed in his campaign speeches of that year. He was naturally attracted by the broad inclusiveness of the ideas of our Western States. In a letter to Gerrit Smith he predicted that the Know-Nothing movement was doomed to failure, and that "the philosophical rather than the radical wing of the Republican party" was destined to obtain control. But he understood the East as he did the West. He paid a magnificent tribute to the early spirit of New England, and appealed to what is best in Anglo-Saxon traditions, in his address on "True Americanism," delivered in Faneuil Hall, April 18, 1859. We catch in his impassioned accents an echo of the superb eloquence of Kossuth, who, seven years previously, had appealed to American liberty in behalf of Hungary on the same spot.

The Presidential campaign of 1860 found in Schurz one of the most ardent and effective supporters of Lincoln, and brought the two men into intimate contact. In a letter written by Lincoln, June 18, in which he heartily approved Schurz's campaign plan, he said: "I beg you to be assured that your having supported Gov. Seward, in preference to myself, in the Convention, is not even remembered by me for any practical purpose, or the slightest unpleasant feeling." A month later Schurz delivered an address at a mass meeting at Springfield, Ill. His impressions of the Presidential candidate on that occasion are thus set down in a letter to Mrs. Schurz, which, precisely because never intended for publication, furnishes an unusually life-like portrait-sketch of Mr. Lincoln (we quote from the translation of the German original):

> I was with Lincoln yesterday. He is the same kindly old fellow, quite as unpretentious and ingenuous as ever. The reception committee had reserved quarters for me at the hotel, and Lincoln was one of the first to knock at my door. He wears a linen sack-coat, and a hat of doubtful age, but his appearance is neat and cleanly. We talked in my room for nearly two hours. I was lying on my bed, resting, when he came, and he insisted on my remaining so. He talked of the Presidential election with as much placid, cheerful frankness as if he were discussing the potato crop. He told me of all the letters and visits with which he was flooded, and said that he was not answering those asking for office and the like. "Men like you," he added, "who have real merit and do the work, are always too proud to ask for anything; those who do nothing are always the most clamorous for office, and very often get it, because it is the only way to get rid of them. But if I am elected, they will find a tough customer to deal with, and you may depend upon it that I shall know how to distinguish deserving men from drones."

Lincoln insisted on accompanying Schurz to the Capitol, and sat directly in front of him. Schurz spoke in both English and German, and when he had finished Lincoln shook hands with him and said: "You are an awful fellow! I understand your power now."

Perhaps the greatest of Schurz's rhetorical triumphs during the campaign was his address on "The Doom of Slavery"—a powerful appeal to the slave-holder—delivered at St. Louis, August 1, 1860. The eloquent young orator was in demand throughout the country. He spoke in Indiana and Pennsylvania, as well as in New York city, cheered everywhere by enthusiastic crowds. After the election Schurz, as he wrote to his wife, was "swamped with letters from office seekers." He confided to her that he had written to

Lincoln, giving his views of the political situation and stating that he would "never submit to a compromise, and would leave the party the moment it abandoned its principles."

Nothing in the volumes before us is historically so important as the evidence that Presidential candidates and Presidents, from Lincoln to Roosevelt, either sought Schurz's advice, or profited by the offered counsel. Schurz's opinions were in every instance dictated by the loftiest patriotism, and even if not invariably correct, his advice heightened the respect of the recipient for the fearless adviser. Lincoln's answer to Schurz's criticism of his slowness as commander-in-chief, and of his persistence in placing Democrats in high military positions, is well known. Lincoln had the best of the argument, but he continued to value Schurz's judgment, just as Schurz learned to appreciate, more and more, Lincoln's wisdom. Writing to a German friend, in October, 1864, Schurz said:

> I have criticised him often and severely, and later I found that he was right. . . . His Administration is the most representative that the history of the world has ever seen. I will make a prophecy that may sound peculiar. In fifty years, perhaps much sooner, Lincoln's name will be inscribed close to Washington's on this American republic's roll of honor. And there it will remain for all time. The children of those who persecute him now will bless him.

Schurz's letters to Andrew Johnson show that their relations were never cordial, though the President was sufficiently impressed with Schurz's personality to send him on a confidential mission to investigate conditions in the Southern States. After his return, the natural antagonism between the two men became more marked. In his memorable address on "The Logical Results of the War," delivered at Philadelphia September 8, 1866, Schurz protested, with all the fervor of his eloquence, against the assumption of certain political leaders that the policy of Andrew Johnson was but another name for the policy of Abraham Lincoln.

Schurz earnestly supported Gen. Grant during the Presidential campaign of 1868, but as the newly elected Senator from Missouri he soon found himself in outspoken opposition to him. In a letter written to Gen. Grant in July, 1870, Schurz referred to the painful change in their relations, owing to their differences concerning the San Domingo treaty, but he asked for an interview, in order to remove the erroneous impression that he had attacked him personally in the secret session of the Senate:

> When we had our first conversation about the San Domingo Treaty, he wrote, I told you frankly that I was opposed to it on conscientious grounds, and would endeavor to defeat it. When the Senate had closed the first debate on the Treaty, I beseeched you to drop the matter there; that advice sprang from patriotic motives, and subsequent events have demonstrated its judiciousness so clearly that I should not hesitate to repeat it. In fighting the Treaty, I have used all the legitimate means of parliamentary warfare, and, looking back upon my conduct, I have nothing for which I should reproach myself.

Schurz's independence of party ties was never more strikingly manifested than in his attitude in the Greeley campaign. It was this trait of his character which so many of his political adversaries could neither understand nor forgive. He did not conceal his disappointment at Greeley's nomination. "I assure you," he wrote to him, "I did not go to Cincinnati to have anybody in particular nominated, and therefore I do not mourn over the defeat of a favorite. I did not advise your nomination, because I foresaw certain difficulties. But these difficulties have been rendered immeasurably more grave by the manner in which your nomination was brought about." There followed an active interchange of letters between Greeley and Schurz, the former becoming increasingly hopeful, the latter remaining skeptical. Schurz's course after the disastrous result of Greeley's campaign was clear to him. In a letter to Horace White he said: "You ask me what in my opinion should now be done. It is perfectly clear to my mind. We should virtually do the same thing after the reëlection of Grant that we should have done after the election of Greeley. We should continue to struggle for the realization of the ideas embodied in our original programme and be governed by no other consideration."

The relations between Schurz and Rutherford B. Hayes began with a letter in which, shortly after Hayes's nomination for the Presidency, Schurz addressed him "with that confidence and frankness with which one gentleman may speak to another." It would be impossible, he said, to conduct the campaign on the old war issues. "There is at present far more strength, as there is more wisdom and patriotism, in the advocacy of a policy of justice and conciliation than in an attempt to rake up old animosities and in a mere repetition of old cries." Schurz urged that the question of civil service reform was "the most seriously sore point of the party." He advised Hayes to "substitute for the vague and discredited promises of a platform the frank and vigorous pledge of a man known to be a man of honor."

Schurz was as candid in his correspondence with Hayes—offering suggestions of his own and criticising what Hayes submitted to him—as he was, four years later, in his dealings with Garfield. "I consider it a duty," he wrote to Garfield after his nomination, "to say to you that your letter of acceptance has been a great disappointment to very many good men who hailed your nomination with joy and hope. Especially the vagueness of your language on the financial question, and still more the positive abandonment of ground taken, and to a great extent, maintained, by the present Administration with regard to the civil service, have greatly discouraged many who expected to support you with enthusiasm and would have done so with effect."

In season and (as it sometimes seemed to more than one Presidential candidate or President) out of season, Schurz counselled and admonished. To Grover Cleveland he wrote, just before his first inauguration: "The more I think of it the more does it seem to me that your inaugural is a matter of uncommon importance—that it should rise as far as possible above the perfunctory commonplace of such occasions and speak with the voice of leadership to the political forces behind you, to give them impulse and direction." Cleveland had mentioned to him the names of the men he thought of for Cabinet positions, and Schurz freely gave his opinion. Shortly after the inauguration he urged upon the President the desirability of reappointing Postmaster Pearson, of New York city, and in reply to Cleveland's letter on the subject, Schurz wrote: "I hasten to remove a wrong impression which my letter seems to have produced. It is that it 'indicated the wishes of a friend and ally who had a right to insist upon the recognition he asks.' Nothing could be farther from my mind than to insist upon a 'recognition.' The practice of recognizing persons by the use of official trust for political or personal services rendered, is, on the contrary, one of the practices I have frequently denounced as dangerous. What I want to see recognized is not a person but the public interest."

In a letter to President McKinley in October, 1897, occurs a passage which will be read with interest at the present day:

> I trust you have received the suggestions I took the liberty of submitting to you through Mr. McAneny, concerning the supposed interference of your Administration in our municipal election, in the spirit in which they were conceived; and I am exceedingly glad to learn that no such interference on your part is intended. New York municipal politics have always been an extremely dangerous field for any National Administration to venture upon. If Tammany should be successful, the public opinion of the country, as it has already pronounced itself, will doubtless award the responsibility to the Republican machine here; and you can certainly not desire to be involved in the disaster.

The correspondence between Schurz and Roosevelt (not all of Mr. Roosevelt's replies have been published) discloses many interesting points of contact and contrast between the two men. On December 29, 1903, Schurz writes:

In your letter you refer to the fact that you have occasionally taken the advice of Booker Washington about the appointment to office of colored persons. Pardon me for remarking that, when I found at the time mention of this fact in the newspapers, it caused me some anxiety—not as if I had feared that his advice might not be candid and wise, which it undoubtedly was, but because I thought that Booker Washington was so peculiarly valuable a man, and his mission so important and at the same time so delicate, that he should most carefully be kept free of all contact with politics—especially that part of politics which has to do with patronage. Do you not think so?

CURRENT FICTION.

The Way of Ambition. By Robert Hichens. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

It has not often been possible in the past for readers of serious mind to take Mr. Hichens seriously as a writer of fiction. He has always been intense enough about his business, but intensity is not strength, and it is more common to strain at a camel and swallow a gnat than the reverse. There is something mawkish and enervating about his most popular work, and one may have been tempted to trace its popularity to its defects. But this, after all, is rarely true of any work which has sustained its hold on a miscellaneous audience. If "The Garden of Allah" made headway with a certain class of readers by reason of its appeal to prurient taste, it probably conquered its public in general quite as much by virtue of its picturesque or atmospheric quality. His Orient was what Occidental dreams are made on—the dreams of the "average man," or, more probably, the average woman. His Garden has been easily transferred to the stage.

In his present story Mr. Hichens has gone beyond his ordinary theme of the sex situation. He has retained, in some degree, the favorite atmosphere, since part of the action takes place in Algiers. But the problem is primarily not that of East and West, or of man and woman, but of the artist and his work. Claude Heath is a young English composer of austere ideals and practice. Though approaching his thirties, he has attempted to publish nothing. He is conscious of a strain of weakness, a desire to give others what they demand of him, and deliberately guards himself from temptation by living as a recluse. He becomes known, however, to one or two connoisseurs in music, and through them his acquaintance is extended. He meets a widow, Mrs. Mansfield, and her daughter Charmian. The mother is thoroughly in sympathy with his aims and his work, but the daughter, worshipping "success," cannot understand either. Still she feels that there is something great in him, and succeeds in marrying him. Through her he is led to turn away from his ideals and try for popularity. The opera which results is a failure because it lacks sincerity, and when we leave him he is roused to a sense of his infidelity to his real self, and determined to live once more his own life. The rôles of Heath and Charmian are too strongly marked, the former too much a weakling, the latter too much a fool, to command the sympathy of which the situation is capable. Several of the minor figures, Mrs. Mansfield, Susan Fleet, Crayford, the American manager, are far more credible. But certainly in this book Mr. Hichens has gone further than heretofore in the direction of straightforward interpretation; and for the most part he has avoided the lure of the purple passage.

Round the Corner. By Gilbert Cannan. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

"Being of such a strange temper and vision," says Mr. Cannan, "that when I aim my pen at a man I am as likely as not to hit his grandfather, I have in this instance endeavored to forestall the treachery of my faculties and to go straight for the grandfather." That grandfather is Francis Folyat, Bachelor of Divinity and father of a large family, an admirable old man. We have had a glimpse of him (by another name) in Mr. Cannan's preceding novel, "Little Brother," and we are likely to hear of him again, for his—grandson, we almost said—his creator, is very happy in portraits of hale and philosophic old age. But even the smiling optimism of the Rev. Francis Folyat is scarcely proof against the smoke of, say, Manchester. Whenever you see a blot of darkness as you fly, declared the late aviator, Cody, you know you are over a town. The smoke and ugliness of "our town" all but withered the wholesome juices of the good clergyman's frame. He left the soft airs of Cornwall with his many children in the hope that his daughters would find husbands; he left "our town" in the twilight of his life, taking back to his Cornish garden little except a pair of patient, good-humored eyes. For in "our town" ugliness is unmitigated and life is never fully realized; always, it is "round the corner." "Rapacity made this town what it is," observes one of the characters. "Think what it might have been, what all towns might have been, if love had made them!"

Mr. Cannan lifts the curtain upon a crowd of people, and gradually, naturally, each one drifts down stage to the footlights of our attention. Serge and Minna, Frederic and Gertrude, the Lawries and their son, the impassioned acolyte, we shall not lightly forget. Fear and unfriendliness are perpetual non-paying guests in this, and, according to Mr. Cannan, in every middle-class house, but somehow life triumphs after all. If Frederic is weak, his vagabond brother Serge returns from South Africa and Ceylon (Mr. Cannan has a passion for those places) full of ripe, warm wisdom; if Minna marries for convenience, her little sister Annette seizes love with both hands even amid the smoke and grime of that appalling industrialism. Mr. Cannan preaches no sermon, but the uneasiness and unrest of present-day England are in his book.

Father Gregory; or, Lures and Failures. A Tale of Hindostan. By Percival Christopher Wren. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Not long ago we had occasion to notice a series of odd tales grouped under the title "Dew and Mildew." They were further described as "semi-detached stories," a label appropriate to the present collection also. They are strung together by a single thread, that of consequence. "How great a matter a little fire kindleth" may be taken as Mr. Wren's motto. His imagination is both aroused and confined by the sense of minute cause and endless effect. The events in "Dew and Mildew" sprang from the curse of a fakir. If John Durham had not forgotten his intention to shoot a wretched pariah-dog, his son would not have been born in a madhouse, and the Chotapettah Club would never have been founded. John Durham's son is founder and manager of the club. Himself a victim of circumstance, a horn outcast by reason of his illegitimacy, he determines to found a club for men of good birth who have failed—"a harbor," as one of its members calls it, "for first-class hulks; a home for lost, strayed, stolen, and starving dogs of good pedigree; an almshouse for decayed (and rotten) gentlemen." It harbors broken soldiers, civil service men, men of all the learned professions. It is an almshouse only for those who choose to make it so. There is a free list, but a paying list also for such as have been able, in some measure, to "come back." The book is made up of the stories of these failures, and of the diverse lures to which they have succumbed. Father Gregory is the good angel of the club, its spirit and inspiration, as Durham is its mind and practical stay. He has a story of his own, which remains untold. There is more than a touch of the grewsome in these tales, as in the former collection; and the author's contempt for the native character and for the attempts of the Government to foist a European culture upon an Asiatic people is again vigorously expressed.

Discovering Evelina. By F. Frankfort Moore. New York: George H. Doran Co.

In "The Jessamy Bride" Mr. Moore made a love-story for Goldsmith out of the vague traditions connected with the beautiful Miss Horneck. Here he invents a romance for Fanny Burney. The

Invention seems to be based on a passage in one of her letters to "Daddy Crisp" in which she raves girlishly about the beauty and charm of Rauzzini, a young Italian tenor who was then the idol of London, and who had come to one of Dr. Burney's Sunday afternoons. Daddy Crisp rallied her on her enthusiasm, and there, apparently, was an end of the matter. But the hint is enough for a person bent upon finding a love story in Miss Burney's early life. She is here represented as the Cinderella of the Burney family, a child to be condescended to, for her shyness and her lack of musical accomplishment. She has copied out Dr. Burney's great "History of Music," and is known to be fond of scribbling; but nobody attaches any importance to the habit. When the narrative begins, she has already written "Evelina" and it is now printing; but no one knows of her guilt but a dull cousin who acts as go-between with the unsuspecting publisher. The story of the novel's amazing success and the still more amazing discovery of its authorship is told with some skill. Garrick is shown at his mimicry, Mrs. Thrale at her task of bear-leader, Dr. Johnson in his rôle of playful patron. But what possible need was there of going to all this trouble? If any tale has been told well and for all time, it is this very tale (without the artificial injection of a "heart-interest"), in that imperishable classic, the earlier diary of "little Miss Burney."

ROME.

Companion to Roman History. By H. Stuart Jones, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. With illustrations. The Clarendon Press. New York: Henry Frowde. $5 net.

The Grandeur that Was Rome: A Survey of Roman Culture and Civilization by J. C. Stobart, M.A., late Lecturer in History, Trinity College, Cambridge. London: Sidgwick & Jackson. 30 shillings net.

The expression "companion to Roman history" is perhaps indefinite enough to cover almost any collection of essays on miscellaneous phases of Roman civilization, but as a title of a volume by Mr. H. Stuart Jones, it is likely to create expectations which the contents do not warrant. Of the eight chapters into which the material is divided, that on Roman architecture fills about one-third of the entire volume, beginning with materials and methods of construction and considering successively the various forms to which the genius of the architect, native or imported, was applied. "Artistically speaking," Mr. Jones says, "the triumphs of the Roman architects are to be sought in the 'symphonies in space' which their interiors present; the exterior of these colossal buildings makes no such appeal either to the æsthetic sense or to the intellect as the Greek temple." And again: "Although the genius of the Romans was triumphantly shown in the solution of constructive problems, which carried them even further from the rigid simplicity of Greek architecture towards the subtler equilibrium of opposing stresses, and their artistic handling of space is perhaps unsurpassed, they failed to grasp the true principle of *decoration*, viz., that it should emphasize and not obscure structural function." These two passages suggest sufficiently the kind and extent of credit which the author is disposed to give to Roman architecture as apart from the Greek.

In art, as in architecture, Mr. Jones is willing to concede to the Romans certain worthy traits of their own, in spite of the fact that they "were long content to plunder rather than to produce." He admits the difficulty of determining what proportion of the individuals who satisfied the Roman demand for works of art were of Italian origin; but, in spite of the known fact that the artists of the Augustan age were mainly Greeks, he maintains that the history of Imperial art as a whole is that of the emergence of qualities foreign to the Hellenic world and subversive of Hellenic standards of taste. "It is a fresh artistic tradition which establishes itself, having its roots in Italian soil (as the history of Etruscan art shows) and continuing unbroken until the Renaissance."

War, religion, production and distribution, and public amusements are each treated in a separate chapter, war receiving about twice the amount of space assigned to any of the others. The proof-reading has not been as accurate as could be wished. "Sano" for *Semo* has slipped through on page 71, and on page 105 the date of the burning of the Basilica Æmilia stands as 14 A. D. instead of 14 B. C. On page 270 the reference to "Plate" 50 should be to *figure* 50, and on page 279 the ashes of "unburnt" calves stored for use as a fertility-charm should, of course, be ashes of *unborn* calves. "Phrases" stands for *phases* on page 384. Mr. Jones is sometimes censurably careless in his use of English, though perhaps he might set up the defence that we are now living under an "initiated" law of general amnesty for crimes of that sort. On the whole, the "Companion to Latin Studies," edited by Dr. J. E. Sandys for the Cambridge University Press, much better fulfils the expectations aroused by Mr. Jones's title, in spite of the fact that all the evil genii of the ancient world seem to have conspired in the concoction of Dr. Sandys's exasperating quadripartite index.

"The Grandeur that Was Rome," by Mr. Stobart, will call the mind of the classically educated reader back to Quintilian's characterization of Seneca as "worthy to be read for this if for no other reason, that he can train the judgment in both directions. For there are many things to be approved in him, many even worthy of admiration, *provided there be care in selection.*" To Mr. Stobart's mind, Rome has been too long the playground of satirists and pessimists. There never was any "decline and fall." The whole career was one of progress—progress when the republic passed into the empire, and progress again when the artificial ramparts on the Rhine and Danube broke down and let the new nations into their inheritance. He admits that it is hard to shake the popular verdict and get Roman history read in the new light. "To do so you cannot follow the authorities, for they were all on the side of deterioration. The idea of progress was unknown to the ancient world, and above all others the Romans believed their Golden Age was behind them."

After starting by discrediting *all* the authorities *en masse*, Mr. Stobart might have used the *carte blanche* thus acquired to give us out of his own cogitations a really consistent Rome, free from all exasperating problems. One finds him, however, continually admitting from those tainted sources the same old stories which have convinced people in the past that Rome really did decline. Perhaps what we need is a little sharper definition of what different people mean by the terms progress and decline. For the Roman Republic, Mr. Stobart strains a vigorous vocabulary to the limit to express his detestation. The old Roman virtue simply never existed. Admitting, though it is somewhat out of harmony with his main thesis, that evil tendencies did grow rapidly in Republican times, he does not find the cause in the softening effect of Greek influences. If these influences had come earlier, the picture might have been less dark. "It was their starved souls, empty of ideals, devoid even of reasonable occupation for their leisure or harmless use for their wealth, which rendered the aristocracy of Rome so utterly vulgar and debased." But out of the sink of picturesquely varied iniquities which constituted the republic sprang an empire for which Mr. Stobart cannot find praises too high. "The republic that sucked the blood of her provinces is detestable to all right-thinking men. The autocracy that cleared out the canals in Egypt, planted flax and encouraged pottery in Gaul, irrigated Africa and taught agriculture to the Moorish nomads, set the wild Iberians to mining and weaving, built aqueducts and roads everywhere, established a postal system and policed land and sea so effectively that a man might fare from York to Palmyra, or from Trier to Morocco 'with his bosom full of gold,' may

be tyranny governing in its own interests, but it is an institution for which the world has every reason to be grateful."

The author passes along the view which one meets every now and then that the younger Pliny, in his correspondence, pictures a Rome wholly inconsistent with that of the writings of Tacitus. The purpose of Pliny in his letters naturally led to a "picture of tranquil and cultivated leisure or of useful activity carried on in refined and elegant surroundings," but Mr. Stobart or any one else who has not found in those letters a full realization of the horrors of imperial rule under a Nero or a Domitian simply has not read them. The reference to Pliny is followed by a page of admissions sufficient to bolster up a Juvenal himself, "but one misconception," we are told, "must be combated. The whole imperial period of five centuries should not be regarded as one slippery Gadarene slope down which the Romans were hurrying to destruction." Yes, but Mr. Stobart has not told this either first or most effectively. For more than fifty years, scholars in various lands have been working towards a truer conception of Imperial Rome, both in its virtues and in its excesses, and the best progress has been made not by tossing aside the original authorities as worthless, but by more accurately reading and interpreting them. Mr. Stobart is too violent in his prejudices, whether for or against, and too unguarded in his language, to serve well the interests of the careful seeker after truth.

The Life of Octavia Hill. Edited by C. Edmund Maurice. New York: The Macmillan Co. $5 net.

Octavia Hill was born in 1838 and died only last summer. For half a century she was one of the most benignant and beneficent figures in English society. The present volume is made up chiefly of letters to, from, and about Miss Hill. Their editor, a connection by marriage, received his commission from her, and has done his work with skill and discretion. He professes to have made but slight original contribution to the book. The explanations which link the letters he has had printed in smaller type than the letters themselves; and their substance is mainly derived from the statements of others. He was, however, associated with Miss Hill's work for some ten years, and admits that his comments covering that period may amount to something. For the rest, the selection of such a group of letters is in itself an art, especially when many of them are printed fragmentarily. With such a method, it is possible to produce a variety of effects. Mr. Maurice frankly admits that his purpose has been "to emphasize the human and family sympathy" which belonged to Miss Hill, rather than her remarkable business ability. The danger with her, he says, is the reverse of that which has threatened the memory of Florence Nightingale. The sentimental popular conception of the "lady with the lamp" has obscured Miss Nightingale's powers of organization and administration. The general sense of those powers in Miss Hill has almost hidden the fact that the basis of her work lay in feeling quite as much as in reason.

Certainly, the letters here printed give the impression of an ardent, affectionate, enthusiastic woman who, with all her interests and activities, remained always a lover of life and of living things. The joys and satisfactions of every-day experience are continually dwelt upon. She "thinks thankfully of all people's kindness"; she is "quietly, splendidly happy." "Joy" is a favorite word in the later as well as the earlier letters. "It is on loving, infinitely more than on being loved, that happiness depends," is a phrase in a letter written at eighteen, which might be taken to have been the working motto of a nature which depended greatly, after all, on being loved.

An interesting series by themselves might have been made of the letters connected with the early relation of Miss Hill and Ruskin. In the early fifties Octavia's mother had become manager of a "Ladies' Guild" in London, an early experiment in the sort of industrial philanthropy to which the daughter was to devote so much of her life. Dissensions arose, and the Guild failed, whereupon Octavia applied to Ruskin with the ingenuous object of finding out whether there was any use in her trying to paint for a living. He discovered talent in her, and she became, in a way, his pupil, as well as his disciple in the larger sense. Other great men of the day, notably Kingsley and F. D. Maurice, had made their impression upon her, but it was Ruskin who really became her inspiration. For years he was her guide also; but it was impossible that this relation should endure. Differences and even estrangement arose, the practical work to which she gave herself seemed to him misdirected and even wasted. "My question, a very vital one," he writes in 1876, "is, whether it really never enters your mind at all that all measures of amelioration in great cities . . . may be in reality only encouragements to the great Evil Doers in their daily accumulating sin?" And one of Miss Hill's latest letters speaks of Ruskin's political economy as of comparatively little moment compared with his "art work."

In the value of her own labors Miss Hill had unflagging belief. The problem of the proper housing and employment of the poor never ceased to be the important problem for her. As for methods, she recognized that they must shift with conditions, and, at the end, expressed the hope that those who carried on her work would maintain its spirit without being bound to continue its policy. As summing up her point of view, Mr. Maurice quotes with approval the judgment of a contemporary: "She brought the force of religion into the cause of wisdom, and gave emotion to justice."

Histoire des Séleucides (323—64 avant J.-C.), par A. Bouché-Leclercq. Paris: Leroux.

The Greek classics were in the main produced before the Macedonian age. Though the Macedonians always regarded themselves as Hellenes, Demosthenes, whose voice reached much farther than theirs, chose to call them barbarians. Mommsen, with authority closely approximating to tyranny, made the public institutions of the Romans the product of a purely Italian development. These circumstances, together with the fact that ancient history, until recently at least, was studied, not for itself and because of its own interest and value, but primarily because of the light it threw upon the literature of Greece and Rome, explain why a period so vibrant with human action as is that which Alexander the Great's conquest of Asia ushered in has been so long in coming into its due.

A decade or two ago things changed. Droysen's gallant and fortunate enterprise and Mahaffy's filibustering expeditions then gave way to the regular advance of the army of historians. How fiercely the attack is pushed home today may be gauged by the appearance in the early months of 1913 of two first-rate works in this field, the "Antigonus Gonatas" of Mr. W. W. Tarn and the book now under review.

The serious student of history is well aware that he has to do ordinarily with two classes of histories. The author of a work of the first class, on publishing his book, is prepared to make an affidavit that, to the best of his knowledge and ability, every sentence is the last word that can be said on the subject at the moment. He may write well or he may write badly; he may have imagination and historic sense, or he may lack them; and his work will be great or mediocre accordingly. Insignificant, however, it cannot be in any case. In the other class the author is indifferent to fine nuances of opinion and report. What does it matter whether an event happened in one year or the next? He glides smoothly over the problems that are agitating specialists. He seizes hold of the obvious materials and paraphrases his sources rapidly. He may even ignore the primary authorities al-

together. Such a writer can achieve a notable success, but it is bound to be a transient one.

M. Bouché-Leclercq belongs to the first class of authors. His "Astrologie grecque" and his "Histoire des Lagides" have won him an honored place among ancient historians; and it is probable that had his "Histoire des Séleucides" been published when it was composed —some twenty-five years ago—it would have commanded the immediate attention of scholars. But "mon labeur n'aboutit alors," says M. Bouché-Leclercq, "qua'à esquisser un texte vague, flottant sur un amas de notes plus ou moins justificatives." It is this text, however, made over to attract "d'autres lecteurs que les érudits," that we now receive: the notes and discussions are reserved for a second volume, which is cannily held back that it may take account of slips and defects noted in the first. There is a possibility that the second volume will be a large book. M. Bouché-Leclercq is not wholly blameless if that proves to be the case. For he has left out of account so many pertinent materials—the yield of the Athenian and Delian inscriptions, for example—he has ignored completely topics of such first-rate importance—the land system of the Seleucids, for example—and he has made himself responsible for so many new or old errors, which we cannot enumerate here, that we have had some doubt whether his "Histoire des Séleucides" did not really belong to the second class of histories of which we have given the characteristics.

The fact seems to be that M. Bouché-Leclercq has not added much to the stock of primary and secondary authorities for the Hellenistic age which he used for his history of the Ptolemics. His work is, accordingly, some seven or eight years old at its birth. Its chief merit is its attractive literary form. It may do a real service to French readers, to whom no connected history of the Macedonian lords and ladies in Asia has been accessible hitherto. The English reader will find it no improvement on Bevan's "House of Seleucus." The scholar will continue to make the histories of Beloch, Niese, and Schürer his fundamental works.

To Mesopotamia and Kurdistan in Disguise. By E. B. Soane. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $4 net.

Of all recent accounts of travel and description, this record of a journey from Beirut to Bagdad is one not merely of the most fascinating, but also one of the most valuable. Numerous works have been written, it is true, concerning the regions here considered, but none has previously appeared—at least to the reviewer's knowledge—which can pretend to set forth Kurdish life from the native point of view. This is here done; and it has been rendered possible by the fact that Mr. Soane is so thoroughly versed in both Persian and Kurdish that he passed for a native. During a previous sojourn in Persia he had made profession of Islam and taken a course of theological study, so that he was able to defend Shia doctrines with all the energy of the Persian true believer, thus rendering his disguise doubly impenetrable.

The author's power of vivid description comes to the fore in his account of his voyage down the Tigris from Diarbekr to Mosul; but of even more real value is his picture of daily life in such Kurdish cities as Kirkuk, Halabja, and Sulaimania, in the last-named of which he engaged for a time in mercantile pursuits. While still at Stambul, moreover, he was enabled to discover the Persian opinion of the Turkish Parliament, which, though unflattering, is probably correct—the Oriental, as may be gathered from many a passage in Mr. Soane's book, is as yet scarcely ready for the Occidental forms of government.

Mr. Soane has the chief of all requisites of the traveller—love for the people among whom he sojourns, and liking for their mode of life; he has, indeed, some of the characteristics of a Borrow. The Kurdish character, as he sketches it, is highly attractive, and is comparable, as has been noted by others, to that of the Scottish Highlanders a few centuries ago. The contrast between the brave, hospitable, loyal Kurd and the Turkish official is only too marked. The bad character of the Turkish officials is equalled, in the author's opinion, only by that of the native Christians, although he excepts from this unflattering category the Chaldean Christians. The question of Asiatic Christianity unfortunately leads him to criticisms of Roman Catholic activity in Mesopotamia which seem to savor of strong personal bias against that religion, and which, together with some foolish and quite irrelevant remarks upon the Biblical account of Jonah, form almost the only unpleasant feature of the volume.

For his historical sources the author has drawn upon oral tradition, but in his choice of reference books he has not been altogether fortunate. There is, for instance, an undue reliance upon the "Assyria" of Ragozin (whom the author seems to believe to have been a man); and the total absence of all allusions to German researches upon the language and history of the Kurds is most regrettable—scholars like Justi, Socin, Lerch, and Mann, to mention only a few names, are far too important to be ignored. In his account of the Yezidis, or "Devil-Worshippers," he might well have profited by the researches of investigators like J. Ménant; and his historical sketches of Urfa (the ancient Edessa) and Erbil (the ancient Arbela) are rather meagre. He also exaggerates the friendship of Sasanian Persia for Christianity—relatively slight acquaintance with the Pahlavi, and especially with the Syriac sources of the period, would show him that such friendship was manifested by only a few monarchs, and that the general attitude of Sasanian kings was one of bitter hostility to all Christians. It is, therefore, a pity that he did not consult some such treatise as Labourt's "Le Christianisme dans l'empire perse sous la dynastie sassanide."

Real value attaches to the account, which is all too brief, of the doctrines of the Ali Illahi sect found among the Guran Kurds. The interesting hypothesis is advanced by Mr. Soane that the Mukri dialect of Kurdish is the closest modern representative of the ancient Avesta, though the view more commonly accepted assigns this place to Afghan. He regards the Kurds as the descendants of the Medes, and traces their lineage to the Carduchi of Xenophon's "Anabasis," the Nairi of the Assyrian inscriptions, and the inhabitants of the land which the classics call Gordyene. The accuracy of a number of these hypotheses is not beyond question. Yet this detracts little from the value of his book, which is authoritative on its main subject. For a man of his exceptional qualifications there are many tasks still to be done. May we hope for some formal grammar of the Kurdish dialects of which he is master, and which are still so imperfectly known? Could he not became an Ali Illahi and study the syncretism of this curious sect? Might he not turn Sunni and visit Afghanistan and Baluchistan, to do for us—and for them—the service that he has just performed for Kurdistan?

Notes

"The Seven Seas Edition of the Works of Rudyard Kipling" is announced by Doubleday, Page & Co., as the most important literary plan ever undertaken by them. The edition will be limited to 1,050 sets of twenty-three volumes, each set signed by the author. The cost per set will be $138.

The Century Company announces an elaborate, illustrated edition of Kipling's "Jungle Book," to contain sixteen full-page illustrations, in full color, by Maurice and Edward Detmold. The same house has in press a new book, "The Brownies Many More Nights," this being the twenty-sixth printing of the original Brownies.

"The Monroe Doctrine: An Obsolete Shibboleth," by Hiram Bingham, is published by the Yale University Press. Other noteworthy books by the same publishers are "Some Problems of Modern Government," by William H. Taft; "Politician, Party, and People," by Henry C. Emery; "The Evolution of Modern Medicine," by William Osler.

John Stuart Thomson, in "China Revo-

lutionized," looks for a vast trade under the new régime in that country, and offers information concerning the opportunities afforded men and women who seek a wide field of endeavor. The Bobbs-Merrill Company issue the book.

The new volumes of the Loeb Classical Library (Macmillan) promised for this year include Appian's "Roman History," Vol. IV.; "Daphnis and Chloe"; Julian, Vol. II; Lucian, Vol. II; Menander; Plutarch, Twelve Lives, Vol. I; Apuleius, "Golden Ass," 2 vols.; Cicero, "De Finibus," "Letters to Atticus," Vol. II, and "De Officiis"; Horace, "Odes"; Ovid, "Metamorphoses," 2 vols.; Petronius; Seneca, "Tragedies," 2 vols.; Tacitus, "Dialogues," "Germania," and "Agricola."

Probably no news will give pleasure to more readers than the announcement that Macmillan is to bring out an edition of Macaulay's "History of England," edited by Prof. Charles H. Firth, and profusely illustrated. The first volume of this work, to be complete in five, will appear this autumn.

The autumn list of Little, Brown & Company includes under fiction: "The Eye of Dread," by Payne Erskine; "The Honourable Mr. Tawnish," by Jeffery Farnol; "The Joy of Youth," by Eden Phillpotts; "The Double Life of Mr. Alfred Burton," by E. Phillips Oppenheim; "Marama," by Ralph Stock; "Joan Thursday," by Louis J. Vance; "The Gringos," by B. M. Bower.—Travel and description: "Across Unknown South America," by A. Henry Savage-Landor; "Athens, the Violet-Crowned," by Lilian Whiting; "Wanderings on the Italian Riviera," by Frederic Lees; "Old Franciscan Missions of California," by George W. James; "Shakespeare and Stratford," by Henry C. Shelley.—History and biography: "The Romance of the American Theatre," by Mary C. Crawford; "The Story of Harvard," by Arthur Stanwood Pier; "The Major Operations of the Navies in the War of American Independence," by A. T. Mahan; "The Tragedy of Mary Stuart," by Henry C. Shelley.—Miscellaneous: "Criminology," by Raffaelle Garofalo; "Federal Systems of the United States and the British Empire," by Arthur P. Poley; "Wards of the State," by Tighe Hopkins. A varied list of books for young people is offered.

The most elaborate book on the autumn list of Paul Elder & Co. will be an historical and descriptive sketch of "The Old Spanish Missions of California," by Paul Elder.

The Frederick A. Stokes Company for October issues "Susette," by Dion C. Calthrop; "The White Thread," by Robert Halifax; "Irishmen All," by George A. Birmingham; "Fletcherism," by Horace Fletcher, and three juvenile books—"Blossoms from a Japanese Garden," by Mary Fenollosa; "The Adventures of Akbar," by Flora A. Steel; "The Hungarian Fairy Book," by Nander Pogany, illustrated in color by Willy Pogany.

T. Fisher Unwin announces a new novel by Irene Burn, with the title "The Unforgiving Minute," depicting the everyday life of the Englishman in India, and also the "Further Reminiscences of a South African Pioneer," by W. C. Scully, a continuation, from 1876, of the work published last spring.

The 109th annual report of the British and Foreign Bible Society is an unprecedented record of both income and circulation. Bibles to the number of 7,899,562 in 450 languages and dialects, ten new versions having been added during the year, were distributed. The accounts of the many and varied adventures of the colporteurs make interesting reading.

The whole of the *National Geographic Magazine* for September is devoted to Ancient Egypt. The principal facts, historical and biographical, brought to light by recent investigations are given by the Rev. James Baikie, and these enable one, with the aid of seventy-four illustrations, to get many vivid impressions of the life of those times. A new chapter in the history of bird worship and protection is opened by the discovery a few months ago by one of the excavators of the Egyptian Exploration Fund of a sacred ibis cemetery, 2,700 square feet in extent, at Abydos. The birds were as carefully mummified as the royal personages. Their beneficence in destroying the enemies of the growing crops led to their being worshipped as divine.

The *Geographical Journal* for September contains the conclusion of Dr. J. F. Unstead's statistical study of wheat cultivation and trade, 1881-1910, of which the last table is a summary of the world production. The increase in thirty years was a billion bushels, due mainly to an increased acreage, but to some extent to an increased average yield per acre. Europe still produces more than half the crop, European Russia showing the greatest increase, from 244 million bushels to 461 million bushels. There was considerable difficulty in procuring trustworthy statistics of the United States on account of the different returns of the Department of Agriculture and the Census Bureau. For the year 1909, for instance, the Department reported 737 million bushels, but the Bureau only 683 million. Among the other contents are a physiographical description of the Middle Clarence valley of New Zealand and an account of a remarkable Japanese who made the first survey of his country. A brewer of saké, he was so enamoured of the art of surveying that between the years 1800 and 1818, with instruments of his own construction, a quadrant, an azimuth instrument, and a compass, he made maps so good that they were adopted as the basis of the more recent trigonometrical survey of Japan.

Prof. George Saintsbury is always a charming friend and sure guide in his introductions to various editions of Thackeray and Jane Austen and other writers of fiction, and one turns with high expectations of pleasure to his new volume on "The English Novel" in the Channels of English Literature series (Dutton). But the expectations are barely fulfilled. Of reading for the task undertaken Professor Saintsbury, as he himself would tell us if it were not otherwise abundantly evident, has a mighty sufficiency. One is sure that no obscure novel of the eighteenth century is named which the critic has not read and noted. Furthermore, as the criticism of fiction is chiefly a matter of immediate gusto and not of philosophic reflection, the judgments of Professor Saintsbury in this field are almost invariably sound. "The proof of the art of the novelist," he contends, "is that—at first hand or very shortly—he 'enfists,' absorbs, delights you"; and no one is more immediately enfisted, absorbed, and delighted by a good story or a good style than the writer of this book. Professor Saintsbury makes strong reservations in praising Meredith—and he is demonstrably right. Some will object to the emphasis laid by him on Dickens's "little literature" and inability to enter into "communion with certain orders of society and classes of human creatures"—but again he is right. Of Thackeray we already know Professor Saintsbury's opinion; no one, not even Mr. Brownell, has praised the great Victorian with more knowledge and more seductive *entrain*. He is a doughty champion for Thackeray and the English school against Balzac and the Russian novelists, and his animadversions on this topic are worthy of reading and digesting.

We are most in doubt of Professor Saintsbury's sanity of judgment when he deals with the great protagonists, Richardson and Fielding. In exalting the latter at the expense of the former he seems never to have felt the tremendously tragic effects of the last quarter of "Clarissa," and seems, by a sort of wilful perversion, to exaggerate the merits of "Pamela," as this offers so ready a means of glorifying Fielding through "Joseph Andrews." On the other hand, he says not a word to indicate the wordiness and flatness of a good deal of Fielding's superfluous moralizing. However, though Dr. Johnson would be on our side, there are some who will stand with the professor of Edinburgh. There are very few, we think, who will not be revolted by the loose and ungainly ease of Professor Saintsbury's style. And on the whole, though his attitude is generally right towards the novelists passed in review, the book contains little that is memorable and quite misses the deeper currents of life and thought of which fiction is, so to speak, the surface indication.

Mr. James Huneker has put forth a fresh volume of essays, sketches, and jottings called "The Pathos of Distance, a Book of a Thousand and One Moments" (Scribner). The sub-title honestly disclaims any attempt at unity of matter or point of view, and one may as honestly acknowledge the impossibility of reporting any definite impression of the book. Here is an original portrait of Villiers de l'Isle Adam somewhat in the manner of George Moore, a considerable amount of lively chat about George Moore himself and his recent books, much gossip of Wagner and Nietzsche based on the autobiography, tolerably circumspect consideration of "Matisse, Picasso, and Others," flittings among art galleries, more "browsings" among books, respects to the Neo-Celts, and a rather extended sally among the pragmatic philosophers. To the charge that he offers no "general ideas," Mr. Huneker blandly replies that he does not believe in them; which in turn will recall to some readers a famous pronouncement on Goldsmith: "Sir, he knows nothing; he has made up his mind about nothing." The application is perhaps unjust. Mr. Huneker knows how to talk lightly, tartly, cleverly, and with an air of ancient familiarity on an abundance of topics. But he is a professional skeptic, seeking disdainfully, "in a world full of futile sounds and gestures," a new taste with a temporary relish for the slightly

cloyed palate of the order Lepidoptera. We would only say, therefore, that the impressionist who desires to produce a permanent impression should somehow contrive to throw into his work just a "shade more soul."

Among the many books dealing with the construction of the new canal, Mr. Joseph Bucklin Bishop's "Panama Gateway" (Scribner) should stand out as an authoritative account of the great enterprise. He has been associated with the work since it began, and as secretary of the Isthmian Canal Commission has undoubtedly enjoyed sources of information available to no other writer. Few, if any, details, not to speak of figures, have escaped him, and the result is a complete survey of the project. Beginning with the history of Panama and the futile search of ancient explorers for a passage through the continent, Mr. Bishop recounts the early steps taken by individuals and the United States Government with the view of providing an interoceanic canal to be controlled by this country. Then came the building of the Panama Railroad by American capitalists, and after that the effort and failure of Ferdinand de Lesseps, builder of the Suez Canal, to dig a waterway through pestilential jungle and morass. Mr. Bishop speaks highly of the courage and intelligence of the Frenchmen, who were "led to pitiful disaster by incompetent and unworthy commanders." Lesseps he regards as a man whose head was so completely turned by his success at Suez that he brushed aside the advice of trained engineers and failed to consider the obstacles that presented themselves. There is a vivid picture of the corruption and extravagance that brought financial disaster, while the shadow of death by yellow fever lurked everywhere. Incidentally, Mr. Bishop holds that public sentiment in the United States would not have permitted the building of the canal at the cost of great loss of life, and he says that the work was made possible by the devotion of Reed, Carroll, and Lazear, the three physicians who in Cuba proved that the stegomyia mosquito was the transmitter of yellow fever. Passing to the negotiations with Colombia for a treaty enabling the United States to build and control the waterway, the author describes the overnight Panama revolution and absolves the Washington Government of complicity in the plans of the revolutionists, while admitting that Washington was well aware of what was going on. To President Roosevelt much credit is given for his energy in connection with the determination of the type of canal, and for turning aside the flood of hostile criticism with which the work was assailed in the beginning. A large part of the book is devoted to the period of construction, and the methods of sanitation and administration. "Not a shadow of scandal hovers over the task as the end approaches," writes Mr. Bishop, "nor is there audible the faintest whisper of 'graft' in connection with it." One valuable chapter describes the completed canal, and the measures which will be taken to safeguard the locks while ships are passed through. There are numerous illustrations and a map.

The people whom Mr. Robert H. Milligan describes in his "Fetish Folk of West Africa" (Revell) live in the Gahun Colony of what was formerly called the French Congo, but is now officially known as French Equatorial Africa. They are divided into two Bantu tribes, the Mpongwe living in the coastland, and the "cannibal" Fang, who have for many years been coming from the far interior, "burning, killing, and even eating their way through the older coast tribes." The greater part of the book is devoted to an account of the latter, as most of the author's work was done among them. The main object is to give an impression of the "humanity" of the African, his mental habits, and beliefs. So, while the purely savage side of his life is vividly described, stress is laid upon his many good qualities. The love of his mother, for instance, is the deepest emotion of his heart and his best moral quality, and his most poignant grief is the loss of his children. Boys were the most trustworthy and affectionate of companions, and they were neither dull nor lacking in humor. "I have never known an American school in which there was better order and so little exercise of discipline as in my African school." Noticeable is the African's devotion to music. Singing not only his joy, but his grief; not only his love, but his anger, revenge, and despair, he may be rightfully regarded as the most musical person living.

The chief obstacle to the African's rising above his savage condition is his bondage to fetishism or charms and witchcraft. This causes mutual distrust, for he does not believe there is any such thing as a natural death. When any one dies the witch-doctor is immediately called on to name the guilty person, who is killed. Cannibalism is the last desperate resort of fear. To eat one of his enemies in war is the strongest possible protection against them. His most powerful and sacred fetish is the skull of his father, so that "here fetishism becomes ancestor-worship." Most of the illustrations of this bondage are drawn from the author's own experiences while doing missionary work among them. He concludes a valuable account of the natives in their primitive condition with showing what Christian teaching has done for them and answering the objections of travellers, and especially Miss Mary Kingsley, to mission work. The eighteen illustrations are reproductions of photographs, but we regret that in a work containing so much valuable information there is no index.

It scarcely needs a long and formal introduction to give Lord Milner's addresses, collected in "The Nation and the Empire" (Houghton Mifflin), an outward unity, so clearly are all concerned with British imperialism, its problems, and its opportunities. At the same time, the inclusion of Lord Milner's speeches during his tenure of office as High Commissioner of South Africa, at the time of the Boer War, with later addresses in the British Isles and Canada, down to the present year, bespeaks a certain historical variety. The chief interest of the book is likely to be in its unconscious tracing of the gradual growth of a serviceable conception of an imperial union. It is Lord Milner's oft-repeated hope that some day there may exist an imperial Constitution, as a formal instrument, "providing for the separation of those branches of public business which, like Foreign Affairs, Defence, and Ocean Communications, are essentially Imperial." In this Imperialism he sees something wider than Anglo-Saxondom—the power of incorporating alien races, without trying to disintegrate them, or rob them of their individuality, into an organized *Pax Britannica* that would join together Dutch of South Africa, French of Canada, and Hindus of East India.

The appearance of the first volume of a critical history of Roman comedy by a distinguished French scholar ("Histoire de la Comédie romaine," par G. Michaut, Vol. I, Sur les Tréteaux latins; Paris: Fontemoing et Cie.) is a literary event of more than usual importance. The beginnings of this department of Latin literature are more obscure and uncertain than those of any other department, and during the last twenty years have occupied the greater part of the attention of Latin students. Hence a critical résumé of the various theories and counter-theories which have been put forth in such numbers during this period has come to be a necessity. The author is favorably known by his careful study of Roman character ("Le Génie latin"; Paris, 1900), and he shows himself a most exact and lucid student of his subject in the present book. His method is to study the evidence of the ancients themselves, both independently and in the light of the interpretations set forth by other scholars. To do this he has made himself familiar with almost everything that has appeared in France and Germany, and his summaries and discussions of these various views are of great value. But he is not so much at home in English and American work. Of the former there has been very little, but especially in the last five years American scholars have been very busy. Strangely enough, although this volume was issued in 1912, the work itself seems to have been completed much earlier, for there is no reference to anything later than 1907, and but little later than 1904.

M. Michaut writes a vigorous and vivacious style, which renders him interesting even in his most minute criticisms. In temperament he is on the one hand a skeptic of almost every conclusion thus far reached by classical scholars, as on the other he is inclined to regard the Greek influence on Latin literature and criticism as rather more important than many recent critics have held. In his introductory chapter on Les Romains et la Comédie M. Michaut maintains that the characteristics traditionally ascribed to the Romans of severity, sternness, and dignity, were in reality only assumed for public occasions, while the genuine Roman, like the Italian, was a frolicsome creature, given to games, dances, and rough plays of a dramatic type, as is shown by such ancient rituals as those of the Arval brothers, and those concerned with the harvest and the vintage. Hence comedy instead of being a foreign innovation was innate in the Roman character and life, and would have developed naturally but for the Greek invasion. In all this he is unquestionably right.

Then follow various chapters on the Satura, the Atellana, the Palliata, the Mime, with a final chapter on the Roman Theatre. In regard to the theatre, we have more ancient material, but the interpretation of much of it is by no means assured. In the earlier chapters the greater part of the

discussion goes back to Livy's famous account of the introduction of actors into Rome. All show acute criticism and suggestion, where imagination is held strictly within the bounds of common sense, a practice which many Germans would do well to imitate. The chapters open to most criticism are those on the Satura. M. Michaut believes that the so-called Dramatic-Satura inferred from Livy's sketch never existed, but that Livy's account was a fantastic attempt to parallel the Greek development. He is, however, inclined to think that there was an underlying basis of fact in that the rustic improvisations of youthful free Romans must have ultimately received a more regular treatment, and thus constituted the Satura referred to. In this chapter he discusses sympathetically Professor Hendrickson's two papers in the *American Journal of Philology* in 1894 and 1898, but seems to be ignorant of the fact that in the last few years there have been articles on the same subject by at least five American scholars, including another by Professor Hendrickson himself. Recent literature up to 1912 is given in an article in the *American Journal of Philology* for April, 1912.

Prof. Lano Cooper has done a useful piece of work in his "amplified version" of Aristotle's "Poetics" (Ginn). The book is intended primarily for students of English, but the many illustrations taken from English authors are likely to be valuable to students of the classics as well, for they direct attention in an interesting way to the fundamental and universal character of the Greek treatise. Thorough students of English ought to know the "Poetics" at first hand, but if our present tendencies to work along lines of least resistance preclude this, they will hardly find a better guide than Professor Cooper has furnished them. His method is to give a free translation, and then to add, unseparated from the general text, but in brackets, a miscellaneous commentary. Occasionally a little of what might well be commentary gets into the text, as when in the first chapter the essential quality or function of each species of poetic art is said to be "equivalent to the proper and characteristic effect of each on the trained sensibilities of the judicious"—good Aristotelian doctrine, no doubt, but foreign to the Greek of this passage. In the main, however, the author has made his translation follow the original without undue explanatory interpolation, and has constructed his commentary with good sense and tact. He has made careful use of Bywater's almost final edition of the "Poetics," and of the work of other scholars, not forgetting the old, but still valuable, commentary of Tyrwhitt. He has been careful, too, in the matter of cross-references—a very important thing for the student of this treatise. The comment on the puzzling contradiction in chapters xiii and xiv (very likely ultimately a textual difficulty) between the two views, that the best tragedies end unhappily, and that the horror of the tragic act is most effective when the act becomes imminent, but is not carried out, is fully recognized by Professor Cooper, and judiciously treated. Less judicious is his statement (p. 35) that the peripety, or reversal, in the "Œdipus Rex," "as we know the play," is not brought about by the messenger, as Aristotle says it is. Bywater's words are more to the point: "It is, as Aristotle says, the natural result of the arrival of the Messenger and his disclosure in the preceding scene." The implication that Aristotle may have known a somewhat differently constructed play is surely unnecessary. In the matter of typography, what advantage is there in printing Greek words and phrases in English italics? To one who knows Greek letters the practice seems a barbarism; and what profit is it to the student of English, when he does not know them, if he is simply enabled to mispronounce a lot of syllables he does not understand? If, however, one does print in this way, the inconsistent use of initial "K" and "C" (pages 9 and 72) needs revision. But these are small matters. The book is excellent and to be cordially recommended.

In our obituary notice of John Swett (*Nation*, August 28) we stated that he was a graduate of the Merrimack Normal Institute, Reed's Ferry, N. Y. The school, now known as the McGaw Normal Institute, is in Reed's Ferry, N. H.

Wayland Everett Benjamin, attorney and editor of law books, died last week at the age of fifty-four years. He was born in Boston and was graduated from Peddie Institute and in 1877 from Brown University. He obtained his lawyer's degree from the Boston University Law School two years later, and in 1882 was admitted to the bar. He collaborated with the late Austin Abbott in the preparation of "Abbott's Digest" and other works. He edited the *Railway and Corporation Law Journal*, "New York Annotated Cases," and "Benjamin's Table of Chalmers's Digest of Bills and Notes," and, with the late Justice David McAdam, prepared one of the editions of "McAdam on Landlord and Tenant."

Prof. Arminius Vambéry, one of the best known travellers and Orientalists of the nineteenth century, died in Budapest on Monday in what was said to be his eighty-second year. He was uncertain as to the date of his birth. When asked to sign Queen Victoria's Birthday Book at Windsor in 1889, he confessed his ignorance and, with the royal permission, entered the date of March 19, 1832. "I am quite sure," he wrote in his Memoirs, "that among the many guests at Windsor there was never another to whom the day and year of his entry into this world were unknown." Whenever born, Vambéry was the son of a devout Jew and distinguished Talmudist named Bamberger, whose patronymic suffered in course of time a Magyar change into "Vambéry." The son was by turns a tailor's apprentice, a pupil of Piarist Friars and of Lutheran pastors, and a private tutor of languages. A taste for Oriental literature, acquired during his linguistic studies, and popular legends of the Asiatic origin of the Magyars so drew him towards the East that, in the later fifties, he made his way to Constantinople, where, for a while, he eked out his penury by reciting Turkish and Persian poems in the coffee-houses of Stambul. Having obtained from the Hungarian Academy of Sciences a subsidy of some £80 on condition that he should visit Central Asia to investigate the affinities of the Magyar tongue, he joined a caravan of mendicant pilgrims on its way back from Mecca to Persia. Afterwards he settled as University Professor of Oriental languages at Budapest in what he called "the medium state of culture of my native land." There he made of his home the centre of a campaign against Russian expansion in Central Asia and in favor of an active British policy of resistance. Corresponding in their own languages with Tartars and Turcomans, Osmanlis, Persians, Hindus, and Parsees, he kept himself in constant touch with the East, and supplemented his knowledge by periodical visits to Constantinople, where in later years he became an adviser of Sultan Abdul Hamid. Among Professor Vambéry's published works are: "Wanderings and Adventures in Persia," "Sketches of Central Asia," "History of Bokhara," "Manners in Oriental Countries," "The Turkish People," and "Western Culture in Eastern Lands."

Science

The "Life of Dr. Nathan Smith," one of the founders of the Yale Medical School, will shortly be issued by the Yale University Press.

Welcome geographical information about Spain and Portugal is to be found in a serviceable "Resumen fisiográfico de la Peninsula ibérica," by Juan Dantin Cereceda, professor in the Institute of Guadalajara, published by the "Instituto nacional de ciencias fisico-naturales" as the ninth number of the "Trabajos del Museo de ciencias naturales" (Madrid: Fortanet). It opens with a nine-page bibliography, and then discusses relief, coasts, hydrography, climate, and biogeography. The method of treatment is much more explanatory than that usually found in Spanish geographical essays; yet, in connection with the relief of the peninsula, the description is still largely empirical, and the explanations given are too often geological rather than physiographical, the rock-formations which make up the different districts being more definitely described than the present aspect of their surface. Nevertheless, the text and the numerous diagrams and outline maps present a large amount of pertinent information. If later "Trabajos" take up the districts here described in general terms and present them in greater detail, the geography of the Peninsula will be much advanced.

Since 1907 Sir Ray Lankester has made weekly contributions to the *Daily Telegraph*, of London. These have been short papers on a great variety of subjects, largely, but by no means exclusively, topics of biology. Sir Ray's purpose has been to inform the reader and to awaken a desire to seek more detailed knowledge elsewhere. The execution of this purpose is most admirable in form. A couple of years ago a selection of these papers was published as a book, and now a second series of thirty-one of them, with some revision and expansion, as "Science from an Easy Chair" (Holt), is at hand. Here the interest is often biological, ranging from kisses and laughter to cookery, the problems of immunity, and the teeth of mammals. There are also entertaining chapters on Switzerland and glaciers, the pygmy races of man, prehistoric petticoats, the gallop of the horse and its relation to the apparent size of the moon, and many other matters. Na-

merous plates and pictures are added to make an attractive book well suited not only to easy chairs, but even to hammocks not totally abandoned to frivolity.

"Malaria, Cause and Control" (Macmillan), by William B. Herms, of the University of California, is chiefly interesting in the account of the prevalence of the disease in that State and of the methods thus far employed to remove the cause, more particularly in what are called the Penryn crusade and the Oroville campaign. Incidentally much information is given about mosquitoes in general and the means available for their destruction. This is done in simple language, so that the book ought to be useful in many communities where mosquitoes are more or less of a menace. As to the history of the disease and the classification of the insects, Herms leaves much to be desired. There is a very limited bibliography.

"When to Send for the Doctor" (Lippincott), by Frieda E. Lippert and Arthur Holmes, contains most of the conventional information concerning emergencies and the way of meeting them before the doctor comes. It deals more particularly with the care of children and, as the questions are approached from the psychological point of view, it differs from other books of its class in seeking to aid in the recognition of defects and conditions not commonly reckoned as emergencies. Here much more is done than the full title indicates, and the book ought to help many parents to seek good advice early. The language is often rather too feminine in character, as in the frequent use of "tiny," a "tiny vacation" being perhaps the worst instance.

It is a great satisfaction to have so excellent a treatise as "The Principles and Methods of Geometrical Optics" (Macmillan), by Prof. James P. C. Southall, of the Alabama Polytechnic Institute, reach a second edition. This book has already attained the place of being the standard text in English on this subject. While it is true that a large portion of the new work in geometrical optics is done by the Germans, yet Professor Southall has produced a text which in many respects is the most comprehensive and lucid in existence. Besides giving us an accurate text, he has accomplished much in the way of establishing a uniform notation for optics by adding a classified catalogue of symbols as an appendix.

The trustees of the American Medicine Gold Medal Award have bestowed on Milton J. Rosenau, of the Harvard Medical School, the gold medal for 1913. Dr. Rosenau was one of the founders of the Milk and Baby Hygiene Association.

Edward Lyman Morris, biologist and curator of Natural Science in the Museum of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences since 1907, died last week at the age of forty-two. He was born at Monson, Mass., October 23, 1870, and was educated at Monson Academy, at Amherst College, and at the Harvard Graduate School. He was laboratory assistant and instructor in botany at Amherst, 1893-95; instructor in botany at Western High School, Washington, 1895-96, and later became head of the department of biology in the Washington High Schools. He was also special plant expert of the United States Herbarium and the United States Department of Agriculture, and field assistant of the United States Fish Commission.

Music and Drama

EXPERIMENT IN POPULAR OPERA.

Grand opera at popular prices is not a new thing in New York, but there is much that is new and interesting about the experiment which began at the Century Opera House on Monday. In the first place, it is not a mere money-making scheme, but due to a desire to furnish good, if not the best, opera at reasonable prices to those whose purses do not permit attendance at the Metropolitan performances. The absence of any effort to compete with these has led almost to coöperation between the two undertakings; at any rate, there is the friendliest feeling between them, and Mr. Otto H. Kahn, the leading spirit in the Metropolitan board of directors, is also a director of the Century Company. So far, the public has shown great interest in the venture, and if one may judge by the impressive subscription list, it starts with substantial promise of popular support. Whether it can succeed in the long run is a question that requires the test not only of this winter, but of the next as well.

But this is not the only important question to be answered by the new enterprise. For several years the directors of the Metropolitan have been bombarded with requests for opera in English, a special society having, indeed, been organized to urge that "reform," its main argument being that, just as all operas in Paris are sung in French, in Berlin in German, in Milan in Italian, so should operas in New York be sung in the language of this country. The reply to this argument has been that more is lost than is gained by using translated librettos, and that the operatic managers in Paris, Berlin, and Milan would be only too glad to give each opera in its original language if they could afford to engage so large a galaxy of stars as we have in New York. By this consideration the rulers of the Metropolitan have been guided. In the Century House each opera is first to be given in English, and afterwards in the original, so that the question of language will be fairly tested by comparison.

In selecting for the opening night Verdi's "Aïda," the management showed much wisdom. It is the best and most popular opera of a composer the centenary of whose birth is just now celebrated the world over. It is, moreover, an extremely effective opera. The performance, as a whole, was surprisingly good, and happily disappointed those who came prepared to see a merely amateurish exhibition. It would naturally be unfair to give a definitive opinion either of the prospects for the whole season or of the capabilities of the individual artists, some of whom showed distinct signs of nervousness. But the sum total compelled immediate respect and admiration for the way the great task before the new company had been grappled with. The chorus is full of promise, its costuming was brilliant, the pageantry quite impressive, and the stage-setting all that could be asked. "Aïda" is given less well to-day in many cities abroad which pride themselves upon their opera.

On the whole, the standard of enunciation was high. About three-quarters of the singers engaged for the Century Company are natives of this country, while some of the others are English. Many of the American-born members of the Metropolitan have, on various past occasions, made a sorry showing in using their own language for operatic purposes, but the outcome of the present test of English as a singing language was distinctly encouraging, though it is, no doubt, easier to project words comprehensibly into the auditorium of the Century Theatre than across the gigantic spaces of the Metropolitan. It is regrettable, however, that a better translation of the text than the clumsy version used on this occasion could not have been obtained.

As for the orchestra, it was there one noticed the greatest contrast with the standards of the Metropolitan. It is lacking both in quality and in ensemble, its basses being particularly in need of the attention of the conductor, Mr. Alfred Szendrei, a Hungarian, whose conducting of several Wagnerian operas in Chicago was highly praised. He has undoubted ability and great spirit, and is to be credited with much of the vigor of the performance, and can probably be relied upon to put on the necessary finish and bring about the proper balance among his instrumentalists.

One of the most interesting exhibits in Parma in connection with the Verdi centenary celebration is an operatic orchestra of the time of Monteverdi, all the players (reproduced in wax) being attired in the costumes of their time, holding the peculiar instruments of the seventeenth century.

In Verona the Verdi centenary will be celebrated next month by an open-air performance of "Aïda" in the old Roman Amphitheatre. The utmost possible realism is aimed at; palms and flowers and live animals peculiar to Egypt will be imported. About one thousand persons will take part in the performance, which will be conducted by the famous Milanese leader, Serafin. He intended at first to use the recently discovered overture to "Aïda" (suppressed by Verdi), but seems to have changed his mind.

Having composed for his last opera some

waltzes quite in the manner of Johann Strauss, Richard Strauss has now undertaken to write the music for a pantomimic dance arranged by Nijinsky for the Russian dancers who have become so popular in London. "Potiphar's Wife" is the name of the ballet. Strauss, who is a great admirer of these Russians, has already written half of the music; his mind is said to be "overflowing with ideas"—which, if true, is new.

Février's opera, "Monna Vanna," was favorably received at its first performance in Berlin by the audience; the critics, however, interlarded their praise with a number of "ifs" and "buts." That Maeterlinck's play is well adapted to an operatic setting was admitted, but Février's music seemed to lack the note of individuality. The greater part of the score, says the *Boersen-Courier*, is made up of the familiar "operatic jargon" now generally spoken in Debussyan Paris. There are some effective dramatic moments, but in the lyric portions the opera is disappointing. It is, of course, possible that if the opera had been sung by French artists, it would have made a better impression on the censors. It was not performed at the Royal Opera, but by the Sachso Opera Company.

The most noticeable trait of contemporary English composers is, according to a German critic, their eagerness to imitate every Continental new departure, every change in the fashion of harmonizing or orchestrating.

Mahler's eighth symphony, which requires for its performance a thousand players and singers, is to be heard this season in London as well as in Paris.

The latest Don Juan opera is by the Italian composer Franco Alfani. It has nothing in common with Mozart's masterwork except the hero himself. Tired of the life he has been leading, he seeks refuge in a ruined castle in Corsica. A young woman, suspecting him of being the assassin of one of her relatives, gathers a mob of peasants and enters the castle. She discovers her mistake, promptly falls in love with the professional lady-killer, and the two escape while the peasants are burning what remains of the castle.

Granados, the "Spanish Chopin," some of whose fascinating piano pieces were played in New York last season by Ernst Schelling, is becoming known in Germany, too. Among others, the pianist Risler has put his name on his programmes.

Sergius Kussewitzky, the noted double-hass player, has given up touring as a virtuoso. His present ambition is to make his fame as a conductor, and the inheritance of a fortune has enabled him to gratify his wishes. His concerts in Moscow are now the most important musical events in that city. A Tchaikovsky cycle was one of the features of his last season. He gives young Russian composers opportunities to conduct their own works, and also engages eminent foreigners, including Nikisch.

At the present rate of progress—if it is progress—mere men will soon be crowded out of the musical profession. In Berlin, for instance, during the past season, of the 328 vocal recitals given, women contributed 232 and men only 96. In the departments of the piano and the violin, however, men still hold their own. The total number of concerts given in Berlin during the winter season 1912-1913 was 1,210. In all German cities vocal recitals predominate over instrumental, and everywhere more of the vocal recitals are given by women than by men.

Robert Alfred Gaul, author of the oratorio "Hezekiah," the cantatas "Ruth" and "The Holy City," is dead in London. He was born in Norwich, England, in 1837, and was graduated from Cambridge University in 1863 as Mus. Bach. He was, up to a short time before his death, a teacher and orchestra conductor.

One of the new plays of the London season is an adaptation by G. Constant Lounsbery of the "Dorian Gray" of Oscar Wilde. The London *Times* says of it:

Whatever else may be said about the literary character of Oscar Wilde, it cannot truthfully be said that he was dull. Yet he was turned last night on the stage of the Vaudeville Theatre into a bore, and an exasperating bore. The explanation is very simple. All the features of Wilde's story, "The Picture of Dorian Gray," for which it is worth reading—his characteristic wit, his intellectual curiosity, his brilliant coruscations of paradox, and a quite valuable little set of sound aphorisms on æsthetic criticism—are features which cannot be transferred to the stage. The features which can be so transferred—the features of violent, melodramatic action—are the worthless part of the book.

The death—at his home near London—is announced of John J. Wood, who, under the pen name of Hickory Wood, wrote the Drury Lane pantomime each year from 1900 to 1910. Mr. Wood, who was fifty-five years old, was the son of Scottish parents, and was born in Manchester. His output as a writer of pantomimes was very large for a number of years. He supplied many of the leading provincial theatres with librettos for their Boxing-night entertainments; he had also written for Australian theatres, and five of his Drury Lane pantomimes were produced in America. In the majority of cases his work for Drury Lane was done in collaboration with Arthur Collins, but twice he was joined by Sir F. C. Burnand. "Mother Goose" was regarded as perhaps the most successful of a Drury Lane series which in point of numbers is thought to have ranked second only to that associated with the name of E. L. Blanchard.

Art

Japan and Its Art. By Marcus B. Huish. Third edition, revised and enlarged. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $5 net.

Mr. Huish's experience with Japanese art is measured by decades, and has been of the most intimate character. As early as 1889, when he first published this work, his position as connoisseur and as editor of the *Art Journal* had been well established; he has now revised and enlarged his volume for its third edition in the light of his still riper knowledge. The main object of the work was, as it still is, twofold: namely, to recommend the merit of Japanese art to the still largely indifferent Occidental public, and to offer to the collector and the museum such practical hints gathered from the author's own experience as shall enable them to make an intelligent selection from among Japanese works of art which are to be found in the markets of London and New York. Mr. Huish has never for a moment forgotten this double purpose in writing and revising these chapters; and the result is that, among the many volumes on the general art of Japan that have been printed since the opening of the country, his work has maintained a unique place.

The only other work comparable with the present volume for its happy combination of comprehensiveness and brevity is Otto Kümmel's "Das Kunstgewerbe in Japan" (Berlin, 1911). Though both are concerned with what may properly be termed minor forms of Japanese art, the contrast of their points of view is noteworthy, and is indicative of certain limits within which the English work would seem to excel the German, but beyond which Huish's interest falls short of Kümmel's. Mr. Huish is hardly as strong on the more classic forms of the arts of Japan and on the influences that made for their evolution, as on her recent artistic activity, say, after 1600; Herr Kümmel's treatment, on the other hand, is largely historical. A plea that Huish had too practical a purpose in writing his book to delve into the evolution of art would scarcely be tenable, for the volume betrays not a few proofs that his own personal interest has not been deeply cultivated along historical lines.

This work has, therefore, to do almost exclusively with the *ukiyo* painting and color-prints, and such secondary arts as lacquer, metal-work, enamels, and textiles and embroidery, and includes an excellent chapter on pottery and porcelain from the pen of Mr. Charles Holme. The student of Japan's art history is aware that there are certain well-marked characteristics of these arts in the peaceful Edo period—the diminutive proportions of most of the products; their general spirit of cleverness and cheerfulness, the former sometimes verging on weakness and the latter on the ludicrous; their remarkable variety in design and form; the painstaking care of their authors for detail, ever with an eye for the decorative effect of the whole; and, more important than all else, their constant effort, in painting, in design, and in the use of wood, metal, or earth, to draw fresh art-motives from Nature, and, if possible, to improve on her work, not by supplanting it with human devices, but by assisting it a step further in its own direction. Instead of inquiring how these characteristics came to be developed by Tokugawa artists and artisans, Mr. Huish simply describes them in plain language, and shows, in the maturity of his thought and experience,

how the collector, be he an individual or a museum, may profit by a due appreciation of these qualities. The author's suggestions are, therefore, always direct and practical, and, as is instanced by his advice regarding the culture of ornamental plants and the collection of the *inro* and sword-furniture, very considerate.

No one commenting on this work will forget to refer to the extraordinarily numerous and on the whole well-chosen illustrations it contains. There are six colored plates and 226 cuts in a volume of 360 pages; almost every one of them reproduces an art object, few represent inferior workmanship, and all are handled by the author with remarkable skill for the elucidation of his text.

Finance

UNION PACIFIC AND ITS INVESTMENTS.

For some years—since 1906—Union Pacific stockholders have received 10 per cent. dividends per annum. Of this amount 6 per cent. has come from "railroad operations" and 4 per cent. from "investments." The company's career as an "investor" began in 1901 with the famous purchase of Northern Pacific stock which brought about the "Northern Pacific panic." Prior to that purchase the Union Pacific Company had bought into Southern Pacific in order to procure the Central Pacific connection, acquiring the Huntington estate holdings, some 750,000 shares, for about $40,000,000. Except for this interest, Union Pacific had no large investments outside of its own subsidiary companies.

The dispute arising over the Northern Pacific purchase was settled by the formation of the Northern Securities Company, and Union Pacific found itself in possession of a huge ownership in that company. Then came the liquidation as a result of the Government suit, and in place of Northern Securities stock the Union Pacific Company received Great Northern stock and Northern Pacific stock. These holdings were gradually sold in the open market, and with the proceeds was purchased the collection of securities from which the 4 per cent. dividends above referred to have since been received. This collection comprised stocks of Illinois Central, Chicago & Alton, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, and New York Central, to mention only the principal items, and the prices at which they were purchased were very high, being, in fact, about the high-water mark of a "boom time." The original interest in Southern Pacific was increased by purchases at various times and prices, so as to make the total holding well above one and a quarter million shares.

From this it is clear that Union Pacific is to-day in the position of a large "investor," mainly as a result of an accident, and not by reason of a deliberate plan. If Mr. Hill and Mr. Morgan had not decided to buy the Burlington railway, Mr. Harriman would not have felt it to be necessary for him to buy the Northern Pacific. If the Government had not proceeded to disrupt the Northern Securities Company, it is doubtful whether Mr. Harriman would have thought it necessary to sell the Union Pacific holdings of that stock. What motives finally impelled the Union Pacific Company to buy the particular stocks it did at the time it did are not evident. The shrinkage in these stocks has probably offset the large profit the company made on its Northern Pacific operation. But now, by an accident—Government intervention again—the company is forced to divest itself of its Southern Pacific holdings, and accordingly it has "traded off" some $40,000,000 of this stock for an equal quantity of Baltimore & Ohio, and has sold $88,000,000 for cash. On this particular holding it has made a handsome profit on original cost. Moreover, it has placed its treasury in a position where it has an immense amount of cash on hand. Precisely how much this amounts to is not stated, but probably its loans receivable and cash together amount to well above one hundred millions of dollars. Southern Pacific is known to be largely in Union Pacific's debt.

That some new disposition of the company's investments—probably in the form of some distribution to stockholders—is in question is natural enough. Ten or fifteen years ago a railway company could do what Union Pacific did without attracting very much attention, but nowadays railways as investment companies seem somewhat out of date, and Union Pacific's position is sufficiently unique in this respect to make it a shining mark. Two questions arise in connection with the proposed or suggested distribution, however—one concerning the general propriety of the operation, and the other concerning the preferred stock. Neither question would arise should it merely be a matter of an extra cash dividend to the common stockholders, for the company has a large surplus to profit and loss account against which to charge such dividend, and the cash in hand with which to pay it.

But, supposing a distribution of investment assets in some form to be contemplated, the objection is made by certain people that these assets were acquired by means of capital issues in some form, and that they should be used to retire capital and not distributed. And others insist that the preferred stock must share in any assets distribution whenever it be made. With regard to the first point, it is not easy to earmark capital as having been issued for investment acquisitions, except in the case of common stock. For the original Northern Pacific purchase in 1901 there were used $60,000,000 of convertible bonds, all of which have long been converted into stock, as was the case with the $40,000,000 convertibles used in the same year to buy Southern Pacific stock. Consequently, $100,000,000 of the present common stock represents money invested in the company's treasury assets and in the Southern Pacific stock now sold. Beyond this it is quite impossible to say that any particular form of Union Pacific security represents these assets, because it was issued for their purchase. On the face of it, therefore, their distribution to common stockholders is apparently not inappropriate, assuming, of course, that the Union Pacific Company cannot find a better use for them. As far as the preferred stockholders' claims are concerned, it is hard to see where they "come in" as long as there is "profit and loss surplus" on the books against which a "dividend" can be charged to be distributed on the common stock. If the common stock can receive 6 per cent. more than the preferred, it can apparently receive 60 per cent more—if the "profit" stands on the books. These, however, are matters for the lawyers to settle.

The interesting thing in the whole affair is perhaps the rôle played by accident in determining such vast issues as those here concerned. Never before has a railway company been driven so far afield from its natural path, and it is safe to say that it is not likely to happen again.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

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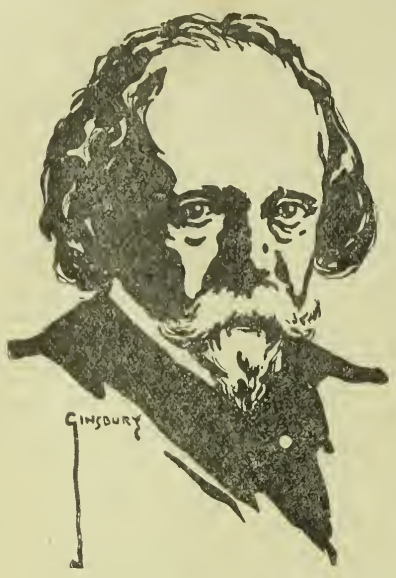

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1913.

The Week

Every American with any feeling of pride in the intelligence of our National Legislature must rejoice at the decision of the conference committees on the Tariff bill of the two houses to strike out the Senate's restrictions upon the importation of art objects. As a result engravings and etchings go back on the free list, and the duty on paintings in oils, pastels, on pen-and-ink drawings and on sculpture, is reduced to 15 per cent. If one hundred years old, such articles will come in free of duty. The 15 per cent. duty on modern works is bad enough, for there should be no tariff on art objects whatsoever, but it is far better than the 25 per cent. of the Senate. Again, the Senate's condition that a private collector must pay duty on any works of art of antiquity, unless within five years after importation they are turned over to a museum or to a public institution, was done away with. Indeed, the advocates of free art were successful on every important point, and the particular thanks of all art lovers the country over should go to Chairman Underwood for his brave and enlightened stand upon this matter. The real animus of the Senate was a desire to strike at Wall Street millionaires with art tastes; for this reason they were willing to retard the art development of the entire country.

A familiar, but interesting, fallacy crops up in a letter on the banana tax which our Senate tried to put into the Tariff bill, sent all the way from Alexandria, Egypt, to the editor of the London *Economist*. The writer says:

> The cost to the consumer would be 5c. per 100 (approximate) bananas, which is equal to 1-20th of a cent each.
>
> It is, I believe, generally found that a new tax placed on articles retailed to the people as are bananas cannot in practice be obtained from the consumers unless it approximates a current coin per item; and therefore it seems to me this tax would not be felt by the actual consumers.

There is no reason to believe that, in any proper sense, any such thing is "generally found." It is true enough that a twentieth of a cent cannot be added to the price of a banana; and even that, in practice, one cent cannot be added to the price of a dozen bananas. But the addition of twelve-twentieths of a cent to the wholesale cost of a dozen bananas may be just the straw that decides the raising of the retail price by five cents.

From the moment of the actual assembling of the court of impeachment at Albany, a new character was stamped on the whole situation. Not only did it become at once evident that the outward behavior of the Senators would, throughout the proceedings, be such as befits a transaction of serious and solemn character and having behind it centuries of impressive tradition, but it became plain that in matters of law the judgment of those who are authorities on the law—and especially, of course, of the able and upright judge who presides over the trial—would have that controlling influence to which it is entitled. That in the final vote, or even in every critical division, this spirit will be manifested without wavering, it would be premature to say; but no one can doubt that the Senate as a body has been raised far above that plane upon which most of its individual members usually live and move and have their being.

Nor is it only within the court that there has been such a change of temper. The whole reading public—most certainly all the intelligent part of the public—is thinking about the affair in a more responsible and more rational manner. There is still, to be sure, and there will probably remain to the end, a great deal of that attitude—natural enough, perhaps, but loose-jointed and dangerous—which regards the question at issue to be a question of the relative wickedness of Murphy and Sulzer, or of the relative importance of Tammany graft and of Sulzer misdoing. But that sort of thing is now retreating steadily into the background. The feeling that the business in hand at Albany is the settlement of certain specific and definite questions cannot fail to become more and more impressed upon everybody who has any capacity at all for straight thinking. The mere spectacle of the unanimity of the vote on the exclusion or inclusion of the four challenged Senators must of itself have gone far towards sharpening the public vision, towards centring the public attention upon the real thing. As the trial proceeds, it is not too much to expect the feeling to become general that the place to settle with Murphy is at the polls, and that the only legitimate question at Albany is that of the law and the facts relating to the articles of impeachment.

To be independent of one's environment is not always easy, but it was apparently no trouble at all for the two candidates for the Democratic nomination for Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts, who had a "debate" in Faneuil Hall the other evening. The inspiring associations of that auditorium bothered them not a whit. "He never worked for any Democrat in his life but himself," thundered Mr. Long. "He is unfriendly to union labor," retorted Mr. Barry. "He cannot speak on the issues —tariff, currency, banks, railroads," argued the first debater. "He is a millionaire," replied the second. "He couldn't get a vote outside his own bailiwick," reasoned Mr. Long. "His friends are professional lobbyists," rejoined Mr. Barry. Now and then the issues were even more closely joined between them, as when one of them accused the other of having described himself as a member of the Congregational Church and a Mason, and his opponent replied that he was injecting religion into politics. In the end, however, they found a point of agreement, each gentleman winding up his address with the declaration: "I shall be the Democratic choice by a convincing majority." It is said that the figure of Daniel Webster in the large canvas, depicting him when making the reply to Hayne, became tinged with green long before this forensic struggle was over.

Even those who have noted the growth of interest in Australian and Argentine imports of meat into the United States may find surprise in the report of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce that 3,000,000 pounds were imported in the months of June, July, and August. These figures almost

equal the total imports for the entire fiscal year preceding, and are doubly significant as representing the experimental attitude of foreign shippers. In view of them, and the approaching passage of the Underwood Tariff bill, the prediction of the president of the American Meat Packers' Association that we shall yet pay $1 a pound for beef seems somewhat inopportune. The Canadian papers are already complaining of a local advance in prices, from the expected movement of Northern meats to cheapen the inviting American market. Nor does much of the discontent among stock-growers with the alleged unsatisfactory state of affairs agree with the packers in tracing it to a national decline in meat growing. In the Southwest the big ranch system is still held to be at the root of the shortage, and there is a renewed demand for the division of the ranges. The summer's drought has also had its effects. Immovable pessimism seems to be confined to the ranks of the big packers.

Effective as Secretary Daniels's continued protests may be in obtaining cheaper armor-plate bids, they have yet shown but a slight basis of reason for his pet scheme of a Government plant. It may be quite easy to show that the American bids are exorbitant, and even that they smell of collusion among the competitors. It may be demonstrable that the steel companies' prices show little relation to the known cost of production. Other countries—notably England, only a few months ago—have given complaining voice to the same conditions. But all this does not prove that the plan of Government manufacture of armor is justified on the ground either of economy, of national policy, or of national sentiment towards militarism. Possibly there are hidden reasons why the steel firms are not eager competitors. The American market is small, and the completion of the Brazilian dreadnoughts leaves a limited field in foreign shipbuilding here. But the wastefulness of our Government in business is too glaring to justify further ventures, and particularly one into the realm of expert steel manufacturing. With the new spirit concerning protection which the passing of the tariff bill may be supposed to inaugurate, it will perhaps not be impossible for patriotism to rise to the point of admitting foreign manufacturers to estimate upon the contracts.

The election of President Hadley, of Yale University, to the board of directors of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, is the most encouraging event in years in the management of our railways. Here is a man who is not only the head of a great New England university, with a special interest in the New Haven Railroad by reason of its location, but one who at an early age made himself an authority on railway transportation. Railway men as well as theoretical students of our transportations have alike conceded his high standing, and the United States Government recognized it when Mr. Taft made President Hadley the chairman of the important and useful Railroad Securities Commission. To the New Haven board has been added a skilful and practical business man such as the head of almost every great university now is. But more than that, his mere presence in the directorate gives positive assurance to the public that there is already an end to many of the evils which have brought the New Haven Railroad to such bad times. For no one can associate Mr. Hadley with the Mellen methods of doing business.

In the early days of child-labor legislation, much opposition came from both employers and operatives, and improvement depended largely upon disinterested reformers. It is not often recognized that this condition has not ceased to exist. Yet opposition on the part of workmen to Massachusetts's new child-labor law is so violent that a Legislative committee is investigating the matter. At a hearing by this body at New Bedford, 500 mill workers voted in opposition to the bill, with six in its favor. Their chief argument was on the once familiar ground of its painful reduction of the family income. Providing that no child under fourteen should be employed at all, and none under sixteen more than eight hours, it was alleged that it threw large families into utter poverty. Employers testified that no fifteen-year-old lad was injured by mill work, and teachers that the older children thrown out of work refused to enter school. These Massachusetts workers hold that the bill should be supplemented by State relief to widows and others upon whom it works a hardship, as well as by plans for making their leisure useful to the children. Many, moreover, urge a more stringent medical examination as a substitute for the high age-limit—a point that should interest States contemplating a similar law.

"A tip is nothing else but a reward for special consideration. The question will never be solved as long as any man who asks for special service is in the habit of giving a reward for it."—One hotel manager.

An eminently sane proposition. See, for instance, what special service and special consideration the citizen of New York or Chicago obtains by tipping the waiter. When the customer sits down, the waiter refrains from whisking the chair out from under the customer and letting him fall to the floor, as the waiter might very easily do. When he brings in the soup, he brings it in a plate instead of a bottle. Who would grudge a small tip for being spared the humiliation of pouring soup out of a bottle? And in so many other ways, which the reader can enumerate for himself, the waiter puts himself out to make the diner comfortable. He refrains from sprinkling sugar over the roast beef and putting olive oil into the ice cream. Between courses he does not sit down to his own meal. If the diner happens to be in the company of a lady, the waiter will abstain from disparaging remarks about her complexion. As for the coat-room boy, what is to prevent him from playing football with your hat, except the special consideration due a distributer of tips?

What Reinhardt, who was an interested spectator, has done for Shakespeare, Hauptmann has accomplished for Schiller. He has infused "Tell" with the spirit of his own naturalistic plays, like "The Weavers," and removed every element not true to life.

Thus Dr. Rudolf Tombo, of Columbia University, commenting for the New York *Times* on a recent production of "William Tell" in a version apparently revised by Gerhart Hauptmann. What Reinhardt, of Sumurun fame, has done for Shakespeare! What Mr. Belasco, we hope, will some day do for "Œdipus Rex"—take out a lot of the guff and bluster and insert the punch that Sophocles did not always have with him. What the creator of the "Nude Descend-

ing a Staircase" will do some day, let us hope, for Raphael and Rembrandt. What Mr. Irving Berlin will do some day for Beethoven. What Sheriff Harburger may do some day for Demosthenes and Daniel Webster—the punch, the wallop, the ginger, the tabasco, the real stuff. Let us modernize, my masters; let us naturalize, let us barbarize!

The "loved of Heaven, whose path is the ancient green," have lost again, and the oleaster is fastened to the blade of an American cleek. Miracles are plainly not to cease, for here is a mere American boy, just out of his teens, beating the world's great masters at their own game. What is there left to John Bull? No wonder he talks now of withdrawing from the Olympic Games because of the professional character of their amateurishness. There remains, it seems, but rowing and cricket in which he can claim absolute unbroken supremacy, and who shall say now that a Harvard or Cornell crew may not soon cross the water and lead an English boat over the 'varsity course?

One has only to read the story of Ouimet's play to know that he is gifted with extraordinary nerve and courage. Where a single miss of an extremely difficult shot or putt would have cost him his chance of entering the final test as his country's representative, he invariably came to time with the skill of the master. Neither the great gallery nor the excitement nor the responsibility had any other effect than to better his play. So he who was defeated by the champion Travers in the amateur championship attained what no other American has ever accomplished—the winning of the championship open to both amateurs and professionals. Three times English amateurs have humbled their professionals, but never before did an American walk off with the trick, with the best of the Englishmen to beat in the bargain.

However just and however shocking may be the charges of Commissioner Worcester that slavery, or at least a gross form of peonage, exists in the Philippines, it is quite clear that he cannot lay conditions solely at the door of the native Assembly. Under the Thirteenth Amendment, Congress has power to enforce the regulation against slavery in any place subject to American jurisdiction. Moreover, as Representative Jones points out, since 1902 it has needed no more than Executive initiative to force observance of a clause in the organic law of the Philippines dealing with slavery. Up to 1907 the Commissioners could have dealt directly with the practice; and even since then it has been possible for them to attack it among those tribes where it most flourishes. The truth seems to be that, in so far as Mr. Worcester's statements are especially prejudicial to the Filipino character and ability, they bear the obvious coloring of a desire for the indefinite continuance of American rule. He is, however, to be thanked if between himself and his opponents he can procure measures for the eradication of a disgraceful state of affairs.

If it be admitted that the Asquith Cabinet is beginning to have its qualms about Home Rule at a time when politically the horizon is clear, when Parliament is adjourned, and no immediate crisis can threaten the Liberal Government, the reason may be found in the present state of labor unrest in the United Kingdom. Savage rioting has been going on in Dublin, and though the enactment of Home Rule is still some time off, it is not impossible that the discontented labor element in the Irish capital will try to take advantage of any situation that might necessitate the dispatch of troops to the north of Ireland for the enforcement of Home Rule. Sir Edward Carson and his followers in Ulster, in their turn, will undoubtedly take advantage of the diversion at Dublin to assume a more militant attitude than ever. In England the labor unions have been mobilizing again; and though for the moment the prospect of another general railway strike has been averted, no one can say how soon the danger may reappear. It is not difficult to see why the possibility of simultaneous complications in Ulster, in Dublin, and at home should impress the more timid spirits in the Liberal ranks.

Lovers of justice will be pained by the statement of a former head of the Paris detectives that scientific burglary has no existence outside of the imagination. For a while, it is true, the shoe was on the other foot, and a quality of ingenuity and skill, not to say courtesy, was attributed to the twentieth-century bandit that elevated him into a class by himself. This was doubtless a mistaken estimate, but to say that burglars are altogether lacking in cleverness seems an error in the opposite direction. Will any one assert that it is possible to pursue this calling without some spark of the spirit of adventure, some study of the complicated methods which we have adopted for the protection of our material possessions? Let the doubter think of himself as forced to follow this profession for even a twelvemonth. He will be stout-hearted indeed if his courage does not recoil upon itself, and rarely endowed intellectually if he does not long for expert instruction before undertaking the simplest venture in this field. The Paris detective should reflect that if burglars are the stupid beings he is reported as representing them, the members of his profession cannot be quite the wonderful persons we have often been assured they are.

Not much is left of the treaty of London, in behalf of which the united diplomats of Europe labored so valiantly. By the terms of the Turco-Bulgarian treaty now in the course of negotiation, Turkey retains Adrianople and Kirk-Kilisseh, and shifts the entire frontier from the Midia-Enos line, agreed upon in London, to pretty nearly the old frontier on the north and the Maritza River on the west. Bulgaria's gains resolve themselves into a small triangular area on the Black Sea, and a solid area of approximately five thousand square miles in Western Thrace. Thus is ended the great dream which rose after Lule-Burgas, when the Turks were fleeing for the shelter of the Tchatalja forts. All the battlefields, Adrianople, Lule-Burgas, Kirk-Kilisseh, go to the vanquished. The ease with which Bulgaria has yielded to Turkish demands is not all due to the hopelessness of her military condition. Nor is it all to be explained by the apathy that follows upon the failure of a great hope. In Bulgaria, one imagines, the feeling is general that it is not worth while to be haggling for bits of territory with Turkey; that nothing is of importance now except to prepare and to wait for the day of reckoning with her late Servian and Greek allies.

THE BANKING BILL GOES TO THE SENATE.

The Administration has scored another remarkable success in the vote by which the Banking and Currency bill was passed by the House on Thursday of last week. The vote stood 286 to 84, and in the majority were included thirty-nine Republicans and Progressives. That only three Democrats were ranged on the negative side is perhaps less noteworthy, because of the rigor with which caucus rule has been applied to the case. But most remarkable of all, in view of the previous history of attempted banking and currency legislation, is the expedition with which the result has been attained. To get such a bill advanced to the Senate stage at the end of barely more than six months after his inauguration is an achievement by the President in shining contrast with the paralysis of so many preceding Administrations and so many preceding Congresses. It must be acknowledged, in justice, that the ground had been laid for such an achievement by the work of the National Monetary Commission. This had been done not only through its collection of information and through its proposals and discussions, but also through the concentration of interest and the arousing of immediate expectation. So much of hostile criticism has been levelled at Senator Aldrich that it is only common fairness to give him credit for this great service. But after all such allowance is made, it must still be recognized that there was neither general agreement as to the nature, nor any definite prospect of the actual enactment, of banking and currency legislation, until President Wilson took his determined stand.

There was a stage in the history of this bill when it seemed that the Administration forces might carry their desire for expedition to a dangerous extreme—doubly dangerous as justly exciting powerful opposition, and as making the legislation itself, if enacted, a source of great potentialities of mischief. It soon developed, however, that the Administration and its representatives in Congress were not going to stick with a blind obstinacy to the bill as first drawn. Sober and well-intentioned criticism has received respectful consideration, and some highly important and beneficial changes have been incorporated in the bill. In the original bill the power of the Federal Reserve Board to require one regional reserve bank to discount paper of another was conferred on the Board without limitation; as the bill now stands, it may be exercised only "in time of emergency," only by unanimous vote, with at least five of the seven members present at the meeting; and only on the basis of a higher interest rate than that prevailing in either of the districts affected. The creation of an Advisory Council, representing the regional banks, is another amendment making for safety and conservatism. And as regards currency, the effective provisions now in the bill for insuring prompt redemption of notes by the issuing banks, including the designation of them by a letter or number distinctive for each regional bank, are of the utmost importance.

Nevertheless, after the bill had reached a certain stage, there became pretty manifest a desire to push it through without adequate discussion, and without due regard for objections urged in good faith in the interest of safe banking policy—objections free from hostility to the purpose of the bill or to the avowed spirit of those behind it. We do not say that every one of the proposals we here refer to ought to be accepted; but we do say that they have not received such consideration as they deserve. Among them are a number of changes of comparatively minor importance; but among them, too, are some things which are of very great consequence, and for which the argument is extremely strong. The redemption of the notes in gold and not in "lawful money"; the regulation of the rate of the tax (the so-called "interest") on the notes to be issued; the reduction of the number of regional banks, urged not for the sake of centralization, but for the sake of effectiveness—all these are not fit subjects for the "steam-roller" process. In the Senate, these serious questions—and others, too—should receive that deliberate and searching examination which is warranted by their importance, and by the special nature of the considerations bearing on them.

A curious but not uninstructive episode was that which marked the closing days of the discussion in the House. The flare-up over the question of the gold standard was not warranted by anything that was even remotely in the thoughts of the framers or the friends of the bill. But such a turn was given to the matter that it became an occasion for a show of hands on the part of the silverite Bourbons. And they mustered no less than 69 votes out of a total of 367. They are just now an absurd remnant; yet it is as true to-day as, unfortunately, it has been throughout our history that the seeds of cheap-money manias and fiat-money delusions are always among us, ready to become a source of national danger when the occasion offers. And this lesson was taught even more impressively, for those who stop to think, by a remark of no less a man than the Secretary of State. In his address before the American Institute of Banking at Richmond, Mr. Bryan said:

> It has been objected that the Government should not issue the money of the country. We hear such objection only in times of peace. In times of war there is no question who should issue the money. It must be the Government.

This can mean only one thing. "The money" that Mr. Bryan has here in mind can only be irredeemable paper money. Incredible as it must seem, it is plain that he regards the issue of irredeemable paper money in time of war not only as desirable, but as a thing whose desirability, or necessity, nobody questions. What abysmal depths open up to the mental vision as one contemplates the possibilities of a national Administration—past or future—presided over by a man capable of such an exhibition, in relation to a subject to which he devoted the most strenuous years of his life!

MUST WE ALL BEAR ARMS?

It is quite evident that the Wilson Administration is to differ from the last Democratic Government of the country in more ways than one. Times have changed, and the party with them. So in place of a dignified, courtly Secretary of State like Thomas F. Bayard, we have Mr. Bryan *en vaudeville;* signs are visible of a disposition to magnify the paternal functions of the Federal Government in relation to the country's business; and we now have a Democratic Secretary of War who virtually tells us that we must all bear arms and learn to fight, or face the penalty of a tremendous standing army. To be exact, his words are: "It is the only solution I can see by which we may escape the necessity of a large standing army,

which none of us want, and at the same time keep ourselves prepared for emergencies that may arise." And he adds that "we *must* build up a trained reserve," and to do so we must make young men feel that "military training in the regular army is good for them," and that in "taking this course in military training they will not be wasting their time, so far as their future career in private life is concerned." Besides Secretary Garrison, Senator Chamberlain, of Oregon, also a Democrat, is out with the declaration that the time has come to arm; and there is promise of a drastic army reorganization bill by the next Congress.

Now what is the basis for Mr. Garrison's assertion that we are bound to choose the lesser evil of upbuilding a great military reserve as the sole means of escaping the greater one of a standing army "which none of us want"? Why, if none of us ninety millions of Americans desire it, is a huge standing army in any way a menacing or possible evil? Whatever change in its policies or institutions this country unitedly opposes has not hitherto been regarded as being within the realm of discussion. But let us assume that it is. What changes have come over us since the last Democratic Administration to make either a reserve or a huge standing army necessary? Mr. Cleveland nearly precipitated us into a most serious international complication in the Venezuela matter. Yet we cannot recall that Mr. Lamont ever expressed such sentiments as Mr. Garrison's, or felt that even a large reserve was desirable. Since then we have built up a huge navy, besides strengthening our coast defences vastly beyond the plans of the Endicott Board, appointed during Mr. Cleveland's first Administration. This Board guaranteed that if its projects were carried out, no large fleet would be necessary. Now we have far more coast artillery than was dreamed of by the Endicott Board, as well as a tremendously costly and remarkably efficient navy, and still the cry is that we must individually arm or face a large standing army—that is, shoulder the very burden our immunity from which is the envy of European nations.

We are aware, of course, that we shall be reminded of the Spanish War and of our having become a world Power in 1898. We have forgotten that needless blood-letting not at all, and we are convinced that a study of Mr. Cleveland's first Administration would prove to any sane observer that we were a potent world Power in 1885, with but 22,000 soldiers and a single steel dispatch boat for a navy. Nobody insulted us, nobody stole our territory or captured the San Francisco Sub-Treasury. Moreover, we rejoice to-day in an Administration whose whole tone is so pacific, as demonstrated in the Mexican and Japanese entanglements, as to make Mr. Garrison's militaristic speeches and interviews seem as incongruous as Mr. Bryan's vaudeville career is discreditable to a Secretary of State. So far as the great nations of Europe are concerned, not a single one is on other than the friendliest terms with us, and only a few hopeless war-maniacs like Congressman Hobson still pretend to fear the Japanese fleet. Neither from Mexico nor from Japan is there the slightest reason for concern unless we ourselves go out and cause it. If trouble should come with Mexico, no ordinary amount of reserves will help; from a quarter to half a million of soldiers will be required.

As for the reserve itself, Mr. Root, Mr. Taft, and Mr. Stimson have all pursued that chimera. During the last Congress it was triumphantly announced that the reserve was to be had by means of a seven-year enlistment, of which three years were to be spent with the regiments and four in a reserve from which the soldier would be called in war time or report for small pay in time of peace. The only result was such a falling off in enlistments that the plan is already to be abandoned, and now Mr. Garrison, who is fairly overflowing with military ideas six months after leaving his law practice, would have the enlistment period a fluctuating one, the soldier to be released as soon as he obtains a certain proficiency, whether it be a year or a year and a half, or two. Well, we see no objection to experimenting further along that line, if it does not lead to a legislative attempt to make a nation of reservists. If Mr. Garrison can make the service more attractive to a better class of men, he will have everybody's support. He assures us that the army was never in better shape than to-day. But has he not overlooked his predecessor's last annual report, in which Mr. Stimson wrote that "the high percentage of venereal disease continues to be the reproach of the American army, and the daily average number of those sick from that cause during the past calendar year was larger than the daily average number of those sick from all other of the more important diseases combined"; and that the "record of our army in this respect is shameful beyond that of any other civilized nation"? Is that so very inviting a record as to make any appeal to the "very best young men in the country" whom Mr. Garrison wishes to get into the army?

It is along such constructive lines as bettering this sad state of affairs and putting a stop to the frightful waste of money which goes on daily in the army that Mr. Garrison should employ his unusual abilities. He has taken politics out of the service, appointed generals on merit only, and rebuffed Senators and Congressmen with a fearlessness that deserves high praise. But this is merely the beginning of things. There is still so great an opportunity for economizing, and yet increasing the efficiency of the service, that he might well devote himself to this and let the country be at rest from his talk of the standing army, in the effort to bring about a reserve by luring into the army the "very best young men" of the nation.

WHAT ONE MAYOR HAS DONE.

Among the numerous important city elections to be held this autumn in the United States, two—those in Philadelphia and in Cincinnati—are notable as turning upon the struggle of reform Administrations for endorsement and reëlection. In the former city, its size, its importance, the interest of its decade-long fight with corruption, have drawn national attention to Mayor Blankenburg's campaign. Mayor Hunt's contest with the Cox machine in Cincinnati has been less commented on. But both are signalized by the circumstance that the chief campaign document for the party to which all good citizens pin their hopes is its record of performance. Municipal struggles to oust a corrupt Administration, battles fought over the errors of a party, or a cleavage of opinion upon city policies, are common enough; battles in which reform can stand behind an impregnable

record of definite achievement are regrettably rare.

In both cities, therefore, as in other American municipalities, attention has been called to the potential usefulness of the Mayor's annual report in raising the standards of city government by furnishing a key for the comparison of different Administrations, and stimulating official effort and public interest. It is proper to say that in Philadelphia the annual report has not entered into the campaign. Its place has been taken by an abstract published by the Civic Club, reciting improvements in public health, transportation, the streets, and so on. But the Cincinnati report, just issued, is at once an unanswerable argument for progressive government and an impartially official document. Its possible political significance is nothing beside its actual civic value. Its 600 illustrated pages, as a preface tells us, combine the departmental reports "in a more intelligible and interesting form than has heretofore prevailed, condensing statistical data and eliminating perfunctory matter to give a comprehensive history of the year's government." They tell of plans for reducing Cincinnati's death-rate below that of any American city; how the city has procured employment for 2,800 men; how it has protected borrowers against loan sharks; how it has tried to settle industrial disputes; how in one year fire losses were reduced 33 1-3 per cent., twelve theatres, for example, being forced to close, while twenty new and modern ones were built; how moral conditions have improved; how the University of Cincinnati, the only strictly municipal university, we believe, in the country, has grown in its usefulness to 2,000 young citizens.

Pictures, tables, a clear text, impress upon even the casual reader that here is a city vitally interested in its own improvement. Nor are shortcomings glossed over. Side by side with cuts showing dilapidated houses demolished, streets before and after repaving, a playground as in 1910 and in 1912, the water reservoir being cleaned, a new motor fire engine, the newest University building, are cuts of faulty sewers, unsightly tenements, unimproved parks—conditions that cry for improvement. No citizen, irrespective of political beliefs, whether he wishes Mayor Hunt returned to office or not, can examine the book without an elevation of civic pride, a new interest in communal welfare, and an impulse towards alert citizenship that will make him critical of any succeeding Administration that does not live up to the standard therein set.

Municipal reports are usually a dry *compte rendu* of official routine, tiresomely compiled, and transmitted to council or aldermen, to be but leafed through by those whose duty it is to read them. The only attention they are likely to attract is in narrow discussion of the bookkeeping methods required to give them accuracy. But the wieldiness, the brightness, the attention to the king's English and to good lithography in a volume like that of Cincinnati, testify to a conception of city government that is at every point as wide-awake and energetic as the older one was perfunctory. This new conception is born of such reform Administrations as Philadelphia's and Cincinnati's. It regards the public welfare as an ambition in which public interest is constantly to be stimulated; it catches at opportunity, instead of resting in a placid performance of prescribed duty.

It would be a genuine misfortune if Mayor Hunt should not be reëlected. We have frequently called attention in these columns to the great service rendered to his city by this fearless young man. As Prosecuting Attorney he bravely, if unsuccessfully, attacked Boss Cox, and did his best to land him in jail. In recognition of this and of other excellent work in that office, the electorate rewarded him with the Mayoralty, and for the first time Cincinnati has had a Mayor deeply concerned with beautifying it and improving its conditions of life, with the special view of making it a better city for the masses that live in it. He has been independent of machines; he, too, can say, "I have been Mayor," and Mayor during a period of extraordinary floods and intense industrial disturbances.

CO-OPERATION AT HOME AND ABROAD.

At the Ninth Annual Coöperative Congress, held at Glasgow a few days ago, there were but a handful of American delegates to 340 British, 100 Germans, and more than 100 French and Italians. Our country has been singularly unresponsive to the appeal of the coöperative idea; and it will surprise Americans to find that even the most sanguine of its advocates could use language such as that of Earl Grey in his address to the delegates. It was in their power, he declared, if they were earnest, to realize a coöperative commonwealth co-extensive with the whole civilized world. The remarkable growth of the coöperative movement justified a confident expectation that the day of a new social order was at hand. Coöperation meant the elimination of every unnecessary middleman, who could be conceived in no other light than that of a parasite. The wants of society could never be adequately met so long as the twin forces of labor and capital were warring against each other; and cooperation showed that these warring forces could be reconciled with advantage to all concerned, pointing the way to a social state ruled by fraternalism.

Such high aspirations for what cooperation may accomplish will remind older readers of the opinions and the hopes expressed three-score years ago by economists like John Stuart Mill, rather than of views that have had recent currency or of experiences that are familiar on this side the Atlantic; but though even in Europe what has actually been accomplished can hardly claim to be more than a faint foretaste of what Earl Grey holds forth for the future, yet coöperation in several European countries has attained an extent and importance of which with us there is as yet no indication. The few American communities in which coöperation exists know it only as a dubious experiment in the cutting off of retail profits on food and other commodities. As attempted in suburbs of Chicago, Philadelphia, and New York, it consists in the subscription by a large number of householders of stock in a central depot of supplies, expertly managed, from which they can buy everything at cost. Its most familiar form is in the cooperative store of many college and manufacturing communities of the United States. Here its constituency has a ready-made community of purpose and character; coöperation is easily organized, is not liable to some of the peculiar vicissitudes of large stock companies, and is supported by general sentiment in such tasks as the interdiction of credit buying. But elsewhere coöperation must continue to have a hard path. Americans in general have been

thoroughly unsympathetic towards the communal socialism which gave the movement its first impulse. In a prosperous and uncrowded republic, where means of production are vast and competition in retail business intense, the motive for distributive coöperation is less strong than elsewhere; few even of our rural communities have a sufficiently stable population long to preserve its *corpus* intact; and as for attacking the "parasitic middleman," the average American is careless of the saving thus to be effected. Coöperation's feeble existence in the very country where a century ago Robert Owen made his most ambitious attempt to blend the interests of producer and consumer, and "moralize the processes of industry," is not so inexplicable as might at first sight appear.

But beside the sturdy usefulness of coöperation in other countries, this feebleness must seem regrettable. In the British Isles coöperative societies of a hundred sorts are covering the country like a network, till their overlapping spheres are a frequent cause for quarrels; they buy lands, erect shops, cottages, schools, and lecture halls, write insurance, lend money, grant university scholarships, and even rival Cook in managing holiday excursions. There is no socialistic weakening of individualism in this, for, in the words of a Glasgow speaker, while "idealism is held aloft," they remember that "it is the man who is passing his money over the counter for goods who is advancing the movement." In agriculture, the chief of the fields not yet annexed to capital abroad, and still boasting a workman who is his own master, Ireland in especial offers a brilliant example of how the rewards of labor may be increased by combining for sale and purchase, and for the use of expensive apparatus. Few programmes of agricultural reform in Europe have been lately proposed which do not emphasize Sir Horace Plunkett's coöperative methods. Dispensing with the middleman, threatening the small towns, its federations becoming a vast farmers' union, rural coöperation has been rabidly attacked all over Europe. But even its enemies admit that in the German associations and the French and Russian communes, based on mutual liability and engendering mutual trust, neighborhood ideas of justice, solidarity, and unselfishness develop together with neighborhood prosperity. And in England and Germany both urban and rural coöperation are looked upon as a refuge, not merely from the socialistic philosophy that William James saw giving comfort to a "tender-foot" laboring class, but from the governmental paternalism which, in Russell's famous phrase, is turning man into "a race of economic babies, their lips forever nuzzling at the nipples of the state."

No doubt, when there is a more exigent need for coöperation in America, it will come. But it must be felt that if it had taken a firmer root when its prospects seemed so bright early in the last century, it might already have proved a wholesome corrective to some of the evils in the labor-and-capital organization of society. What it could have done to reduce the clash between these forces, and to put a soul into soulless industrialism, is evident in the profit-sharing schemes that some advanced corporations are instituting. The development of such coöperative plans is still one of the best grounds of hope for elevating the status of the laboring masses, and a wider interest in them would be a salutary thing for the nation.

FROM THE MEMOIRS OF A SECRETARY OF STATE.

As I look back over my career in the State Department, I am convinced that posterity will remember me chiefly for my invention of the Absent Treatment in diplomacy. Just how this new method differed from other methods, from Pink-Tea Diplomacy, from Blood-and-Iron Diplomacy, from Shirt-Sleeve Diplomacy, and other preceding forms, was best exemplified during the acute Japanese crisis which confronted our Government in the spring of 1914. On the morning of April 1 of that year, the country read with amazement that the Japanese Ambassador was about to call on me with an ultimatum, which meant war in twenty-four hours. The outlook was seemingly hopeless. To yield to the Japanese demands was out of the question. But war was a dreadful thing to contemplate. The country's eyes were upon me. What would the Secretary of State do? The Secretary of State did what he had often done before. On the afternoon of April 1, he was at Phœnixville, Va., lecturing on "Homes and Mothers." The ultimatum was not delivered because when the Japanese Ambassador called there was nobody to receive it. He came again the next morning. I was then at Parkersburg, O., speaking on "Our Debt to the Past." Helpless before my policy of masterly absenteeism, the Japanese Ambassador wired for instructions. Several minor officials at the Japanese Embassy committed hara-kiri. Riots broke out in Tokio. In the course of a week or so matters adjusted themselves.

Very similar were the circumstances surrounding our final settlement of the Mexican imbroglio. We had made certain specific demands upon the Mexican Government, and its Ambassador at Washington was ordered to present a note in which all our conditions were curtly rejected. The Mexican Ambassador was a man of mature years and exceptional intelligence. He did not call at the State Department with his note, but took a taxicab straight for the Union Station. There he found me. Still, being a diplomat of the old school, he thought it necessary to begin the conversation with a few courteous remarks on the weather, the state of my health, etc. At last he came to the subject in hand. "Mr. Secretary of State," he said, "acting under instructions from my Government——" He got no further. Just at that moment I took a train for Luxor, Md., where I was billed for a speech on "The Sanctity of the Cradle." But the incident did not end as simply as all that. The Mexican Ambassador, for all his adherence to old-fashioned courtesy, was a man of infinite resource. He jumped into a touring car and chased the train. Five miles from Luxor and he was racing with us neck and neck. I confess to a thrill of anxiety. Another ten minutes, the train and the auto would be at Luxor, and war with Mexico would be staring us in the face. Just then the Mexican Ambassador blew out one of his front tires. The machine leaped forward, made a half-revolution in the air, and ran into a clay bank. There were no serious injuries, but for ten days the Ambassador was under the care of a surgeon, and by the time he was well again matters had adjusted themselves.

The reader will now see that the principle underlying my Absent-Treatment Diplomacy, like the principle underlying all great discoveries, is a very simple one. The error of most Secretaries of State before me was that they were, without exception, static Secretaries of State. I hit upon the idea of a kinetic Secretary of State. My predecessors were continually implicated in international negotiations and crises, because every foreign diplomat, impelled by a grievance, knew where to find them. Why any one before me should have failed to recognize the simple truth that the easiest way to avoid friction is to avoid contact, puzzles me. When I say "any one," I mean, of course, any man pretending to culture in general and diplomatic training in particular. Otherwise, you will find that I was anticipated in my main idea by the Irishman who, many years before I became Secretary of State, said that the trouble with most people when they are chased by a mad bull is that they run in the same direction as the bull.

RECENT GERMAN POETRY.

Richard Dehmel, whose fiftieth birthday is likely to be the occasion of sympathetic demonstrations, has never surpassed his early volumes which caused him to be acclaimed the most inspired lyric voice of his generation. His new book contains some admirable pages, and some of doubtful value. But it fairly

reflects his interesting and powerful personality, and even the note of intensity in the title, "Schöne wilde Welt" (Berlin: S. Fischer), is suggestive of the poet's temperament. His emotional range is wide: he has notes for the feeling of oneness with nature, for the new altruism, for all the longings and strivings of his time; and to the memory of his friend Detlev von Liliencron he has dedicated the most thoughtful tribute among the many poems which his death has called forth. This poem, as also "Gebet im Flugschiff" and "Verewigung," shows a rare spiritual ardor. The "Schöpfungsfeier," with its subtitle, "Oratorium natale," has many beautiful lines, but somehow does not seem to hang well together. "Die Musik des Mont Blanc," divided into movements in the manner of a symphony, would have been more effective without the refrain-like repetition of the "melody," the "harmony," and the "rhythm of the mountain." A daring experiment is the poem called "Dahin," with its series of similes. A young priestess is successively compared to a palm rising from a dream, a cypress swaying in the wind, a sleeping mimosa, a cedar struck by lightning, a storm-tossed vine. But the rhetorical images, far from effacing one another, suggest a dramatic story, and linger in the memory. A charmingly quaint note is struck in the "Ballade vom Kuckuck," which is one of a number of poems having the true feeling of a *Volkslied*, and among the love lyrics is the original "Zweier Seelen Lied":

Lieber Morgenstern,
lieber Abendstern,
ihr scheint zwei
und seid eins;

Ob der Tag beginnt,
ob die Nacht beginnt,
findet euer Schein
in uns Zwein die Liebe wach;

Lieber Abendstern,
lieber Morgenstern,
hilf uns Tag für Tag
eins sein, bis die letzte Nacht uns eint.

As a satirist Dehmel presents himself in an amusing parody upon the factitious Orientalism and verbal artistry of some of his contemporaries, in "Der gestörte Nachtwandler." The cacophonous onomatopœia in the poem called "Stillleben" evokes memories of the grotesque water-sprite in Gerhart Hauptmann's "Sunken Bell," while it visually suggests some of the symmetrical arabesques that greet the eye of the reader in the poetry of another "Jubilar" of the year, Arno Holz. It reads:

Im Frühling wenn's zu nebeln anfängt
auf dem Dorfteich—
eines Abends: raake:
erster Frosch.
Raake—racka—paake—zweiter.
Und so weiter, bis der ganze Chor
Raake — paake — racker — quacker — Pack macht.
Ueber ihnen
dampft der Sonnenglanz—
Gaukelt still ein Azurfalter drein—
herrlich—

Wilhelm Holzamer's posthumous volume, "Gedichte" (Berlin: Egon Fleischel & Co.), is a sad reminder of a gifted life cut short before it had barely fulfilled the promise of its youth. Through his work runs the longing for the lost paradise of his childhood in the sunny vineyards of the Rhine, for the old home and the old folks. "Am Tor der Jugend," "Märchen," "Toter Traum," "Grossmutter," "In meiner Heimat," and "In der Nacht," in the earlier group of his poems, and "Alte Sehnsucht" and "Pfingsten," in the selections from his later years, utter this sentiment with a sincere and beautiful pathos. Even in poems aglow with sunshine, spring-time, and love falls a shadow of sorrow, and the lips that open to sing a pæan of life are sealed by the prescience of death. An admirable specimen is entitled "Nebel":

Ueber die einsamen Wiesen geht
leise eine weisse Frau,
sie hält die Hände zum Gebet,
sie hebt das Haupt zum letzten Blau,
das über den schweigenden Himmel weht.

Ueber die Weiden und Pappeln schwebt
sich hebend und hebend ihr Gewand,
sie breitet die Arme übers Land,
darüber ein letzter Laut verebbt.

Und wie ihr Schleier weit
und Erde und Himmel und Ferne verhüllt,
steigt aus raunender Unendlichkeit
das Schweigen, das die Welt erfüllt,
in seinen Traum von ewiger Zeit
die müde verschmachtende Erde verhüllt.

The centenary of 1813 has produced an abundant crop of curious literary effusions in Germany which are doomed to be ephemeral. One of these is the volume of verse by Ernst Lissauer, "1813" (Jena: Eugen Diederichs). It is a cycle of poems with much of the elemental strength and temperamental fervor that distinguish the author's previous work, but with not a few evidences that the patriotic note, forced to unusual pitch, has inflamed the imagination of the poet, ordinarily so well tempered by good taste, until it runs riot with extravagant metaphors and hyperboles.

Carl Melssner, who is more widely known as author of "Die Kunst des 19. Jahrhunderts" and as editor of the works of Novalis than as a writer of poetry, has followed up his first book of verse, published some years ago, with two others, "Der schwere Weg" and "Im Schauen der Dinge" (Eugen Diederichs). The first is the pathetic record of a life reaching out for larger values and doomed to vegetate within the narrow confines of a business career in a provincial atmosphere. The mood changes from grim bitterness to glad acceptance, and is varied by notes of filial love. The other volume is more ambitious, contains poems on a variety of motives—nature, art, love, and life—the keynote is less melancholy, the poet's outlook more hopeful; but the book does not leave the impression of a rare and strong individuality as does "Der schwere Weg."

The reader who has known Hanns Freiherr von Gumppenberg as dramatist, critic, editor, and translator, will gladly turn to his poems, just published under the title "Schauen und Sinnen" (Munich: Georg Müller), for in this book the author is frankly and delightfully personal. It reveals a mind that has outgrown the tempestuous struggles of its time and has attained a wholesome serenity. Gumppenberg does not overcharge his verse with philosophical reflections, yet it holds many a thoughtful and noble message. His imagery is vivid and suggestive, and frequently, as in the following poem, surprises by a subtle meaning:

VERGLIMMENDES SCHEIT.

Wie lohte die Flamme so stark und stolz!
Nun irrt der letzte Funken
Angstvoll durch das verkohlte Holz.

Er läuft und sucht mit jagender Hast,
Ob nirgend mehr Nahrung für ihn sei,
Nirgend mehr Rast—
Hab Acht, hab Acht!
Vor und wieder zurück
Versucht er sein Glück.

Jetzt trifft er mitten im Lauf
Den grausamen harten Ast,
Und springt hochauf
Hinaus in die Nacht—
Knirr knist!
Es ist
Wie ein Schrei . . .
Und alles vorbei.

A book of very uneven value is "Anima Candida" (Vienna: Hugo Heller & Co.), by Wladimir Freiherr von Hartlieb. But the reader who is not discouraged by the trite pessimism and the well-worn stanzas of the "Elegie einer Kindheit," or repelled by the dismal notes of "Der Dämon," will be amply rewarded by the third and last poem, which gives the book its title. For this hymn of the life force and the ego in its free rhythmic movement is a most interesting Credo expressed in an unconventional, yet irreproachable, manner. The spirit of Whitman is in this confession. The youth awakening to consciousness of himself, of his well-built body, his open senses, his searching mind, his yearning soul, ready to give himself and ready to take what others would give him, hears the call of friendship, of love, and perceives the rent in the veil which had hidden from his child eyes nature's supreme secret. He sings a song of himself, of his coming into manhood, and of his oneness with nature. He exultantly sings the joy of life and in reverent awe bows before the mystery of its extinction. There is a powerful suggestion in his meditations on death:

Du bist das Wunderwirkende, o Tod, du
nimmst allen Dingen die Grenze, du

öffnest den Kerker von Raum und Zeit,
Du hebst das Beschränkte ins Unbeschränkte;

or in these lines:

Im Leben stehen wir immer nur aussen, es ist nichts als Sehnsucht; im Tode sind wir innen, er ist Erfüllung.

The author of the unique story, "Briefe vom Land," which a year or two ago attracted no little attention, has published a volume of "Frühlingslieder" (Munich: Albert Langen), which in spite of the well-worn title, bear the stamp of a distinct individuality. The movement of Ehrler's verse is simple and liquid; his poems crave translation into music, and one can imagine that Robert Franz would have turned them into gems of song. The earth in spring is the frame that holds these love lyrics together. They are neither erotic nor sentimental, but full of a tender, deep feeling, of thoughtful lines and original images, as in the following example:

Unsre Uhr hat einen Zauberschlag.
Horch, sie füllt die Stunde und den Tag.
Was den anderen zerrinnt,
Immerfort uns erst beginnt.

The most talked-of poet in Germany to-day is a man who, until a few years ago, was living the life of an unskilled workingman, handicapped by tuberculosis, yet eagerly taking any job that would provide for his daily wants. But from beneath the burden of toil and disease the soul of Alfons Petzold soared upward towards the vision of his dreams. What difficulties he had to overcome in his hunger for knowledge and longing for beauty, he has told in a lecture recently published under the title, "Aus dem Leben und der Werkstätte eines Werdenden" (Vienna: Anzengruber Verlag). Not until a complete physical breakdown had brought with it a spiritual crisis did his craving for self-expression assert itself strongly, and Karl Henckell, whose sympathetic appreciation and friendly criticism has paved the way for not a few of the younger German poets, was one of those who stood sponsors for Petzold's début. The three little books so far published justify their faith in the poet who rose out of the midst of the people, but does not exclusively write for the people. The book which has come from his pen this year, "Heimat Welt" (Wiener Volksbuchhandlung, Ignaz Brand & Co.), bears evidence of his genuine feeling for the essence of real poetry. There is not one line in the sixty pages that sacrifices sense to sound; matter and manner are admirably balanced. Every one of the little lyrics and of the longer prose poems is an organic entity. The most remarkable feature of his book is its wholesome spirit. The man who up to his thirtieth year had known nothing but suffering and want, bears his fate no grudge; he sees beyond the confines of his own misery-laden life the wealth and the beauty of the world, and cheers his fellow-toilers with this

HYMNE.

Fühlt es, ihr Brüder und Schwestern, dass ihr nichts Totes streift,
Was auch eure schaffende Hand ergreift.
In eurer Faust wird alles lebendig, was scheinbar tot;
Metalle, Gestein, Holz, Perlen, Selde wie Brot.

Dort, wo Hände schaffen mit Stoss und Schlag,
Erneut sich der Schöpfung erster glorreicher Zeugungstag.

This hopeful acceptance gives the book a constructive value. In the love of nature Petzold finds the source of joys that make up for privations. Out of this love he sings in the poem called

NAECHTLICHE WEISHEIT.

Bruder, der Tag ist weisheitstumm,
Reden kann nur die Nacht.
Der Lärm des Tages, sein Stimmengesumm,
Hat noch keinen zum grossen Propheten gemacht.

Alle, die Gott erkor,
Zu künden das Wort und die Tat,
Reichten den heiligen Nächten das Ohr,
In denen kein Ton den lauschenden Sinnen naht.

In ihnen wird das Licht
Der Sterne zum göttlichen Psalm,
Den das Herz der wirkenden Ewigkeit spricht
Zu dem Baum, dem Stein und dem schwelgenden Halm.

Auch zu dir, wenn du gehst
Hinein in die nächtliche Welt,
Und unter der Kanzel des Himmels stehst,
Lauschend dem Psalm, der die Seelen erhellt.

A. von Ende.

SWISS NOTES.

Neuchâtel, September 10.

The Egyptian students at the University of Geneva have protested because their Government proposed to send agents to supervise their studies. They declare that this means the appointment of a kind of political police, and that they will not submit to such direction. The Swiss authorities, after investigating the complaint, report that up to the present time there is no police agent at Geneva. There are many Egyptians studying in Switzerland, and at the University of Lausanne an Egyptian Society, named Misr, has its headquarters. Thus far, the utterances of its members have been quite harmless. They are loyal to the Khedival Government, and while some of them look for the independence of their country, there does not seem to be any revolutionary tendency among them.

A valuable book on Egypt, "Histoire de la civilisation égyptienne," has lately appeared. The author is Professor Jéquier, of the University of Neuchâtel, who, besides being a learned Egyptologist, has done important practical work in directing researches by excavation. His book is a useful introduction to the subject of which it treats. The account of Egyptian progress from the Stone Age to the time of Alexander the Great is clear and concise, representing faithfully and agreeably the essential features of Egyptian culture.

At the village of Malvaglia, in the Canton Ticino, is a parish church of the sixteenth century which occupies the site of an ancient Christian church, and of a still older structure, probably a Roman temple. In the course of repairing the present building workmen have come upon some early frescoes, and in the space between the old walls and the new have been found many tombs, some pagan, some Christian. The researches still continue.

A somewhat radical change in the foreign relations of the Swiss Government has just been proposed in an initiative presented at Berne bearing 62,000 signatures, the object of which is to require that all treaties of a permanent kind shall be submitted before their ratification to the referendum. Most of the signers are inhabitants of the French cantons. It is proposed to add to the Federal Constitution the following clause:

International treaties concluded for an indeterminate period or for more than fifteen years are also submitted to the people for adoption or rejection if the demand be made by 30,000 electors.

The motive of this action is the uneasiness manifest in many parts of Switzerland at the increasing "Germanization" of the nation. Ever since the ratification of the St. Gothard Convention by the Berne Goverment a large part of the press has been insisting that the neutrality of Switzerland was threatened. It is pointed out that the national industries and commerce are passing rapidly into the hands of Germans. Germans own the principal hotels, where most of the employees are of that nationality. The chief organ of the Swiss Government, *Der Bund*, is distinctly Teutonic in its sympathies. On the Federal Topographical Bureau are three Germans and two Austrians, and a Swiss publisher has been expelled, without cause, it is said, from Strassburg. The Kaiser's visit last year was regarded with suspicion and disfavor in the French-speaking cantons. Even Italy has been accused of covetous plans, and protests were made against the presence at the manœuvres this year of Gen. Bompiani and a large staff of Italian officers, for fear they might get a glimpse of the Alpine fortifications. The French press has done a great deal to foster this uneasiness, and the Swiss fear some further surrender on the part of their Federal Government. At present there is only one member from La Suisse Romande on the Federal Council. The time is not far distant when

Switzerland will see its territory intersected by the great waterways which will unite the Rhine with the Rhone and with the Danube, giving direct traffic by water with Marseilles, the northern ports, and the Austrian commercial centres. It is doubtful whether this initiative will be successful, for at the time of the Gothard ratification the Swiss authorities were deaf to the protestations of the large Landesgemeinde held at Berne. The financing and regulation of these international arteries of trade undoubtedly put a burden of responsibility upon the Swiss Government.

It was discovered not long ago, while improving some buildings in Geneva in the Rue des Délices, that an interesting landmark was destroyed. This was the house which was at one time the residence of Voltaire. Surrounded by a large garden, it was called the "Château of Voltaire." Behind it was a theatre which was afterwards converted into a dwelling. Until about thirty years ago the interior remained as it was in Voltaire's time, even to the decorations and some of the properties. M. Reber, of Geneva, who saw it in 1885, expressed his regret that the place was not better known and better preserved. "But," he says, "people do not ordinarily like to be told what they ought to do."

Women are acquiring at least ecclesiastical rights in the canton of Grisons. At the last meeting of the Swiss Protestant ministers it was announced that the parishes of that region may grant the vote to women, provided two-thirds of the latter demand it. The authorities may, if they please, ordain women to the ministry. This is progressive policy for a canton which prohibits motor cars from desecrating its territory.

A. A.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

There is in the Harvard Library a copy of what is evidently the only edition of "The School for Scandal," as published in 1779, two years after the performance of Sheridan's play. It is characterized in the Biographica Dramatica as "a paltry catch-penny, intended to be imposed on the public as the genuine production of Mr. Sheridan." The play possesses no dramatic merit and would not deserve notice but for the unabashed conveying of its title and *dramatis personæ* from Sheridan and for the curious nature of its contents. The text owes virtually nothing to the earlier comedy, and it is neither a burlesque nor an imitation. The *dramatis personæ* and the suppositious actors follow as in the text; I have added the real persons for whom they stand:

Charles	Mr. King	George III
Joseph Surface	Lord Thane	Earl of Bute.
Crabtree	Lord Rubicon	Chancellor Thurlow.
Sir Benjamin Backbite	Lord Minden	Germaine, Viscount Sackville.
Sir Oliver	Lord Sh-lb-ne	Lord Shelburne.
Moses	Lord Boreas	Lord North.
Snake	Signor Frazerino	Unidentified.

The play deals with the American War of Independence and the political mismanagement and corruption in England. Charles is represented as having been completely under the influence of Joseph, but now as determined to shake off the yoke. He has just heard of the taking of one of his "sugar houses" in his "western estate" by his "perfidious foe," apparently the capture of Dominica by the French Governor of Martinique. But Joseph distracts his attention by showing him "a new invented chymical paper that is proof against fire and water," just as George III was actually interested in the non-combustible wood of Mr. Hartley's house in Wimbleton Common. While Charles is testing the paper and expressing his admiration at the invention, more disasters are reported: "Sir Harry Clatter [Sir Henry Clinton] is repulsed with great loss of men in his expedition up Boreas River [North or Hudson River] on a foraging party." Since the news is not official and is only a newspaper report, Charles refuses to believe it; and as a matter of fact it was not true, for Clinton's marauding expeditions from New York in 1778 were all too successful. Then comes official news of the capture of St. Petite and Mignonette (St. Pierre and Miquelon, which were actually destroyed by Gov. Montague, of Newfoundland, in 1778). Joseph can now easily assure Charles that what Lord and General Quomodo (Lord Admiral and General Howe) could not effect will be accomplished by Sir Harry Clatter and Admiral Boisterous (Byron), and that even if Occidentia (America) were never regained, it would be no great loss, since it "fosters a nest of hypocritical cheats and wicked incendiaries." So Charles is as much under Joseph's thumb as ever.

It is "on the eve of opening the two kennels" (the houses of Parliament), and Moses is worried to know how to silence the "hounds of opposition." Snake, whom I cannot identify, has "dished up for the hum" (the debate) reports of murderous atrocities committed by the Gasconades (the French) at the capture of the sugar house in order that the tenants may forget their loss in their renewed hatred of the Gasconades. Clatter's retreat is reported as a victory, and the importance of St. Petite and Mignonette is vastly magnified, both as a loss to the Gasconades and as a gain to the English. Snake also writes puffs of Moses for the newspapers, to the disparagement of Backbite, General Flourish (Burgoyne), whose surrender will "soon be sifted to the bottom in the lower kennel," and of Jemmy Twitcher (Earl of Sandwich, the Lord of the Admiralty), who was blamed for the escape of the French fleet.

The prospects of success are not very bright. Joseph's only hope is in more troops, to be got from Mrs. Catherine (Catherine of Russia), from the German 'squires, and from home. Crabtree has lost faith in military leaders; "little Tommy" (Gen. Thomas Gage) failed to quell the riot; General Quomodo (Howe) took a couple of towns (New York and Philadelphia), and was obliged to give one of them up (Philadelphia, as a matter of fact, was evacuated by Clinton in 1778; Boston by Howe in 1776); his brother's attempt at peace failed; Governor Insolence (Governor Johnstone) used improper means to influence the colonists to come to terms, and he was sent home in disgrace. Furthermore, there is no money, and Twitcher (Sandwich) has stirred up the kennels by fomenting the fracas between Sir Hugh Splice-rope (Sir Hugh Palisser) and Admiral Handsomely (Admiral Keppel). Moses raises a million on paper by taxing, among other objects, newspapers, cats, lapdogs, gentlemen that wear their hair tied, and clergymen that have above £300 a year.

Backbite seeks to exonerate himself from all blame for Flourish's disaster (Burgoyne's surrender at Saratoga), admits that he kept Flourish from the King's presence, and that he advised sending Flourish back to his imprisoned army, and writes a scurrilous attack on Moses. He and the disreputable Twitcher are partners in a league offensive and defensive. The situation is deplorable, so corrupt and antagonistic are all of Charles's advisers. Consequently, our author seeks to anticipate history by having Charles summon Sir Oliver and offer him Moses's place. This Sir Oliver accepts after assuring the King that his advisers are a "set of fools and knaves." The whole junto is discarded, and the way is opened to a "treaty with your western servants" and an immediate cessation of hostilities. The actual end was, however, different.

JAMES W. TUPPER.

Correspondence

UNWHOLESOME FICTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: However old-fashioned the deadly parallel may be, I crave permission to offer one to your readers. For I seriously believe that the outcome of the parallelism to which I wish to draw attention is fraught with the gravest consequences for American boys and girls yet in their early teens.

A nos moutons. Any careful reader of American magazines for the past ten years must have become aware of a growing salacity in magazine fiction. It would be easy to trace the progress of this movement—to show how journal after journal has been swept within its vortex. The changes, perhaps, may be best understood in the light of a few illustrations. Ten years ago a friend of mine offered to *Munsey's Magazine* a story, to my mind entirely harmless; the editor, though praising it highly, rejected it with the words: "I could no more publish this in any of the Munsey magazines than I could a page of the 'Decameron.'" What *Munsey* would say now might be much the same; but what another prominent journal did say, when I begged my friend recently to resubmit the story, was: "If you amplify certain scenes, we can probably use this." To take another case. Ten years ago a certain publication was the vehicle for interesting pseudo-scientific tales; to-day its pages teem with "realistic studies." Again: Ten years ago one might have given to any child the local-color stories of a well-known New England writer; the heroine of her most recent novel is a nymphomaniac. True, some of the authors have laudable aims—and in no case are there wanting specious excuses for the "studies." Yet the reader of Defoe may recall the prefaces to "Roxana" and "Moll Flanders." One famous journal for women has awarded prizes for "A Girl's Most Critical Experience"; if one of the writers really had her experience, she

should be treated for psychopathic ailments. Another periodical wishes to call attention to "shocking actual conditions." A third announces a campaign for "purity." One can only hope that the titillation of morbid appetites is but a subconscious reason for these crusades, and that mercenary motives are entirely below the threshold of consciousness. Yet, reason or no reason, salacity leers from page after page of these periodicals.

And the parallel? In 1669 was published in France "The Letters of a Portuguese Nun," and in 1670 the "Zayde" of Madame Lafayette. These works are pure—though scarcely *virginibus puerisque*. But only he who has perused the novels produced between 1680 and 1800 by authors long forgotten (but now being exhumed in European reprints) can evaluate the flood of "realistic" fiction which next burst forth. Marital problems came first—for "the enlightenment of the innocent," but from pens far removed from the delicacy of that which had indited the "Princesse de Clèves." By 1690 the problem novel was in full swing; justification of marital infidelity followed hard upon the theme of marital martyrdom. By 1710 normal material—if marital infidelity be necessarily normal—had yielded to abnormal studies; and in both France and England "memoirs, diaries, secret histories, confessions," paved the way for the matchless depictions of perversities and anomalies by the brilliant Cr——, the shameless de S——, and the analytic Br——. That the literature influenced life is an open secret to the alienist.

Another parallel. From 1800 fiction in Franco purified itself after the incarceration of de S—— by Napoleon, the change lasting until the epoch of Balzac and his successors. Then again there came the treatment of marital problems; and again, within a decade or two, the veering to the study of abnormality. Abominable works from gifted pens (geniuses are often perverts) can easily be cited—coincident, many of them, be it noted, with reprints from the Belgian presses of eighteenth-century pornographic studies. Amid the new flood I mention only Rachilde's "Monsieur Venus"; it is out of print.

Is it "morbid" to see some meaning in these parallels? Berlin, Paris, and London are already paying the penalty for the new fiction; and our danger is so much the greater, because of the ease with which the magazine passes our doors. Are we to have in Chicago and New York reproductions of the T—— garden in Berlin, H—— Park in London, or the Promenade E—— in Paris? That Americans are "cleaner" than men and women of other nationalities is, even if it be no illusion, scarcely a safeguard. Let these "realistic" studies be tolerated, and writers grow bolder and bolder. New authors, usually abnormal, see a path broken for the revelation of their unhappy secrets. Some youth or maiden who supposes himself or herself isolated from all mankind by uncomprehended desires realizes, as a slave does freedom, that he is not alone. Correspondence with the author ensues. Another life which might have been a martyrdom, but not a menace to society, is wrecked and wrecks yet others.

If the reader be inclined to pooh-pooh these fancies, I refer him to the fact that du B——'s eighteen volumes, scarcely cold from the press, are the textbooks of the "petits jésus" of Paris. Moreover, as a matter of fact, the voicing of abnormality has already begun in America. Not only are the foreign "studies" easily to be had. X——, under symbols quite clear to the alienist, contributes his poems to several daring magazines; Y—— has left America, because it does not appreciate "true art"; only yesterday the illustrated supplement of a Sunday newspaper contained a full account of a trial for sadism in Paris; finally, a "dying confession" printed in a popular woman's journal was obviously that of a neurasthenic lover. And so the merry race whirls on. To me, at least, it is significant that in the "Zayde" of 1670, which headed the great frenetic movement in France, there is analyzed precisely the same type of jealousy as is treated in the "dying confession" in the magazine just referred to.

In an age when Havelock Ellis's sane and helpful treatments of sex problems are in our library "Infernos," is it not food for Rabelaisian mirth that some of our "realistic" magazines are on every newsstand?

MEDICUS.

New York, September 19.

DOCTORS OF DIVINITY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Some time ago (June 12) you printed a letter on "Bogus University Degrees." Attention should also be called to the abuse of the title of doctor of divinity.

I do not refer to the charge that ministers buy this title outright from bogus colleges. I doubt if anything so wicked is often done. The wrong consists in the easy fashion with which many colleges bestow this degree. The qualifications of the recipient are the least consideration. Often all that is necessary is to hang around some college, become acquainted with the president or some of the trustees, and suggest in various ways, directly or indirectly, that the title might be granted; and, finally, it will be done. This is the procedure in the granting of many of these titles. And as the better class of ministers are above this sort of thing, the degree of D.D., with many exceptions, of course, is anything but a badge either of ability or honor. I recall a number of men who in preparing for the ministry did not have the ability to complete the very moderate course of study required of ministerial candidates, yet in spite of that procured ordination and in a short time afterwards blossomed out as D.D.'s.

The harm resulting from all this comes largely from the fact that laymen in their innocence take the title seriously—as standing for superior ability. They very naturally think that this is what it means, when in fact in most cases it has no such significance whatever.

EDWARD C. YOUNG.

Cleveland, O., September 17.

LIBRARIANS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In reply to Dr. Sanborn's letter (*Nation*, September 11), I beg to state that in my letters to the librarians I mentioned the list in the Biblioteca, but they refused—except the New York librarian—to check off the books in their possession. In my letter to the Boston librarian, I distinctly stated my acquaintance with the Ticknor Library Catalogue, but asked for a list of novels of chivalry not included therein.

Now I proceed to substantiate the accusation of flippancy by quoting the replies received from some of the best libraries in this country.

A request was made for François-Victor Hugo's translation of Shakespeare, which brought the reply that Victor Hugo did not write a translation but only an essay on Shakespeare. It came out later that the desired translation was in the library. A request for a copy of "Amadis of Greece" brought a copy of "Amadis of Gaul" by the next post. The book asked for was in the library. Another librarian, according to his own statement, did not have the *Englische Studien*, and only a reference to a printed list of periodicals kept in his town convinced him that he really had it.

Some time ago, in an article published in the thirty-third volume of the Goethe-Jahrbuch, I surmised that Goethe made use of a novel of chivalry entitled "Le Chevalier du Soleil." So I wrote to the Wolfenbüttel librarian for information whether there was a possibility of Goethe having used their copy of the book. In reply I received a letter from him stating that he himself had examined the archives and found that there was no evidence of Goethe's having borrowed their book. The Wolfenbüttel Library has 300,000 volumes and its staff consists of the following men: 1 head librarian, 1 librarian, 2 scientific helps, 1 secretary, 1 janitor, 1 fireman, who is at the same time gardener.

In conclusion, as the whole nation joined some time ago in a deliberate and systematic abuse of the Turks, I cannot resist the malice of quoting a Turkish saying: *Alimin jamide sözü ajy dyr, ruz qiyametta basha tajy dyr* (the word of the sage in the mosque is bitter, but at the resurrection day it is a crown to the head).

JOSEPH DE PEROTT.

Worcester, Mass., September 12.

OKAKURA KAKUZO.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Students of the history of art will be interested in a reminiscence of the late Japanese critic, Okakura Kakuzo. The reticence of Far Eastern criticism in the discussion of European art, its rarity, and its independence of local and epochal prejudice, give it an especial value.

I was once fortunate enough to have the late Mr. Okakura as one of a small audience at a private lecture on Cimabue at the end of which the distinguished Oriental critic expressed himself as finding in the Franciscan dramatic art of Cimabue's time one of the profoundest manifestations of European religious feeling. He spoke to me of the emotional realism of Cimabue and the Romanesque or Italo-Byzantine group of which he is the chief as comparable in its poignancy of inner meaning with the early religious art of the critic's own Japan. He insisted upon the vigor and initiative of their form in itself as being not of decadent but rather of primitive type, nobly significant and immediately responsive to the thought, in spite of external archaisms or conventions, and without re-

course to material naturalistic effect. He was especially interested to find the Cimabuesque spirit in certain works with which he was unfamiliar, as the Crucifix by Coppo at Pistoia, of which I happened to have a very fine old photograph at hand. The enthusiasm of his comment seemed, at a time when the personality of Cimabue and the traditional importance of the movement represented by that artist were much assailed by a certain school of art historians, to confirm the opinion of Dante and other contemporary observers as to the pregnancy of early Florentine painting before Giotto's day. W. R.

Roselle Park, N. J., September 15.

THE "LATIN LADDER."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your otherwise fair review of my book (*Nation*, September 11) there appear three errors of statement in the following language: "In the 'Latin Ladder' . . . we have the piecemeal presentation of forms, with verbs and nouns alternating, only three cases, nominative, genitive, and accusative, being given in the first twenty-one lessons."

(1) A glance will show that the dative and the ablative are introduced in lesson (chapter) 11. (2) In part ii the forms are given in their entirety and in the orderly sequence of the grammars. (3) Nowhere in the book do nouns and verbs alternate except in the first few chapters of the book.

With regard to error No. 2, your reviewer was doubtless misled by the fact that in part ii every chapter on forms is followed by a chapter on syntax. This was done to avoid monotony, for, as certain adults enjoy their coffee most with intervals between cups, so the young find their appetites whetted by a variety in the presentation of grammatical facts.

Robt. W. Tunstall.

The Tome School, September 13.

[For "twenty-one" should be read "ten." Piecemeal or fragmentary presentation of forms is usually confined in recent textbooks to the earlier lessons, complete paradigms appearing naturally as soon as the pupil has got well under way. While not explicitly stated, most teachers would assume this as true of this book also.—The Reviewer.]

Literature

SCHURZ, THE ORATOR AND PATRIOT.—II.

Never was the reproach of inconsistency more unjustly levelled at a public man than at Schurz. His ideas of political liberty and liberty of conscience remained unchanged from the days of 1848 to his last hour. Again and again the note of true consistency in political life rings in Schurz's public utterances. In a speech on Political Disabilities, delivered in the Senate in December, 1870, he said:

I am well aware that political parties are necessary, and that to make them live a certain drill and discipline are needed. I also appreciate the necessity of compromising on minor points inside of a party, for the purpose of securing strong and hearty coöperation in the furtherance of greater ends. A party may not satisfy me in every respect, but I may belong to it because it approaches my ideal more closely than any other. But I have never been able to look up to a party as a deity that has supernatural claims upon my veneration. To me my party has never been anything else than an organization of men gotten up for the purpose of carrying certain principles into living reality, or of promoting the execution of certain measures of public good. This object of the organization has always been to my mind the first, nay, the only, thing of real importance, and I look upon all other so-called party interests as absolutely secondary to it. "My party, right or wrong" is, therefore, a cry which I never was and never shall be able to appreciate.

Schurz's mastery of financial questions became manifest at an early stage of his Senatorial career. Like Alexander Hamilton and Gallatin, the only two American statesmen of foreign birth with whom he may be compared, he viewed economic problems in their constitutional and historical relations, and he was particularly successful in investing the dry facts of finance with a picturesque interest. He understood the art of holding up to public ridicule the ignorant pretensions of financial quacks, as when, in his address on "Currency and National Banks," delivered in the Senate, February 27, 1874, he quoted from Marco Polo's Travels, to show that Senator Morton's "progressive" idea of an irredeemable paper currency originated in China, in the ninth century of our era. His power of sarcasm served him equally in his numerous addresses on Civil Service Reform. That his picture (in a speech delivered in the Senate in 1871) of the newly inaugurated President, his Cabinet Ministers, and heads of bureaus all frantically busy, not in mapping out administrative policies, but in taking to pieces the whole machinery of government, and trying to stem the tide of hungry office seekers—that all this is not strictly true to-day is due in a greater measure to Schurz himself than, with the possible exception of George William Curtis, to any other man in the country. Schurz was a dangerous antagonist to provoke, as the Camerons, Mortons, and other Senators found out to their discomfiture, in debate with him. He was no less effective as a letter-writer. His reply, in 1897, to Senator Gallinger, who had spoken of Schurz's "political obscurity," reminds one of Lessing's scornful rejoinder to Professor and Privy Councillor Klotz:

Senator, is it not cruel, on your part, to taunt me with my "obscurity"? Nature and fortune are sparing with their choicest gifts. On you they have lavished a rare combination of genius and success. The great and powerful of this world should at least be generous enough not to scoff at the feeble and insignificant. You are a genuine celebrity. Your noble defiance of President Harrison on account of a Consulship, of which your biographers tell us, and your valiant battles for post offices and revenue places, have carried your fame into the remotest corners of New Hampshire. The fearless statesmanship of your attack on the "hopping test" in the Senate has made your colleagues and many other people prick up their ears with amused curiosity. The stranger in the Senate gallery, directory in hand, easily identifies you on the floor of the Chamber as the occupant of chair No. 7. Having been a member of the Senate myself, I know what such triumphs mean. No wonder you are proud. But do not let the pride of your greatness, however just, harden your heart against ordinary mortals. Everybody loves fame. You have it in abundance. Why do you blame me for coveting a little of it?

When Schurz became a citizen of New York he lent all his accustomed zeal to the betterment of municipal politics. Tammany Hall was in Schurz's eyes the sum of all the evils that afflict municipal government, but he never overestimated (as not a few good Democrats do), the power of Tammany in national politics. In 1884 Schurz wrote to Bayard:

There are only two possible Democratic candidates for whom that vote [the independent] can be counted upon—you and Cleveland. The nomination of either of you would make success reasonably sure. Cleveland's enemies say that he cannot carry New York on account of the hostility of Tammany. This is nonsense. What Tammany's proclaimed hostility and friendship respectively effect has been seen in the cases of Tilden and of Hancock. The hostility of Tammany would very largely increase the independent vote for Cleveland. I am sure he would carry the State by an immense majority. Your enemies say that you cannot be elected on account of your Dover speech. This is nonsense, also. The independent Republicans who have revolted against Blaine understand that speech and do not care anything about it. What begins to tell more against you is the apparent friendship of Tammany.

Not the least of Schurz's services to this country was his interpreting to us what is best in German thought and feeling, just as he furnished to Germany a conspicuous example of the highest ideals of American citizenship. There are very few instances, in politics or literature, of German-born citizens of any land mastering so completely the language of their adopted country, and entering so fully into its thoughts and traditions. Not even the encyclopædist Grimm became more completely a Frenchman than Schurz became an American. But, unlike so many other American citizens of foreign birth, he

held his mother-tongue sacred, and, extraordinary as his command of English was, the accents of his rich voice were never more persuasive than when he spoke in the language of Schiller and Goethe.

It may bo admitted that Schurz's speeches, when read so many years after their delivery, betray at times a certain diffuseness, resulting from the Socratic method which he often employed with such telling effect. He enjoyed vanquishing his opponents by first displaying their arguments and then, step by step, refuting them, as it were, out of their own mouths. Viewed in its purely literary aspect, this method has its faults, as has often been pointed out. Sainte-Beuve, apropos of Franklin, wittily spoke of: "Cette méthode un peu scotique et sophistique, à laquelle Socrate lui-même ne me paraît pas avoir entièrement échappé."

That Schurz will livo in our history as one of the statesmen whose personal influence and example at critical times were far-reaching is certain. Whether his speeches, however, will be read as mere literaturc—as are, for instance, those of Webster in this country and of John Bright in England—is open to question. The predominant note in Schurz's speeches was argumentative and philosophic rather than imaginative and passionate. Only the great masters whose highest flights combine all these characteristics move later generations. Among moderns, Burke alone is still potent in his influence on political thinkers. Schurz's purely literary gifts, however, were considerable, and his life of Henry Clay possesses permanent value of a very high order.

That the inconsistency with which the shallow judgment of politicians so often reproached Schurz was really his crowning merit has been made sufficiently plain. Throughout his career, as orator, Senator, and Cabinet officer, Carl Schurz was guided by one principle—independence of action, when to be true to the party meant to be false to the country. That his brilliant abilities did not adorn the Senate for more than one term was a matter of regret even to his political adversaries. While there he set a standard of rhetorical excellence which none of his successors approached, and very few men in the entire history of the Senate ever surpassed. In his fearless disregard of partisan commands, in his absolute candor of judgment, he stands alone. His retirement from the Senate bore no personal sting to him. He never had to console himself, as Cicero did when kept from the disputes of tho Senate, with the thought: "Nam aut defendissem quod non placeret, aut defuissem quod non oporteret."

If further proof were needed of what those men thought of Carl Schurz by whose judgment the world abides, let it come in the words of James Bryce. On the occasion of Schurz's attaining his seventieth year, Mr. Bryce wrote to him:

> Will you let me have the pleasure of adding my congratulations on your birthday, and expressing to you my sincere admiration for the consistent courage, rectitude, and dignity of your public career? You have been one of the few who have in politics thought always first of truth and of duty, and have never sacrificed your principles to your interests, who have always pointed out high ideals to your fellow citizens while following them yourself.

Schurz's amiable personal characteristics, unconsciously revealed in his "Reminiscences," live in the memory of those who knew him best. The relentless censor of political immorality was throughout life a man full of the joy of living. "It is fortunate for me, yes, for us both," Schurz wrote to his wife in 1855, "that I possess such an inexhaustible gayety of spirits"; and the editor of the volumes before us has elsewhere spoken of the cheerfulness of his old age, of "the geniality that pervaded his private life."

All in all, in summing up the characteristics of the man, we are tempted to apply to him his own words about Benjamin Franklin:

> He was a virtuous man, earnestly, methodically so; but his was not that straitlaced and forbidding kind of virtue which looks with a stern and sour eye upon human weakness and at every worldly enjoyment and pleasure. His was a thoroughly human, sympathetic, merry, lovable virtue—a virtue that nobody would be afraid of and that everybody would not only understand and esteem, but enjoy.

CURRENT FICTION.

Otherwise Phyllis. By Meredith Nicholson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

This is a "Hoosier chronicle" of richer quality than Mr. Nicholson's recent story of that title. This writer is honestly, if somewhat self-consciously, a product of the soil; he chooses to live and write in terms of Indiana. His Indiana is not the mushroom growth of Eastern fancy, but a land with a past of which it is proud. It has its old families, its traditions, its body of local doctrine: its personality, in short, worthy to be studied and set forth in song and story. And it has, of course, its group of skilful writers, who have already done much towards sketching that personality in black and white. The most characteristic trait of the group, perhaps, is its sober intention to be realistic, and its irresistible impulse to be romantic. "The Hoosier Chronicle," it will be recalled, made accurate record of Hoosier social types, manners, and speech: and at bottom was a roaring melodrama. There is no long-lost daughter in the present narrative, and its prodigal mother is clear of staginess: there is, to be sure, a villain of the old school.

Mr. Nicholson's town of Montgomery is described with affectionate care, with indulgence for its foibles, with a smile of intimate understanding. Two families have been particularly prominent there for many years: the Montgomerys of that ilk, and the Holtons. Lois Montgomery has married a Kirkwood, a promising lawyer and a man of serious purposes. Lois is a butterfly, not bad but irresponsible; and in search of happiness elopes with a Holton, the black sheep of the Holtons, leaving her baby daughter Phyllis to the care of the forlorn Kirkwood. The narrative proper begins at the moment when Phyllis emerges from girlhood into womanhood. She has no wish so to emerge, is a creature of high spirits and wide sympathies, is, indeed, a young person of amazing powers, a sort of *dea ex machina* for protesting but spellbound Montgomery. Frankly, whether the reader finds charm in the story as a whole will depend upon his relish for the middle Western idea of maidenly fascination. Phyllis is a tom-boy, a practical joker, a woman of the world. There is not a shrinking atom in her make-up; she is a relentless critic and complacent adviser of mankind, and is ready and able to do him physical injury as occasion may require. Her racy and slangy speech expresses the exuberance and effervescence of her nature. She is not quite coarse, but the notion of restraint is foreign to her, and the real dignity of her character is not reflected in her manner. Mr. Nicholson asserts more than once that she is not "fresh," and we can believe that she is not, to him. But one has to feel her charm in spite of her manners, to become acclimated to her.

And one does feel the charm of Phyllis. The return of her mother to Montgomery, and ensuing complications, test her thoroughly, and she passes the test in no commonplace way. Phyllis, her mother, her father, Uncle Amzi, the Bartlett sisters, are all such real persons—and Phyllis's solid Fred Holton should not be forgotten—that the conventional drawing of the villain and of Phyllis's three aunts is the more conspicuous. Phyllis herself "carries" the story.

David Malcolm. By Nelson Lloyd. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

David Malcolm's early history is moro interesting than his later years. Up to the time when he graduates from McGraw, a poor but proud university somewhere in the wilds of Pennsylvania, his life has been a succession of new horizons. The first of these was opened for him by the cloud-gazing Professor, who boasted no classroom but his weedy patch of ground. The Professor was the

unpractical brother of Rufus Blight, who "never had a real idea," but went to conquer the county town, and, having done it, by giving a prize with every pound of tea, proceeded in time to Pittsburgh and the top rounds of material success. Malcolm's next enlargement of view came from Boller of '89, the Beau Brummel of McGraw, whom he ultimately out-distanced in sartorial attainments, and also in winning from Gladys Todd, daughter of the president of the university, the promise of her hand. It was Boller of '89, again, who put the idea of newspaper work into Malcolm's mind. And so it was that he gave up Malcolmville, and even Harlansburg, for New York. One thread that still bound him to his native place was his memory of Penelope Blight, daughter of the cloud-gazing Professor. He had not seen her since that terrible day when she became the ward of her Pittsburgh uncle, passing to affluence—and oblivion. In New York he meets her again, and from here the story tends to lapse into conventionality. Moreover, in this part of the tale it is impossible to acquit Malcolm, who throughout is his own Boswell, of obtuseness. It is Malcolm's and Penelope's brief childhood friendship that impresses itself on one's imagination.

The Lady and the Pirate. By Emerson Hough: Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co.

Granted to this novel such merit as novelty of theme may confer. A middle-aged recluse who joins the expedition of two runaway boys playing pirate is no ordinary hero. His pursuit and forcible capture of the lady of his dreams is not, in these days, a commonplace exploit. The sober and domesticated river Mississippi is seldom, we fancy, the scene of such incidents as are here alleged. But away with the probabilities: this is fiction, and fiction of the braver sort. Given the premises that there are still lovers so dashing, and maids so amenable, what conclusion may fairly be doubted? Put yourself in the hero's place. Admit that you have parted from the one woman in the world, that you have retired from that world, eating your heart out according to the best formula, with only such solace as unlimited wealth and leisure may afford. You are fishing your private trout-stream one day, when the pirate-urchins appear and challenge you. What do you do?—give them a lecture and send them back to their parents? By no means. Youth is re-born in you; you enter into the spirit of their enterprise. Perceiving that you have lived foolishly and feebly, you resolve to be strong and piratical. In brief, you take a motor-boat and pursue the lost lady half the length of the Mississippi; take possession of the yacht in which she is voyaging; and, by way of kidnapping, shipwreck, and other red-blooded experiences, steer her successfully into the port of wedlock. Unluckily (since this seems intended as a story for adults) few readers beyond the schoolboy age will be led by the narrative to fancy themselves in the hero's place.

Unpath'd Waters. By Frank Harris. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

The suggestion of the title is borne out by a certain oddity in these tales and sketches. They have unexpectedness, not charm. Two or three of them are even startling. "The Miracle of the Stigma" represents Jesus as surviving the crucifixion, and under the name Joshua pursuing his trade of carpenter in Cesarea. A quiet, self-effacing man, he is tolerated for his industry, despite his indifference to religion. He marries, not unhappily, until apostles of the new Christian faith visit Cesarea. The young wife becomes a convert, but the carpenter holds aloof. At last, on the coming of Paul with his narrow zeal and fierce eloquence, she leaves her husband. He dies, and when the Holy Stigmata are found upon his hands and feet and side, Paul interprets it as a miracle that the last unbeliever in Cesarea should have been so marked, as a sign to the world, with the sacred symbols. Several other tales have to do with the type of enthusiast which is born to failure, in the worldly sense. A second group deals satirically with the tricks of finance. The longest, least agreeable, and in a way most striking story in the book is called "An English Saint," a ruthless sketch of the genesis and growth of a successful hypocrite.

LEADERS OF THOUGHT IN FRANCE.

French Prophets of Yesterday: A Study of Religious Thought under the Second Empire. By Albert Leon Guérard. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $4 net.

Professor Guérard's volume is a welcome example of that scholarship of ideas which must be chiefly counted on at present to give respectability to both our criticism and our teaching of literature. "The work is offered," he says, "as a tribute of the author's love for France, the land of his birth; for England, where he grew to conscious manhood, and for America, the home of his choice." As a result, no doubt, of this varied experience he joins a perfect appreciation of the French point of view to an unusual command of English idiom. The style of the book is throughout not merely correct, but spirited. He conceives of his subject so broadly as to include not only the religious thought of the Second Empire, but its origins in the earlier romantic movement as well as its prolongation in the Third Republic down to the present day. The formative influences upon the temper of the age that Professor Guérard studies especially are Protestantism, Catholicism, romantic humanitarianism, and science.

Among Protestants he takes Guizot as a type of the conservative, the apostle of impossible compromises, who would have stopped religious evolution about the middle of the sixteenth century, political evolution about 1830. "Thus his political life ended in disaster, his religious life in a victory more bitter than many defeats." To the majestic immobility of Guizot Professor Guérard opposes the painful evolution of Scherer from protestant orthodoxy, to relativism and utter disbelief. Quinet is presented as a wandering spirit, too much of a protestant bent on individual salvation, to believe in sheer romantic humanitarianism, and too much of a free-thinker to be a Christian. In general, Professor Guérard treats French Protestantism as a survival of little effective influence during the period of his survey.

The French Catholicism of his period, as Professor Guérard makes clear, is saturated with romantic tendencies. The ultimate refinements of Chateaubriand's religiosity are perhaps to be found in "satanic" figures like Baudelaire and Barbey d'Aurevilly. Romantic elements are also traced in Lamennais, Lacordaire, Gratry, and the mystical Hello. It is not clear whether the virulent polemist, Louis Veuillot, speaks as a Christian or Rousseauistic obscurantist when he declares that "the future belongs to the dirty nations" and augurs well from this point of view for the Russians. The growth of ultramontane influences during the period finally resulted in the discomfiture of "liberal" Catholics like Montalembert, and led to the open break of Loyson (le père Hyacinthe) with the Church. The total outcome was "an undeniable lowering in the character of French Catholicism, a recrudescence of materialistic superstitions, the uncritical acceptance of doubtful miracles, a tone of bitter arrogance in controversy, charity sneered at, and faith reduced to blind obedience."

Among romantic humanitarians Professor Guérard pays special attention to Hugo and Michelet. Is romantic humanitarianism a religion or a pseudo-religion? This is the crucial question which is constantly occurring to one in reading this book, and to which it may be doubted whether the author has given a satisfying answer. Romantic humanitarianism as professed by Hugo and Michelet, says Professor Guérard, "has all the elements of religion—faith, hope, and charity." How about humility? What is there in common between faith conceived as a regenerative principle in the life of the individual and faith in the future progress of humanity? It is only by juggling with words that one can connect closely the faith

of a Hugo with that of a Paul. Professor Guérard says that Hugo's poem, "The Toad," is "perfect." This poem culminates in the assertion that an ass that takes a step aside in order to avoid crushing a toad is "greater than Socrates and greater than Plato." Those who hold that the highest thing in life is unselective sympathy, may discover perfection in such a passage. To others it will seem only the perfection of nonsense.

The reason of Professor Guérard's tenderness towards the emotionalists may appear in his assertion that "unless one accept a historical revelation, the only alternative to emotional religion is Voltairianism." In other words, there is no region of religious insight superior to both the intellect and the emotions and independent of historical revelation. If Professor Guérard errs here it is only fair to say that he errs with the whole age, not only in France, but elsewhere. The currents of romantic humanitarianism are in reality running much more strongly in America to-day than in France, and an increasing number of American readers will listen to him sympathetically when he speaks of "the spiritual grandeur of Socialism at its best," and asserts that "humanitarianism remains the spiritual backbone of France." (How, by the way, can expansive emotionalism supply a *backbone* to anything?)

Professor Guérard is, as a matter of fact, perfectly aware of the weakness of romantic humanitarianism: it offers too large an opening for the ironist and the cynic. He points out correctly that the materialistic tone of the Second Empire was due even less to the spread of Darwinism and like doctrines than to the cynicism that ensued upon the humanitarian fiasco of 1848. Renan is perhaps the best type of the disillusioned humanitarian who came to treat even his own faith ironically; and to him Professor Guérard devotes his longest and most carefully wrought chapter. One is struck by the leniency of his treatment of Renan as compared with the severity of his handling of Taine. He quotes with approval the saying that Taine was an *esprit faux*. To many the mind of Renan will seem superior in subtlety rather than in soundness to that of Taine—especially after 1870. "The publication of 'The Future of Science' at the end of his career," says Professor Guérard, "showed that Renan's mind, unlike Taine's, had righted itself and that the cure was complete." But the extreme expressions of the "dilettanteism" against which the younger generation in France is now reacting so briskly are found in the writings of the last ten years of Renan's life. (See especially his "Feuilles détachées.")

The situation in France to-day, says Professor Guérard in his closing chapter, has not changed materially since the end of the Second Empire: there is the same irreducible opposition between naturalism and supernaturalism. The forms in which this opposition manifests itself would seem to the outsider to be more political than religious. Here at the end as elsewhere in the book the reviewer is haunted by the feeling that Professor Guérard has not worked out a sufficiently clear preliminary definition in his own mind of the nature of true religion. Hence a certain vagueness and inconclusiveness. To offset this fault, if it be one, the book has, in addition to its prime virtue of readableness, another eminent merit: it gives the facts (including the psychological facts) with such fulness and accuracy that the reader is as a rule put in a position to draw his own conclusions.

The Duab of Turkestan: A Physiographic Sketch and Account of Some Travels. By W. Rickmer Rickmers. With 207 maps, diagrams, and other illustrations. Cambridge University Press (University of Chicago Press, agents). $9 net.

A valuable book by an able scholar, and written in a style which makes its technical contributions pleasant reading—that, in a few words, may indicate the significance of this important volume.

The word "Duab" of the title denotes the land between the "two rivers" (*du ab*), Oxus and Jaxartes, in Central Asia. Exception might be taken to the adoption in the volume of the spelling of "Turkestan" (with an e), though it is the accepted English method of rendering the name of this region beyond the Caspian Sea, which philologists prefer to write as Turkistan as a more precise orthographic representation of the designation of the Turki land.

As to geographic boundaries, the author rightly emphasizes the fact that "what is known as Turkestan is an atmosphere." Yet Hamlet's cloud-comment to Polonius, "very like a whale," might serve to define roughly the territorial contour of this badly limited but physiographically important region near the Roof of the World. A glimpse at the outline map figured on the second page of the volume—the first of many excellent sketches and scientific drawings that supplement the photographic illustrations—would show the whale's head as spouting into the Sea of Aral, east of the Caspian, its belly as swallowing the products of most of the now Russian cities of Turkestan, and its flange-like tail as spreading one fluke towards the upper borders of India, while the other sweeps eastward towards Tibet and China.

Mr. Rickmers is a scholar qualified in high degree to represent British standards of research in this Asiatic Russian realm, and he shows his scientific acumen not only in the domain of physiography as a student of physical geography, geology, cartography, but also as an ethnologist and a true traveller, who observes and knows how to appreciate the spirit of the people whose land and customs he has made better known by his work. In every chapter lessons may be learned regarding a sympathetic treatment of the native folk among whom for the time an explorer's lot may be cast; and in these different expeditions, made several years apart, he was pluckily accompanied by his wife and a lady friend of hers, besides having the comradeship of a keen sportsman, Douglas Carruthers, whose sharp sight has lent more than one point to accurate observation.

The centres from which the several treks were made were the great historic cities of Samarkand and Bukhara, and the range of research always covered a radius of a couple of hundred miles in different directions. Much of the region abounds in high mountains, and as the author is an expert Alpine climber, his mountaineer spirit plays a part in nearly every chapter. The technical results of many of the ascents of unscaled peaks and glacier heights form a valuable part of the scientific contribution of the different excursions recorded in the work.

A thorough description of the physical features of the Duab leads up to a careful account of that life-giving artery, the River Zarafshan ("Gold-flowing" it is called), which descends from glacial elevations to water the region and lose itself in the sands round about Bukhara before reaching the Oxus. The Russian Government in Asia will doubtless take added note of the observations made in regard to problems of irrigation and the factors of desiccation involved in all this area when its officials have in hand the present volume, which their administrative aid helped forward by extending special courtesies to the author in his explorations.

Geologically the author's eye is ever open along the route through this out-of-the-way domain, and for that reason specialists in this line will mark with interest the trend of his advance. The geographer, moreover, will not fail to observe records of altitudes, of bearings, and of critical comments or inferences, that may be used to advantage hereafter. The traveller who is accustomed to caravan life in Persia and Central Asia will find parallels from experience in the conditions pictured on the road, though he might add the wish that the investigator's routes had been indicated in red upon one or other of the useful maps appended at the end of the book.

Throughout this volume, of between five hundred and six hundred pages, there

is much of humanity, much of the common-sense that is born of travel and experience in research, much of scientific investigation that can best be appreciated by those who know the Realm of the Rising Sun. And to summarize, there is an immense amount of resourceful material stored up in the eighteen chapters of the work. It is true that the archæologist may miss points which he would wish had not been overlooked; the antiquarian might lend lore from ancient texts to add color to some observations incidentally made; but both would agree that this did not come within the title and aim of the book, and would join in praise of the author's successful accomplishment of an attempt (as it is modestly called) "to combine a record of exploration with the teaching of a little elementary physiography."

Some might find fault with the technical make-up of this serviceable book. The English publishers are so skilled in turning out lightweight paper for their books that even a large tome can be easily held in the hand; but in the present volume the heavily weighted paper that was needed for combining the illustrations and letter-press on the same page, makes a ponderous volume to hold; and it does seem that some invention or device might provide for making such a book more handy.

Notes

President A. Lawrence Lowell's "Public Opinion and Popular Government" is soon to appear; it is a number of the American Citizen series, published by Longmans, Green, & Co.

The same house announces the first volume of "A History of England," by Prof. Edward P. Cheney.

Samuel Eliot Morison's Life of Harrison Gray Otis is in preparation by Houghton Mifflin.

The Yale University Press has in preparation two new historical works, "Puritan and West Indian Colonization," by Arthur P Newton, and "Studies in Taxation under John and Henry III," by S. K. Mitchell. The same press will issue "The Pulpit and the Pew," by Charles H. Parkhurst, and a volume of poems by Brian Hooker.

Autumn announcements of the Oxford University Press include the following: "The Primitive Church and Reunion," by W. Sanday; "The Christian Platonists of Alexandria," by Charles Bigg, revised edition, by F. E. Brightman; "Stoics and Sceptics," by E. R. Bevan; "A Companion to Classical Texts," by F. W. Hall; "Hellenica Oxyrhynchia," by E. M. Walker; "The Genesis of Lancaster," in two volumes, by Sir J. H. Ramsay; "Essays in Legal History" (The Legal Section of the Historical Congress of 1913), edited by Paul Vinogradoff; "The King's Council in the Middle Ages," by J. F. Baldwin; "The Rise and Fall of the High Commission," by R. G. Usher; "English Historical Literature in the Fifteenth Century," by C. L. Kingsford; "Maritime Enterprises, 1485-1558," by J. A. Williamson; "Life of Miguel de Cervantes," by J. Fitzmaurice Kelley; "Transatlantic Historical Solidarity," by C. F. Adams; "England's Parnassus, 1600," edited by Charles Crawford; "Essays and Studies by Members of the English Association," Vol. IV, collected by C. H. Herford; "The Collected Papers of Henry Sweet," edited by H. C. Wyld; "Oxford Historical and Literary Studies," issued under the direction of C. H. Firth and Walter Raleigh—1, "Elizabethan Rogues and Vagabonds and Their Representatives in Contemporary Literature," by Frank Aydelotte; II, "Anglo-Roman Relations, 1558-1565," by C. G. Bayne; III, "The House of Lords in the Reign of William III," by A. S. Turberville; "A History of Chess," by H J. R. Murray; "Les Documents chinois découverts par Aurel Stein dans les sables du Turkestan Oriental, publiés et traduits par Edouard Chavannes"; "Roman Town Planning," by F. Haverfield; "The Archæology of the Anglo-Saxon Settlements," by E. T. Leeds, and "Anecdota Oxoniensia," II, No. xii, "Theological Texts from Coptic Papyri," edited by W. E. Crum.

November 5 is the date of issue set by the Century Co. for Miss Maria Thompson Davies's new book, "The Tinder Box."

The following titles are brought out this week by Putnams: "A Short History of English Liberalism," by W. Lyon Blease; "The Trail of Lewis and Clark, a Story of the Great Exploration Across the Continent, 1804-1806," in two volumes, by O. D. Wheeler; "Sex Antagonism," by Walter Heape; Georges Ohnet's "The Eagle's Talon," adapted from the French by Helen Meyer, and "The Mountains about Williamstown," by George Lansing Raymond.

Elkin Mathews will publish the first of two forthcoming books on Irish literature by Alfred Perceval Graves. It is a volume of "Irish Literary and Musical Studies." The second work is called "Harp-Strings of the Gael," being a comprehensive anthology of English verse translations and adaptations from the Irish Gaelic; it will be issued by the Devin-Adair Co., of Fifth Avenue, New York.

Chapman & Hall announce "A History of the French People," in three volumes, by Mr. Belloc. The first volume will carry the story to the coronation of Hugh Capet.

To celebrate the attainment of his eightieth year by the French Orientalist, August Barth, on March 22 next, it is proposed to reissue his works in collected form. Besides his "Religions de l'Inde" and "Bulletins des religions de l'Inde," the collection will include many essays which have appeared in periodicals. The subscription price of thirty francs may be sent to M. Ernest Leroux, 28 Rue Bonaparte, Paris. After publication the charge will be forty francs.

The home country of R. L. Stevenson is carefully examined in a work to be published next month by Francis Watt, through Methuen. The book deals largely with the scenery of the novels and plays, and there is a critical estimate of Stevenson as man and writer.

The Biographical edition of the works of James Whitcomb Riley, which is announced by Bobbs-Merrill, will include, besides 220 poems, Riley's prose works and a sketch, largely in his own words, of his life and literary career.

A selection from the letters of the late Edward Dowden will be published under the editorship of his widow. Mrs. Dowden would be glad to receive any letters from her husband which should, for one reason or another, form a part of such an issue. They may be sent to Rockdale, Orwell Road, Rathgar, Dublin; she will return them to their owners after using.

Also, a series of one hundred and one lyrics, called "A Woman's Reliquary" and supposed to be by Dowden since he signs himself editor, will shortly come from the Cuala Press of Miss Elizabeth Yeats, sister of the poet Yeats.

The Lake Mohonk Conference on International Arbitration offers a first prize of $200 and a second prize of $100 for the best essays on "International Peace," by undergraduate women students of any college or university in the United States; and a prize of $100 for the best essay on "International Arbitration" by an undergraduate man student of any college or university in the United States or Canada. In neither instance should the essays, which must be submitted not later than March 15, 1914, exceed 5,000 words.

The brief autobiographical notes of W. Hale White, issued by his son as "The Early Life of Mark Rutherford" (Oxford University Press), were composed only a few years ago, and reflect the grave and sad disillusions of a mind naturally radical which mark the exquisite pages also of "Pages from a Journal" and "More Pages from a Journal." Of the early events of Mr. White's life we could already conjecture a good deal from the half-autobiographical pages of the books which gave a kind of fame to the name of "Mark Rutherford," but it is pleasant to have these franker pictures of his youth in Bedford and his early manhood in London. Looking back on the results of his expulsion from a Methodistic college for unorthodoxy, he writes these pregnant words:

> It would be a mistake to suppose that the creed in which I had been brought up was or could be for ever cast away like an old garment. The beliefs of childhood and youth cannot be thus dismissed. I know that in after years I found that in a way they revived under new forms, and that I sympathized more with the Calvinistic Independency of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries than with the modern Christianity of church and chapel. At first, after the abandonment of orthodoxy, I naturally thought nothing in the old religion worth retaining, but this temper did not last long. Many mistakes may be pardoned in Puritanism in view of the earnestness with which it insists on the distinction between right and wrong. This is vital. In modern religion the path is flowery. The absence of difficulty is a sure sign that no good is being done. How far we are from the strait gate, from the way that is narrow which leadeth unto life, the way which is found only by few! The great doctrines of Puritanism are also much nearer to the facts of actual experience than we suppose.

The keynote of Mark Rutherford's musings are in those words. He was preeminently a Victorian, with the sanguine enthusiasm of the Victorians tempered by the restraint of self-knowledge, believing in reform and progress and change, but dreading the license of irresponsibility; casting off old dogmas, but holding to the

moral ideas which underlay them. In his later years he felt as one belonging to a vanished world, and it is fitting that the last pages of these autobiographical notes should contain a glowing apology for the age which the present day patronizes so contemptuously. Mr. White cannot be classed with the great makers of the age he admires, but his novels have the peculiar fascination of modest veracity, and in the two little volumes of his "Journals" may be found, and will long be cherished by a few readers, some of the finest and subtlest, yet least obtrusive, reflections in modern English literature.

Many readers will be pleased to learn that Macmillans have issued the Works of Charles Lamb in an edition somewhat smaller and less expensive than that published by them a few years ago. Mr. E. V. Lucas, the editor in both cases, explains the relation between tho two editions:

This edition is the same as that in seven large volumes published between 1903 and 1905, except that it has been revised and amended and arranged in more companionable shape. Some new matter is included; some doubtful matter has been removed; and the notes, although occasionally enriched, have been reduced in number and often condensed. For completer annotation as well as for portraits and accessory illustrations, the old edition must be consulted.

The present issue is in six light volumes, each of which bears on the red cloth cover a symbolic design in gilt made by Mr. Bedford out of such details as the coats of arms of Christ's Hospital and the Inner Temple, the bells of St. Dunstan's Church, so much beloved by Lamb, and the sprite and the candles of Betty. Of the new matter introduced the most important comprises a number of letters of Charles and Mary Lamb which until recently had been inaccessible. Six hundred and eighteen letters are included, and reference is made to other letters, or abstracts of them are given, which for reasons of copyright cannot be used. There are also several poems not to be found in the large edition. As the editor remarks, "there are probably still many copies of album verses which have not yet seen the light." From the "Books for Children" have been omitted the original pictures, together with the apocryphal "Beauty and the Beast." These must be sought in the older issue. In each volume is a preface pointing out the modifications deemed necessary for this latest edition. These, when a just balance of the additions and omissions is struck, make the present work scarcely less valuable than the older.

Among the new volumes in the World's Classics, issued by the Oxford University Press, is a selection of "Poems by Byron," which, on the whole, shows good judgment on the part of the unnamed editor. We think "The Prophecy of Dante" and "The Lament of Tasso" might have given place to longer and more characteristic extracts from "Don Juan," and some will think too many of the "Hebrew Melodies" are included; but the best of Byron is here, and it is almost astonishingly good. A selection of the "Poems of Shelley," in the same library, includes "Prometheus Unbound," "The Cenci," and "Adonais," with a number of the best of his shorter pieces. Other new volumes are: "Poems of Milton," "The Entail," by John Galt, "Lizzie Leigh and Other Tales," by Elizabeth Gaskell, "Felix Holt, the Radical" and "Romola," by George Eliot, and "Lorna Doone."

Those who have delighted in Benjamin Silliman's "Journal of Travels in England, Holland, and Scotland in 1805-6" will find pleasure in the similar but shorter journal of "England in 1815" (Houghton Mifflin), by a young Boston merchant named Joseph Ballard. Whereas Silliman went to study chemistry and buy books for the Yale library, Ballard went primarily on business matters and naturally has more to say of agriculture and trade than his more learned predecessor. He noted the progress of inventions—street-lighting by gas, coal cars drawn by steam locomotives, hydraulic presses, and salt-mining works—and also the misery and squalor of the little children and their drunken parents in the new "manufactories." Besides attending church piously twice a day on Sunday, he found plenty of leisure to frequent the theatres and be mildly shocked at dancers so thinly clad "that I think a New England audience would not have tolerated them." His republican patriotism leads him to observe that the cost of keeping six cream-colored horses in the King's mews "amounts to more than President Madison's salary." The journal is well worth reading, and it is a pity his descendants in making it public should have limited it to a few hundred numbered copies at a relatively high price.

"Money Changing" (Dutton) affords Hartley Withers another opportunity to show how clearly and entertainingly he can talk on intricate and, to the ordinary person, dry subjects. This work is an introduction to the study of foreign exchange, and pertinent indeed is Mr. Withers's use of Anatole France's phrase, "La science est infaillible; mais les savants se trompent toujours." The subject taxes the clearest minds. "It is awful to read on the currency," says Walter Bagehot, "and to read on the currencies of tho nations and their prices as expressed in one another is awful with an awesomeness that is world-wide and appalling." There is, however, nothing awesome or appalling in the present work. It remains true that in international finance things show a constant tendency to work out in defiance of established principles. "These confounded exchanges only seem to work the wrong way," once exclaimed a London bill broker. But Mr. Withers is able to point out the modifying and often obscure factors which occasion these departures from theoretical doctrine. Sound economic training and shrewd common-sense enable him to navigate treacherous seas with ease, and to calm the fears of timid souls. In this country, in particular, nothing is so terrifying to statesmen, bankers, and men of ordinary affairs as an excess of imports. But even in England, where such an excess occurs year after year, there is a manifest fear. Mr. Withers's treatment of this chimera is thoroughly typical. It introduces one to a situation which seems complicated solely because one has to keep his eyes on so many facts at the same time. Keeping an eye on easily obscured facts is a *sine qua non* in the study of foreign exchange. The chief merit of the work before us is that it makes it easier for us to recognize landmarks when we encounter them in the future.

J. M. Robertson's "Evolution of States" (Putnam) begins with the assertion that politics is the strife of wills on the ground of social action. From the author's own showing, that result has been far from happy. His sketch of Roman political evolution ends in darkness, and matters were no better with Greece. The Greek democracies in their different ways split upon the rock that wrecked the Roman Republic: there was no general mental development commensurate with the political problems that arose for solution, and there was no approach to sound economics. Solon prepared the ground for the democratic structure of the later Athenian polity. Floated over the first reef by him, the Athenians never found a pilot to clear the second—the principle of group-enmity. Upon that the Hellenic civilization finally foundered. The truth is, Greece fell because her children never transcended, in conception or in practice, that primary ethic of egoism in which even love for one's country is only a reflex of hate for another people. This is clear in the whole play of the astounding hatreds of Athenians for Athenians through every struggle of Athens for her life. It is the prevailing conscienceless ness, the universal lust to tyrannize, that really consummates the political dissolution. The moral for modern democracies is that to flourish they must have peace. They must sooner or later practice a scientific and humane restraint of population; they must check inequality, which is the fountain of domestic strife; and they must maintain a progressive and scientific culture. This, from the author's own admissions, is easier said than done. We journey with him along the course of Greek, Roman, and Saracen development, all the while chanting, "I passed by the walls of Balclutha; and they were desolate!" And if we fix our gaze on Italian civilization of the Middle Age and the Renaissance, we find that the "petty done" is still dwarfed by "the undone vast." Nor is it a cheerful course that we steer in traversing the seas of modern civilization. This is not preëminently an Age of Faith, and yet it is to our faith that our author makes his final appeal. Considered as a tale that is told, that past, he declares, seems to speak of nothing but blind impulse, narrow horizons, insane satisfactions in evil achievement, grotesque miscalculation, and vain desire. He even cites Leopardi to testify that "as to all this activity, I can divine no use and no fruition." But does it not tax our credulity to be told, in the next breath, that with the science of universal evolution has come the faith in unending betterment? It will strike the reader that our author rests his case too soon.

It is hard to understand what purpose can be served by such a work as "Russia in Europe and Asia" (McClurg), by Joseph King Goodrich. Aside from some sensible comments on contemporary politics, honesty is its only merit; excerpts from tho Century Dictionary, tho Encyclopædia Britannica, and other sources almost equally obvious to persons seeking instruction on Russia, are faithfully put within quotation marks. The volume is a jumble of miscellaneous information derived from other books, supplemented by remarks based on the author's railway trips in the Rus-

sian Empire; the whole is worked up without accuracy, proportion, or literary style. At the close there is added a seven-page list of books on Russia, good, bad, and indifferent, with no indication of their comparative value.

The main stress in "The Malay Peninsula" (Scribner), by Arnold Wright and Thomas H. Reid, is laid on the record of British progress in Malaya, and the work accordingly furnishes an interesting counterpart to the "Pacification of Burma," described in these columns several months ago as a work showing the mode of introducing the *pax Britannica* and the resultant benefits in every way to the regions brought under English sway. The manifold disadvantages of Bencoolen as a centre for its activities led the East India Company in 1786 to turn to Penang. As the authors point out, England is largely indebted for this achievement—which marks the foundation of all the British possessions in Malaya—to the insight of Francis Light, whose merits have met with undeserved oblivion. After Penang, Malacca was occupied, next Singapore, the latter being selected as a commercial site by the famous Sir T. Stamford Raffles. The general history and development of the British States in Malaya—Wellesley, Dindings, Malacca, and Singapore—as well as of the Protected States—Kedah, Kelantan, Tringanu, and Johor—are fully indicated, and a special chapter is devoted to their legislative and administrative systems, another being given to an account of the means of communication.

A good account is furnished of the tin mines of Malaya at the present time, and it is stated that 11,118 tons of rubber, valued at £5,925,000, and furnishing employment to 227,985 laborers, was the output of Malaya in 1911. Before many years, it is estimated, the output will be 72,000 tons annually, which suggests by contrast the wasteful system in vogue in South America. Business administration is almost entirely in the hands of Europeans and Chinese; a few Parsis are prominent at Singapore. The bulk of the tin miners are Chinese; in the planting industries the great majority employed are Indians, especially Tamils. Indeed, the Indian population of Malaya increased in the decade 1901-1911 at a rate of 195.4 per cent., as contrasted with a Chinese increase of 43.7 per cent. The future of the Malay Peninsula is full of hope, and the authors are wise in deeming that its best interests lie in its incorporation with the Indian Empire. In regard to the ancient history of the region, there is room for considerable investigation, and at least a summary of what is already known should have been given—for example, the information recorded in Lassen's "Indische Alterthumskunde." Discussion of "manners, customs, and occupations" is also disappointingly meagre and lacking in first-hand information.

Reuben Thomas Durrett, at one time editor of the Louisville *Daily Courier*, died at his home in that town on the 17th inst. He was eighty-nine years old. Mr. Durrett was the head of the Filson Club, an organization of scientists and men of letters famous in the South. The meetings were always held in his fine old library, on the shelves of which were about 50,000 volumes—a collection of Americana which he began early in life. Mr. Durrett was educated at Georgetown College and at Brown University. He practiced law in Louisville from 1850 to 1880, and was president of the Public Library of Kentucky in 1884. He was the author of "The Life and Times of John Filson," "Historical Sketch of St. Paul's Church," and "Centenary of Kentucky."

Prof. Alfonso Gerald Newcomer, since 1891 a member of the faculty of Leland Stanford Jr. University, died last week at Palo Alto, Cal. He was born in 1864, and graduated from the University of Michigan in 1887. He was the author of "Practical Course in English Composition," "Elements of Rhetoric," and "English Literature."

Eliakum Zunser, the Yiddish poet and one of the most picturesque figures of the East Side in New York, died on Monday. He was born nearly seventy-seven years ago in Russia, where he lived until 1890. He was as popular a poet in his native land as here, but was forced to emigrate on account of the persecution of the police. His best work is represented by such songs as "The Bell and the Mail Wagon," "The Railway," "The New World," "Slaves Were We," "The Scythe," in which he urged the Jews to go back to the soil, and his play "The Sale of Joseph," said to be the first Yiddish drama. While in this country Zunser wrote songs mainly in defence of American liberty and American institutions.

Dr. James Orr, who died recently in his seventieth year, was professor of systematic theology and apologetics in the United Free Church College, Glasgow, and was the author of many books. The most notable of these is "The Christian View of God and the World."

Science

FINE GASTRONOMY.

Food and Flavor: A Gastronomic Guide to Health and Good Living. By Henry T. Finck. Illustrations by Charles S. Chapman. New York: The Century Co. $2 net.

This is properly not a book, but a tract, a *concio ad populum*, a clangorous appeal to every man and every woman to mend their dietetic ways. Mr. Finck is a writer of high training and long experience; it is perfectly easy for him to be academic and to follow the canons, but he has not chosen to do this. The result is a volume about as free from "literary" savor as a book can well be. Since he has taken such a course, it is well-nigh unavoidable not to make some reflections on his performance in much the same spirit as that in which he has written.

The main thesis of the work is the paramount importance of Flavor (always with a capital F) in the consideration of food value. We are emphatically and constantly reminded that it is not the taste but the flavor which gives us our basis of judgment of the merit or demerit of food. The old dogma, *de gustibus non est disputandum*, must go to the wall. The very thing we are to dispute about is the question of taste, or rather of flavor. But he who discards dogmas is likely to offer other dogmas of his own, and it is quite possible that any one with the boldness to dispute our author in regard to his dietetic convictions might find a bitter adversary.

What, then, is this Flavor, this quality in food that is of such transcendent importance? Mr. Finck does not make it wholly clear, but if we understand him aright it is a sort of breathing with the mouth and tasting with the nose, or rather a combination of both. Perhaps a clear idea can be formed of what he means by taking a sip of any delicate cordial, say, chartreuse, and expelling the aroma of it from the mouth through the nose—the reverse process of smelling. That this interpretation of flavor differs from what we usually call taste and smell seems fairly evident. A cheese which is vile-smelling certainly is often of agreeable flavor, thus proving that smell and flavor are not identical. There are few tastes, as Mr. Finck shows—a taste, according to him, is either bitter, salt, sweet, sour, metallic, or alkaline. According to modern psychologists there are but four. However this may be, there certainly are no such *nuances* in tastes as in flavors. It is strange that he should be the first to discover so important a feature of the mystery of eating. If what he says is true, and there is no reason to doubt it, then it must be reserved for the highly-trained to get the full delights of a good dish, for it seems to be a conscious process.

Broad is the domain covered by Mr. Finck in his chase for food worthy of his best attention. Copenhagen fish, Italian pastes, German and English hams, American pie, cheese of every nation and clime—nothing is too delicate or too lowly to escape his shrewd attention provided that the food is honest and pleasing. It is true that the subject Flavor is often lost sight of, and here again Mr. Finck's long experience of quite another sort stands him in good stead. Primarily, he is a musical critic, and he knows just what to do when he seems to lose the thread of narrative. Just as we are beginning to wonder what all these charmingly informal but most instructive pages have to do with Flavor, suddenly a horn (in this case a dinner-horn) sounds in the distance, and lo! the *leit-motif* appears and we are once more skilfully involved in the arguments in regard to Flavor and its relations to food, the whole process is highly operatic.

Deeply informed as is the author on his subject, the book is one that the wayfaring man may read and profit thereby. In speaking, for instance, of the Italian pastes he mentions the best

kinds in a very helpful way. He might have added a chapter on the arrogance and ignorance of the modern grocer, who makes up his mind what his customers ought to purchase, and then closes it to all argument. Another chapter Mr. Finck might have written entertainingly and instructively on that painfully large class in the community who don't like this and don't like that —the persons of a restricted dietary. There is so much food to be had, and most of it on the whole is so nourishing and palatable, that there is really little excuse for parents allowing their children to grow up with ill-trained and really vulgar caprices. In later life, a child, untrained in this simple but important matter, has eventually to suffer from the neglect.

Every one, we are insistently told, should eat a sour salad once a day, using more vinegar, and good vinegar at that, than is usually called for in the books. It is only necessary to walk through the "foreign" parts of any large city to be made aware that salads are by no means rich men's food. The poor really live well, if we read Mr. Finck aright—so also do some of the rich, but not all. It is the middle sort, leaning too heavily on their steaks and chops, who suffer when the prices of beef and mutton rise, for they lack knowledge and imagination, and have as yet nowhere to turn for succor, unless they enlist under Mr. Finck's banner.

In spite of some disheartening remarks at the beginning about our gastronomic conditions, towards the end of his tale Mr. Finck brightens visibly and sees a glorious dietetic future for this country. And why, indeed, should not his hopes be realized? While other countries stick for the most part to their own established dietaries, we are getting an astonishing familiarity with the foods and eating customs of all Christendom and even of heathenesse. Any day at noon in the downtown parts of all cities, you shall see stout and rosy butchers, once scornful of all food but the eternal rump steak or pork chop, now up to the eyebrows in the joyous excitement of Italian ravioli or Hungarian goulash, or German rinderbrust. Bismarck herring, Spanish omelet, the humble Chinese chop-suey, Mexican enchilada, West Indian avocados, all these and many other good things are no longer weird novelties to the American palate, and Mr. Finck cheers us with the assurance that we eat them because they have distinct and often delicious flavor. Shall we blame him if he breaks forth into ecstatic murmurings of delight? Were he not an idealist at heart, our Puritanism might revolt at his comparison of his first taste of alligator-pear to the "discovery of a new song of Schubert or Grieg, or a new painting by Titian."

Putting the French first in gastronomic matters, Mr. Finck is not subservient. He defends, for instance, the early American breakfast as against the Gallic coffee and roll, and on his unfurled standard is inscribed the word "pie" *à la mort*. He is, however, altogether too severe on our custom of flavoring pies. It must be that he has never yet eaten an apple pie, flavored with a leaf of rose-geranium, and served to him by an American housewife bred on the best traditions. There is still a thrill left for him if he has not eaten this sort of pie. Since he is so utterly loyal to the best of our national achievements in good dishes, it is a pity that he found no place for some eulogium on salt-fish dinners, and that even greater achievement, the New England boiled dinner, glowing with the colors of the solar spectrum. He might, too, have struck a somewhat louder string by lauding our various chowders, the greatest of which are the clam and quahaug varieties. He does, however, speak with fervor of potato-salad, "one of Germany's great contributions to the world's gastronomic treasures." His view of American cheese is gloomy, and it might be possible to quarrel with one who omits Gorgonzola from his list of the great world-cheeses. Roquefort stands at the top in his estimation.

A somewhat cheerful tone runs through the remarks on "sea food," as some of our frowzy restaurants insist upon calling it, although Mr. Finck raises the hue and cry against all frozen fish. He does not seem to make any discrimination in favor of "chilled" fish, notwithstanding the fact that such useful food as halibut and salmon can now be carried in a reasonably good condition to places where a few years ago they were virtually unknown. He makes, however, the suggestion that the innumerable ponds in this country might well be stocked, as is so extensively done in Germany. This is not the only suggestion in this remarkable work which, if followed out, might lead to the making of good livings and even of comfortable fortunes. Several of his hints, pointing towards livelihoods for women, while not wholly novel, are so strongly put that, by not telling what they are, we hope to excite the curiosity of a sex thought not to be absolutely without it. To return, not to our muttons, but to our fish, Mr. Finck believes sole to be the best kind in the "wide, wide world," though he has kindly thoughts for other kinds, and even defends eels, accepting the German variety as perfectly free from the traditional dietetic habits of this humble member of its family. So valiant a defender of an animal with as bad a reputation as the eel, naturally receives in a catholic spirit the favorable comparison made by a friend of python's liver with terrapin.

"While haddock is by no means rated among the finest fishes, finnan haddie is one of the very best of cured fishes" —thus Mr. Finck (p. 427); but it has often occurred to lovers of fish food that were haddock as scarce and high-priced as salmon or striped bass, epicures would make much of it. We do tire of trout, even when cooked in cream; but the modest haddock—a far choicer fish than cod, both as to flavor and the quality of its flesh—is what President Eliot might call "a durable satisfaction," like bread or apples. As for sole, it is a good, a most delectable fish, but has Mr. Finck ever tasted a really fresh scup? Or must one have Cape Cod blood in his veins to appreciate scup at its true value?

In all this agreeable medley of sound advice about all manner of edible things, it seems not to have entered into Mr. Finck's mind that some human beings are not fitted to enjoy the whole of earth's bounty. There are, beyond a certain age, arteries to be considered before we indulge ourselves, as he would have us, in juicy meats or nutritious peas and beans. In bidding us to eat at least once a day a sour salad with plenty of vinegar, he does not seem fully to realize how many of us, alas! are unable to take acids so freely. The proteids and the carbohydrates, the careful proportioning of foods to digestions—such considerations as these appear to weigh lightly on Mr. Finck's gastronomic conscience.

So brimming are these pages with good nature, the hopeful American spirit, the evident wish to do good, and to make people healthier and happier, that it is an easy thing to forgive the lack of orderly precision, the violent explosions of personal feeling or belief, the frequent "journalistic" nature of the style. The faults seem small when the real good accomplished is so great.

The Century Co. is bringing out "Algebra, First Course," by Prof. W. C. Brenke and Miss Edith Long.

Another textbook on "The Teaching of Arithmetic" (American Book Company), by Alva Walker Stamper, has been added to the long list of similar works. One sometimes wonders why the teacher of arithmetic to children needs so portentous an amount of method. Apparently, a knowledge of the number concepts of the Hindus and the Egyptians is essential to these teachers. And even multiplication and division are erudite subjects and not to be trifled with, although children, in the past, could be taught them readily without such pedagogical intricacies. Elementary schoolteachers are as patient as animals on the vivisection table.

Dr. John Green Curtis, of New York city, a physiologist and joint author of the "American Textbook of Physiology," died in his summer home at Chatham, Mass., on Saturday. He was sixty-eight years old, and was a half-brother of the late George William Curtis. Graduating from Harvard

in 1866 and from the College of Physicians and Surgeons in this city in 1870, Dr. Curtis became a professor in the latter institution, after having first served ten years as surgeon at Bellevue Hospital. In 1909 he was made emeritus professor of physiology.

Drama

Enthusiastic scenes were witnessed in the Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, at the close of the last performance of the Shakespeare Festival, which was running during the whole of August. Amid much cheering, presentations were made to the artists, and congratulatory speeches followed by the chairman of the Memorial Association, Mr. Flower, and Mr. Benson, the director of the dramatic performances, on the unprecedented success of this year's celebrations. Visitors from all parts of Great Britain had attended, also 500 teachers and students for the School of Folk Song and Dance, held in connection with the festival. A remarkable month's programme included eleven of Shakespeare's plays, also modern plays by Bernard Shaw and John Masefield, Lord Lytton's "Richelieu," a series of Warwickshire and Worcestershire village children's plays, organized by Lady Isabel Margesson; a morality play of "Job," arranged by Miss Sybil Amherst, and performed by the Norwich players; the drama of Glastonbury, presented by Bedford students; performances by Dunmow players, and a beautiful production of a Harvest Masque by Stratford townfolk. Morris dances and folk songs, organized by the English Folk Dance Society, under the direction of Mr. Cecil Sharp, and lectures on dramatic and art subjects by eminent lecturers, also figured in the programme.

"Years of Discretion," which had a long run in this city—when it had the advantage of Belasco's stage management—has been produced in London, where it has met with a somewhat cool reception from the critics. The fact is that it is weak in spots. About two-thirds of it is light comedy of an uncommonly good sort, but the remaining third is full of clumsy exaggeration. The London critics judge it by its deficiencies rather than its merits.

"Interlopers" is the title of a new comedy by H. M. Harwood, which Messrs. Vedrenne and Eadie are producing in the London Royalty Theatre. It is understood to deal with the question whether husband or children ought to be the first care of a wife, and is said to be written in a light vein.

Speaking of John Galsworthy's new play, soon to be produced in the London Court Theatre, an English theatrical writer says:

"The Fugitive," as it is named, is likely to prove the author's most serious contribution as yet to the stage. It is a drama of strong situations, and written in a frankly outspoken vein. The leading character is that of a woman, married but childless, who, breaking away from class traditions, bravely faces the world, prepared to accept whatsoever consequences may result from that step. It should perhaps be mentioned that the play has been in existence for some time, but has been held back until certain conditions of production could be assured.

John Henry Jack, better known as John Jack, who died last week in the Home for Retired Actors, at Springbrook, near Holmesburg, Pa., was, in his day, one of the best-known players on the American stage. Born in Philadelphia in 1836, he became call boy in the Walnut Street Theatre when he was sixteen years old, and gradually made his way upward, until, in the course of time, he won recognition as a thoroughly qualified performer. He furnished the first proof of his superior quality in a performance of Sir Peter Teazle, for which he was impressed in an emergency, and thereafter he was assigned chiefly to the parts of "old men," in which he soon became proficient. It was his size, doubtless, that first suggested his impersonation of Falstaff, in which he was popular for many years. Edwin Forrest was in the heyday of his success when Jack became a prominent member of his company. In the season of 1853-54 he was a member of the company at the Chestnut Street Theatre, which included Joseph Jefferson, John Gilbert, John Sleeper Clark, and Lizzie Western. Then he went to a theatre at Richmond, Va., and returned to Philadelphia to become a member of the company at the National Theatre. He was not in any respect a great actor, but he was a performer of all-round excellence. In later years he offered a notable piece of characterization in his Sir John D'Urberville in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles."

Music

HIGH MUSIC AND PLAIN AMERICANISM.

The reviewers have generally spoken of the new venture at the Century in New York as an experiment in opera in English. But its real significance, of course, is that it is not primarily an experiment in English opera, but an experiment in cheap opera. If the problem were one of language only, a solution might conceivably be approached in other ways. Thus it is not impossible that Caruso or Farrar or Fremstad could be induced, by arguments to which the artistic soul is not at all insensible, to sing in English if the patriotism of Metropolitan audiences so demanded. But because the primary purpose on Central Park West is to give opera at popular prices, a thing which can be done only with artists not of the first order, it was inevitable that the patriotic motive should be called upon to make up for the lack of first-rate talent; and properly. It is well to recognize that the success of the new opera house depends only in minor degree on whether the Century audience can follow the English libretto with greater ease than the Metropolitan audience follows the Italian, the French, or the German. The real question is whether a New York audience can be persuaded to listen to good music which labors under the disadvantage of being offered at moderate prices.

This fact was clearly in the minds of the reviewers when they set themselves to argue that, after all, the quality of opera which people will get at the Century is equal to that which is offered in most European cities. It is a brave attempt to combat the national habit which insists on having the best, or nothing at all. It is an attempt that certainly deserves to succeed. If the general choice were really one between the very best music and no music at all, it would not be so bad. But an American public rather reasons in this way: if we cannot afford to pay six dollars to hear Caruso, then we will go to hear the Alabama Choo-Choo Rag. Thus the cult of only the best becomes, for the great majority, the cult of the worst. Good second-class opera may do for the people of Munich and Budapest, but will never do for the uncrowned American sovereign; so the uncrowned sovereign goes in for the music of musical comedy. How is this essentially snobbish attitude of the great New York public to be combated? Perhaps as good a way as any is to keep on citing Munich and Budapest, until native complacency is stirred to the point of confessing that Munich and Budapest are neither of them "one-horse" towns, and that opera which is good enough for them may be worth listening to, after all. So let us hope that Munich and Budapest will continue to be flung at our reluctant public. But another good way, good because direct, is to mince no words at all about this stupid snobbery which rejects the beautiful things of life because beauty is not always to be had in its "swellest" and most expensive form.

We believe in the efficacy of hard words when it comes to assailing a bad tradition, because plain speaking will hearten the slaves of a bad tradition to rise and mutiny against their fate. Custom is often imposed on the many by the few. There must be a great many people in New York, people of simple tastes and right aspirations, who, because they cannot have the best, would be happy with the next best if they were not ashamed. They are the victims of an expensive and shoddy standard, created by the comfortably rich and supported by the eighteen-dollar-a-week clerk who thinks that "life" means two-dollar seats in the theatre for himself and his best girl. Why should it be necessary to quote the example of Munich and Budapest? Among New York city's five millions there must be Munichs and Budapests and Milans and Dresdens; large population-groups, that is, of honest provincial taste, who, if they followed their natural inclinations, would be happy with second-class opera and a second-class seat at a good play; but they are terrorized by the traditions of the great American spender. That terror, we

imagine, is on the decline. The opera experiment at the Century, if it succeeds, will thus have a significance extending beyond its special field. It will be the index of a wholesome change in the general attitude of the people towards the things of life that are worth while.

Louis Koemmenich begins his second season as conductor of the New York Oratorio Society with rehearsals on September 25. The sole novelty of the season will be an oratorio, "Ruth," by Georg (not Robert) Schumann. It is set for December 5. On December 26 and 27, "The Messiah" will be sung for the 84th and 85th times by this society. On March 28 will be the society's third performance of Beethoven's Mass in D. A final concert, scheduled for April 25, will be devoted to a capella music. The programme of this has not yet been arranged. This final event will mark the 231st "regular" concert of the society. There will be twenty-seven regular rehearsals on Thursday nights and twenty-five extra, men and women separate, for Tuesday nights. The concerts will be given as usual in Carnegie Hall, which has been renovated during the summer, and the accompaniment will be by the orchestra of the New York Symphony Society.

New York music-lovers had the chance last season to hear 381 high-class concerts, besides about 300 lighter musical entertainments. Of orchestral concerts alone there were 106, of which the Philharmonic provided 44, the New York Symphony Orchestra 25, and the Boston Orchestra 10. The indications are that the present season will be equally busy, if not more so, for there will be three opera companies.

Mexico has spent $10,000,000 on an opera house in the capital city. The Government also contributes about $100,000 a year towards the support of the National Conservatory of Music in that city. Connected with it are about fifty teachers, mostly Mexicans. To specially talented pupils scholarships are awarded entitling them to a course of study in Europe. At the opera the audience imitates the Italian custom of hissing a singer who happens to emit an imperfect tone.

The Mozart Society of this city has procured Charles Wakefield Cadman for a concert to be given on December 6. On October 9 he appears in Minneapolis, with the Indian girl, Tsianina Redfeather, in his "Indian Music Talk," and a recital at which his new trio will be heard. Later on this trio will appear in Pittsburgh.

A "Syllabus of Kentucky Folk Song" has been published by Hubert G. Shearin and Josiah H. Combs. The contents are divided into song-ballads, love-songs, dance-songs, number-songs, lullabies, jigs, ditties, etc. The music of the Kentucky mountain folk is described as a survival of the British and Irish music of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, which was transmitted to the colonies orally. Some of the rhymes and tunes, however, are obviously taken from more recent vaudeville and "musical comedy" performances.

The report comes from London that several wealthy men are to assist Thomas Beecham in building a new theatre with a seating capacity of 4,000, in which operas will be performed in English and other languages at vaudeville prices—which are from about 12 cents to $1.25 a seat.

Edgar Stillman Kelley writes about "MacDowell's Ideal Realized" in the *Musical Courier*. The Peterboro, N. H., home of America's foremost composer was to him a great source of inspiration, and he keenly realized how much such environment might mean to those less fortunate. Thanks to Mrs. MacDowell's efforts, the MacDowell Memorial Association now, as Mr. Kelley remarks,

> not only offers a rare retreat for the artist of acknowledged attainments in search of a quiet working place, but also affords similar oportunities to those whose careers are still in a formative stage. . . . The rustic studios are scattered throughout the forests of the large estate of four hundred acres, and those occupied by musicians are always sufficiently remote from the others to avoid any disturbance to fellow-composers. . . . The colony started six years ago with three art workers, a sculptor, a writer, and a musician. Now, even with the increased number of studios, the quarters are too cramped to accommodate fifteen, while new applicants are constantly being refused. Herein we already see the fulfilment of prophecies made by Richard Watson Gilder, Howard Mansfield, and others, who steadfastly maintained the value and practicability of a scheme which, at the outset, was held as visionary and impossible by all the world.

Art

Greek Refinements: Studies in Temperamental Architecture. By William Henry Goodyear. New Haven: The Yale University Press. $10.

It is now a matter of common knowledge that the lines of Greek temples are not absolutely straight, but consist of a series of subtle curves, hardly perceptible to the naked eye in many cases, but occurring with such regularity that, in the opinion of most modern authorities, they can only have been produced intentionally.* The discovery of these curves is, however, of comparatively recent date. It was first made by Joseph Hopper and John Pennethorne, and published by the former in 1838. Once attention was drawn to this subject, its importance was recognized, and, in 1851, appeared Penrose's famous book, entitled "An Investigation of the Principles of Athenian Architecture," in which these Greek refinements were thoroughly discussed. This book is still the standard work on the subject; and in the more recent publications on Greek architecture the results then obtained are naturally always quoted.

Professor Goodyear has long been specially interested in this important feature of Greek architecture and has devoted many years to its study. The present publication is the result of these investigations, and is to be succeeded in the near future, we understand, by another volume on refinements in mediæval architecture. As Mr. Goodyear points out, a great mass of additional material has been accumulated since the publication of Penrose's book, and a new treatment of the subject was much needed. His object has been to provide a summary of the observations of the first workers in this field, as well as of all later publications dealing with this subject. He addresses his book both to the general public and to the specialist. For the former he has tried to produce a "readable book"; for the latter he has tried to produce an "exhaustive treatment" in a "scientific spirit."

If for no other reason, Mr. Goodyear's book is valuable for its numerous illustrations, some of which are of astonishing excellence. They include one hundred and twenty subjects, among them a number of photographs of the Greek horizontal curves in the South Italian and Sicilian Greek temples, which are the only extant photographs on this subject for these temples.

Mr. Goodyear draws attention to a popular modern opinion, which he deems a fallacy, namely, that the Greek curves were intended to correct an optical illusion and to make the architectural lines look straight. According to him, this was not the reason, the curves being dictated by the Greek architects' "sentiment of beauty," in other words, not because they preferred the appearance of straight lines, and, therefore, made their lines curved, so as to appear straight, but because they preferred curved lines.

With regard to the text in general, it is undeniably suggestive and it will probably stimulate a wholesome interest in this subject. The chief fault of the book is that it falls between two stools. It is neither a popular handbook nor a strictly scientific work. In spite of the author's attempt to make it readable, it is full of technical language which is too abstract for general reading, and it abounds in discouraging sentences, such as this: "Greek refinements . . . are purposed departures from the supposedly geometrical regularity of the horizontal and perpendicular lines in the Greek temples, and from the prescribed mathematical equality of their apparently corresponding dimensions and spaces." It is, of course, a question whether so technical a subject can be made popular. In any case, Mr. Goodyear does not seem to us to have succeeded in doing so; he has only impaired the scientific value of his work by a discursive style and by a somewhat too personal tone.

*J. Durm, in his *Baukunst der Griechen* (1910), p. 120 ff., is still of the opinion that the horizontal curves were not intentional but were produced in most cases in the course of time.

Finance

DIRECTORS AND THEIR TRUST.

It is natural that the misfortunes of the New Haven Railroad should focus the attention of the investing public upon the question of responsibility for faulty management, whether in the direction of financing or operation, for apparently the conduct of the New Haven road has in both respects left something to be desired. Without assuming to fix the blame upon anybody in particular for the shortcomings in either respect, it is not too much to say that this company's troubles may serve to point a moral which applies in greater or less degree to most railway companies in the United States; at least in one point, and that is the position of the director.

The American theory of corporation management, so far as government of railways is concerned, is democratic enough, in that stockholders are supposed to choose directors who themselves choose executive officers to carry on the actual management of the railway. From the president down the chain of authority is explicitly expressed and the duties of the various links are clearly specified, thoroughly understood, and as a rule regularly performed. The subordinates get their orders from the president, and he, presumably, gets his orders from the board of directors, who hold the power of the stockholders in their hands. But directors are as a rule required to meet but seldom, usually not oftener than once a month, and sometimes not so often, and they are virtually unpaid for their services, unless the gold-piece given as a fee at the meeting be considered as compensation. As a rule, there is an executive committee of directors, who may meet oftener than this—but not much oftener—and who are equally uncompensated. What services are expected of men who serve either as plain directors or as members of the executive committee under such conditions?

In the nature of things their activities, as an Irishman might say, must be largely passive. They can but listen to reports and suggested plans and approve or disapprove as the spirit moves them; it is not humanly possible for them to originate. The president is looked to for initiative. He is expected to suggest policies, work up plans, prepare estimates, and so on; and when these come before the board for final action the directors must perforce act upon what is before them, for that is all the knowledge they have or can have. Meeting not oftener than once a month, not being paid for their time, save for the time actually spent in the board-room (which often is a scant hour or two), their actual exercise of power becomes a purely *pro forma* affair, and the officers of the road are its real governors. In short, whatever may be the theoretic function of directors, the fact is that in this country they have been and still are the merest figureheads, so far as actual direction of railways is concerned. A glance at the "Directory of Directors" will disclose a state of affairs which on the face of it is an absurdity.

And yet the law places upon directors ultimate responsibility for corporate acts, and occasionally there is a feeble murmur from an outraged stockholder that "directors should direct." But why should stockholders of any corporation assume that they can get others to work for them for nothing? Which is what they do assume under the existing order. And why do they largely choose as their directors men of large affairs, deeply engrossed in enterprises of their own, whose time may be supposed to be worth more than most people's time? It will be answered that the object is to get the benefit of their large knowledge and experience; but *do* we get this benefit? It is true that the services of a Harriman or a Hill are worth uncounted millions to a Union Pacific or a Great Northern, but only because those services are devoted almost exclusively to those properties. Imagine Mr. Hill a director in sixty corporations other than Great Northern, and what would his services —even his—be worth to each of those compared with the continuous services of a paid director, without Mr. Hill's ability, but with continuous attention to his trust?

Moreover, there is the ticklish question of the "banker-director." Railways always have needed, and probably always will need, a good deal of "financial" management, and finance is a matter of banking. Probably the generation of "banker-directors" in railways is passing away, as the financing problems have become easier to solve. Nevertheless, it still seems to be tacitly assumed that a railway must have a financial protector, and that he must "have representation" in the board. The question is, Whom does he "represent"? It is natural that in these days this question should be put somewhat pointedly.

If directors are to "direct" according to theory, they must be prepared to give their time freely to their trust, and if they are expected to do this, they must be compensated properly for their time, as is the custom in England. The system at present in vogue here is illogical, and consequently unsatisfactory. If directors are expected to work for nothing, it is but natural to suppose that they will find compensation in other ways, or they will not work, and in either case the interest of the stockholders is insufficiently protected. The logic of the case calls for much smaller boards of directors than at present exist, much more frequent meetings, much more active participation in the task of management, and proper compensation for the work done. Instead of a bare quorum of distracted semi-amateurs listening in bored fashion to reports that mean comparatively little to them, and waiting impatiently for the "question" to be put, there would be a compact body of semi-experts reasonably familiar with the matter in hand and able to vote intelligently and accept full responsibility for the consequences of their vote.

Certain it is that had the New Haven road been governed by such a board of directors as this it would never have spent above two hundred millions of dollars in a few years for items other than "cost of road and equipment"—whatever else might have been done.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abbott, Eleanor H. The White Linen Nurse. Century. $1 net.
Adams, C. C. Guide to the Study of Animal Ecology. Macmillan. $1.25.
Adams, E. F. The Inhumanity of Socialism. San Francisco: Paul Elder. $1 net.
Agassiz, Alexander. Letters and Recollections. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $3.50 net.
Altsheler, J. A. Apache Gold; The Texan Triumph. D. Appleton. $1.35 net, each.
American Society of Church History. Papers, edited by S. M. Jackson. Second Series, Vol. I. Putnam.
Arthur, E. B. and S. C. Sonny Boys' Day at the Zoo. Century. 90 cents net.
Atkinson, A. A. Electrical and Magnetic Calculations. Fourth edition, revised. Van Nostrand. $1.50 net.
Auvergne, E. B. d'. Godoy: The Queen's Favourite. Boston: Badger. $4 net.
Bacon, Josephino Daskam. The Luck o' Lady Joan: A Fairy Tale for Women. Chicago: Browne & Co. 50 cents net.
Bailey, Vernon. Life Zones and Crop Zones of New Mexico. Washington: Gov. Ptg. Office.
Barbour, R. H. Around the End. D. Appleton. $1.35 net.
Barss, J. E. Writing Latin. Book Two. Revised edition. Boston: Heath.
Bassett, J. S. A Short History of the United States. Macmillan. $2.50 net.
Bazin, René. The Marriage of Mademoiselle Gimel. Scribner. $1.25 net.
Benét, W. R. Merchants from Cathay. (Poems.) Century. $1.20 net.
Bennett, Arnold. The Plain Man and His Wife. Doran. 75 cents net.
Benton, C. F. Work and Programs for Women's Clubs. Boston: Dana Estes. $1.25 net.
Bice, H. H. Sight Reading in Latin for the Second Year. Boston: Ginn. 50 cents.
Bingham, Hiram. The Monroe Doctrine. Yale University Press. $1.15 net.
Boardman, L. W. Modern American Speeches. Edited, with notes. Longmans. 40 cents.
Booth, W. S. Wonderful Escapes by Americans. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $2 net.
Boutroux, Emile. Education and Ethics. Macmillan. $1.50.
Boylan, G. D. The Pipes of Clovis. Boston: Little, Brown. $1 net.
Brooks, Amy. Dorothy Dainty's Vacation. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1.
Brown, E. A. Uncle David's Boys. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1 net.
Bunker, Jane. Diamond Cut Diamond. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1.25 net.
Burgess, T. W. Mother West Wind's Neighbors. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.
Burkett, C. W., and Swartzel, K. D. Farm Arithmetic. Orange Judd Co.
Burton, Richard. The New American Drama. Crowell. $1.25 net.

Chambers, R. W. The Business of Life. D. Appleton. $1.40 net.
Cox, Palmer. The Brownies Many More Nights. Century. $1.50.
Cuming, E. D. The Bodley Head Natural History. Illus. by J. A. Shepherd. Vol. I. Lane. 75 cents net.
Dawson, Sarah M. A Confederate Girl's Diary. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $2 net.
Dickinson, H. W. Robert Fulton, Engineer and Artist. Lane. $3 net.
Dostoevsky, Fyodor. The Idiot. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Edginton, May. A Modern Eve. Stokes. $1.25 net.
Eldred, W. L. The Townsend Twins. Century. $1.25 net.
Elson, Charles. Wieland and Shaftesbury. Columbia University Press (Lemcke & Buechner).
Fick's Hin und Her.—Ein Buch für die Kinder. American Book Co. 30 cents.
Foley, J. W. Boys and Girls. (Verses.) Dutton. $1.35 net.
Ford, W. B., and Ammerman, C. Plane Geometry. Macmillan. 80 cents.
Foster, S. C., Kittredge, W., and others. The Old Plantation Melodies. Illustrated. Caldwell Co.
Fuller, Anna. A Venetian June. (Holiday edition.) Illus. in color by F. S. Coburn. Putnam.
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Graham, Stephen. With the Russian Pilgrims to Jerusalem. Macmillan. $2.75.
Gribble, Francis. The Tragedy of Isabella II. Boston: Badger.
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Hawkes, Clarence. Field and Forest Friends; The Boy Woodcrafter. Chicago: Browne & Co. $1.25 net, each.
Hawkins, C. J. Ned Brewster's Bear Hunt. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.20 net.
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McCulloh, Walter. Conservation of Water. Yale University Press. $2 net.
Macmillan libraries.—Fiction: Crawford's Heart of Rome; Gale's Loves of Pelleas and Etarre; London's Adventure; Altsheler's Horsemen of the Plains; Drummond's Justice of the King; Lucas's Slowcoach; Major's Uncle Tom Andy Bill; Wright's Aunt Jimmy's Will.—Standard Works: Devine's Misery and its Causes; Hodges's Everyman's Religion; Pierce's Tariff and the Trusts. Macmillan. 50 cents each.
Marchand, A. B. Dirk: A South African. Longmans. $1.35 net.
Martin, H. B. Golf Yarns. Dodd, Mead. 50 cents net.
Meumann, E. The Psychology of Learning. Translated by J. W. Baird. D. Appleton.
Montgomery, E. G. The Corn Crops. Macmillan. $1.60.
Morgan, James. Life Work of Edward A. Moseley. Macmillan. $2 net.
Mulder, Arnold. The Dominie of Harlem. Chicago: McClurg. $1.25 net.
Newte, H. W. C. A "Young Lady": A Study in Selectness. Lane. $1.25 net.
North, H. B. Laboratory Experiments in General Chemistry. Van Nostrand. $1 net.
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Railway Library and Statistics. 1912. Fourth Series. Chicago: Bureau of Railway News and Statistics. 50 cents.
Re-Bartlett, Lucy. Towards Liberty. Longmans. 40 cents net.
Report of the Education Department for year ending July 31, 1912. Albany, N. Y.: State Department.
Rhoades, Nina. The Girl from Arizona. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1 net.
Rives, G. L. The United States and Mexico, 1821-48. 2 vols. Scribner. $8 net.
Roosevelt, Theodore. History as Literature and Other Essays. Scribner. $1.50 net.
Sager, J. G. Anne, Actress. Stokes. $1.25 net.
Schaff, Philip. The Person of Christ. Revised edition. American Tract Society. 75 cents net.
Scheftel, George. Faint Chords. (Poems.) Brooklyn, N. Y.: Radical Pub. Co. 25 cents.
Schlüter, Herman. Lincoln, Labor and Slavery. Socialist Literature Co.
Schmeisser, W. C. Are You Going to College? Baltimore: Edward H. Curlander. 75 cents net.
Schmucker, S. C. The Meaning of Evolution. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
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The Nation

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The Week

The exemption feature of the income-tax section of the tariff bill emerges from the conference committee somewhat improved over the form given to it by either the House or the Senate. The House bill had made a flat exemption of $4,000. For this the Senate substituted what was often referred to as an exemption of $3,000, and in most comments on the subject credit was accordingly given the Senate for having lowered the exemption. This praise, however, was entirely unjustified, for not only did the additional exemption of $1,000 in the case of married men bring the amount back to the House figure in the great majority of cases, but there was a further exemption of $1,000 in the case of a family with two or more children, making the total exemption $5,000. This feature more than balanced the lowering of the minimum exemption to $3,000, from the point of view of the objection that the tax was levied so as to be felt by only a very small fraction of the population. As it is, a slight concession has been made to that objection. How slight the concession is may be judged from the fact that the experts estimate the number of persons who will have to pay the tax at 425,000, which is about one-fiftieth of the number of *families* in the United States. It is notable that the marked increase of rates at the upper end of the scale—the rate on the biggest incomes going up to 7 per cent. instead of 4—went through with almost no resistance.

In his speech at the Progressive Convention at Rochester, Col. Roosevelt gave several interesting illustrations of that superiority to trifling little distinctions, whether of fact or of law, for which he is so eminently distinguished. "I ask you," he said, referring to the Sulzer affair, "whether you prefer the recall exercised by the people themselves at the polls, or the recall exercised by Mr. Murphy at the end of the telephone." As he expressly disclaimed the purpose of referring to "any matter pending before the court of impeachment," what he here denominates "the recall exercised by Mr. Murphy" can only be the action of the Assembly in bringing Sulzer before that court. Does any recall "by the people themselves" contemplate the interposition of a trial by a court of any kind before it becomes effective? Does it give the accused a chance to state his case with the aid of counsel, to confront his accusers, to put their charges to the test of a vote by a limited number of persons who act in the full light of publicity and to whom public opinion will bring home the responsibility of an unjust decision? Unless Mr. Roosevelt means to assert that the powers of the court of impeachment now apparently trying the case of Gov. Sulzer at Albany are in reality "exercised by Mr. Murphy at the end of a telephone," his comparison between the present Constitutional process and the recall by popular vote is a sad misfit.

But an instance far more significant is the statement the Colonel made of his own particular doctrine, generally known as that of the recall of decisions. When he first proposed that scheme, its avowed purpose was to give to the people an opportunity of declaring Constitutional a law which the courts had declared unconstitutional, and of thus substituting their *interpretation* for that of the courts. It was at once pointed out, and especially by President Taft, that in practice the people would not vote on the question of Constitutionality, but simply on what they regarded as the merits of the law. Mr. Roosevelt has been sliding away from his original position pretty steadily; but in his Rochester statement he bids good-by to it completely. This is what he says:

> I am not advocating that the judges be coerced by public opinion in that the correctness of their decisions be directly revised by the people, but merely that the State Constitution be so amended that when the courts declare unconstitutional a statute *which it would be competent for the people by amending the Constitution* to authorize the Legislature to enact, the people shall at the next election have a right to decide whether or not they want such statute to become a law, and if the majority favor it then the Constitution shall be deemed amended to authorize it, and the people will have the benefit of it without waiting for years to formally amend the Constitution and reënact it and test it again in the courts.

In the words we have italicized, Mr. Roosevelt drops the Constitutional restraint overboard altogether. Whether he is unaware that he is doing it, or whether he regards the dropping of the Constitution as a matter too trifling to mention, we confess we feel quite unable to determine.

The forward-looking aspect of politics in New Jersey is emphasized by the large returns by which Gov. Fielder and ex-Gov. Stokes won the Democratic and Republican nominations. Despite the fact that both depended much on personal popularity, and the former on President Wilson's endorsement, their progressivism was clearly a main factor in the result. Acting Gov. Fielder's attitude towards labor legislation and State control of labor disputes, the adoption of newer forms of city government, and the cause of municipal ownership, represented a clear advance over that of Mr. Katzenbach. He had, moreover, a record of efficiency in helping procure for Newark the reforms he advocated. Ex-Gov. Stokes, whose nomination over three rivals was almost unanimous, represents issues that are expected to draw to him a large percentage of the Progressive vote. It is notable that the Progressives, who polled 147,000 votes in the last Presidential election, cast but a few more than 10,000 on this occasion; and that the victory of Colby over Osborne was the victory of a man who believes fusion between Republicans and Progressives "desirable and necessary" over one who holds it abhorrent from every point of view. The real contest thus promises to centre upon Fielder and Stokes.

The outcome of the Massachusetts primaries has certain large resemblances to the outcome of those in New Jersey. The old-party machines lost in their fight for a Republican nominee for Governor and a Democratic nominee for Lieutenant-Governor, and this in the face of the smallest vote in a State primary since the Direct Nominations law of 1911 went into operation. Only 80,000 Republicans and 70,000 Democrats went to the polls, although Gov. Foss received 193,000 votes and the Republican candidate 143,000 last November.

That was in a Presidential election, but, oddly enough, neither party polled as many votes then as it did in 1911, if, for purposes of comparison, we count the Progressives in with the Republicans. And yet the contests of last week were particularly sharp. The Progressive vote was small for two reasons: there was but one candidate for the nomination for Governor, and the leaders of the party had advised their followers not to go to the polls. Gardner's victory, like that of ex-Gov. Stokes in New Jersey, is likely to bring Progressive waverers back into the Republican fold. The uncertain element remains the present Governor, who continues to drop mysterious hints at an independent candidacy. With both of the old parties divided, the Republicans would have strong hopes of success, even with a Foss in the field.

For the third time Baltimore has passed a segregation ordinance. The first two were thrown out by the State courts when taken to them by protesting colored people. It now looks as if the matter would have to be adjudieated by the United States courts, for the ordinance of last Thursday was drawn in accordance with the advice of the Court of Appeals, given when it declared the second one unconstitutional. This was rather an unusual procedure, and showed clearly where the sympathies of the Court lay. In its essence the ordinance provides that no negro shall move into a block which has a majority of white residents, and no white person shall buy or rent in a block if the majority of residents are black. It remains to be seen whether the Supreme Court of the United States will find such a restriction consistent with the guarantees of the Federal Constitution. Ecconomically, this legislation puts iron bands on the real-estate development of Baltimore, and will, we believe, prove irksome to whites and blacks alike. It is absurd in this day and generation to return to the ghetto of the middle ages, abandoned by Europe long ago, and it cannot now be tolerated in a community which calls itself democratic.

Secretary Garrison took the only possible action in the matter of the eighteen West Point cadets who appealed to him over the heads of the Milltary Academy authorities to rescind their punishments for mild forms of hazing. Mr. Garrison promptly sustained Col. Townsley, the superintendent, and administered an additional punishment by girding at these cadets for their failure to take their punishment manfully. Had the Secretary decided on any other action, the discipline of the Academy would have suffered grievously; no institution of this kind could eontinue to do its work efficiently, if, whenever cadets were punished, they could, by letters to their families and their Congressmen, bring about the upsetting of the verdicts against them. A few years ago such an incident as this would not have happened. Unfortunately, Congress and President Taft set a bad example last winter by permitting the retrial and reinstatement of four cadets dismissed for having liquor in their possession. These cadets made a long political fight for reinstatement, finally inducing Mr. Taft to reverse the position of the War Department, which from the first had sustained the West Point authorities and refused to reopen the cases. Naturally, the reinstatement of these cadets after a second trial—the outcome of which was foreordained when Congress acted—has had a bad effect on the corps of eadets.

Fate thought to conceal him by naming him Pindell and making him an edltor at Peoria, but President Wilson was not to be deeeived and sought him out as the fittest man to represent the United States in St. Petersburg. The only delay in naming this Ambassador is caused by the necessity of inquiring whether he will be *persona grata* to the Russian Government. But it ought not to take long to determine this. Why should the Czar hesitate? The American press does not think any too well of him as it is, and if he were to intimate that he should not be absolutely delighted to take a country editor to his bosom, he would hear things from our newspapers that would make his ears tingle. Not much is known about Mr. Pindell except that he had something to do with swinging the Illinois delegation at Baltimore to Wilson, but we are bound to affirm that he has speeial competence, being an editor. Any man who challenges this ought in fairness to read a file of Mr. Pindell's newspaper for the past two or three years, and we rather fancy that the objector would yield the point long before he had finished. There are, to be sure, several important diplomatie questions pending with Russia. The abrogated treaty is to be replaced by another, and matters of immigration and trade, with the rights of American citizens travelling in Russia, are to be discussed. But who will be so un-American, so distrustful of democracy, as to doubt that Pindell of Peoria in Petersburg will be found level with all these high affairs of statesmanship?

Outrageous behavior of the "gallery" on the golf links is not, as one newspaper asserts, unknown in England. At the amateur championship last year, when Mr. Abe Mitchell was in the finals with John Ball, the friends of the former dominated the crowd and showed the most violent partisanship. Even they, however, would scarcely have been capable of loudly cheering at a player's misfortune in overrunning into a trap and so losing a hard-fought match. Yet this was done at Brookline last week when Travers lost to Ouimet. The club officials were naturally much mortified and publiely apologized to Travers for the discourtesy. Where the trouble arises is, no doubt, in the fact that miscellaneous throngs now go to see matches at golf of whom great numbers are ignorant of elementary sportsmanship and particularly of the fundamental etiquette of golf. They think of it merely as a spectacle where every spectator may yell delightedly at the error of a player as freely as when a grounder is fumbled or a fly muffed in a world series in professional baseball. It is probable, too, that the partisan temper of the crowd at golf matches is intensified by its habit of betting on the contest. Whatever the explanation, the thing ought to be reformed altogether. Mistimed applause at a golf game is a worse offence than at a Wagner opera. Those who know nothing of the courtesies and proprieties of golf should be kept off the links, or not admitted until after a course of lessons how to behave there.

There is not the novelty in Princeton's announcement regarding a distinetion to be made hereafter between the mere "pass" man and the "honor" man that there was in her adoption of the preceptorial system. Harvard, for instance, has long encouraged the ambitious student by setting him free, un-

der proper conditions, to work at a task without the requirements of attendance upon lectures, and so on, which are imposed upon the rank and file. Yet the oldest of American universities is still in doubt how to give the man of scholastic attainments something of the recognition which, without any faculty resolutions, descends upon the head of the athletic conqueror. This does not detract from the importance of the step that President Hibben and his associates have taken. The thing that our institutions of learning need is not some device for turning the cheers of the student body in the direction of their more scholarly representatives, but such emphasis, however quiet, upon the intellectual life, as will wake into activity whatever dormant interest of the kind may exist in the undergraduate's breast. This the system of "final special honors" is well devised to do.

"Historic passage" is none too strong a phrase for the trip of the first vessel through Gatun Lock into Gatun Lake. His countrymen will share, though in a less personal way, the satisfaction of Col. Goethals at the achievement. It is not simply that the dream of other ages and other engineers than our own is now at last so near fulfilment. The undertaking has been so stupendous that we could not be quite sure that it would actually be accomplished on anything like schedule time. Would not an unforeseeable accident, such as a landslide or an earthquake, happen at the final minute to spoil everything and show the impossibility of our generation, at least, driving the plough across the right little, tight little isthmus? Our reputation for doing what we set out to do was at stake. This feeling might not have been dissipated altogether by the successful journey of an excursion steamship through the lock; but when an every-day, prosaic tugboat does it, then, indeed, our doubts vanish.

The primary aim of the Administration in Mexican affairs has been the establishment of peace and constitutional government through the retirement of the central cause of dissension, Gen. Huerta. It is therefore with reason that a feeling of gratification is reported over the nomination of Gamboa by the Catholic party. In Mexico City, as in Washington, his candidacy and the drawing closer of issues between himself and Diaz are regarded as a virtual guarantee of the very things which Huerta so recently refused to pledge. This tacit yielding to our demand that the Provisional President should make no attempt to succeed himself, or to mar the impartiality of the election, is a victory marred only by the stubborn attitude of the revolutionists. As for their announced determination not to participate in the coming election, it can only be hoped that the pressure of events and the State Department will bring them also to a common-sense attitude. President Wilson has already intimated that a constitutionally elected candidate will be supported, whether malcontents choose to participate in the election or not. This intimation should have weight with all who really deserve the name "Constitutionalists"; and if a free and fair election actually occurs, and is followed by American recognition, the end of smouldering insurrection may be in sight.

The proposed dispatch of an English fleet of some twenty big ships, including eight first-class battleships, for a two months' cruise in the Mediterranean was probably not determined by the receipt of an autograph letter from the German Emperor promising not to raid Great Britain while the fleet is away. Even those opponents of Mr. Asquith who regard a German surprise as a certainty do not expect it to come off for another year or two. The reason for sending a fleet to the Mediterranean is that recent events have brought about notable political changes on the shores of that inland sea, in spite of which it is to Great Britain's interest to demonstrate that her own position of primacy remains what it was. Italy has established herself on the north coast of Africa, and still holds possession of a number of Levantine islands captured from the Turks. Greece, because of her recent victories, is planning naval expansion. The Bulgarians have reached the shores of the Ægean and may be cherishing dreams of their own. To all these aspiring nations the British Government now gives notice that, so far as control in the Mediterranean is concerned, things are to be as they have been.

The witches' caldron in the Balkans is simmering again. What unholy brew will be the final product, no one, keeping in mind the history of the Balkan Peninsula this last year, will be bold enough to predict. War between Servia and the new Albania, war between Greece and the Albanians, war between Greece and Turkey over Cavalla in Thrace, war between Turkey and Bulgaria as allies against Servia and Greece—nothing is impossible. After seeing Turkey reënter Adrianople and Kirk-Kilisseh, who shall say that it is altogether impossible to think of Turkey reëntering Salonica and Janina? The thing is conceivable. Vengeance against her late allies is the one passion that now possesses Bulgaria, and an alliance to that end with Turkey is not only conceivable, but is regarded in some quarters as having been already concluded. For herself, Monastir and Macedonia; for Turkey, whatever she can reconquer from the Greeks—that is the way Bulgaria might easily envisage the problem. If the Turks have indeed refused to enter into alliance with Bulgaria, it will have been only because they recognize that the present distracted condition of the Balkan peninsula redounds more to their advantage than the rebuilding of a powerful Bulgaria right at the doors of Adrianople.

After a long and painful illness the five-Power loan agreement in China has gone the way of all flesh. The end was foreseen from the moment when President Wilson withdrew from the arrangement and the six-Power loan became a five-Power loan. The patient died from pernicious anæmia and atrophy of the sympathetic system. Designed ostensibly as a method for setting the Chinese Republic well on the way towards economic regeneration, and to relieve the country at the same time from the fear of foreign intimidation, the agreement among the Powers soon evealed itself as subserving neither purpose. As against China, the manipulators of the scheme brought forward demands which called for the sacrifice by the Chinese of important sovereign rights. Among themselves, the Powers continued the old game of selfish intrigue. Fortunately, this was a situation by which the Chinese Government was able to profit. The struggle of political interests will undoubtedly go on, but under no guise of philanthropy.

MURPHY AS PODESTA.

It is not an inapt comparison which the London *Times* has just applied to a Tammany boss. It likens him to the *podestà* of an Italian mediæval city. And here comes our ex-*podestà*, Richard Croker, to lend force to the analogy. As Lodovico Sforza fled to Germany, from the city which he had betrayed and looted, Croker left us for Ireland. But he chooses the occasion of the honor done by New York to Mayor Gaynor to send back comments on the city's government which are filled with the fine old Tammany spirit. And this spirit is wonderfully like that of the typical Italian *podestà*. If any one doubts it, let him turn to Sismondi's chapter xx, in which he discusses philosophically the causes of the loss of liberty in the Lombard republics, and their falling, one after the other, under the sway of a *podestà*.

This Italian antetype of the Tammany boss was not elevated to his bad eminence by personal merit. He might often be a man fit to be denounced, as Guicciardini denounces Sforza, for absolute *viltà*. Of unbridled greed when things were going well for him, he would display the utmost pusillanimity in adversity or defeat. Power he attained out of the misfortunes or necessities of his fellow-citizens. Sismondi cites the example of Martin della Torre in Milan. The city had fallen on evil days. Social order was relaxed and civic authority enfeebled. There was no sure guarantee of life or property. In troublous times like those a *podestà* was certain to press to the front, and Della Torre found his opportunity. His qualifications for rule were of the slightest, just as his character was of the most contemptible, but he succeeded in imposing himself on Milan because, in Sismondi's words, he had "l'art de se rendre nécessaire."

Now, this is what Tammany bosses undertake to do. They seek to make themselves necessary. From Tweed to Murphy, through Kelly and Croker, they assert that they are, if not the indispensable men, at least the necessary men. Without them the city cannot be governed. This is what they always imply, and frequently they are foolish enough to affirm it publicly. Croker does this in his impudent remarks about Mayor Gaynor. Gaynor was not a good Tammany man, and therefore he could not have given New York a satisfactory government. That is elementary in the Crokerian logic. All reformers make a mess of it when they get a chance to administer the affairs of New York. Expenses and taxes go up, vice and crime increase, the citizens are growingly discontented. That is the burden of ex-Boss Croker's contention, and one sees how perfectly he expresses the sense of the class to which he belongs, and which feels that it has a proprietary interest, almost a vested right, in ruling New York. An Italian *podestà*, if brought back to earth, would think and talk in just that way.

And Murphy's intellectual operations are exactly of the same sort. There is a mediæval directness about them. Here is a great city. The instinctive exclamation at sight of it is, "Was für Plunder!" There is a vast amount of municipal business to be done, money to be laid out, contracts to be let. We know what the attitude of an Italian *podestà* would be, in the presence of all these opportunities, and Murphy's is not far different. This mighty city budget, all for me to expend! All these offices for me and my organization to fill! And in return what does the Tammany *podestà* offer New York? Why, very much what was offered Milan by Della Torre. A fair degree of security for life and business. A police that will at least put down riots. In addition, favors to friends and to "good" merchants and corporations, with the constant preaching that New York is the finest city in the world, where no improvements are really needed, and where it is simply preposterous to talk about the crying demand for moral and social reforms.

If Murphy thus acts like a *podestà*, the blame is not all to be placed upon him alone. He, indeed, endeavors to make himself and his kind "nécessaire" to New York. But what of those men in the community who allow him and his sort of government to be necessary to them—who find, not merely satisfaction, but profit in it? There's the rub in all this Tammany warfare. We should see no *podestà* in New York if the city were not submissive to him. It was only the desire of many belonging to the wealthy classes in the Italian republics that they should be governed by despotic rulers that made the Italian *podestà* possible. Shall that be repeated in New York? If so, a future Sismondi will have no difficulty in tracing the causes of our subjugation.

THE UNIONS AND THE WATERTOWN ARSENAL.

In reply to the latest labor-union attacks, Gen. William Crozier, Chief of Ordnance, has again come out strongly in defence of the Taylor efficiency system, established at the Watertown, Mass., Arsenal. This is only what was to be expected. He is fortunate in being an army officer, and not dependent upon votes for the retention of high office; this leaves him free to speak the truth as he sees it, without fear of what may happen at the polls upon any given day. We are inclined to believe from his record that even if he were a Representative he would still have the courage to oppose the labor unions when he felt them to be in the wrong. If that is, however, in the realm of speculation, it is no guess that Gen. Crozier's advocacy of the Watertown efficiency system would in itself establish a *prima-facie* case for it, such is his reputation for clear thinking and for high professional achievements. He has, moreover, followed the development of the Taylor efficiency ideas at Watertown from the very beginning, treating them exhaustively in his annual reports in 1911 and 1912; and in the memorandum he has just submitted to the Secretary of War he is emphatically in favor of continuing the system which he has conclusively proved to have resulted not only in great savings to the Government, but also in marked benefits to the workmen.

Why is it, then, that the attacks upon it continue, and that a petition signed by 322 Watertown employees, asking for its abolition there, has been sent to the Secretary of War? It is because the unions have from the first been opposed to the Taylor system, whether introduced into private or public business. Every modern efficiency plan strikes at several of the most archaic and economically indefensible labor-union policies—the limitation of output, the standardizing of labor according to the speed of the weakest man, and the effort to uplift labor by regulating the number of workmen admitted to a given industry. Beyond doubt some of the opposition is due to a genuine misconception of what is aimed at, to a real fear that the

whole scheme is to force workers to produce more than they should humanely be asked to accomplish, to "speed them up" and introduce the evils of the sweat-shop under the guise of a scientific application of their time and strength. It is needless to say that if this were the case, not only the labor unions but the conscience of the country would be aroused to protest. Instead of finding the most progressive employers, those particularly interested in their workmen, taking it up with the firm belief that they are benefiting their men quite as much as themselves, we should find them solidly arrayed against it.

Moreover, economic and industrial inefficiency helps no one, workmen or capitalists, and hurts the nation. A wasting of the physical strength of the laborers through overspeeding, such as the labor-union leaders charge against the Taylor system, would be nothing less than criminal. But we do not believe that any fear of this kind is the real reason for most of the unions' opposition. In our judgment that is due to the fact that, while the laborer profits much by the premium system, the leaders fear a loss of their power and their control of their men. At Watertown the experiment has now been going on for four years under army officers who would be the last to tarnish their good name by earning the epithet of "slave-driver," and are actuated by no desire for profits; the result is that, with the same eight-hour day as before, many of the workmen employed there are earning premiums (*in addition to* their previously earned wages) averaging 20 per cent. of their regular wages and running as high as 35.38 per cent., while the Government profits by an enlarged output of 60 per cent. That is, despite the labor-union contentions, there has been no decrease of wages, but a steady increase, and, of course, no change whatever in working conditions or hours.

In his report for 1912, Gen. Crozier estimated the savings in his department due to the Taylor system at $240,461.93, in addition to a saving of $122,789.61 from a more scientific use of surplus stock. This is the more extraordinary because even at Watertown the system is far from being universal. Thus, in the foundry there only 67 per cent. of the working time of the employees was given to jobs upon which premiums could be earned. In the month of May the average premium of all the premium-earning force was but $8.96, which went to 210 men out of about 600. These bonuses, our readers must remember, are not solely due to faster work under stimulus of extra pay, but result largely from the careful planning done in advance by men specially assigned to this task, whose chief duty is to free the laborer from every hindrance due to delay in getting material, or tools, or instructions, and to teach him to apply his strength most effectively. And it is against this enlightened system, with its increased wages, that 322 laborers have protested.

The explanation of these signatures can only be labor-union dictation; of that Gen. Crozier, after investigation, is convinced; and he believes that the leaders have promised that if the workmen lose this extra pay by the abolition of the system, they will use their political power to get Congress to raise their regular wages correspondingly. Here we have the sinister feature of the whole situation—that aspect of it which makes this Watertown issue of vital moment to the whole country, and far transcends the question whether the Taylor system does or does not help the workman. Shall the labor unions control the policy of the Government? Shall they dictate what manufacturing system it shall or shall not employ? Shall they, without just reason, compel the Government to conduct its arsenals wastefully and deprive the taxpayers of approximately half a million dollars a year, for nothing? There can be no doubt how these questions will be answered if the War Department is allowed to settle them for itself. It is the Congressmen, with their fear of labor-union votes, who must be watched lest they interfere, for political reasons, contrary to sound economic policy and common-sense. Hence there is much force in Gen. Crozier's proposal that the whole question be referred to the new Commission on Industrial Relations for investigation. At least it is clear that he fears no unbiassed scientific inquiry. True, a committee of Congress has already investigated the Watertown situation; its verdict was the negative one that Congress should not legislate about it. Some more positive affirmance of the Government's position is needed.

THE ULSTER CRISIS.

At Belfast there has been set up the framework of a provisional government to take over the administration of the affairs of Ulster when Home Rule becomes a fact and an Irish Parliament is installed at Dublin. The party of Protestant domination under the leadership of Sir Edward Carson has thus entered upon the constructive phase of its programme. The army that is to resist the forcible imposition of Home Rule has been in the process of organization for more than a year. A quarter of a million men signed the recent Covenant against Home Rule. The London *Times*, not an impartial observer to be sure, places the strength of the Ulster Volunteer Force at not less than one-half the number of signatures. Military drill has been going on, and within the last few weeks special attention has been devoted to the development of the signalling and dispatch-riding corps against the moment when the minute-men of Ulster shall be summoned to arms.

The situation throws into high relief the peculiar qualities which distinguish English political development and the spirit of English government from those of every other nation. In what other country could a movement like the Ulster uprising go on, even for a short time, without producing either panic or repression, or both? Sir Edward Carson is really threatening sedition and civil war. That he does so in the name of the higher imperial interests of Great Britain, and in terms of respectful consideration for the dignity of the Crown, does not obviate the fact that if the Home Rule bill receives the approval of King George, the Ulster Unionist leader is prepared to take the field in armed rebellion against his sovereign. One may imagine what the effect would be in France if a certain section of the population were to announce its determination to resist the sovereign will by force of arms. The cry for a man on horseback to save the country would be raised at once, and republican institutions would be shaken to their foundations. In England the crisis is severe enough; but already the feverish condition of the patient has begun to evolve an antidote. The spirit of compromise is in the air. From the Liberal side has come the proposal of a conference on Home Rule brought for-

ward by Lord Lorcburn. On behalf of the Unionists there is a willingness to talk business. The *Times* has declared that the Unionist party must make concessions; the time for unalterable opposition to self-government for Ireland has passed. And the other day, at Belfast, Sir Edward Carson admitted that if Home Rule fails, the south of Ireland will rise, even as Ulster threatens to do if Home Rule is forced upon her. "Great Britain must be accepted as the arbiter between the two parties," said Sir Edward. Here seems to be a plain offer to listen to reason.

What form can compromise assume? Among the Unionists in England there was till very recently a fairly general demand that the Government should submit the question of Home Rule to the country, either by way of referendum or by a dissolution of Parliament and a general election. But that solution is no longer feasible. Should the Government be defeated the extremists among the Unionists would argue that Home Rule must be thrown overboard; whereas the most responsible leaders of Unionist opinion now hold that Home Rule in some form must. come. But furthermore, Sir Edward Carson has said in so many words that if the electorate should declare in favor of Home Rule it would not affect the stand Ulster has taken. For here apparently is a situation where God and one make a majority. One of the most tenacious forces in European history is now engaged in a struggle for survival—the Protestant ascendency in Ireland. There are not many causes whose roots still reach down so firmly into the past. There are not many population groups to whom the years 1641 and 1689 are so vividly near as to the Presbyterians of Ulster. It does not necessarily follow that Protestant rule in Ireland must endure because it has so long endured. Within the last three years England has witnessed, in the Parliament Act, the overthrow of a Constitution that went back earlier than modern England. It may be that the Government which had courage enough to tame the House of Lords will be bold enough to venture on the taming of Ulster. But it will not do so without very serious consideration.

In favor of a firm stand by the Government is the fact that Home Rule has been indirectly pronounced upon by the voters of the nation. In the elections that were fought upon the Parliament Bill it was quite generally understood, and virtually admitted on the Unionist side, that the shackling of the House of Lords was but a prelude to Home Rule. In favor of the Government is the fact that the justice of Ireland's claims has by this time imposed itself upon the conscience of the nation. Ulster admits this when it demands, no longer the maintenance of the Protestant ascendency, but the separation of Ulster from Catholic Ireland for the protection of the Protestant minority. In favor of the Government is the fact that even in Ulster the Protestant element does not overwhelmingly outnumber the Catholic population. The representation of Ulster in the House of Commons is evenly divided between Unionists and Nationalists, or shows possibly a majority of one for the latter. Thus when the Protestants of Ulster protest against being placed in the hands of a Catholic Parliament at Dublin, the question still remains, what guarantees there will be for the Catholic population of Ulster if that province is to be set apart from the rest of Ireland with a local government of its own. For the moment, however, the political vane points to compromise.

FRESHMEN AND LIFE.

This is the freshman's hour. Day by day during the past week entering classes have been asked by presidents and deans to consider why they have come to college and to remember that student days are but preparation for afterlife. Books for their special benefit also come out at this season. One by a professor mindful of a first year at college wasted lies at hand. It contains the usual admonition to young men to bear in mind that life is earnest, to maintain steadfastness of purpose, and to cling to the ideals of one's childhood. With its exalted purpose no one will quarrel. In America as elsewhere the number of freshmen who idle, or fall into grievous follies, through lack of timely warning, is large; and only by serious, straightforward talk can they be raised to their better selves.

Yet it is a question whether such advice does not misplace the emphasis. Neither in the comments just cited nor in the various addresses of college presidents which the book includes, are the possibilities of the essential freedom of collegiate existence sufficiently stressed. This freedom is what undoubtedly most impresses the freshman, be he by nature a loafer or serious minded; for the moment it is the central fact of his life. Issuing from the discipline of home or boarding-school, he finds himself in an atmosphere in which he seems to be master of his destiny. The resultant zest might wisely be taken by educators as a starting-point. In a negative sense it *is* so taken. That is, men are cautioned not to fancy that this is really freedom, and with such a lead it is easy to point out that no moments of life are detached from the thread of our being, that what we do to-day helps to shape our attitude years hence. Now, not all freshmen are weak, by any means; yet appeal is not made to the imagination of the strong as it should be. To them the hearty if raucous tone of a famous professor, now dead, would have a welcome sound. He used to urge certain young gentlemen to have experience. "It will cost you dear, but have it." The goodness of his own life forbade one to read into his words permission to do unworthy acts. Out of the strong cometh forth sweetness. If colleges are to maintain their distinction, the note must be struck by exceptional men, and the great opportunities of these should not be slighted by preoccupation with saving the unfit from hardships. Democracy in education need lead to no such extreme.

The democratic spirit has given to the accepted phrase "preparation for life" a meaning too strict. It is not necessary that all freshmen should be made to see the precise connection between college and the world at large. Colleges by splendid traditions have amply justified themselves, and the important point for entering students to understand is the opportunity for intellectual expansion which lies before them. The magic of pure speculation is something which even a boy, if rightly handled, can distinctly feel. From signifying preparation for life in a very general way, the college has too often, in the minds of educators, come to mean life itself, in the conventional sense. This it legitimately is not. What have the problems of pure mathematics to do with "real life"? Yet it would be a pity if mathematicians, sensitive over the clamorings of efficiency sharpers,

should entirely forego their labors on infinity for nearer examples drawn from our everlasting shops and factories.

In some way the freshman must be made to think of college not only as a preparation for life, but also as being much detached from life. Properly used, college should be analogous to a journey to Europe taken for the purpose of better understanding America. Conditions in the two spheres greatly differ, but neither distorts eternal values. The point could be the more easily enforced because of the attitude in which even the freshman ordinarily presents himself. Emancipated for the moment he really is, as he imagines, and in a sense is free to shape the world unto his desire. The trust which at the outset many a boy places in the efficacy of thought as taught by his masters is pathetic when contrasted with the little that is done to foster it. In this country this disillusioning comes much sooner than in Europe. Take men fresh from Oxford. Almost invariably they show great self-assurance in applying their book-learning to life. Amusing they may appear to hardened worldlings, yet they testify to a wholesome state of instruction. From reading the accepted authorities and from discussing these as though they were still matters of live importance, they emerge with the "jump," as they suppose, on their less educated fellows. And it is indeed significant that Oxford, which in so many ways stands aloof from the world of the immediate present, yet contrives to prepare her sons almost at once to undertake pressing duties of the realm. Oxford men pride themselves upon having dwelt while at college in regions somewhat magical. It would be well if this magical element in college education were not neglected by presidents and deans at opening time. This it is, we fancy, which a rightminded freshman vaguely feels, and calls freedom; the pity is that too often he is not encouraged to convert his yearnings into a freedom of the noblest sort.

A DISTRESSING MIX-UP.

The *Nation* refuses to be a party any longer to a conspiracy of silence. A crime of extraordinary daring and startling moral turpitude has been perpetrated in this city, and it is time that the police should take cognizance of the affair. We refer, of course, to the kidnapping of the editor of *Harper's Weekly*. One dark night, within the last two months, Mr. Norman Hapgood was on his way home from the McClure building, on Twentieth Street, when a taxicab from which the registration number had been removed ran up close to the sidewalk. Four men leaped out from the cab, threw a sack over Mr. Hapgood's head, and hustled him into the cab, which set off at high speed in the direction of Brooklyn. Since that time, *Harper's Weekly*, though still bearing the name of Norman Hapgood as editor, has in reality been edited by his brother, Mr. Hutchins Hapgood, who is well known in the neighborhood as an exponent of philosophical anarchism and as an admirer of the propaganda of Miss Emma Goldman. This will explain the nature of much of the writing that has been appearing in *Harper's Weekly* under the initials "N. H." At first we were inclined to believe that this was simply a printer's error for "H. H." But a careful examination of several numbers of the journal once edited by George William Curtis has convinced us that it cannot be a succession of printer's errors that we are confronted with.

Nothing more characteristic has emanated from the pen of Mr. Hutchins Hapgood than the featured article entitled "Two Kinds of Mothers," which he contributes to last week's issue of *Harper's* under the initials "N. H." The article is by way of commentary on a double-page cartoon appearing in the same issue and bearing the same title, "Two Kinds of Mothers." The picture shows on one page a mother of the tenements nursing her baby, and on the other page a young woman in an extremely tight and generously slitted gown drinking champagne in a *cabinet particulier* in the company of a gentleman who might be a racetrack gambler or a prosperous gunman, or both. Gazing upon this picture and then on that, Mr. Hutchins Hapgood has draped the mantle of inspiration about him and written as follows:

> The ideal of motherhood is not to be lessened, but it must be supplemented. It must accommodate itself to the enlarged development of woman's mind and opportunities. That woman of Mr. Becker's in the private dining-room is a ridiculous-looking object, rather discouraging because she is trying only for personal power, and personal power through the use of charm only. She seeks excitement instead of service; and yet is there not a useful striving in the background? Perhaps not in the case of this particular individual, because, judging from the wolfish face of the man she is with, it is a very low aspect of pleasure that we have to deal with.

Then come some plain truths about those fiends incarnate, "our Puritan ancestors," supplemented by a statement of the self-evident fact that "emancipation from middle-class standards of taste, morality, and intellect is, so far as it goes, a good thing."

Fortunately, reason tells us that the usurpation of power in the office of *Harper's* cannot continue much longer. When the police have rescued Mr. Norman Hapgood from his place of confinement in the neighborhood of Bay Ridge and reinstated him in his lawful place in the McClure building, the restored editor will, of course, have a heart-to-heart talk with his brother. He will not reproach him for the act of assault and impersonation which, after all, was a bit of direct action and sabotage carried out with all sincerity in behalf of a cause close to the heart of the perpetrator. Neither will Mr. Norman Hapgood reproach his brother too severely for casting overboard our middle-class standards of taste and morality; he will content himself with pointing out that the tenement-house mother in the picture would seem to indicate that feeding one's babies is a virtue which is shared by the lower classes with the middle classes. But the evicted and restored editor of *Harper's* will take serious objection to his brother's repudiation of the intellect along with morality and taste. Possibly, we can live a while without morality and without taste; but if we abnegate the use of mind, how shall we be different from the beasts? And, specifically, without the use of intellect, how can one write magazine articles in favor of a new standard of taste and of morality?

JANE AUSTEN.

I.

It is peculiarly fitting that the story of Jane Austen's life should remain a kind of family heritage. The first biographical sketch was prepared by her brother Henry for the edition of "Northanger Abbey" and "Persuasion" published in 1818, the year after her death. The first full "Memoir" was written by J. E. Austen Leigh, the son of her brother James, and issued in 1870. Her "Letters" were given to the world, in 1884, by another nephew, Lord Brabourne; and now we have a new "Life and Letters"* compiled by the son and the grandson of the author of the "Memoir," and based largely on the two preceding works.

The story, however told, is not one of abounding interest; the letters, though characteristic of the writer and lightened now and then by flashes of her wit and satire, are too thoroughly domestic and reticent to afford of themselves much entertainment. We may admit that, and yet find the record precious in a way as offering the material of experience out of which the novelist wrought her inimitable pictures of society. Hers was a life singularly calm and protected. Her father, the Rev. George Austen, himself largely connected with substantial families of Kent and Hampshire and Lincolnshire, married a Cassandra Leigh, whose connections were wider and more distinguished than his own. In 1764 he became Rector of Steventon, "a small village tucked away among the Hampshire Downs," where his eight children were born, among them Jane, in 1775, the youngest but one. The rectory stood, we are told by the author of the "Memoir," "in a shallow valley, surrounded by sloping meadows, well sprinkled with elm-trees, at the end of a small village of cottages, each well provided with a garden, scattered about prettily on either side of the road.

**Jane Austen, Her Life and Letters; A Family Record.* By William Austen-Leigh and Richard Arthur Austen-Leigh. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3 net.

. . . North of the house, the road from Deane to Popham Lane ran at a sufficient distance from the front to allow a carriage drive, through turf and trees. On the south side, the ground rose gently and was occupied by one of those old-fashioned gardens in which vegetables and flowers are combined, flanked and protected on the east by one of the thatched mud walls common in that country, and overshadowed by fine elms. Along the upper or southern side of the garden ran a terrace of the finest turf, which must have been in the writer's thoughts when she described Catherine Morland's childish delight in 'rolling down the green slope at the back of the house.'"—Who that has travelled in England has not seen such homes of peace, speaking to him of another age now almost mythical, and causing him to say in his heart, *O fortunatos nimium?*

The first break came in 1801, when for reasons unexplained, though the father's declining health may have been one of these, the family migrated to Bath. The resolution to move seems to have been made suddenly, and there is a tradition that the news was abruptly imparted to Jane and a friend on their return from a visit, by Mrs. Austen with the words, "Well, girls, it is all settled; we have decided to leave Steventon in such a week, and go to Bath"—whereupon Jane properly fainted away. On the death of the father, in 1805, the mother and daughters, now in straitened circumstances and partly dependent on the sons for support, left Bath, and, after some changes, settled at Chawton in Hampshire, in a cottage owned by Edward, who had been adopted into a wealthy family of Knights. Here Jane continued her quiet, loyal, busy life until her health failed, and, for medical attendance, she was carried to Winchester, from where she never returned—where she still lies, at rest in the nave of the great cathedral.

Her life was not without contacts with the greater world. Warren Hastings was bound to the family by intimate association, and when the Rev. George Austen took his bride from Bath to Steventon, they carried with them as a charge the six-year-old child of the Indian magnate. Of the sons of the family, some made distinguished places for themselves. One was for a time scholar and fellow of St. John's, Oxford; two became admirals in the navy, and another married the Comtesse de Feuillide, whose former husband had suffered death in Paris by the guillotine. But the echoes of this larger life as they come to us in Jane's letters are curiously toned down to the proprieties of a drawing-room in a country parsonage. We hear indeed of battles and adventures by sea, but she was chiefly impressed by the fact that sailors make doting husbands, and her real opinion of the profession is given in the closing words of "Persuasion," that it "is, if possible, more distinguished in its domestic virtues than in its national importance." The real material of her correspondence is afforded by the little domestic details of life, the receiving and giving of visits, private theatricals, and the conquests and defeats of a county ball at which the writer reports her own "profligate" behavior.

And her fiction comes from the same immaculate seclusion. Of personal connection with contemporary writers there is not a hint, nor is there in her books a trace of the literary ferment of the age. In the years 1797 and 8, while the Wordsworths and Coleridge were talking of high matters in the Quantocks and preparing the "Lyrical Ballads," Jane Austen was shamefastly making the first draft of "Pride and Prejudice," "Sense and Sensibility," and "Northanger Abbey," scribbling her sheets in the common "dressing-room," as they called the upstairs sitting-room at Steventon, and hiding them under her sewing from profane eyes. The years from 1811 to 1818, when her six novels were published, saw also the appearance of Shelley's "Queen Mab," Byron's "Childe Harold," Scott's "Waverley," Hunt's "Story of Rimini," and Keats's "Poems," and the difference in spirit between her novels and these works is the difference between two centuries. They are severed by the Revolution. In the great world all was turmoil. Statesmen, like Fox, were profligate in a way that needs no quotation marks about the word, armies were marching and fighting, kingdoms were remaking, the very bases of society were shaken—and in "Emma" and "Mansfield Park" we are transported into a world that seems to have been the same from everlasting to everlasting, into a kind of ideal centre of calm which was conceived, and for a time and in certain places actually realized, by the eighteenth century.

That is the point. This world in which Miss Austen's people move, concealed from the outer fray, like the heroes of Homer, in a circle of celestial mist, is no chance occurrence and no idle fancy of an inexperienced girl. Every one knows the generous and discriminating praise which Walter Scott set down in his diary, under date of March 14, 1826: "Read again, for the third time at least, Miss Austen's finely written novel of 'Pride and Prejudice.' That young lady has a talent for describing the involvements and feelings and characters of ordinary life, which is to me the most wonderful I ever met with. The big Bow-Wow strain I can do myself like any now going; but the exquisite touch which renders ordinary commonplace things and characters interesting from the truth of the description and the sentiment is denied to me." This exquisite power of feeling and analysis is no doubt the secret of the novelist's immediate charm—yet scarcely a secret, for no one can read a page of "Pride and Prejudice" without understanding the spell that is upon him—but there is also beneath this charm an evocation, an atmosphere, a meaning, a subtle interpretation of life, let us say boldly, at once ideal and real. She was not an historical novelist, like Scott, able to evoke some fragment of the past and throw around it the glamour of actuality. But she was historical in so far as the peculiarity of her surroundings and to a certain extent also of her genius enabled her to see, with a certain unconscious purity of vision, into the very heart of the society about her and to embody that society in undying characters, when the reality was beginning to pass away.

II.

It may seem pedantic, but for my part I cannot lay down one of her novels without reflecting a little on the philosophy which had come to permeate the life of the day like an all-embracing atmosphere and which was taken into the minds of the least metaphysical as naturally as the air into their bodies. Years before Jane Austen was born Bolingbroke had borrowed the guiding idea from Leibnitz and expressed it as an aphorism: "The seeming imperfection of the parts is necessary to the real perfection of the whole." The theory was in no wise new. Dr. Johnson, on what authority I have not stopped to inquire, derived it from the Arabian philosophers; it had furnished St. Thomas Aquinas ("Summa," I, xlviii, 2) with an orthodox explanation of the existence of evil in a created world, and was taken up by Spinoza ("Ethics," I, xvi) into his metaphysical chain of causes. From Bolingbroke it passed to Pope, who, in his "Essay on Man," developed it into a picturesque justification of the infinite scale of things, each right and happy in its proper place, so that there is no evil inherent in the nature of things, but only in the desire of man to escape from his ordained place; and through Pope and Shaftesbury and the other popular exponents of Deism, the doctrine entered into the very life-blood of eighteenth-century England. In 1757 Soame Jenyns, a gentleman and no metaphysician, had the temerity to publish a "Free Inquiry Into the Nature and Origin of Evil," in which the doctrine was supported unflinchingly by analogy to the orders of society:

> Thus, the universe resembles a large and well-regulated family, in which all the officers and servants, and even the domestic animals, are subservient to each other in a proper subordination; each enjoys the privileges and perquisites peculiar to his place, and at the same time contributes, by that just subordination, to the magnificence and happiness of the whole.

In a review of his friend's book Dr. Johnson exposed the hollowness of such an attempt to elude the reality of evil, with a directness of thrust and a clearness of insight which render his treatise one of the profoundest discussions of the subject in English or any other language; but the idea of subordination as a divine institution was, nevertheless, deeply implanted in the Doctor's own heart and is the secret of his magnificent Toryism: "Order cannot be had but by subordination."

In the larger sphere of life this very practical Deism showed itself in a stubborn alliance of religion with the British Constitution against the spirit of growth and innovation, in "such a view of this world and the next," to use George Eliot's sarcastic words, "as would preserve the existing arrangements of English society quite unshaken, keeping down the obtrusiveness of the vulgar and the discontent of the poor." And the same words, if warmed with a little genial humor, would describe those quieter backwaters of society in which the people of Jane Austen loved and quarrelled and married. She herself had never read St. Thomas Aquinas or Spinoza, we may suppose; but she was well versed in Pope and Johnson and their school, and, above all, her mind reflected like an untarnished glass the things that were very close to her. In her view the philosophical alliance of Deism took the form of a county life at the apex of which stood the parsonage and the park, and the universe resembles, indeed, a family, large enough for variety and human enough, however well-regulated, to admit the spice of temporary jars and misunderstandings. We shall not expect in such a society to see religion touched with the fires of spirituality or lifted above the needs and occurrences of the hour. No doubt it had its consolations for the soul, and its very lowliness gave it with the finer natures a pervasive reality. We feel this, for instance, in the calm sentences of Jane Austen herself after the death of her father: "Heavy as is the blow, we can already feel that a thousand comforts remain to us to soften it. Next to that of the consciousness of his worth and constant preparation for another world, is the remembrance of his having suffered, comparatively speaking, nothing." But in her fictitious world religion scarcely appears even as a preparation for death; it is rather an assurance of subordinate social position. There are two parsons who play a prominent part in her novels. One is the Mr. Elton by whom Emma tries to raise her dear Harriet in the scale of gentility, and the other is the egregious, sublime Mr. Collins, upon whom Mr. Bennet bestows the well-received parting advice: "But, if I were you, I would stand by the nephew; he has more to give." The real place of veneration was not the church, but the park or the Great House, and the spirit of worship was not so much the emotions of the human soul in the contemplation of God as a loyal acquiescence in the existing institutions of a restricted and self-sufficient society.

III.

That may seem, and indeed is, a narrow field for great fiction. The exclusions were enormous; out of that charmed circle must be kept not only the social unrest that was prowling hungrily all about it, but even the deeper passions of the individual breast that might endanger its artificial balance. But at least, as we see it reflected in Jane Austen's novels, this restricted field was not dull. For one thing she had, with all her unquestioning loyalty, as sprightly a vein of satire as ever lent salt to native wit. Hers was not the satire of indignation—of a Swift rankling with hatred of human nature, or even of an Addison, who, like a Shaftesbury in easy-chair, would laugh away the foibles and absurdities of society; it was rather the biting but jealous sarcasm that the members of a close-knit family indulge in among themselves, in the assurance of privacy. There is, for example, no more proper ass in fiction than the egregiously self-satisfied Mr. Collins, nor a more impertinent monster than his patron, Lady Catherine. Nothing could be more delicious than our enjoyment of their baffled and blinded conceit when they learn of Darcy's intention to marry Elizabeth. Who has not rubbed his hands with delight in reading the last impotent, majestic words of her Ladyship to Elizabeth—who has not read them with unlessened delight a score of times?—"I take no leave of you, Miss Bennet. I send no compliments to your mother. You deserve no such attention. I am most seriously displeased." Who, on reading Mr. Collins's delicate letter of protest, has not said with Mr. Bennet that he would not give up that gentleman's correspondence for any consideration: "After mentioning the likelihood of this marriage to her Ladyship last night, she immediately, *with her usual condescension*, expressed what she felt on the occasion"? These are the things that Swift would have called genius and that would have added fame to the wit of Addison. And yet, if we take heed, they belong with the satire neither of the "Tale of a Tub" nor of the *Spectator*. Their author would have entertained her dear sister Cassandra shrewdly enough with the impertinences of a Lady Catherine in real life, but she would never have questioned the authority of that dictator of county standing, and when her Mr. Collins at the end offers a "parading and obsequious civility" to Mr. Darcy he was, after all, only expressing in his foolish way her own half-conscious notion of the Church as the upholder of the great social law of subordination. Nor should we forget that the awful Mr. Darcy himself, the truest hero Jane Austen ever conceived, does not altogether escape the same satirical touches. Yet if his "pride" seems to the reader at times perilously like a solemn priggishness, his position and his estate and his conscious superiority are the unquestioned reward of the heroine who affects a "prejudice" against him. Georgiana may have "listened with an astonishment bordering on alarm at her lively, sportive manner of talking to her brother," but, by Elizabeth's instructions, "began to comprehend that a woman may take liberties with her husband, which a brother will not always allow in a sister more than ten years younger than himself"; and we, who have been taken into the smiling confidence of the author, soon learn that she permits herself privileges with her people which in the mouth of a hostile alien would have filled her with amazement and shuddering alarm.

And so this critical humor turns out to be only another enchantment to bind us in the artist's magic circle. Oftenest, indeed, it eschews ridicule altogether and is unmistakably sympathetic. We laugh at the vanity of Sir Walter Elliot of Kellynch Hall, but we love him for his good looks and his devotion to the Baronetage. We chuckle at Miss Bates's flow of rigmarole, but we know that of such is the kindly kingdom of the county town. We smile at Emma's blindness to the presumptuous infatuation of Mr. Elton for herself, and at her efforts to raise her dear Harriet to the parsonage, but we know all along that Harriet will finally marry the farmer, that Mr. Elton will take the proper person to the parsonage, that Emma will go submissively and joyfully to Donwell Abbey, and all will be rightly disposed in this little hierarchy. And if meanwhile we are impatient with the heroine for delaying the fated order of things, it is only in the spirit of the chiding owner of the Abbey: "Mr. Knightley loves to find fault with me, you know—in a joke,—it is all a joke. We always say what we like to one another."

If ever the wit of the novels loses this tone of family intimacy and borders on what may be called external satire, it is when the author deals with the things which, however they may seem to have sprung from the heart of her world, were yet the beginning and sign of the coming revolution. The satire of the new mystery-mongering in "Northanger Abbey" is not very serious, but it is the ridicule felt for something alien and disturbing to her own order of ideas. So too her criticism of Mrs. Dashwood and Marianne in "Sense and Sensibility" is in one way nothing like as scathing as the naked presentment of a Lady Catherine or a Mr. Col-

lins; their foibles are handled with wonderful restraint and with evident hesitation to hurt, but when she says that "common sense, common care, common prudence, were all sunk in Mrs. Dashwood's romantic delicacy," she was really touching on a new and widely lauded trait of character from which she instinctively shrank as from something more dangerous to her ideals than the ugliest insolence and servility; she had in mind the ravishing inroads of the school of "sentimentalists" headed by Sterne. Nor had she any more sympathy with the other aspect of the romantic invasion. "It is very true," she makes her Marianne observe, showing thereby her rare skill in discriminating traits of character and seeing their proper limits, for otherwise Marianne was only less sunk in "romantic delicacy" than her mother—"it is very true that admiration of landscape scenery has become a mere jargon. Everybody pretends to feel and tries to describe with the taste and elegance of him who first defined what picturesque beauty was." It is significant that Catherine Morland of "Northanger Abbey" and the sentimentalists of "Sense and Sensibility" must undergo a certain purgation of the mind and heart before they can take their place in the final happy tableau, so to speak, whereas Lady Catherine and Mr. Collins, though they may shift their ground and accept Elizabeth as the actual mistress of Pemberley, yet suffer no change of character, and in their unredeemed state are an integral and undisturbing element in Elizabeth's reward.

IV.

And what is this reward towards which all of Miss Austen's heroines are moving? Marriage, forsooth—and why not?—and in the case of Elizabeth, we are happy to add, a magnificent estate and position by the side of a great county magnate. "It is a truth universally acknowledged, that a single man in possession of a good fortune must be in want of a wife," is the maxim with which "Pride and Prejudice" opens, and we are sure that the wife will be supplied. It is strange, but this narrow world which Jane Austen portrays really believed that a magnificent estate and high position in the county were supremely desirable in themselves, and not as a means to something else; it seems to have thought that a man and his wife could live with contented conscience if they performed the duties and exacted the recognition belonging to their rank and authority. And the curious truth follows that, if we read the biographical annals of the age, we shall find that a considerable number of people did actually, within the limits of our poor human capacity, attain to peace and quiet joy in the possession of those worldly blessings, or, by some strange trick of the imagination, through contemplation of these things in the possession of others. An admirer of Tolstoy and the other modern idealizers of discontent may reject this happiness of acquiescence as ignoble and may denounce the religion of subordination upon which it rested as a betrayal of humanity; certainly they could exist only by the exclusion of many high aspirations and of some insight into the soul. But it will be wiser and more charitable, I think, to regard them rather as one of the momentary resting places of the human spirit, one of the illusions that comfort us in our long journey, and to feel grateful towards any author who, by whatever spell of art, is able to carry us back for a while to its shadows.

I would not exaggerate. It is perfectly true and obvious that the chief pleasure in reading Jane Austen comes from her almost miraculous knowledge of human nature within clearly prescribed limits. It is true that, when her genius flags, she can become dull and exasperatingly trivial. But withal, if we stop to reflect, we shall find that her power over us, whether to soothe or to annoy, depends also on our sense, perhaps only half-conscious, of that eighteenth-century philosophy as realized in the little centres of comparative calm which she represented so faithfully and which were already beginning to fade away.

P. E. M.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

With the assistance of a very thorough analysis of the content and structure of the cycle of mystery plays known as the "So-called Coventry Plays" or the "Hegge Plays," in a master's thesis by my pupil, Miss Esther L. Swenson, I have, I think, made an important discovery with regard to that puzzling document. The plays were edited by Halliwell for the Shakespeare Society in 1841 as "The Coventry Mysteries"; but their real home, together with any possible explanation of their form, has long been a matter of perplexity. It is clear that the cycle has passed through certain stages of development, and these I find in convincing agreement with the records of the lost St. Anne plays at Lincoln. As regards dialect, style, and content, it is not a radical suggestion to locate the Hegge plays at Lincoln, and without going into these matters, it will be sufficient for me to give the outline of my argument with a few of the more obvious pieces of evidence.

The prologue of the cycle represents an earlier stage of development than the cycle itself, a stage when the plays were processional throughout. Parts of the cycle were rewritten to be acted on a stationary stage; other parts remained as they were, and no important changes were made in the prologue. Some pageants, it is hard to tell how many, were used in presenting the cycle in its final form. Much of the cycle was, however, on a stationary stage, and probably the audience did not move in any case. Many important differences between prologue and cycle can be accounted for as adaptations to a stationary stage. There is also evidence to show that the Lincoln plays were partly processional and partly fixed. One of the minute books of the cathedral chapter, quoted by Mr. A. F. Leach in his article in the *Furnivall Miscellany*, contains an entry for the year 1483 to the effect that the Dean and his brethren, on Saturday, the chapter day of June, "discussing the procession of St. Anne to be made by the citizens of Lincoln on St. Anne's day next, determined that they would have the play or speech [Mr. Leach reads *sermonium*] of the Assumption or Coronation of the Blessed Mary repaired and got ready, and played and shown in the procession aforesaid, as usual in the nave of the said church." They had borne the expenses of this play in 1469, but it was apparently not a regular member of the cycle when the action above mentioned was taken. The manuscript of the Hegge plays, which is dated 1468, shows the play of the Assumption of the Virgin written in a hand slightly later than that in which the body of the cycle appears, not a sixteenth-century hand, however, as Halliwell states. This may indicate the time when the play was added to the cycle, but in any case the record indicates that there were both processional and stationary features in the presentation of the Lincoln plays.

The records indicate that they once had a Corpus Christi play at Lincoln and that it was transferred to St. Anne's day. The series of plays in the Hegge manuscript dealing with the birth and childhood of the Virgin distinguishes it from other Corpus Christi cycles and may well point to some connection with the festival of the mother of the Virgin Mary.

The text of the cycle in the manuscript is divided into separate plays by large red Arabic numerals. The plays often run into each other without any break whatever in the action. The Lincoln trading companies were bound under penalty during the first half of the sixteenth century to provide pageants according to ancient custom. The manuscript divisions may indicate scenes for which certain gilds were still held responsible. You also find that each alderman was required to provide a silk gown for one of the "kings." This has been thought to refer to the Three Kings of Cologne; but there were only three of them and there must have been more than three aldermen. In the Hegge cycle there are no less than thirteen kings in the unique prophet play, which, by the way, foretells the birth of the Virgin and not of Christ, and is therefore distinctly a St. Anne procession. Finally, from the year 1564, there is preserved at the back of a corporation minute book a list of stage properties some of which had been used in the recently acted play of Tobias, and others had manifestly belonged to the defunct St. Anne's day mysteries. We have, for example, "hell mouth with a nether chap," "Jerusalem with towers and pynacles," "a tomb with a covering," and a "firmament with a fiery cloud and a double cloud." All of these seem to be required for the play of the Assumption. It is not remarkable in the case of the first three, but with regard to the last mentioned strange piece of stage mechanism, it is much more significant. In the play of the Assumption in the Hegge cycle the

Virgin Mary before her death expresses a wish to see the apostles, whereupon St. John arrives upon a "white cloud"; later St. Peter and St. Paul arrive together upon "diverse clouds." There are other smaller items that I could mention; but this is perhaps sufficient to indicate the basis upon which my contention rests, and I shall hope to carry the matter further at a later date and in another place.

HARDIN CRAIG.

Correspondence

ONE VIEW OF THE WILSON ADMINISTRATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Permit one of your old subscribers, who has never been in entire sympathy with the political sentiments of the *Nation*, to express his gratification that, amid your profuse praise of the Wilson Administration, you have found tongue to give us the editorials, in your last issue, on "The Bryan Scandal" and "The Consuls' Safeguard."

If your pungent criticism of the bestowal of ambassadorships and other high diplomatic posts to men whose only known qualifications are wealth and contributions to the Democratic campaign fund, is somewhat belated, it is just.

The pitiful degradation of the great office of Secretary of State to the level of a Mrs. Jarley Wax Works Show was going on for weeks before the thick-and-thin Wilson papers opened their eyes to the shame.

President Wilson is, of course, entitled to be judged fairly. His literary skill, his creditable record as a college administrator, his well-intended efforts and, at least, partial success as Governor of New Jersey, appealed to many of us who could not see our way clear to vote for him.

I hope it is not narrow or malicious partisanship that has led some of us to think that, in some of his acts, he has been weak where he should have been strong; while we do not ignore the meritorious things he has done.

But it is very hard for those of us to think that the terms "great," "masterful," "admirable," which have been so prodigally showered upon him, are connoted by such acts as signing the Sundry Civil Appropriations bill, retaining the self-advertising Bryan in his Cabinet, and the two other Secretaries who interfered with the course of orderly justice in the Diggs-Caminetti cases; or in selecting for foreign ministers men who have virtually bought these positions by money-gifts or by flattery.

Already the fruit of the exemption of farmers from the operation of the said appropriation bill is seen in the act of cotton planters in combining to keep a fictitious price for their product.

Unfortunately for all officials, from President down, inexorable history judges them by those acts which are lasting in effect; and they are remembered more for their errors than for their merits. President Grant did some excellent things during his two Administrations; they have been absorbed "in the sweet presence of a good diffused," but the venality and corruption of some of his trusted advisers have tarnished his memory.

Possibly the one act by which President Cleveland will be longest remembered—certainly it is one to which reference is constantly made in foreign countries—is his unwise Venezuela message. All this may be unjust; but such is the fate of statecraft. MILTON REED.

Westport Point, Mass., September 20.

"THE LION'S SHARE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Is there a more striking example of the slipshod character of current literary allusion than the constant misuse of the expression "the lion's share"? Archdeacon Stuck, whose recent ascent of Mt. McKinley has given him distinction, is cited in the *American Review of Reviews* as saying ". . . when I talk about Alaska, I mean the interior, which is the lion's share, though the other Alaskas would each make a great State." And hardly a day passes in which one does not hear or read a similar use of the phrase, although the fable of the lion in partnership, the sole source of the expression, makes the king of beasts claim "the whole thing." So pertinent is the phrase, in many legitimate applications, that it is a pity it should be spoiled by persistent misuse. WM. I. FLETCHER.

Amherst College Library, September 29.

AN EARLY GENERAL INCORPORATION ACT IN NEW JERSEY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is generally agreed that the first act granting freedom of incorporation for any business purpose in America was a New York act of March 22, 1811, which conferred this privilege on groups of five or more persons associating with capitals of not more than $100,000 for carrying on certain forms of manufacture.

It is not widely known, however, that after four or five years of agitation (as indicated by the legislative records, 1812-1816) a similar law was passed in New Jersey (Public Act of February 9, 1816, p. 17). Except for doubling the minimum number of associates and the addition of a section intended to insure the education and moral well-being of the children to be employed by the corporations thus to be established, this statute is closely modelled after its New York predecessor; in fact, for the most part it is a verbatim copy, even to the use, in all but the added section, of the New York designation "trustees" instead of the New Jersey term "directors."

Unlike the New York act, which was kept in force and extended in scope, the New Jersey law endured only three years. On February 11, 1819, two years before it was due to expire by limitation, a repealing act was rushed through the Legislature without a single dissenting vote. And it was not until 1846 that freedom of incorporation for business purposes was again authorized.

The undersigned is desirous of knowing to what extent, if at all, this early New Jersey act was utilized, and the reasons why it was so readily repealed. During the years it was in force, and indeed until 1821, no special acts of incorporation were passed in that State for purposes covered by the act, although twelve such charters had been granted between 1811 and 1816. The period was, of course, one of business depression, but a number of charters were taken out under the New York law at this time; and a section of the repealing act suggests that some corporations had been formed under the New Jersey law. Has the episode come under the notice of any of your readers? JOS. S. DAVIS.

Harvard University, September 28.

GREEK-AMERICANS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Many American journals have commented on the number of Greeks who went from this country last winter to their old home to fight against the Turks; but the significance of the return has not been overemphasized. Every American traveller in Greece this year has stories to unfold of cordial reception by the Greek-Americans. "Hello, mister, what State you come from?" was a very common form of salutation not only in Athens but also in the smaller towns of the Pelopennesus. Nor is this strange, since conservative estimates place the number of Greek soldiers who had been in the United States at from fifty to sixty thousand. Most of them, to use the phrase in Percy Mackaye's "Gettysburg," were mere boys. They had been in all parts of this country; and they spoke all kinds of English. Some who had been here six or seven years spoke very little English indeed; but many of these had been in mills and had lived in the Greek colonies. Some of the most fluent (and occasionally one heard excellent English) had been going to night schools. Undoubtedly at times a Greek-American would engage in conversation with a traveller to impress his friends at home with his knowledge of English. But more frequently such an encounter was a token of genuine friendly feeling and to a certain extent a greeting to a fellow-countryman.

As a class these soldiers were alert and intelligent; to a prejudiced observer they seemed to have had their wits sharpened in the Western world. They were devoted to Greece, as was indicated by the fact that many had seen the hardest kind of service; and that many naturalized American citizens were to be found among them. They were, or seemed to be, equally loyal to their home in the new country. Almost to a man they looked forward to returning here after the war; indeed, many had left their younger brothers in charge of shops and business during their absence. Many spoke of the fair chance which America had given them to make their living, and to get ahead. Of scores with whom I talked I heard from only one of unfair treatment; he had been under a dishonest railway foreman. To hear the comments of these men on our institutions served to make one a better and more liberal American.

Most significant of all is the influence, intangible but positive, of the fact that these citizens of two countries are spreading among the common people of their old home knowledge of life and institutions in this newer land. Is there any parallel in history to the return of such large numbers of men who speak gladly and proudly

of their new home while fighting and dying for their native land?

KENNETH C. M. SILLS.

Bowdoin College, September 27.

Literature

KLUCHEVSKY'S "RUSSIA."

A History of Russia. By V. O. Kluchevsky, late Professor of Russian History in the University of Moscow. Translated by C. J. Hogarth. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 2 vols. $5 net.

By the death of Professor Kluchevsky (1839-1911) Russia lost the most distinguished student of her native history, a scholar who united a talent for painstaking, minute investigation of sources with a capacity for viewing Russian history as a whole and making bold and original generalizations as to its general tendencies. One of his services to science was a detailed examination of the historical material contained in the lives of the Russian saints, a vast body of narratives of which the greater part are still unpublished; another was the formulation of a new theory of the origin of serfdom in Russia, one of the most vexed questions of all Russian history. Serfdom, he showed, took its rise not from any one edict of the Government, but, on the Government lands, from the taxation system of Muscovite Russia, with its principle of collective responsibility; and, more important, on the private lands, through the gradual decline into servitude of a class of tenant debtors. The authorities, by the legislative enactments that paved the way for serfdom, were merely guarding against the agrarian disorders that grew out of the indebted condition of the peasantry.

As a young man, Kluchevsky became known for his special investigations in early Russian history. (An excellent sketch of his activity is given by Professor Bogoslovsky in the *Zeitschrift für osteuropäische Geschichte*, III, 309-318.) At the University of Moscow he won equal fame as a popular expositor; "he always lectured in the largest auditorium of the University, and it was always filled to overflowing." In 1902 he began the publication of his lectures, of which he issued four volumes before his death; a fifth and concluding volume may be soon expected.

The first two volumes of this "Course of [Lectures on] Russian History," concluding with the extinction of the older Russian dynasty in 1598, have now appeared in an English version, previous to their translation into German or French. It is a wholesome sign of the growing interest in Russian topics that a translator and publisher could be found for such a work. For, despite the English title (unwarranted by the original), Kluchevsky's volumes are not a history of Russia, but a series of learned essays, dealing with successive aspects of the economic, social, and institutional development of Russia, and addressed to a public that is assumed to be already acquainted with the main facts of Russian history. Furthermore, the author makes little effort to preserve strict historical proportions in his discussion, but dwells with pardonable fondness on topics that have been the subject of his own special investigation, such as the growth and economic importance of the Russian monasteries. At home his lectures have appealed to the general reader and gone through repeated editions; in England and America they will be relished only by earnest students of history.

To such students Kluchevsky's work offers a rich reward. From Rambaud's chronicle of seemingly unrelated happenings one turns to it with real delight. Russian history was moulded by economic forces. Kievan Russia grew up along the great commercial route that connected the Black Sea with the Baltic; Kiev depended for its prosperity on trade. This trade, and with it the special importance of Kiev, passed away when the Russian princes became unable to defend the lower course of the Dnieper against barbarian incursions. The population retreated to the west and to the northeast; from the union of the latter colonists with the Finnish aborigines came the Great Russian stock. In the central plain of Russia, covered by forests and intersected by rivers, there grew up petty principalities, dependent for their existence, despite the forests, on agriculture rather than trade. The migratory rulers of Kievan Russia, with their roving bands of followers, were replaced by sedentary princes, who regarded their small appanages as their private property; public and private law became fused into one. When these appanages were united under the rule of Moscow, methods of administration fitted for a petty state had to be remodelled to suit the needs of a vast empire. Slowly the autocracy grew up, while internal dissensions were held in check by the clearly recognized need for union against foreign enemies. The administration of the empire developed on entirely different lines from those of Western Europe. An Anglo-Saxon reader is startled to learn how Ivan the Terrible introduced local self-government, with elected officials, as a means of centralizing his power, or how he established a sort of Parliament, the *zemski sobor*, in order to obtain more effective coöperation among his own officials.

At every step Kluchevsky supports his generalizations by a few well-chosen, convincing, concrete illustrations. Neglecting the petty quarrels of warrior princes, he always holds before us the picture of a whole society. He passes over even the military glory of Dmitri Donskoi; the princes of Moscow "were remarkable for their consistent mediocrity" (I, 315). Economic and social forces are Kluchevsky's heroes. Yet, when an individual really had a potent influence on the nation, he does not belittle his significance; to Ivan the Terrible he devotes a chapter of trenchant political analysis, reminding one by its literary charm of the work of Macaulay or Green. One may regret that a writer with such striking gifts of exposition failed to construct a systematic history of his country instead of a series of brilliant essays.

The preceding remarks are based on a study of Kluchevsky's work in the original. To the English translation no such hearty praise can be given. If technical discussions of ancient Russian conditions, dealing, for example, with the origin of *pomiestie* land tenure and the gradual fusion of it with *otchina* proprietorship, are to be made accessible to English readers, they should be translated with absolute accuracy. This is no easy task in a work bristling with legal terms, which often have no satisfactory equivalents in English, and abounding in heavy, involved sentences that require entire reconstruction to meet the demands of English idiom. But the difficulty of such a problem is no excuse for publishing an unsatisfactory solution of it. Mr. Hogarth makes the impression of a conscientious student, but one liable to occasional lapses of attention, and not quite adequately prepared for the work that he has undertaken. He ordinarily gives faithful translations of difficult passages, remodelled into excellent English, and shows discrimination in translating, or leaving untranslated, Russian legal terms; on the other hand, he will make blunders, due not only to carelessness, but to actual ignorance of the Russian language. Some of these mistakes are only amusing, as when Mr. Hogarth states that Sophia Palæologus "was known throughout Europe for her wit" (II, 17), instead of for her *extreme corpulence;* others are so serious as to impair the usefulness of the work as an historical authority.

Fully to justify so sweeping a condemnation would require more space than is here available. A few instances must serve as types. The Russian word *soslovie* means a class in society; the four present *sosloviya* are the nobility, clergy, townsfolk, and peasantry. Mr. Hogarth could hardly defend himself for rendering it "corporate body" (II, 312), as applied to the classes of mediæval Europe; he errs still more in extending the idea of corporateness to Russian conditions. Thus his sentence, "All these jurisdictions . . . were institutions corporate in their class character" (II, 289), reads in the Rus-

sian merely, "All these jurisdictions had [lit. wore] a class character." In the sentence, "Now, was the general corporate character of *guba* administration a sign that in the state and among the nation at large there had begun to make itself felt a need for supporting or strengthening the joint action of the inchoate corporate classes in the work of government?" (II, 277), the words "general corporate" translate a Russian adjective meaning *all-class, extending to all classes*, and the second "corporate" should be omitted. The following statement is peculiarly misleading: "The essential points which comprised the basic principle of the *obstchina* (namely, common tenure of lands), may be said to have been (1) compulsory equality of apportionment, (2) strictly corporate character of the commune, and (3) a joint guarantee" (II, 207). Here the second item should read, "the strictly class significance of the *obstchina*"; the point being that only peasants could belong to the nineteenth-century Russian commune, and that a peasant could not ordinarily forfeit his membership in the commune without the commune's consent.

The following miscellaneous parallels may illustrate Mr. Hogarth's liability to error even in matters of crucial importance. (The Russian text used by the reviewer was that of the second edition of the second part of the "Kurs Russkoi Istorii," Moscow: Mamontov, 1908):

Constantine dispatched to Kiev the Greek Metropolitan Archbishop, with . . . his own (the Emperor's) cap — the cap, with its golden brim and its crown of carnelions, of which Augustus of Rome made so light. (Hogarth, II, 22.)	Constantine dispatched to Kiev the Greek Metropolitan Archbishop, with the imperial crown from his own bead (that is, the Cap of Monomakh), and with a carnelion cup, from which Augustus, the emperor of Rome, had made him merry, and with a golden chain.
To call a man a boyar meant, in those days, not that he had been *born* one, but that he had been *promoted to be* one. (II, 44, 45.)	To *say boyarship* [obsolete legal phrase] to anyone meant to announce officially to a person that he had been promoted to be a boyar.
To-day our Tsar hath been set these three days in his chamber! *There* is it that he dealeth with affairs. (II, 64.)	At present our Tsar locks himself up with two others in his bedchamber, and with them transacts business of all sorts.
The land hath been ruled by ourselves, its Tsars, and not by judges or *voicvoedi*, by devices or conceits. (II, 69.)	The land hath been ruled by ourselves, its Tsars, and not by judges and *voievodas*, not by commanders and captains.
The dues rendered by the local tenantry consisted of a monetary due, a cereal due, festival offerings, and tolls of 5 shocks of corn per *vit*—all of which (with the exception of the tolls, which cannot well be appraised) might be translated into . . . These examples are clear enough. Yet *data* are to be found which would seem to refute them. (II, 215.)	The dues of the tenants consisted of a rent in money and grain, of a money payment on holidays, and of five *squirrels* per *vit*. Converting all this into our present money, except the squirrels, which I cannot appraise, we find . . . The cases cited arouse no perplexities. But we meet with data such as puzzle the investigator.
Of *kormi* there were three kinds — namely, tolls levied when a new local official entered upon his post, tolls levied once only, and tolls levied annually, at the seasons of Christmas, St. Peter's Day, and Eastertide. (II, 249.)	The *kormi* were [of two sorts], the *entrance dues* [levied when a new official took office], which were levied but once, and the yearly standing dues, namely, those levied at Christmas, St. Peter's Day, and (in some places) at Easter.
While authorising boyars and *okolnichi* to dispense justice . . ., it forbade such officials to accept either "pleadings" (in modern parlance, briefs) or posts supernumerary to their judicial functions. (II, 252.)	It ordains that the boyars and *okolnichi* shall dispense justice, but that they shall not take "gratuities" [bribes] either for court service or for "caretaking," that is, for private mediation or services out of court.
To decide such questions joint sittings of the *Duma* and the Synod were held; which gatherings went by the name of *sobori* or conventions, and were altogether distinct from *lay* sittings of the *Duma*. (II, 262.)	To decide such questions there were summoned joint sessions of the Duma of Boyars and the Holy Convocation [*Osvyashchenny Sobor*]. Such sessions had the special name of *sobori*, which must be distinguished from the *zemskie sobori* [to which Kluchevsky presently devotes a whole chapter of his book].

Repeated errors of this sort are a most serious blemish in a work of primarily scholarly interest. They do not make one cease to be grateful for Mr. Hogarth's labors, but they dull the keen edge of one's gratitude. To point them out is not a pleasant task. One longs for the coming of a time when the same standard of accuracy shall be required of a writer on Russian literature or history, or of a translator from Russian, that is now expected of a student of German literature or history, or of a translator from German. Mr. Hogarth's work is more than that of a dilettante, less than that of a well-trained scholar.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Open Window. By E. Temple Thurston. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The Odd Farmhouse. By the Odd Farmwife. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Familiar essayists, homilists, and nature chroniclers are increasingly prone to give their wares a coating, or at least a tinge, of fiction. There is a growing commodity of books which are "neither hay nor grass," neither fiction nor essay, but something between. By the same token, the number of confessed books of essays of the lighter sort diminishes. No doubt it is easier to follow in the general direction of the Autocrat than of Elia, and we suppose there is more profit in emulating "Reveries of a Bachelor" or "Prue and I" than in depending upon the casual flow of prose fancy.

"The Open Window" is the work of an Englishman who may have heard of neither the Bachelor nor Prue; but it is written in a similar vein of plaintive sentiment. The annalist is supposed to be an old vicar in his quiet parsonage with its books, his garden with its birds and flowers. There is an old wife, still beautiful, for whom he continues to cherish the romantic emotions of youth. She dies in the middle of the book, leaving him alone with a daughter, the only child, who is, however, "her mother over again," and who promises never to leave him. But, of course, the wooer comes, and the vicar must see that his child does not suffer for his sake. We leave him, returned to his lonely home after the wedding, and visiting in turn the chambers of his lost daughter and his lost wife.

"The Odd Farmhouse" is more in the vein of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden." The American woman married to an Englishman has figured in more than one book of this general sort of late. In this instance, however, she is an American woman of quite uncommon cleverness and charm. In place of the familiar smartness and flippancy, the "bright" comments on British customs, there is a quiet flow of real humor, an unforced commentary on a very pleasant kind of life by a person ripe enough in mind and heart to deserve such a life. The married pair who stumble upon "the odd farmhouse" in a quiet corner of England have been through a hard apprenticeship of work, and relish their freedom as only the long-imprisoned can: "Now we get drunk on sunshine, liberty, and leisure. 'Time hath made me his numbering clock' once, so now I have the perfected sense of time; I waste it with a conscious luxury. I squander, but I know the worth of every minute, unlike the bored, rich people round us, whose leisure is a kind of mould and mildew—a fungoid resulting from disuse of life."

Diamond Cut Diamond. By Jane Bunker. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co.

"I now have a very simple recipe for a jaded one who wishes to gather the quintessence of excitement in an evening: Just rush out of a house where somebody is about to be arrested and make your way from Sixty-somethingth Street and West End Avenue to a Hundred and Forty-fifth Street in the dead of night with a million dollars' worth of somebody else's diamonds in your stocking!"—The publishers tell us, with the superfluous cunning of their trade, that a great and well-known lady of the pen masquerades under the name of "Jane Bunker." Does Mrs. Rinehart, of Pittsburgh, suppose that the possessor of this "very simple recipe for a jaded one" could be any other compounder of detective thrills and merry delights than the author of "The Circular Staircase" and "The Amazing Adventures of Letitia Carberry"? And, in the sentence quoted, she has been kind enough also to furnish the jaded reviewer with his recipe. The old maid of the story finds herself in just the situation described, and the fun of the thing is to see how she defends herself and the diamonds against stratagem and siege until the mystery of the ownership is solved. Not the least original feature of the plot is the introduction of a reporter who is not wiser than Sherlock Holmes and stronger than Sandow.

Margery Fytton. By Alice Ridley. New York: Duffield & Co.

Some of the most ancient and honorable materials of British fiction are here. The Fyttons have dwelt for cen-

turies in an old, dark, gloomy country-house, which is a county show-place by virtue of its architectural purity. The family has a motto:

Swart and comely, lissom and tall,
We are the Fyttons of Fytton Old Hall,
Fytt-ones to rank with the best of you all.

In such fashion, with the content and rhythm of an American college yell, did the pride of old England assert itself. The incumbent squire, Hugh Fytton, is worthy of his lineage, a tall, dark, stern man, who worships the family name and the family estate. His hopes of a male heir have been disappointed, but the daughter to whom his wife has at last given birth is to be the heir for all that. The wife dies, and a packet of letters is found which betrays the fact that the girl is not a Fytton at all. Thereupon the true Fytton turns harshly upon the false one, and makes a will in favor of a hitherto despised nephew. After that the right and satisfactory sort of thing happens. The nephew is a rough diamond, born in Australia, and therefore clumsy of hand and unruly of hair. Margery hates him. He adores her. He does not wish to accept his inheritance, and tries to restore it to her, but such things are not done in England. There is only one way out, and that, of course, has been predestined from the beginning of time.

Succession. By Ethel Sidgwick. New York: Small, Maynard & Co.

In this story Antoine Edgell, the youthful genius of "Promise," again appears as leading figure. The earlier narrative, it will be recalled, left him on the threshold of remarkable achievement as a violinist. His English father had given up the attempt to make an English boy of him, had withdrawn him from the public school in which he was so hopelessly out of his element, and had turned him over to the care of the French grandfather and uncle, who would be sure, at least, to make the most of his bent for music. The grandfather is a composer of note, the uncle a martinet under whose rule Antoine becomes master of the violin. In point of time, this record brings us along only a few years further than the earlier one.

There are not a great many events to be chronicled. Antoine studies his instrument, always more or less at odds with his teacher. He makes a friend or two, but remains essentially a solitary. He plays at a few concerts, and succeeds—when his nerves and sensibility are not too much for him. He differs from normal youth in his retention of childish simplicity. He weeps easily, his speech has the elisions and the fancifulness of infancy. We suspect that most male readers may get rather tired of his artlessness, in the course of these five hundred pages. Probably the rule is that if you can endure the "artistic temperament" at all, you can endure any amount of it. Your attitude towards such a person (in fact or in fiction) as Antoine Edgell, depends upon whether you accept or reject the allegation of his genius. In "Promise" Miss Sidgwick did make her Antoine a moving figure, even in the eyes of less sympathetic readers: a kind of lost seraph he seemed, pathetically groping in an unfamiliar world. But we can have too much of pathos. The prattle and fatuity of greatness are, after all, blemishes rather than charms; let genius be adored, but not because it is an ass.

The Charming of Estercel. By Grace Rhys. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

"Historical romance" has earned a bad name for artificiality. The great figures which are trotted out upon these amateur stages as a rule are stuffed with straw. The great events involved become spectacular episodes arranged for the convenience of the romancer. The style is a broken lingo of obsolete words and modern slang. Very rarely do we come upon a narrative to suggest, even remotely, the vigor and ease of a Scott or a Dumas. This story at least does that. It is not a great romance, but it is a good one, spontaneously and skilfully told. The occasion is the uprising of the North of Ireland, under Tyrone O'Neil, and the expedition of Essex, sent forth by Elizabeth to put an end to the rebellion. But the occasion remains a setting for the romance proper, which has to do with a youth and a maid among the followers of Tyrone. Both are of gentle blood. Estercel, the hero, is a lad of prodigious size, strength, valor, and simplicity; his Sabia is the slender and tender damsel of old. Estercel has a marvellous horse, who plays an important part in the story. Various improbable, not to say impossible, events occur, before we are done with the pair. In short, we have here the ancient materials of romance. But they are not dealt with in a commonplace or perfunctory manner. It is clear that the author has enjoyed her graceful labors. The style is charming, with a suggestion of archaism in its rhythm and subtler turns of phrase, rather than in its vocabulary. A few slips into the modern vernacular may be noted; but they are very few.

SAINT FRANCIS.

Life of St. Francis of Assisi. By Father Cuthbert, O.S.F.C. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co. $3.50 net.

Whenever St. Francis in his reading came upon a passage which stimulated his thought, he would read no further, but closed the book and pondered on what he had read. He who should read Fr. Cuthbert's volume by such a method would be long in coming to its end, for the passages worth pondering are many. Here are a few that carry some effectiveness even in brief quotation:

Francis' turning towards religion did not raise a barrier between him and the earth, but the earth itself became transformed in his sight and gave him a new joy. In earlier days he had regarded it with a certain eager reverence as the scene and circumstance of high chivalry; now he looked upon it with even greater reverence because of this new life revealed in it, and found in it an even greater joy.

It were easy to brand the dissident brethren as weaklings in their vocation or as traitors to Francis. That some of them merited to be thus branded is doubtless true. But for the most part they sincerely reverenced Francis and were proud to own him their leader. They felt the stirring of his spirit and gladly responded to it, as far as it was in them to respond. With these the trouble was not of their own making; it was the perennial difficulty found by a multitude in accepting as a guide in life, an ideal which demands a clear, spiritual insight and a more than common aloofness from the set ways of the world. In such case men suffer because of a lack of the rare simplicity required for the perfect understanding and realization of the ideal life proposed to them. They are pulled by two loyalties and are apt to cut an unheroic figure in consequence. And yet were it not for such men the world would be much the poorer morally and spiritually. They retail the spiritual life much as the ordinary student retails the message of a master, and it is through the more commonplace intelligence that the genius permeates the world.

The mystic of all ages has held that life itself cannot be adequately measured by the mere logical faculty of the mind, but only by the intuition of the whole personality when attuned to the truth by moral as well as mental discipline.

Among the longer passages that bring especial pleasure are the clear account of the place of the early Franciscans in town and village life, and the finely humanized description of the valley of Rieti.

Fr. Cuthbert's work is the first scholarly English biography of St. Francis. In its general plan and in its thoroughness it is very like Sabatier's familiar "Vie de S. François." Since that book was written the fervor of Franciscan study has brought to light a number of important documents, and has clarified many problems that were then obscure. Fr. Cuthbert thus has the advantage of being able to use much new material. In tone the English and French biographies differ greatly. The earlier one is instinct with dramatic imagination, the later is weighty with mature reflection. Sabatier's Francis moves surely and rightly, but not without a certain sharpness of change from scene to scene. Fr. Cuthbert's slower study is more careful in the tracing of the least transitions.

The "Nihil obstat" warns the reader at once that nearly all of the traditional

material is accepted as true, yet there is nothing polemic in this quiet ordering of the legend. And the life of the book is not in its treatment of fact or story; it is in the patient, sympathetic, sensible reconstruction of the inner experience of St. Francis. The analysis is constantly reasoned, and reasoned with finished cogency. "This was indeed the man," one feels; and such knowledge of such a man is to be treasured. Not for all is the life he led—nor did he ever claim it was for all—but life can hardly fail to be a finer thing for understanding of the way he viewed it.

Fr. Cuthbert overemphasizes the importance of Francis's knowledge of the romances of chivalry. The early chroniclers are doubtless right in ascribing to him certain interesting references to the stories of Roland and Arthur; but it is surely too much to say that "Francis' idea of obedience was in truth drawn from the romance of chivalry," and to find so often a romantic basis for Francis's thoughts and actions. In attributing to Francis the knowledge and use of Provençal, Fr. Cuthbert is quite unjustified. The passages he has in mind indicate familiarity with French, not with Provençal; and there is no reason to believe that the troubadours ever visited the towns of central Italy. Any good modern history of Italian literature would have set Fr. Cuthbert right on this point; he refers to Fauriel!

More frequent specification of dates would have been helpful. As it is, one has often to turn back half a dozen chapters, tracing statements in terms of months and seasons, to ascertain the year of a particular event. There are many misprints, the saddest of which transforms poor brother Juniper into "brother Jupiter." The illustrations are from remarkably fine photographs of scenes in Umbria.

Notes

The prose romances of William Morris will soon be added to the Pocket Library of Longmans, Green & Co. In October will be issued "A Dream of John Ball," "A Tale of the House of the Wolfings," and "The Roots of the Mountains" (two vols.); to be followed in November by "The Wood Beyond the World," "The Well at the World's End" (two vols.), and "The Story of the Glittering Plain." Early next year the series will be completed by the publication of "The Water of the Wondrous Isles" (two vols.), and "The Sundering Flood" (two vols.).

Small, Maynard & Co. announce for publication October 18 the following books: "Famous Modern Battles," by A. Hilliard Atteridge; "Lely and the Stuart Portrait Painters," by C. H. Collins Baker, a two-volume set with 240 illustrations, limited to fifty sets; "Divided," a novel of South Africa, by Francis Bancroft; "At the Fountain Head," five stories on the origin of life, for parents and teachers, by Dr. William F. Boos; "The Progressive Movement: Its Principles and Its Programme," by S. J. Duncan-Clark, with an Introduction by Theodore Roosevelt; "Barn Doors and Byways," a volume of nature and descriptive essays, by Walter Pritchard Eaton; "Fifteen Years of a Dancer's Life," by Loie Fuller, with an Introduction by Anatole France; "The Human Desire," a novel, by Violet Irwin; "Mrs. Brand," a new novel, by H. A. Mitchell Keays; "And Then Came Jean," a new novel, by Robert Alexander Wason; and "Little Wars," a profusely illustrated book for boys and girls, by H. G. Wells.

Mr. Basil Williams has completed for Longmans, Green & Co. his two-volume Life of the elder Pitt, and the work is now in press.

The Medici Society is bringing out, through Lee Warner, "Antiquities of India, an Account of the History and Culture of Ancient Hindostan," by Dr. Lionel D. Barnett, and a revised and enlarged edition of Dr. Budge's translation of "The Book of the Dead," reproduced in thirty-seven folding colored plates.

George Routledge & Sons will publish shortly "A History of Emigration from the United Kingdom to North America, 1763-1912," by Stanley Johnson, and "Practical Library Administration," by W. S. C. Rae.

Putnams bring out this week: "Waterssprings," a romance, by A. C. Benson; "Unruly Daughters," a romance of the House of Orleans, by H. Noel Williams; "The Ripple," by Miriam Alexander; "Fouquier-Tinville, Public Prosecutor of the Revolutionary Tribunal (1746-1795)," by Alphonse Dunoyer, and "Auction High-Lights, with a Full Exposition of the Nullo Count," by Florence Irwin.

The following titles will be published shortly by Sturgis & Walton: "Heroines of Modern Religion" and "Yankee Swanson," by Capt. A. W. Nelson.

Mr. Willy Pogany, the Hungarian artist, has designed the illustrations and decorations for "The Hungarian Fairy Book," by his brother, Nandor Pogany, which Fisher Unwin issues this week.

On October 22 the new Graduate College of Princeton, together with its Cleveland Memorial Tower, will be dedicated. On that day the Princeton University Press will publish in three volumes the Stafford Little lectures which Mr. Cleveland delivered at Princeton in 1900, 1901, and 1904. The titles of the three volumes are "The Independence of the Executive," "The Venezuelan Boundary Controversy," and "The Government in the Chicago Strike of 1894."

The Princeton University Press will publish on the same date "The Graduate College of Princeton," by Andrew F. West. Views of the new Graduate College are shown in twelve full-page pen-and-ink sketches by John P. Cuyler.

The first book of Andersen Nexo's Danish tetralogy may be expected from the press of Henry Holt in a few weeks. It bears the title "Pelle the Conqueror." The work is said to resemble, in style and compass, "Jean-Christophe."

The same house will issue on October 4: Prof. J. E. Hagerty's "Mercantile Credit"; an *édition de luxe*, in two volumes, of Burton E. Stevenson's "Home Book of Verse," and a pocket edition of William James's "On Some of Life's Ideals." For later in the season Holt promises "When Ghost Meets Ghost," a novel by William De Morgan, and "All Men Are Ghosts," a book of short stories by L. P. Jacks.

Scribners have a new cleanly printed complete edition of "The Poems and Ballads of Robert Louis Stevenson."

The last examination before appointments are made of those who will attend the 1914 session of the vacation assembly at Baguio, the summer capital of the Philippines, as a preparation for their work with the Bureau of Education, is announced by the United States Civil Service Commission for December 30-31, 1913, in various cities throughout the United States. From the eligible list thus procured appointments will be made during the coming spring for service in the Philippine Islands, beginning with the opening of schools next school year.

The changed conditions affecting the world's supply of food and mechanical energy were the main subject of Prof. H. N. Dickson's presidential address in the Geographical Section of the British Association. The waterfalls of the Alps, for instance, are converting northern Italy into one of the world's great industrial regions, and possibly vast manufactures will soon be carried on in what are now the immense agricultural regions of China, worked by power supplied from the great coal deposits of Shan-si. Referring to the changes in transport conditions, he said that they tend to make the road motor of incalculable importance in the future development of food-producing areas. Dr. W. S. Bruce, in a paper on Spitzbergen from the economic and political standpoint, urged its immediate annexation by Great Britain in order to protect the claims of British subjects, which are predominant there.

The July number, just out, of the *American Journal of International Law* opens with the presidential address of Senator Root, delivered at the last meeting of the American Society of International Law in April of this year. It happened that the first day of the Socicty's annual meeting was just fifty years after President Lincoln's promulgation of Order No. 100, embodying instructions for the government of armies in the field; and as the principal work of formulating these instructions was performed by Prof. Francis Lieber, Mr. Root deemed it appropriate to consider and review the career and services of that distinguished author, whom the writer of this note remembers as often appearing at Union meetings held during the period of the Civil War, and occasionally speaking, very clearly and impressively. Bluntschli is quoted as crediting Lieber, in the Instructions, with inspiring him to undertake his own works on international law. The force of this American example is admitted by Sir Henry Maine (whom Mr Root does not quote), who said, twenty-five years ago: "This example—the formation of a practical Manual stating for the officers of each nation what exigencies they were to be prepared for in actual contest and how they were to

deal with them—was followed by Germany, by England, and by France, and some of these Manuals have been adopted by smaller Powers." Mr. Root summarizes his services as a scholar, and incidentally as a soldier under Blücher, when he was wounded in the battle of Waterloo, and again on the field of Namur, where he was left for dead. Mr. Edwin M. Borchard has an important paper on "Basic Elements of Diplomatic Protection of American Citizens Abroad." It was necessary to consider the subject in several aspects, such as legal relations between citizens and States, between States and aliens resident therein, and between States themselves, with respect to their rights, and their responsibilities in case they have been guilty of delinquencies. The writer declares correctly that the history of the relations between citizens and States is largely a history of the transition from the system of personal laws to the territoriality of law. This has been accompanied both by a growing control of a central power over the individuals within its jurisdiction and by the feeling that territorial independence and sovereignty are essential qualifications for admission of a State into the society of States. He cites the fact that Congress exercises the right to regulate certain acts of United States citizens abroad, and to attach prescribed consequences to violations. He concludes that diplomatic protection, as a governmental function, results from the very nature of the State. Besides a lengthy paper on the sovereignty of the air in relation to aviation, and one on the position of the prisoner of war, should be noted the complete opinion of Justice Lurton, for the United States Supreme Court, in the Charlton case.

It was Frederic Harrison to whom occurred the fantastic idea that a great writer, possessed of a volumnious book-knowledge and as comprehensive an intellect as Gibbon, might some day codify the world's imaginative literature, as Cæsar and Napoleon codified the world's laws. Ernest A. Baker's "Guide to the Best Fiction" (Macmillan), so amplified a version of an earlier publication as to be virtually a new work, is perhaps a step in such a direction; it attempts to list all worthy works of fiction in English, including translations, and to characterize the contents and style of each summarily and instructively. It must be adjudged that in spite of the obvious difficulties of the task the author has produced a guide of great value to students, librarians, and writers. What faults it has are rather on the side of deficiencies than positive defects. The compiler might with justice have spoken of his undertaking as Dr. Johnson did of his dictionary—"to deliberate whenever I doubted, to inquire whenever I was ignorant, would have protracted the undertaking without end and perhaps without much improvement." If completeness be a test, the guide is by no means infallible. "English and French Fiction Before 1600" is a list which makes little pretence to a scholarly fulness, and there are other departments in which the design of the book as a popular, rather than an exhaustive, work of reference, has crowded out desirable material. Lacunæ are more evident from the fact that in modern literature there is such a repletion of entries on the side of ephemeral and inferior works as repeatedly to provoke exclamation at the inclusion of the word "best" in the title. Only those acquainted with the terrifying output of present-day fiction can appraise the indiscretion of admitting by wholesale writers born but into oblivion, even on the ground that "every age is most interested in its contemporaries."

The author's definition of fiction is at times open to serious criticism, as when he excludes imaginative travel—*e. g.*, Borrow's "Wild Wales"—and novels of propaganda—*e. g.*, Sinclair's "Springtime and Harvest"—to include "Lavengro" and "The Jungle." The general arrangement of the book again, and a serviceable index, facilitate search for particular items. But it is annoying that in the frequent instances in which a pseudonym has been used the author's real name does not appear in its alphabetical position; that with no other books listed by title, there is not a general heading for anonymous works, and the "Nova Solyma," for example, falls under N; and that many important short stories, published separately in some editions, in collected form in others, receive no specific mention. A cultivated reader might well be pardoned for knowing no more of T. N. Page than "Marse Chan," which is not listed; and many might look for a brief description of "The Gentle Boy," or "Christ in Flanders," or at least be anxious to learn in which general volume it is contained. To American literature is given a special and bulky chapter, but that of South Africa, Canada, and Australasia, no longer insignificant in quantity, is included with the mother country's. The lists of translations of ancient Greek and Latin and ancient and modern Asiatic fiction will be found especially valuable, and approach comparative completeness. One service the author has rendered is in calling the publishing world's attention to the want of translations of much of the better work of such writers as Gautier, About, and de l'Isle-Adam—to mention France alone.

Prof. Goldwin Smith's "Correspondence" (Duffield), selected and edited by Arnold Haultain, covers the long span of years from his student life at Oxford in 1846 until his death at Toronto in 1910. His letters, as one would expect, are of unusual charm on account of their style and the author's vigorous personality; and they are of value to the student of history and politics because of the keen-edged criticisms with which Canadian and English problems are discussed. For he had a truly great intellect; "vastiest Goldwin" he had been called at Oxford. Among his intimate correspondents were such men as John Bright, Cobden, J. S. Mill, Matthew Arnold, Morley, Bryce, Frederic Harrison, the third Earl Grey, and Lord Rosebery. To J. X. Merriman, Premier of Cape Colony, who, with a view to South African Federation, had asked Goldwin Smith questions in regard to Canada's constitutional experience since 1867, Goldwin Smith expressed himself with characteristic frankness and incisiveness. When the Boer War broke out Merriman in return supplied him with some thunder for his anti-Jingo campaign in Canada. The only two Canadian papers which opposed the war were the two to which he contributed, and in opposing it they lost half their circulation.

For half a century and more Goldwin Smith stood like a great rock in a river, breasting the current powerfully with his arguments and essays, but not greatly checking its mighty sweep towards the sea of party-government, pseudo-democracy, militarism, imperialism, and Irish Home Rule. It is sad to see how he was disappointed in some of his fondest hopes and in his expectations of men in public office. He believed the union of Canada and the United States would come as surely "as the rising of to-morrow's sun." He deplored the extension of the suffrage in England; "factory hands are bad material for a nation; they are mere human hammers and spindles; they have no patriotism in them." "The first consequences of the blind extension of the suffrage are a narrow escape from Dismemberment (by the first Home Rule bill), and the appearance, in the person of Mr. Gladstone, of Demagogism in its most powerful, its most malignant, and its most destructive form. Nothing can be either more tragical or more instructive than this man's moral fall." And he found Gladstone's great opponent no better: "Dizzy's life has been one vast conspiracy—the first object of which was the gratification of his own devouring vanity, the second the subversion of Parliamentary government." Goldwin Smith was vigorously opposed to Home Rule, believing, after much study, that what the Irish need is land, not political self-government. "If, however, self-government is to be conceded, I should be for four Provincial Councils. This would save Ulster from political submersion." In American politics he was often distressed by "the malignant influence of the Irish with their dynamite and blatherskite," and by "the corrupt wing" which they formed in the Democratic party. He had supposed they joined the party because attracted by the name, but a letter from Andrew D. White makes the interesting historical suggestion "that it was not their liking for the word 'Democratic' which influenced them in this matter, but their hatred of the word 'Whig.' In the thirties and forties, when the main tide of immigration started, the party opposing the Democracy was the Whig party." Goldwin Smith was strongly opposed to protection, and thought President McKinley "bad the worst way, a hypocrite half deceived by his own hypocrisy." "The election of Roosevelt," he wrote in the summer of 1904, "will be a disaster," but of Cleveland he had a high opinion. Of his work as professor of history at Cornell, there is almost nothing in this volume—a kindly sketch of Ezra Cornell, and of Ithaca, in 1868, and the statement ten years later that "the students are mostly poor, frugal, and industrious. We have lately been invaded by the athletic mania, but I hope not in a very virulent form."

Though much has been written of late on the literary qualities of the Old Testament, there has been no general chronological survey of the subject and this is what Prof. H. T. Fowler, of Brown University, proposes to give in his "History of the Literature of Ancient Israel from the Earliest Times to 135 B. C." (Macmillan). Without discussing questions of date and authorship he adopts the most recent critical views, taking his material in the order of time without regard to the arrangement of books in our

Bible. Nor, beyond a note on the form of Hebrew poetry, does he attempt any statement of canons of literary criticism—he simply passes opinion on the various pieces as they come up. Such historical and exegetical remarks are added as are necessary to make clear the historical setting of the books and passages examined, and to explain what is obscure in them. His method enables him to bring out the development of thought and style in the Old Testament, from the naïve poetry and narrative of the earlier time to the finished productions of the later period. His literary and theological judgments are generally just; there is, however, here and there a strain of excessive enthusiasm. A comparative study of an ancient literature like the Hebrew would add value to the description of it. The reader would like to know what in the Old Testament is general Semitic and what is distinctively Hebrew; how the prose narrative stands related to the Arabic prose; wherein the lyric poetry agrees with or differs from the Greek; what is the literary influence of the Hebrew intense nationalism. Such a study would tend to give breadth of view and distinctness of critical judgment, and would probably modify such sweeping statements as those made on pp. 177 (on Deut. v-xi) and 364 (on the praise of love in Canticles). But the view of the literature given by Professor Fowler is attractive in style and instructive in content, and the volume should find a wide circle of readers.

"Rhetoric and the Study of Literature" (Holt), by Alfred M. Hitchcock, is intended as a textbook for the last two years of the high school. The feature of the book consists in an attempt to join the study of composition with that of literature in accordance with the writer's belief that while the earlier secondary training in English should be confined to expression exclusively, the later work should seek to correlate composition and literary criticism "within reasonable bounds." Agreeably with this idea—which, Mr. Hitchcock declares, is coming to prevail—his volume falls into two distinct parts: an English composition, pretty much of the usual type, and a rapid sketch of the history of English literature by periods. The gap between the two is bridged by a constructive study of the most important literary types—prose fiction, the drama, the essay, and so on. In this way the whole subject is approached from the side of original composition. Now, if this is indeed the proper angle—if literature should be studied to illustrate rhetoric and not contrariwise, then Mr. Hitchcock's book seems a good one for the purpose. To be sure, it has its failings—an excessive timidity of classification and definition, of anything that might possibly be construed as dry and dogmatic—figures of speech and punctuation, for instance, are relegated to the limbo of an appendix—a corresponding inclination to substitute persuasion for prescription, and what seems like a curiously underlying distrust of the pupil's faculty and inclination for the work. But these seem to be failings of the movement; and as a whole the volume is unusually simple, straightforward, and intelligible.

In "Culture, Discipline, and Democracy" (Christopher Sower Company), under a somewhat forbidding exterior, and in a style at times Teutonic in complexity, Prof. A. Duncan Yocum, of the University of Pennsylvania, presents what at first glance appears to be an unusually careful and well-reasoned discussion of the issue between culture and "preparation for life." We are not sure that the first glance is wholly misleading, but some of the conclusions are staggering—for example, that in the curriculum of the future the present status of required and elective subjects will be largely reversed, and the basis of education will be literature, history, sociology, civics, and economics, while mathematics (outside of simple arithmetic) and foreign languages will be treated simply as preparations for a specialty. Yet one must admit that a subject which in no wise finds its way into life hardly accomplishes the purposes of culture, and that discipline for discipline's sake may defeat its own purpose. Moreover, there is reason in the suggestion that the present boundaries of the sciences are too finely drawn for educational purposes, and that, in the secondary schools, at least, a course in "science" would be more to the point. In the end, however, it looks as if the writer were a victim of that presupposition which underlies most of the talk about "education for life"—namely, that even an educated mind can discover nothing for itself, and that one can neither cook nor vote without a special course in cooking or voting.

Frederic Stanhope Hill, author and publisher, died last week at his home in Cambridge, Mass. He was born in Boston in 1829. Early in life he went to sea, and during the Civil War was an officer in the navy. From 1890 to 1903 he was editor of the Cambridge *Tribune*. He was the author of several books, among them "Twenty Years at Sea, or Leaves from My Old Log-Books," which was written for boys; "The Story of the Lucky Little Enterprise," "The Continuity of the Anglican Church, A. D. 61-1900," "Twenty-six Historic Ships," and "The Romance of the American Navy."

Science

A gratifying indication of the distance to which good work reaches is seen in the liberal citations of American studies in a recent report on "Our Artesian Waters" in Australia, by R. S. Symmonds, published with permission of the Minister for Public Works (Sydney). The report includes a number of extracts and plates from M. L. Fuller's "Controlling Factors of Artesian Flow," and from F. W. Clarke's "Data of Geochemistry," both published by the United States Geological Survey, and cites opinions of Hilgard, Darton, and Daly, American geologists. The large volume of water obtained from deep borings has permitted its extensive use in irrigation in certain Australian areas, here described in some detail. Other topics of importance are the neutralization of alkali, the gases of artesian waters, and the interesting theoretical question of the source of artesian waters. For the Australian cases the author ascribes the water, at least in part, to deep-seated rocks, and not to infiltrated rain water.

The "Household Bacteriology" (Macmillan), by Estelle D. and Robert Earle Buchanan, is said to be for students of domestic science, and is also prefatorily described as a revision of the lectures given for some years past to students of home economics at Iowa State College. The title misleads the reader a little, for many forms of microörganisms are considered, including even various pathogenic protozoa. To yeasts and moulds much space is given, perhaps too much, in the text, besides an appendix with nearly forty pages of "key" to the common moulds. The general reader can pick up an immense amount of interesting information here, but, on the whole, one wonders what the mind of the home economist may be like. The information is usually very good, sometimes surprisingly fresh, and there is often a practical outlook of considerable value; but in general there is a lack of definiteness, and the application is not always as obvious as it should be in instruction for young domestic scientists. Almost a third of the book belongs to a section on microörganisms and health, and here, except in discussing milk and water, the authors are evidently on unfamiliar ground. Concerning water purification, it may be said in passing that the practical results with the ultra-violet rays as well as with ozone have not been as good as the account here given would lead the reader to suppose. Illustrations are numerous, and many of them are very clear and good; a few are hard to understand. The index at first glance seems to be very full, but it really has many gaps. Both index and text need careful revision with a Latin grammar and dictionary. The worst linguistic sin is "fomite" (p. 308), but there are others.

I. G. Gibbon, who wrote a book on the question of insurance for the unemployed, has now made a study of the experience of insurance against sickness which has come from the compulsory form in Germany since 1884 and from a voluntary form in Denmark since 1893, and publishes his results with the cover-title "Medical Benefit in Germany and Denmark" (Dutton). Extended appendices deal chiefly with the conflicts in Germany between the medical practitioners and the societies for sickness insurance. The new German law, only partially in force when the book was written, is incorporated in the text, but of its working little or nothing is as yet known. There is necessarily much detail in the presentation of the subject, and the material may not easily be condensed for the general reader. The more important conclusions indicate: that the medical insurance should be mainly for medical services and not for general support, and that some corporate action on both sides is desirable, but to be tempered with some individual liability; that there should be democratic organization and administration in the corporate groups, and also a generous measure of freedom; and that emphasis should be laid on educational work in insurance. The problems of medical benefit are not merely those of insurance, but are intimately bound up with social conditions. Solutions may not be given offhand, and there is much need of careful consideration and judicious planning; the adjustment can only be gradual, and disturbances must be expected.

Prof. John Roble Eastman, astronomer,

died Friday at Franklin, N. H. He was born at Andover, N. H., in 1836, and graduated from Dartmouth College in 1862 with the degree of M.S., receiving a Ph.D. from the same institution in 1877. Professor Eastman was an assistant at the United States Naval Observatory at Washington from 1861 to 1865, and professor of mathematics, U. S. N., 1865. He was retired for age in July, 1898, with the rank of captain. In June, 1906, he was promoted to the rank of rear-admiral. He had been engaged in astronomical observations, computations, and research since 1862, the bulk of his published work appearing in the annual volumes of the Government Observatory. He was the first president of the Washington Academy of Sciences, and was in charge of the meridian circle work at the Observatory from 1874 to 1891. Under his care was prepared and edited the "Second Washington Star Catalogue," which contains the results of nearly 80,000 observations made at the Naval Observatory, 1866-91. He was the author of "Transit Circle Observations of the Sun, Moon, Planets, and Comets," 1903.

Drama

LONDON THEATRES.

LONDON, September 20.

It is a number of years now since the name of Ibsen was first heard in England and a select little group of British dramatists and actors set to work to reform the British drama, with an earnestness of which they never lost an occasion to assure the public. Indeed, so much was heard about the reformation, that that part of the public which takes itself seriously began to believe there was such a thing, and to imagine it was to be elevated and somehow strengthened by going to the theatre. Many declared that nothing remained but to get rid of the censor; others were convinced that the crowning touch needed was a National Theatre; and altogether enough noise was made to create a general impression that something was going on and that the drama in England was in an uncommonly active, intellectual, and, above all, ethical condition.

I have often had my doubts. Often, in my skepticism, the British drama has seemed to me much where it was before the name of Ibsen was heard in the land, except for the difference in themes and technique that time is bound to bring with it. For the last two or three years I have been inclined to think that not even so much as this could be said for it—that, on the contrary, the British theatre is sadly deteriorating. Ragtime and "revues" at the music halls, moving pictures at the "Cinemas," have so debauched the public taste that the drama has been having a pretty hard fight for survival, and last winter depended for success principally upon American farces, very amusing some of them, but still with no pretence of being anything save farces. Therefore, the announcement that this autumn season would open with plays by Bernard Shaw and J. M. Barrie was received with a good deal of interest, for Shaw and Barrie have been honored as two of the chief prophets of the new dramatic gospel, through all these reforming years.

To begin with Shaw's, since it was the first given. It has been put on the stage at the St. James's Theatre by those accepted modern pioneers and masters of stage production, Mr. Granville Barker and Miss Lillah McCarthy. Its title is "Androcles and the Lion," and it is described on the programme as a "fable play," a convenient and suggestive description, for a fable does not deal with realism, but may be full of the esoteric meaning looked for from Shaw, with the good, sound moral insisted upon nowadays tagged on at the end. The fact that he chose the early Christians as the subject upon which to build up his fable, nobody need quarrel with. One of the characteristic, periodical, solemn discussions has just begun in the London papers over the performance of "Joseph and His Brethren" at His Majesty's, the disputed point being the reverence, or irreverence, of adapting a Biblical subject to the modern stage. One of the correspondents, the Rev. Mr. Campbell, of the City Temple, goes so far as to compare such adaptations to the miracle and mystery plays of the Middle Ages, quite forgetting the difference between religious plays given by the church for the benefit of the people and religious plays given by the popular stage-manager for the benefit of his own pockets—quite forgetting, that is, that it all depends on how the adaptation is made and to what purpose. And so with Shaw's fable—everything depends on the treatment, for the early Christians are to a large proportion of the public as sacred subjects as Joseph or any other characters in the Old Testament, and if they are chosen as a modern dramatic theme, it is not unreasonable to expect that this is not through mere caprice, but for some sensible and appropriate reason. But Shaw has used them, to judge from the way he has used them, for no better reason than caprice—for his own amusement in once more bewildering the admiring audiences who are determined to hear in his every mood the voice of a prophet, while, all the while, he sits by, I rather suspect, with his tongue in his cheek.

The play opens with the familiar old story of Androcles and the lion that children of my generation used to read in one of their first reading books. I do not remember that it there had any connection with the early Christians, but by making Androcles an early Christian this connection is easily supplied without hurting the prejudices of the most orthodox. After a little, not very funny, sparring between Androcles, whom his wife calls "Andy," and the wife, whom Androcles calls "wifie-pifie," the lion appears and, as in the old story, Androcles pulls out the thorn from his "footsems-wootsems," and then, in Shaw's new version, the two waltz together from the stage. One smiles at this buffoonery, for the lion is really a very nice, Christmas-pantomime lion. At Drury Lane, or as a turn in one of the popular "revues" at the music halls, it would bring down the house. But is this exactly the sort of success the serious dramatist seriously reforming the drama wants?

Two acts follow. In one, the early Christians, mostly silent supers, are on their way to Rome and the arena; in the other, they are in Rome and gathered just without the arena waiting their martyrdom. In both acts there is a little mild, vapid fooling. A beautiful young Christian among the prisoners flirts—the word is Shaw's—with the Roman officer, and addresses him as "handsome Captain." A big, fiery-tempered brute of a convert finds nothing so hard as to turn the other cheek for the blow and ends by killing six gladiators in the amphitheatre, instead of being killed by them, and, as a consequence, is pardoned and welcomed to his service with open arms by the Emperor. A poor coward goes through farcical agonies of fear and, in a mad dash for freedom, rushes into the lion's jaws—a fate which, deserve it as he may, one might think scarcely a matter for laughter. There is an occasional serious passage, as when the "handsome Captain" asks the beautiful Christian to define her God, and she tells him that to define God we must be Deities ourselves. But the mild fooling, with the dash of seriousness, drags terribly at times, and of all dramatic crimes this is the worst. The end is foreseen from the beginning. Androcles and the lion meet in the arena, they recognize each other, and the lion refuses to eat Androcles. There is a bit of horseplay when the lion chases the Emperor up and down the stairs of the amphitheatre, a rough-and-tumble scene that would not disgrace a Harlequinade. The lion and Androcles then have a second dance and march off the stage arm-in-arm. The curtain falls.

What does it mean? That is the question earnestly asked by Shaw's admirers. Because the Emperor, at one stage, says that the Christians who refuse to burn incense to the gods are committing suicide when they go into the arena, suffragists look upon it as a suffrage fable, or sermon, and the inevitable suffragette interruption has occurred at one of the performances. Others have found consolation in the truth set forth that faith gives strength to

the weakest, for it must be confessed that the early Christians as Shaw shows them are not of the stuff martyrs are usually supposed to be made of. And many still seek the answer, no doubt the more impressed because it is impossible to find. But looking at the play dispassionately, and not through the Shaw glamour, I see in it nothing but farce, with a subject that is as the poles apart from farce, indeed, so far-fetched as farce, so well-calculated when thus used to shock a large majority of the public, that it is hard not to believe it a deliberate bid for the sort of réclame Shaw should be willing to dispense with, now his position is assured. Moreover, the play depends for its fun, not upon the gay, whimsical humor that has redeemed many of his extravaganzas, but upon cheap jests and cheap clowning more in place on the music-hall stage.

To turn to Barrie is scarcely more encouraging, or I might better say it is less encouraging, for as two of his plays are now performing at the Duke of York's, there is the double chance to put him and his art to the test. By this time everybody knows that, on the first night, the first of these two plays received a tremendous ovation, and the second was hissed. In the meanwhile, the second has had one act cut out—the reason, perhaps, why it is still running and may possibly have a long run. As far as I am concerned—though in this I differ from most of the London critics—there is little to choose between the two. The first, in one act divided into three periods, tells the story of "The Will," from the earliest version made by the devoted young husband at the outset of his career, until the last made by the embittered widower at the end of the career which was more prosperous than ever the young man could have hoped. That the enormous success of "Milestones" would give a vogue to the three-period play, and that its authors would find imitators, it was safe to predict. The surprise is that Barrie should be the first to follow the lead. But here we have again the influence of time as a theme and its passing expressed in the dress and on the faces of the actors, and in the change of furniture—slight in this case, because the scene is a lawyer's office, where the chance for change is small except in the royal portrait hung above the mantelpiece: first Victoria, then Edward, and last George. The device in itself is not sufficiently novel to arrest attention, and the play which hangs upon it is of feeble interest. It is a fable with a moral, if you will, and the comfortable moral that leaves nobody in the least shadow of a doubt, but is as naively obvious as in the old Sunday-school tale of the Idle Apprentice. Nor is the story told with special subtlety or charm. The dialogue is thin, the sentiment thick. As a curtain-raiser that will pass, but will not set the theatre in England or anywhere else on fire; it probably would have been dismissed, but for the magical name of Barrie.

The second play, "The Adored One," or "Leonora," as I believe it is to be called in America, is described as a "legend," but a fable with a moral would have been a more appropriate description. The story is simple—as obvious in its plot and its sermon as "The Will." Leonora is the old-fashioned woman with charm, to whom anything and everything can be forgiven, even murder. She has killed a man by pushing him from the railway carriage because he refused to leave the window shut after she had represented to him that her child had a cold—a legend not possible outside of Barrie's fairyland. But so potent is Leonora's old-fashioned charm that friends, counsel, jury, and judges are all conquered by it and unanimously and joyfully acquit her. It may be said that, on the face of it, such a tale is fantastic, and should be so taken. And so I, for one, was prepared to take it all through the first act, when I was amused by the Leonora of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, who has not only the right charm for the part, but the right feeling for light comedy, and who shows, as few other actresses could, how the once admired type of woman may unite a number of different sorts of women in her own fascinating personality. She puts one in a good humor for whatever may follow. But, unfortunately, what follows is not fantastic: it is foolish—a preposterous scene in court which might be endured were dull burlesque its only fault, but which is unendurably silly. Leonora flirting with the judge, exchanging confidences with the jury, being proposed to in the witness-box by her counsel, innumerable other absurdities as flagrant piled one upon another, becomes impossible, her charm evaporates. And no lightness of touch, no delicacy of humor, relieves the burlesque.

Some critics have seen the offence in the fact that all this tomfoolery centres about a murder, too serious a subject, they say, for jest, though they might as logically have objected to Shaw's making a jest of the early Christians waiting for the lions. That the burlesque business is tedious is, as in Shaw's fable, the real offence. Even the burlesque topples over like a house of cards when, in the end, the judge, summing up in his judgment, tells Leonora that her type of woman, the woman of the past, is gradually vanishing, and that another, stronger, more independent woman, with less charm, is coming to take her place: all this said as solemnly as if Barrie really meant his "legend" for the problem play inaugurated by Ibsen, and the judge's speech for an equivalent to the discussion with which "The Doll's House" and the long succession of problem plays derived from it have ended. As well might a moral be tagged on to "La Belle Hélène" or "Orphée aux Enfers." Shaw is wiser in leaving his audiences to draw a moral for themselves.

These new plays by two of the leading British dramatists of the day shake one's faith in the value of reform and set the thoughtful to asking whether, after all, Barrie and Shaw are so great an advance on Robertson, with his cup-and-saucer school, and Sardou, whose "Diplomacy" has so successfully met the test of its present revival that it has already run for two hundred nights at Wyndham's. Does "The Adored One" come really closer to life than "Ours" and "Caste"? Does "Androcles and the Lion" preach a finer sermon—and it is a sermon that Ibsen has made the fashion in drama—than "Diplomacy"? Do not people still go to the theatre to be amused—or interested, which is the same thing—and is not the failure of the two plays due to their not amusing, not interesting, to their being dull? And if the censor is abolished and the National Theatre established, what guarantee is there that a fine national drama will be the result, when any number of private enterprises, from the Independent Theatre of the eighties to the Stage Society of to-day, have failed to produce it? Art, whether of the stage or the studio, is not manufactured, not created by protection: it "happens." N. N.

Two new plays are now to be seen in the Lyceum Theatre in this city, "The Younger Generation," by Stanley Houghton, and "Half an Hour," by J. M. Barrie. The former is an amusing trifle, freshly conceived and cleverly written, which would be more praiseworthy if the humorous observation and skill in characterization revealed in it had been tempered by a little sober reflection. It deals with the revolt of the adolescent family of a smug Manchester merchant, James Kennion, a regular chapel-goer, still governed, in externals, by the Puritanical notions in which he was reared by his grimly religious old mother—against the moral and social restrictions imposed upon them. The youngsters are encouraged in their rebellion by a jovial uncle, who has passed most of his life in the freer intellectual atmosphere of Germany, and who remembers some of the escapades in which he and his precise brother, James, indulged when they were boys together. James is not pleased when reminded of these adventures, but regards himself as a brand saved from the burning, and is inclined to think that the world is coming to an end when his eldest son, exhilarated by unfamiliar liquor, tries to kiss the housemaid, and subsequently, unrepentant, demands more liberty and a latch-key; when his daughter encourages a perfectly honest suitor without taking him into her confidence, and when his youngest boy, aged eighteen, ventures upon the desperate profligacy of a hotel supper, with sherry and bitters, after a golf match. Much legitimate fun, and some sound so-

cial and domestic philosophy, are extracted from these incidents, which are handled with no little theatrical dexterity, while all the various personages are drawn with a light, vivacious, and realistic touch. The main contention upon which the piece is founded, that over-severe discipline may provoke the very excesses against which it is directed, is trite enough to be proverbial, and the troubles of Mr. Kennion, a ridiculous and foolish old Pharisee, are doubtless the logical results of his own narrow and tyrannical policy, but the moral implied in some of the illustrative examples and precepts, that youth, male or female, in its most perilous period, may be safest when left to its own instincts and resources, is opposed to all human experience. This is not a serious work. The primary object of it is laughter, and it does not call for severe criticism by high standards, but jests at the expense of the finer human instincts are dangerous even in farce.

"Half an Hour" will add nothing to the high reputation of Mr. Barrie as a dramatist. It does, indeed, contain an ingenious, if wholly incredible, melodramatic situation, but nothing really vital or human or anything suggestive of the literary facility or quaint, humorous, whimsical, illuminative fancy by which much of his other stage work has been distinguished. It is possible that he intended it as a burlesque satire upon some of the recent emotional sex dramas, but of this intent there is no indication upon the surface, either in the wording or in the manner it was acted at the Lyceum. Symbolism or irony must be manifest to be effective. He presents two intensely unreal, conventional, theatrical figures. Lillian Garson, an exquisite, dainty, high-spirited, penniless aristocrat, has sold herself to a brutal millionaire husband, whose maltreatment does not fall short of physical violence. After a bitter quarrel, in which she opposes cold scorn to his brutal ferocity, she decides to flee with a lover, leaving behind her her jewels and wedding ring and a note of farewell. In the second scene she joins her lover, who goes out to make some final arrangements and is killed by a motor-'bus. The doctor, summoned in the emergency, realizes that she is not wife or widow, and bids her depart if she would save the dead man's memory from scandal. So, in despair, she returns homeward in the hope of forestalling discovery, and, in the third scene, appears as hostess of her husband's dinner guests, among whom is the very doctor who has been a witness of her tragedy. He, recognizing her at once, amuses the company with a minute recital of the experience through which he has passed, the guilty woman—whose one anxiety is to regain possession of her note and jewels before it is too late—exhibiting a deep but innocent interest in the relation. Garson, who has found the jewels, but not the note, is stirred to sudden suspicion by a chance remark that eloping wives always leave their trinkets and a note behind them. He turns fiercely upon his wife, but by this time she has the tell-tale note crumpled in her hand, and smilingly chaffs him as he vainly hunts for it. For this moment of suspense apparently the piece was written. In the end she lies herself triumphantly out of her scrape and her deluded husband sullenly apologizes and goes in to dinner, while his wife—after showing it to the doctor—throws the incriminating note into the fire. What Sir James Barrie meant by a tale so extravagant in its coincidences and in its delineation of character is a problem. From first to last, it is crammed with glaring inconsistencies and improbabilities, while the dialogue is in no way remarkable. If he simply wished to try his hand at a thriller, it is to be hoped that this one experiment may content him.

The other new Barrie comedy, "The Will," which is fully described in the London letter preceding these notes, has just been produced in the Empire Theatre here. John Drew played the three ages of the central figure, the financier, with uncommon skill and notable comprehension. He has done nothing so well in the way of character delineation for years. He was particularly effective as the middle-aged, purse-proud, selfish merchant, and exhibited a degree of passion, as the broken-hearted millionaire in the final scene, of which few playgoers probably thought him to be capable. Frank Kemble Cooper also furnished a notable picture of the old lawyer, whose broken utterances furnish the moral comment which is the object of the piece. This, of course, is the ancient saying that the love of money is the root of all evil.

Music

Among the vocalists engaged for this season's concerts of the New York Philharmonic Society are Matzenauer, Gerville-Réache, Ottilie Metzger, Julia Culp, and Jacques Urlus. The violinists to be heard as soloists are Mischa Elman, Carl Flesch, Jacques Thibaud, and Leopold Kramer (the Philharmonic's new concert-master). The pianists will be Teresa Carreño, Harold Bauer, and Max Pauer; and the violoncellists, Jean Gerardy, Leo Schulz, and Beatrice Harrison, who will make her first American tour. Also there will be Henri Leon Leroy, first clarinet of the Philharmonic, and Xaver Reiter, first horn. At the Young People's Concert, Kitty Cheatham will be the soloist. The Philharmonic will have the coöperation of the St. Cecilia Club (Victor Harris, conductor) in the performance of Liszt's "Dante" symphony.

The New York Symphony Society, under the direction of Walter Damrosch, will again give its concerts at Aeolian Hall. There will be eight Friday afternoon subscription concerts, and sixteen on Sunday afternoons. The first will be on Sunday afternoon, October 26, when Mme. Gadski will be the vocalist. The list of soloists includes also Louise Homer, Margarete Matzenauer, Maggie Teyte, Oscar Seagle, Carl Flesch, Fritz Kreisler, Kathleen Parlow, Alexander Saslawsky, Mr. and Mrs. David Mannes, Wilhelm Bachaus, Harold Bauer, Josef Hofmann, George Barrère, Gustave Langenus. Among the pieces to be played are: Bach, Brandenburg Concerto No. 5; Brahms, Serenade in D; Chausson, Concerto for piano, violin, and string orchestra; Debussy, C., Suite "Le Printemps" (first time); Elgar, Sir E., Symphonic Poem, "Falstaff" (first time in America); Ennesco, Rumanian Rhapsody; Fanelli, E., Tableau Symphonique, "Thèbes" (first time in America); Handel, G. F., Concerto grosso No. 7; Kolar, V., Symphonic Suite, "Americana" (first time); Loeffler, C. H., La Villanelle du Diable; Strauss, R., "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks."

Theodore Presser, in addition to being one of the great musical educators of the American public through his admirable periodical, the *Etude*, and otherwise, has founded a Home for Retired Music Teachers. It is situated in Germantown, Pa., in one of the most desirable parts of the city. The contract for the new building was let a few days ago. It will cost $136,000 without painting or the furnishings. It will, in fact, be like a beautiful private hotel, with as little of the institutional idea as possible. It will accommodate sixty-five inmates, and no expense has been spared to make the building as commodious, comfortable, and even luxurious as possible. Mr. Presser has guaranteed the future of the institution.

Arthur Mees is again acting as conductor of the Worcester, Mass., music festival, which is extending from September 29 to October 3. Among the artists who are heard are Mme. Schumann-Heink, Evan Williams, Florence Hinkle, Herbert Witherspoon, Lambert Murphy, Reinald Werrenrath, Arthur Philips, Mary Jordan, Alice Eldridge, Mme. Sundelius, William Wheeler. The programmes include, besides a number of classical and modern vocal and instrumental numbers, two large choral works, Verdi's Requiem and Gabriel Pierné's "St. Francis of Assisi." American composers are not forgotten, Arthur Foote being represented by his "Omar Khayyâm" suite, and W. H. Humiston by his "Southern Fantasy."

A quadrille for two pianos, the principal themes of which are taken from Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde," has been found among the papers of the late Emanuel Chabrier and will shortly be published.

Commenting on the discovery of the complete manuscript, in Verdi's handwriting, of a History of the Popes, the London *Telegraph* says: "It seems marvellous that the composer should have found time, in the intervals of opera writing, to carry out a literary task of such importance and magnitude." Some of those intervals between operas were, however, long enough to give time for almost anything. After composing "Aïda," Verdi rested on his laurels sixteen years before he produced another opera, "Otello." The only thing he composed in this period was his Requiem.

G. Schirmer's September Bulletin of New Music gives timely information regarding the operatic novelties to be produced in New York and other American cities this season. The Metropolitan Opera Company's list includes Victor Herbert's "Madeleine," Charpentier's "Julien," and Strauss's "Rosenkavalier." Hammerstein's novelties will be Massenet's "Thérèse" and Erlanger's "Aphrodite." Saint-Saëns's "Henry VIII" will be done by the Century Opera Company. The Boston Opera promises Février's "Monna Vanna," while the Chicago company's list includes Franchetti's "Cristoforo Colombo" and Kienzl's "Ranz des Vaches."

No less than eight concert halls have been erected in Berlin within the last ten years. Three of them have a seating ca-

pacity of 1,500 to 1,600, one of 1,200, while the others are smaller.

A history of conducting ("Geschichte des Dirigirens"), by Georg Schünemann, is among the latest German books. The third volume of the Joachim correspondence ("Briefe von und an Joseph Joachim") also has just been issued.

Far better than most of the songs that come at present from across the ocean are some of those composed by Henry Holden Huss. They are not only good as music, but effective in the concert hall. The same American composer's sonata for violin and piano, opus 19, is among the pieces that have recently come into favor. Prominent virtuosi, like Kneisel, Spiering, and Ysaye, have played it in public.

Art

Lee Warner is publishing for the Medici Society "In the National Gallery, a First Introduction to the Works of the Early Italian Schools," by Mrs. C. R. Peers.

Mrs. Bearne's book "A Court Painter and His Circle: François Boucher (1703-1770)," issued by T. Fisher Unwin, is a biography of the artist and in some sense a reflection of the life of his period.

The Metropolitan Museum issues an illustrated "Catalogue of Romanesque, Gothic, and Renaissance Sculpture," under the editorship of Joseph Breck, assistant curator in the department of decorative art. By the inclusion of medals, plaquettes, and ivories, a sensible course under the circumstances, the catalogue numbers exceed three hundred, of which the majority fall in the Gothic period. Mr. Breck has taken his editorial task with due seriousness. The pieces are fully described, all relevant literature is cited, and problems of attribution are briefly discussed. In every scholarly respect the work is creditable, being more minutely accurate than the run of similar European catalogues. There are more than eighty half-tone cuts, which, however useful, make the book pretty heavy in the hand. An impression on lighter paper would be a distinct convenience to visitors to the Museum. This catalogue constitutes an extraordinary record of growth. Seven years ago the Metropolitan Museum contained no original Renaissance or mediæval sculpture of note, except a damaged but fine altar back by Andrea della Robbia. In 1907, through the generosity of Mr. Morgan, the older portion of the Hoentschel collection was lent to the Museum. This added at once something like 200 examples of sculpture, mostly of a minor decorative type and of Gothic period. Mr. Morgan soon added to this loan the remarkable transitional tomb sculptures from Château Biron, fine instances of the pathetic and realistic manner that superseded Gothic stylism. In the last five years by purchase the Museum has chiefly built up the weakest department, that of Italian sculpture. Here it has naturally been impossible to acquire works of monumental dimensions. Instead the Museum has wisely concentrated upon those works in which the artists' touch is most evident—terra-cottas and small bronzes. As to the scope of the present collections, which are rapidly growing, both in North and South European examples, it is possible to illustrate from originals the main types from the twelfth to the end of the sixteenth century.

Among objects of capital importance in the Italian school, we may mention four angels very close to Giovanni Pisano in style, a terra-cotta Madonna by Donatello, another of Verrocchio's early time, an altar back by Andrea della Robbia, a Nativity by Antonio Rossellino, a graceful angel by Matteo Civitale, a portrait relief in marble by Pietro Lombardo, a magnificent bronze Madonna by Jacopo Sansovino, a fine portrait bust of Simone Contarini by the Venetian Alessandro Vittoria. One may add perhaps a gold plaque minutely worked in repoussé and ascribed to Benvenuto Cellini. If one recalls as well a small but choice group of the best Renaissance medals and small bronzes, one will see that the materials for original study in this field are already considerable. Great gaps in the collection there necessarily are. Nothing adequately represents the Michelangelesque movement; such admirable craftsmen as Adam Krafft and Peter Vischer are absent; the realistic school of Mazzoni is not exemplified; the Campanian school of the Hohenstaufen revival is virtually missing. Here it should be said that the casts elsewhere exhibited in the Museum may help the student, that some of these *desiderata* mentioned above are quite unattainable, while such as are to be had will doubtless be drawn in by a department commanding large funds with wide knowledge and unbounded zeal. This is not the place to raise technical issues. If it were, we should ask why the bronze genius ascribed to Verrocchio's school should be regarded as an ancient piece. Let us rather close upon the note of congratulation for a remarkable buying campaign now handsomely supplemented by the useful and scholarly catalogue.

Deputy Henri-Charles-Etienne Dujardin-Beaumetz, for many years Under Secretary of State for Fine Arts in the French Cabinet, died at Limoux, France, on Saturday, in his sixty-first year. He was an artist by profession and was awarded a medal at the French Salon of 1880, but he afterward gave himself up to politics and was elected Deputy in 1889 and continued to be a member of the Chamber until his death. Most of his pictures were devoted to military subjects.

Sir Alfred East, A.R.A., president of the Royal Society of British Artists, died Sunday in London, aged sixty-three. He was a cavaliere of the Order of the Crown of Italy, an associate of the Société Nationale des Beaux Arts, Paris; honorary associate of the Royal Institute of British Architects, honorary member of the Meiji Bijutsu Kai of Japan, of the Société Royale d'Aquarellistes of Belgium, and the royal academics of Milan and Stockholm. Sir Alfred East was represented by his works in galleries all over the world. His Returning from Church is in the Carnegie Art Gallery at Pittsburgh, Pa.; A Passing Storm in the Luxembourg at Paris, A Haunt of Ancient Peace in the National Gallery of Hungary, London at Night in the Milan National Gallery, The Morning Moon in the Art Institute at Chicago. The White Carnival in the Brussels National Gallery. In 1906 he published a book on "The Art of Landscape Painting in Oil Color."

Finance

RAILWAY EFFICIENCY.

When the Eastern railways' application for advanced rates was denied by the Interstate Commerce Commission in 1911, Commissioner Prouty took occasion to refer to the statement made by Mr. Brandeis that $300,000,000 per annum could be saved by "scientific management," and made it clear that he did not concur in any such opinion. He said:

> Upon this record we can hardly find that these methods could be introduced into railroad operations to any considerable extent, much less can we determine the definite amount of saving which could be made. We cannot, therefore, find that these defendants could make good any part of these actual advances in wages by the introduction of scientific management (Opinion 1508, p. 279).

Few people not actually concerned with the operation of railways know how much the principle of "scientific management" has increased railway efficiency in the past twenty years. This increase can readily be illustrated by a few simple figures. It may be assumed that the best measure of a railway's "efficiency" is its average "revenue train-load," *i. e.*, the average number of ton-miles of revenue freight carried in each train-mile, which is the same thing as the average number of tons per train. A little consideration will show why this is the case, and it needs no detailed demonstration. Twenty years ago the "average train-load" of all the railways in the United States was, in round figures, 170 tons, and the average revenue per freight train-mile was about $1.52. In 1893, with the exception of Mr. James J. Hill, on the Great Northern Road, and the possible exception of one or two other men who knew what he was doing, virtually no railway managers were giving any direct thought to the matter of train-load with the idea of greatly increasing it. It was not until the reorganization period in the middle nineties that full recognition began to be given to the importance of the question, and probably the Northern Pacific reorganization did as much to focus attention upon it as did anything else. The reason for this was that Northern Pacific, with virtually the same traffic density as that of Great Northern and operating under conditions almost precisely different, was bankrupt, while Great Northern was prosperous, mainly because for every train-mile run Great Northern carried about 100 ton-miles and earned about $1 more than did Northern Pacific. Northern Pacific's reorgan-

izers saw that all they had to do was to "pick up" this 100 ton-miles and this $1 per train-mile, which in due time they did, with results known to all. And by the later nineties all railway managers were striving to increase train-load as the quickest way to increase of profits. The so-called "Hill methods" were applied in all directions.

The result is clearly to be seen in the comparisons which follow:

(All railways in the United States according to Poor's Manual.)

Year.	Revenue train-load (tons).	Freight train-mile revenue.
1893	170	$1.52
1896	188	1.55
1903	314	2.35
1911*	403	3.01
1913 (our estimate)	415	3.05

*Last year in which Poor's Manual compiled these figures.

It should be noted that in the twenty years prior to 1893 the growth in "train-load" was probably not much more than about 40 tons, and this could clearly be accounted for almost entirely by the automatic effect of increasing business. It was only, as has been said, after the reorganization period of the nineties, when one-quarter of the railway mileage of the United States had passed through the courts, that "scientific railroading" began. The record of the sixteen or seventeen years since that time is eloquent of what has been accomplished.

Two things had to be done to increase the train-load—larger equipment had to be provided, roadbed being changed accordingly, both as to grade and strength, and better methods of handling business had to be put into effect. How much of the increase in load is due to each cannot be ascertained, but it is quite certain that better methods have done a large share of the work. For at least ten years all railway managers have been fully awake to the importance of saving train-mileage, and those familiar with railway management know how many and varied have been the efforts looking to this end. It may here be noted, moreover, that in the same period English railway managers have borrowed from and profited by our experience in this point, to the great advantage of shareholders. The Northeastern and the Lancashire & Yorkshire companies have been particularly successful in this respect.

It is not surprising, therefore, that Commissioner Prouty should have somewhat summarily dismissed Brandeis's contention in 1911. If there be a presumption in the facts as shown by the figures above quoted, it is hardly to the effect that there is any such "slack" in the business of railway transportation amenable to "scientific management" as his estimate of $300,000,000 annually would indicate. While it would probably be untrue to say that the railway managers have exhausted the possibilities of "management," it would probably be true to say that they have exploited them to a very large extent.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abraham, J. J. The Night Nurse. Dutton. $1.35 net.

Anderegg, Frederick. Trigonometry. Revised edition. Boston: Ginn. 75 cents.

Aulnoy, M. C. B. d'. Memoirs of the Court of England in 1675. Trans. by Mrs. W. H. Arthur. Lane. $4.50 net.

Baker, E. K. Stories of Old Greece and Rome. Macmillan. $1.50 net.

Barclay, F. L. The Broken Halo. Putnam. $1.35 net.

Barnesby, Norman. The Mother and the Child. Kennerley. $1.25 net.

Baum, L. Frank. The Patchwork Girl of Oz. Illustrated by J. R. Neill. Chicago: Reilly & Britton. $1.25.

Benson, A. C. Joyous Gard. Putnam.

Benson, E. F. Thorley Weir. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.35 net.

Benson, R. H. An Average Man. Dodd, Mead. $1.35 net.

Blease, W. L. Short History of English Liberalism. Putnam. $3.50 net.

Bleyer, W. G. Newspaper Writing and Editing. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.65 net.

Burgess, Gelett. The Goop Directory; The Maxims of Noah. Stokes.

Brown, R. C. The Remarkable Adventures of Christopher Poe. Chicago: Browne & Co. $1.25 net.

Canty, Charlotte. The Whimsy Girl. Dodd, Mead. 75 cents net.

Case, E. C., Williston, S. W., and Mehl, M. G. Permo-Carboniferous Vertebrates from New Mexico. Washington: Carnegie Institution.

Channon, F. E. Henley on the Battle Line. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50.

Chapuzet, M-L., and Daniels, W. M. Mes Premiers pas en Francais. Boston: Heath. 75 cents.

Chemical Bank, History of the, (1823-1913). Privately printed.

Christ, Pictorial Life of. Illustrations by D. Mastroianni. Text by I. S. Dodd. Dodd, Mead. $2 net.

Connolly, J. B. Sonnie-Boy's People. Scribner. $1.25 net.

Coulter, J. G. Plant Life and Plant Uses. American Book Co. $1.20.

Cru, R. L. Diderot as a Disciple. Columbia University Press (Lemcke & Buechner).

Damas, Roger de. Memoirs, edited by Jacques Ramhaud; translated by Mrs. R. Stawell. Brentano. $3.75 net.

Day, Holman. The Rainy Day Railroad War. Harper. $1 net.

Dehan, Richard. The Headquarter Recruit, and Other Stories. Stokes. $1.25 net.

Dewey, John. Interest and Effort in Education. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 60 cents net.

Dorr, J. C. R. Last Poems. Scribner. $1.50 net.

Du Puy, W. A. Uncle Sam, Wonder Worker. Stokes. $1.25 net.

Eldridge, E. H. Business Speller and Vocabulary. American Book Co. 25 cents.

Elementary Course in Plain Sewing. Manila: Bureau of Education.

Elias, E. L. The Children's Robinson Crusoe. Crowell. 50 cents net.

Ewald, Carl. The Four Seasons. Trans. by Alex T. de Mattos. Dodd, Mead. $1.20 net.

Ffoulke Collection of Tapestries. Arranged by Charles M. Ffoulke. Frederic Fairchild Sherman. $50 net.

France, Anatole. The Opinions of Jérôme Coignard. Trans. by Frederic Chapman. $1.75 net.

Haggard, A. C. P. Louis XI and Charles the Bold. Moffat, Yard. $4 net.

Hansjakob, H., and others. Schwarzwaldleut'. Edited, with notes, by E. C. Roedder. Holt.

Harcourt, Cyril. The World's Daughter. Lane. $1.25 net.

Hartley, C. G. The Truth About Woman. Dodd, Mead. $2.50 net.

Heape, Walter. Sex Antagonism. Putnam. $1.50 net.

Herrick, C. T. My Boy and I. Boston: Dana Estes. $1 net.

Hirst, M. E. The Story of Trusts. London: Collins' Clear Type Press.

Hueffer, O. M. A Vagabond in New York. Lane. $1 net.

Hughes, C. E. Early English Water-Colour. Chicago: McClurg. $1 net.

James, Winifred. The Mulberry Tree. Dodd, Mead. $2.50 net.

Jerrold, Laurence. The French and the English. Dodd, Mead. $2.50 net.

Lawrence, E. G. How to Improve the Memory. Chicago: McClurg. 50 cents net.

Le Clerq, Pierre. The Enchanting Mysteries of Kathleen Carter. Clode. $1.35 net.

Lefroy, A. H. F. Canada's Federal System. Toronto: Carswell Co.

Legge, A. E. J. A Symphony and Other Pieces. Lane. $1.25 net.

Leopold, Lewis. Prestige: A Psychological Study of Social Estimates. Dutton. $3 net.

Lewis, J. H. Rome and the United States. Chicago: Rand, McNally. $1 net.

Lynde, Francis. The Honorable Senator Sage-Brush. Scribner. $1.35 net.

McCarter, M. H. A Master's Degree. Chicago: McClurg. $1 net.

Mackmurdo, A. H. Pressing Questions. Lane. $1.25 net.

Mahan, A. T. The Major Operations of the Navies in the War of American Independence. Boston: Little, Brown. $3 net.

Manly, J. M., and Powell, J. A. A Manual for Writers. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. $1.25 net.

Mellor, C. The Airman. Lane. $1 net.

Melville, Lewis. The Life and Writings of Philip, Duke of Wharton. Lane. $4.50 net.

Minor, R. C. Notes on the Science of Government. University of Virginia (Anderson Bros.).

Montagu, V. M. The Abbé Edgeworth and His Friends. Brentano. $3.75 net.

Mordaunt, Elinor. Simpson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.35 net.

Morson, W. R. The High Cost of Living. Toronto: Privately printed.

Mozans, H. J. Woman in Science. D. Appleton. $2.50 net.

O'Connor, V. C. S. Travels in the Pyrenees. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead. $3. net.

Ohnet, Georges. The Eagle's Talon. Adapted from the French by Helen Meyer. Putnam. $1.25 net.

Otis, James. The Roaring Lions. Harper. 60 cents.

Parker, E. H. Computing Tables and Mathematical Formulas. Boston: Ginn. 75 cents.

Pickthall, M. L. C. The Drift of Pinions. Lane.

Pier, A. S. The Story of Harvard. Boston: Little, Brown. $2 net.

Putnam, Ehen. Lieutenant Joshua Hewes, a New England Pioneer, and Some of His Descendants. Wellesley Farms, Mass.: Privately printed.

Ray, A. C. The Responsibilities of Buddie. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50.

Rose, Henry. Henrik Ibsen. Dodd, Mead. $1 net.

Rowland, Eleanor. The Significance of Art. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.

Salzmann, L. F. English Industries of the Middle Ages. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $2 net.

Schnitzler, A. Professor Bernhardi: A Comedy. Rendered into English by Mrs. Emil Pohli. San Francisco: Paul Elder. $1 net.

Scott's Ivanhoe. Abridged by E. P. Prentys. Crowell. 50 cents net.

Shaw, Bernard. Press Cuttings. Brentano 40 cents net.

Sherrill, C. H. A Stained Glass Tour in Italy. Lane. $2.50 net.

Snider, D. J. Music and the Fine Arts. St. Louis: Sigma Pub. Co.

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1913.

The Week

Our American income-tax comes full seventy-one years after the imposition of the British tax in 1842. Sir Robert Peel turned to this expedient for raising revenue when he, too, was engaged in lowering the highest tariff from which England ever suffered, and wished to substitute direct for indirect taxation. The elaborate and unscientific British tariff of 1842 had come about, not like our own, as the result of deliberate manufacturing control of parties and legislation, but, as Mr. George Trevelyan points out in his new Life of John Bright, had "grown by men's negligence rather than been built up by their design." The heavy Whig duties on a thousand different articles had steadily produced deficits. But if the parallel is not exact here, we may at least hope that the consequences of Sir Robert Peel's radical revision—a vast expansion of England's foreign trade—will soon be duplicated in this country, now that the Underwood tariff is in force. Within four years, that is, by 1846, Peel was able to boast that "notwithstanding the hostile tariffs of foreign countries, the declared value of British exports has increased above ten million pounds." From the $285,000,000 of 1846 of which Peel was so proud, under the system of free trade, this same British export business had grown to $2,400,000,000 in 1912. Trade has greatly enlarged in protective countries, too, but the point is that it has gone on conquering under free trade in England, despite cocksure assertions that it could not.

The Progressive jubilations at Roosevelt's farewell dinner were scarcely marred by the fact that the Colonel's publicity agents gave out the wrong speech to the press. What though his followers knew that some one had blundered? Theirs not to reason why; theirs but to vote and die. It is undoubtedly inconvenient to have so many speeches on tap that a secretary mixes them up. Mr. Roosevelt explains that the passages attacking President Wilson and ex-President Taft, and showing how high a hand he himself would take with Mexico and South America, were intended for delivery on some other occasion. What occasion he does not specify. Presumably, not until after his return from South America. We know how forehanded he is, and it may be that the speech which unluckily leaked out is one that he had prepared for delivery when he lands at the Battery six months from now. As for what he said to the banqueters speeding him on his way, we think that the more critical among them might feel that he doth protest too much. He will "never" abandon them. He will fight to the last gasp for their sacred principles. But this would not be inconsistent with a purpose to carry them and their sacred principles, bag and baggage, over to the Republican party in 1916.

All these political speculations, with the unhappy controversies in which Mr. Roosevelt has been engaged, we believe that the great majority of his countrymen would like to drop into the ocean as they say good-by to him. They would prefer to think of him merely as an engaging and outstanding personality. His energy and versatility, his passion for activity, his gluttony for work, his varied and insatiate interest—these qualities of his continue to kindle general admiration. All Americans wish the Colonel well on his latest trip. Whether addressing universities or exploring tropic jungles, they feel sure that he will know the stern joy of a full life and will be an active and impressive figure to all who behold him.

Now it is the ever-faithful Jacob Riis who says that his beloved Colonel may be nominated by the Republicans in 1916. But this is, of course, on condition that the Republican party accept the Progressive principles. They must be "swallowed, neck and crop," declares Mr. Riis, or else Mr. Roosevelt will allow no Republicans to vote for him. To have to swallow the whole Progressive platform might seem like a large order. But parties know why a marciful Providence fashioned them holler. Even the Progressives may be capable of great feats in the swallowing lines. Their performance in bolting the whole protective tariff, after all their outcries against it, would show that they possess a vast hollow interior into which all kinds of queer things may be ingurgitated without filling it up.

It is no wonder that President Wilson feels concerned over the two serious breaches in the merit system which are now threatened as the result of Congressional action. One of them, while apparently affecting only the new appointees needed in connection with the just-instituted income tax, is in reality a menace to the entire classified service in the Bureau of Internal Revenue. The Civil Service Reform League points out that this is brought about by a clause inserted in the tariff bill at a very late stage, the change apparently attracting no notice. The other attack on the merit system is the amendment which the Senate has tacked on to the Urgent Deficiency bill, taking deputy marshals and deputy collectors of internal revenue out of the classified service. The United States Civil Service Commission, so far from having recommended or endorsed this step, as at first reported in Washington dispatches, officially states that it "is opposed to any such action." It is in President Wilson's power to defend the merit system against both attacks. There is the more reason to hope that he will do so, because of the reported intention of Postmaster-General Burleson to urge, with his approval, the covering of the second-class and third-class postmasterships into the classified service. But Woodrow Wilson's antecedents ought to be, in themselves, sufficient guarantee that he will do his full duty in any question involving the integrity of the merit system.

In Tammany district-leader circles there is much uneasiness as to the effect of the Sulzer trial upon the municipal election in New York. The district leaders are only giving recognition to what is a matter of common knowledge. Pro-Sulzer sentiment is anti-Tammany sentiment, but without the impeachment such sentiment would not have crystallized. By Murphy's astute advisers this result must surely have been foreseen. What, therefore, can have been the motive that impelled Murphy

to set the impeachment machinery in motion at such heavy risk to himself? One can hardly believe that Sulzer's efforts in behalf of the direct primary are sufficient explanation. Serious as the menace of a direct primary might be to the Tammany boss, it was a danger that could be faced and surmounted. It was not an immediate danger in point of time; whereas the Mayoralty election is close at hand. Nor is Tammany's disappointment over her failure to seize the Highways Department a sufficient reason. The venom and desperation that inspired Sulzer's impeachment seem best capable of explanation by the presence of a serious, immediate, personal danger, as if some of Tammany's hign servitors found themselves facing the fate of ex-Senator Stilwell. Then, too, it was natural for Tammany men to resent Sulzer's "going back on" them. They could stand attack by a "silk-stocking," but for one of their own kind to assume superior airs was too much.

A little more than a year ago, Pennsylvania Republicans held a Presidential primary in which the Flinn-Roosevelt adherents triumphed with a great noise. Now, with hardly a squeak, the Penrose element reassumes control. A political crime, you say, committed when honest men were in their beds. Not at all. The new State Committee, which last week elected an organization Republican as chairman, is the first to be chosen under the new direct primary law. The worst of it is that this blow at the Progressive party is only one of a series which began very soon after the defeat of last November. It is really too bad to lose the Keystone State, but as Mr. Munsey's Baltimore *News* confessed the other day about the chances in Maryland, moral victories are all that the party can expect just now. Anyway, what difference does it make in Pennsylvania? Is not the great issue the destruction of industry which the new tariff is sure to cause? And cannot Penrose voice the sentiment of a Pennsylvania Progressive upon this point as well as Flinn? The detailed analysis which he made in Washington of the injuries which are about to be inflicted upon his beloved State in the name of tariff reform would have the approval of every Republican faction in Pennsylvania. Touch the sacred edifice of protection, and the most advanced Progressive automatically becomes a standpatter.

Another attempt to get the people to rule has failed. By a "unique arrangement," any person attending the State Progressive Convention of Massachusetts on Monday was entitled to offer planks for the platform. There was to be no domination by the Committee on Resolutions. The wisdom of the humblest was to receive the same consideration as that of the most powerful. Yet what happened? Twelve amendments to the report of the Committee on Resolutions were presented, some of them by persons in the gallery who were not delegates. But in the end they were all voted down. What can be the explanation of so tragic an event? Surely no one will contend that there is more political virtue in a committee than in the whole body of the people. Nor can it be possible that a Progressive Convention would have more respect for a committee report than for a suggestion from the gallery. The thing is a mystery, and very unfortunate. It will be seized upon to confirm the unthinking in their respect for the pronouncements of small, carefully chosen bodies. What the country had a right to expect from the Massachusetts Progressives was the framing of a platform in open convention without the assistance of what Mr. Roosevelt a year ago was caustically terming "a small representative class."

One thing can be said in favor of the bill designating the first Sunday in June of each year as Fathers' Day: it does not create any new holidays. But is it really necessary to proclaim in so formal a fashion father's decline from his former high estate? Until our own era, his supremacy was taken as a matter of course. There was no Fathers' Day in Greece or Rome. The head of a household needed no rose in his buttonhole to tell him that he was what he was. Grant that his abuse of power justified the abdication which in our own time has been forced upon him; is it generous to compel him to label himself one day in every year? Why should he be dragged from that obscurity which was once the shelter of his wife and daughters into the fierce light that now beats upon them? It may very well be true that, as those behind the bill urge, he needs encouragement. But surely his spirit is not yet so broken as to make him welcome attentions more suited to the hospital than the counting-room. Besides, the wearing of a rose is now superfluous. The income-tax law will provide all the identification that the ordinary father will require.

A recent event in this city will doubtless revive talk about the folly of turning a boy loose in college with unlimited money at command. The curse of it and the temptation of it are obvious, and always have been. But a good deal, after all, depends upon the boy. Plenty of young fellows carry their wealth, as O'Connell hoped the noble lord would his liquor, easily. Nor are all undergraduate roisterers and profligates the scions of millionaires. Aping the habits of the gilded rich can be and is done on a very little money and very big debts. If the root of all evils could be dug out of college life, youth would still have its diseases to run through. And it would continue indifferent or incredulous under solemn preaching about the viciousness of vice. There might be a little hope of success, however, in a sensible man's trying to get it into the heads of reckless college boys that they are making a great mistake in their notion of "fun." It has been the saving of many an impetuous young man to discover that there is no fun in this world equal to doing good honest work and to preparing himself for it.

To Forbes-Robertson, the richly gifted interpreter of Hamlet, has come popular and official recognition as the greatest of living actors on the Anglo-Saxon stage. But it is not his Hamlet that has brought Forbes-Robertson the pecuniary success which enables him to announce his approaching retirement with a very handsome competency. This eminent actor might still be looking forward to a future of indefinite promise from the worldly point of view, if not for "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," a rather shoddy piece of dramaturgic art that probably would never have won the enormous popular success if the way to the public's heart had not been prepared by "The Servant in the House." It is a sign of the master that he does even the smallest thing well, and Forbes-Robertson invested the artificial and wooden rôle of The Stranger with poetic grace and dignity. Yet on

the whole the world has probably lost more than it has gained by the years that our most eminent tragedian was compelled to spend away from his proper field.

Governor-General Harrison's entry upon his duties in the Philippines was signalized by a statement of the intentions of the United States towards the people of the islands which cannot have failed to give solid satisfaction to all sober and patriotic Filipinos. The outline of our programme of policy presented by Mr. Harrison conveyed the instructions of the Government at Washington. One definite step towards independence is distinctly announced, that of giving the native element a majority of the seats in the appointive Commission, the upper branch of the Legislature; and while the limitations imposed by the exercise of necessary caution are emphatically indicated, the pledge of ultimate independence is made more strongly than ever before. The words added by Mr. Harrison on his own account were admirable both in purpose and in expression. They recognized the completeness of our responsibility for the Philippine experiment, and the consequent necessity for "unremitting recognition of our sovereignty" while it is in the present formative stage; and at the same time they breathed a spirit of the most earnest hope that the people of the Philippines will give convincing evidence of their fitness to take over the government.

Dr. Stephen S. Wise, in the first of his lectures in this city on his experiences in the Holy Land, draws a very sombre picture of life among the Jewish population of Jerusalem. There is probably no exaggeration in the picture, but by leaving out of account the new phase of Jewish activity in Palestine, namely, that concerned with the development of a Jewish agricultural class, Dr. Wise may be in danger of giving a wrong impression of the general outlook in Palestine. Long before the Zionist movement took shape, there set in a heavy Jewish immigration towards the Holy City. The impulse was exclusively religious. The pilgrims were men and women beyond the prime of life who were actuated by the sole desire to spend their last years in the historic cradle of their race. For the most part, they came without capital and without assured means of support. The result has been such poverty and destitution as Dr. Wise describes. The other side of the picture is presented by the gratifying progress that has been made in the establishment of Jewish agricultural colonies, away from the large cities, under the auspices of various philanthropic agencies. According to competent observers, the degree of success attained in this direction is such as to insure the ultimate establishment of a Jewish population quite distinct from the Jewish community in Jerusalem.

Whatever may be Mr. Pindell's future in St. Petersburg, he leaves one record in Peoria that does him honor. "For twenty-five years," he declares, "I have been non-partisan in my support of judicial candidates, and I do not intend to change now." For the editor of a partisan newspaper, this attitude is notable. In the present instance, it is all the more so because it is maintained in the face of Gov. Dunne. A special election has been called in the Peoria district, at which a judge of the Illinois Supreme court is to be chosen. Despite Gov. Dunne's experience as a judge, and his knowledge of the unfortunate consequences that have followed the injection of partisanship into judicial elections, he has formally advised every Democrat and every Democratic newspaper in the district to support the Democratic nominee, although his opponent is being supported not only by independent voters, but by party men of the type of Mr. Pindell. It is to President Wilson's credit that he ignored the representations in this matter made to him by Mr. Pindell's enemies. What is needed is legislation that will take judicial nominations and elections out of politics. A bill to that end was defeated in the last session of the Legislature, partly by friends of Gov. Dunne.

The German Imperial Athletic Commission has come and seen and been conquered. Our skyscrapers are not more impressive than our athletes. Marvellous as were the stories about them that had reached the Old World, they did not tell half of the truth. What our visitors saw was a whole nation in training, inspired by athletic ambitions from the cradle to the grave. In sad contrast with this lively scene is the picture of still life which the Fatherland presents. Athletics of a sort are practiced, of course. The *Turnverein* is not a thing of yesterday, and the German army is not made up of men who do not know a dumb-bell from an Indian club. There are competitions, and those who excel in them are not without their reward. But how pale is all this beside the American way of doing it! No training table, apparatus in "some of our schools" only, no athletic instructor, no coach, no feverish forecasting of the outcome of to-morrow's contest between ancient rivals, no gigantic headlines in sporting pages reeking with figures and pictures. Is this the people, we ask in surprise, that "took" Alsace-Lorraine in six weeks and is the bogie of a nation so devoted to sport as England?

But such a question belongs to yesterday. From scorn and pity, the Old World is turning to admiration and emulation. Our famous coaches are taken over to wake up the youth of Europe and to organize victory upon this neglected battlefield. The name of Kraenzlein, a mighty one to conjure with, is now that of Germany's athletic field-marshal. For another Olympic contest approaches, and the United States cannot be allowed to win by virtual default. Neither national self-esteem nor international jealousy can stand in the way of submitting to the system that has brought the New World Power to the top of the athletic ladder. Sport for gentlemen was all very well once, but this is the twentieth century, in which sport is an activity for warriors. In this respect, Europe is to be made over according to plans drawn by America. Doubtless this is as it should be. Yet is there any reason why we should not take as well as give? While we are teaching Germany how to fight her way into and through the finals at Berlin in 1916, may we not develop an appreciation for a method of athletics that does not make most persons mere spectators? Our Rhodes scholars are greatly disturbed at seeing Oxford students performing various athletic feats in the absence of an audience. It strikes them as unnatural and a waste of energy. Would it really do us any harm to form the habit of walking and running and jumping with no organized cheering ringing in our ears, and without feeling the fate of empire resting upon us?

POLITICAL DISCOUNTING.

It is not only in Wall Street that future events are "discounted." We have just now an illustration of this in the enactment of a new tariff. Viewed in itself, viewed historically, viewed politically, this is an event of capital significance. We may be sure that it will bulk large in the political history of this year. Yet at the moment it passes almost unperceived. We have known for weeks that it was coming. It has come. So why bother about it? All Americans are like Metternich in this respect, that they say it is with to-morrow that their spirits wrestle. What takes place to-day is over and done with.

This gradual accustoming of the public to a great politico-economic change has its distinct advantages. It diminishes friction and avoids shock. If the bill which President Wilson signed had been suddenly imposed upon the country, as by imperial ukase, it would have caused acute excitement. But the six months of debate have got all the details fully and slowly before the public mind; to what is unusual in them people have become reconciled or, at least, habituated; and now all passes off quietly. The result had been so long and so thoroughly discounted that we are scarcely aware that its coming makes any difference. In this view of the matter, the long delays by the Senate, time-wasting and exasperating as they have often seemed, have not been without their compensating value. They have made it the simpler and the easier for the United States to glide from one tariff law to another.

It is obvious, however, that this familiarity with an epoch-making piece of legislation may tend to breed contempt. That is to say, in judging the end we incline to forget the means; in contemplating the triumph we are tempted to ignore the precedent struggle. The final passage of the tariff bill seemed ridiculously facile. The opposition fell down like a house of cards. It looked as if the whole appearance of a bitter and dubious contest was deceptive. And it may be that a great many careless Americans, observing the ease of the last stages, may be disposed to hold the achievement light. "Why," they will say, "anybody could have got the tariff through Congress. It was as easy as falling off a log."

In fact, however, as everybody who stops to think knows perfectly, it was tremendously hard. Incessant labor, unflagging vigilance, inflexible resolution were required in the making of the new tariff. It was no mock combat. The most powerful forces were aligned to bring about certain changes in the bill, or to defeat certain provisions of it, and somewhere there had to be the watchfulness and the determination to meet and defeat them. Where this resisting power, along with the dynamic driving force behind the bill, was placed, there is universal agreement. Both friends and enemies of the new tariff know that, but for the steady push and the unyielding purpose of the President, the bill could never have been passed in the form in which it finally became law. It was the college professor transferred to the White House who brought to bear upon Congress a conviction too clear and a will too strong to be withstood. And this is the event, so appealing in its personal bearings, so big with consequences to the nation, that we pass by almost without notice simply because it has been "discounted in advance"!

This, however, is but the feeling or the attitude of the passing day. The country is not really so indifferent as it pretends to be. In its heart, it is entirely aware of what has taken place. It knows that it stands to-day in the presence of a completed fiscal and political revolution. The people, as was maintained by Madame de Sévigné, are *ni fou, ni sot;* and we may be confident that they have a sufficiently just idea of the importance of the political history that is made under their very eyes. This does not mean that they will keep on talking about it. It is a wholesome instinct by which we drop the mastered task and pass on to the next lesson. But even if there are no public rejoicings over the first great achievement of the new Administration, we may rest assured that multitudes of Americans will glow with quiet satisfaction at this beginning of fulfilled pledges, and argue from it high hope as regards what remains to be done.

LABOR AND LAW.

The letters sent by Gov. Foss to officers of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers and the Brotherhood of Locomotive Enginemen and Firemen, at New Haven, assert with unusual force and impressiveness the old doctrine of the limits which the community must insist upon setting to the right of railway employees to strike. Just in what way that limitation is to be enforced in the end, is a difficult question to decide; meanwhile the most has to be made of the appeal to the good sense of the railway workers on the one hand and to public opinion on the other. Gov. Foss first pointed out the tremendous stake that the public has in the question of a strike, irrespective of the causes leading to it, and he then proceeded to utter a few strong words on the merits of the contention which is supposed to furnish the chief reason for the strike proposal now under consideration by the Brotherhood. A strike on the New Haven system would mean "the stopping of the wheels of industry, loss of employment to hundreds of thousands of laborers, interference with the regular supply of food and fuel," and other public evils; and the Governor gives notice that if a strike is declared he will, with the assent of the Council, call a special session of the Legislature "for the purpose of enacting laws which, after providing effective remedies for all grievances of employees, shall absolutely prohibit strikes of railroad operatives employed within the Commonwealth."

The Governor is informed that the principal question at issue between the organizations and the company is "whether the promotion of employees and the assignment of duties shall be governed solely by the rule of seniority, or whether fitness as well as length of service shall be taken into consideration." It seems almost incredible, after the revelations connected with the series of disasters on the New Haven road, that the labor organizations should have the hardihood to demand that assignments shall be "governed solely by the rule of seniority." But if such be the fact, Gov. Foss is certainly justified in his straightforword words to the Brotherhood: "If you precipitate a strike upon the seniority issue, you will invite the condemnation of every fair-minded man in New England and the nation."

The matter has a broader bearing. Apart from any peculiar relation which the mechanism of transportation has to the public welfare and the public safety, the words last quoted suggest the question whether the state of opinion in this country, upon labor questions in general, has undergone any radical

change in the past few years. To "invite the condemnation of every fair-minded man in the nation" used to convey to American ears a pretty definite significance. In one sense, it may be regarded as a question-begging expression. It may be objected that what you mean by a "fair-minded man" is a man who thinks as you think. But in reality, the implication of such a phrase rested on the assumption that in an overwhelming degree public sentiment in America upon labor questions was conservative sentiment, law-abiding sentiment; and the assumption was undoubtedly justified by the solid fact. In recent years, some doubt has been thrown upon the continuance of this state of things. From time to time there have been excitements, or upheavals, which have led many persons to believe that the American people are no longer unshakably attached to the preservation of law and order, to the assertion of the paramount rights of the commonwealth as against the claims of a class. The swift advance of the I. W. W. gave occasion for much talk of this nature; and the exposure of the widespread McNamara dynamite conspiracy gave rise to a remarkable outburst of semi-hysterical alarm, to which some persons, usually sober and responsible, lent countenance.

But we have just had a reminder of the subsidence of that state of mind. It is now nearly two years since the revelation of the dynamite conspiracy. At the time there arose a multitude of voices declaring that among the working people there had been going on a terrible change, of which the nation at large had been serenely unconscious. Unless cognizance were promptly taken of it, unless public policy were promptly adapted to the changed situation, revolutionary violence must go on increasing. The conflict of classes was at last before us, if it were not averted by extraordinary wisdom. Nevertheless, the law went quietly on its course. A year after the exposure, thirty-eight labor men connected with the plot, some of them men high in great labor organizations, were convicted by an Indianapolis jury. There was no outbreak of labor resentment. There was no excitement among the public at large. Neither the year between the exposure and the conviction, nor the period of nine months since the conviction, has been a time marked by labor violence. Such disturbances as there have been were chiefly from the I. W. W.; and the I. W. W. itself looks decidedly less formidable now than it did a year ago. As for the dynamite plot, a new chapter in its story was begun on Thursday of last week, with the arrest of one of the principal agents in it, who had hitherto escaped, and who has made a confession that will further lay bare its extent. Nobody is making, in connection with this, any fresh prophecies of the impending downfall of the existing order of society. On the contrary, the dynamite affair is going the way of the Molly Maguires affair, of the railway riots of 1877, of the affair of the Chicago Anarchists, of the great Chicago trouble in 1894. These things are not as new as some of our young sociologists imagine; and on the other hand the nation's attachment to the idea that progress must be achieved along safe and orderly lines is, we suspect, far more deeply rooted than they realize.

THE THREATENED NATIONAL PARK

What has been going on in regard to the Hetch-Hetchy Valley, during the present special session of Congress, is precisely the kind of thing that goes on whenever a public park, national or local, is threatened. Outwardly, the matter takes many shapes, but at heart the thing is always the same. Some purpose, often a purpose in itself highly meritorious, can be served at vastly less expense than it otherwise could be, by utilizing for it land that had been set aside for park purposes. In behalf of the park, it is protested that this land had been understood to be inviolable; that the very essence of the matter is that it must be so held, in the face of temptation to sacrifice it on the plea of economy; that such pleas are continually recurring, and that unless we set our faces firmly against them, the permanent preservation of our most precious parks is out of the question. In behalf of the park-destroying project, on the other hand, the plea is made that this particular scheme is exceptional; that the utilitarian advantage is enormous, and that the injury to the park is slight or else that the value of the park itself to the public is very small in comparison with the amount of the proposed gain. The defenders of the park are a few devoted enthusiasts, while their opponents are a large number of practical men, working hard and persistently for an end which—whether public or private—has the clear, tangible importance that is represented by hundreds of thousands, or millions, of dollars. Moreover, the aggressors have the comforting advantage that they need to win only once, and the game is over; whereas the defenders have to beat off the assault again and again. If the defenders win in the end, it is usually because, at some critical moment, when their case seems almost hopeless, a final rally is made, public attention is thoroughly aroused, and the scheme is at last set at rest.

Through a great part of this familiar course the attempt of San Francisco to get possession of the wonderful Hetch-Hetchy Valley has passed. Many as are the details which have been brought into the matter, the real question to-day is whether opportunity will be given for that last stand of the defenders to which they are justly entitled. The House committee has reported in favor of the San Francisco scheme, and the House has passed the bill. The Senate committee has also reported favorably. Only determined opposition in the Senate by those who realize the irrevocable character of the act proposed, or else a veto by the President, can save the valley. Even such action now could be regarded only as a stay of proceedings. The whole subject would doubtless come up again at the regular session of Congress, and in all probability would then be conclusively disposed of, one way or the other. And there is every reason why such a stay of proceedings should be had. It always takes a long time for the sentiment of the country on such an issue to assert itself. Even as it is, sentiment against the scheme has been widely and strongly asserted in the press. It is only on the plea of urgent necessity that there could be any excuse for passing the bill at this special session, called for the purpose of passing the tariff and currency bills, on which interest has been almost exclusively centred; and the plea of urgent necessity has altogether failed to be made out.

In fact, an examination of the report of the House committee—which has played the chief part in the history of the bill in the present Congress—shows that no serious attempt is made to establish any emergency reason for the bill. The report merely produces by vague and general statements the impression

that San Francisco is in desperate need of getting water by the flooding of the Hetch-Hetchy Valley, while at the same time there are scattered all through it virtual admissions that the only reason for asking this concession from the nation is that it would save the city about $20,000,000. The "extracts from conclusions of Board of U. S. Army Engineers," to which the report gives special prominence, begin with this:

> The project proposed by the city of San Francisco, known as the Hetch-Hetchy project, is about $20,000,000 cheaper than any other feasible project for furnishing an adequate supply.

The spirit of the House committee's report may in some degree be inferred from a single brief passage:

> A people who undauntedly met the greatest disaster in all the world's history, and who rebuilt a devastated city, ought to be given sufficient consideration to enable them to select their own water supply and to ease the tax burden, which falls most heavily upon those who work for a living. The Hetch Hetchy question is not "a raid upon the Yosemite"; it is a question *solely* of providing pure water in ample supply to human beings.

The word we have put in italics was possibly a slip; but it was a very illuminating slip; and, furthermore, it is quite in keeping with the sentiment of the preceding sentence. If the people of San Francisco, on account of the losses they suffered from the earthquake and fire, have a right "to select their own water supply" and to "ease their tax burden," and if the ruin of a wonderful bit of natural scenery which the nation had set apart for preservation for all time is a consideration not pertinent to the case, of course there is nothing more to be said. But if the people of the United States cherish the policy of jealously guarding every such national possession; if they do not regard a little easing of the San Franciscans' "tax burden" as sufficient ground for departing from that policy; if they do not wish lightly to set a precedent which may return to plague them, which may endanger many another scene of beauty whose sacrifice is demanded upon similar pleas and with equal pertinacity; then there is no excuse for giving up the Hetch Hetchy unless a case is made out far stronger and far more convincing than that which has actually been presented.

THE UNIVERSITY AND THE STATE.

The serious illness of President Angell recalls not only the part he played at an important stage in the development of the University of Michigan, but the most interesting period in our whole educational history. He was one of four men who, born within the quinquennium from 1829 to 1834, were destined to assume positions of educational leadership just forty years later. The first of these to come to the front was Andrew D. White, who became the first president of Cornell in 1867. Charles W. Eliot was elected to the presidency of Harvard in 1869. James B. Angell exchanged the presidency of the University of Vermont for that of Michigan in 1871, and Daniel C. Gilman started Johns Hopkins upon its career in 1875. A certain similarity may be asserted of the work that lay before Presidents White and Gilman. Each of these men had the task of launching the institution which had called him to its service, different as the aims of Cornell and Johns Hopkins were and are. Presidents Eliot and Angell, on the other hand, had to do with established institutions, although there was a vast disparity of age between Harvard, with more than two centuries behind it, and the Western university, which could count a scant thirty years since its inception.

Age, however, was the least of the elements differentiating Michigan from Harvard; and the chief of these distinctions was true of Michigan as compared, not only with Harvard, but with either Cornell or Johns Hopkins. Every one of these Eastern universities was privately endowed; Michigan looked for its support to the State. However alike, therefore, might be some of the ideals which these four presidents set before themselves, the manner of their working out was bound to be radically affected for President Angell by this factor of State control. The new president must have congratulated himself, therefore, upon the condition of affairs which he found awaiting him at Ann Arbor. Under the influence of a few men who had had much to do with the University at its beginning, Michigan had been inspired to a considerable extent by German ideals of education. Indeed, in his "Reminiscences," President Angell goes so far as to say that the young institution "was shaped under broader and more generous views of university life than most of the Eastern colleges." It had happened, for example, that Isaac E. Crary was a member of the convention that framed the Constitution of 1835, and as Chairman of the Committee on Education drafted the article on that subject. Now, the famous report of Victor Cousin on public education in Prussia had fallen into the hands of the first Superintendent of Public Instruction in Michigan, who was a neighbor of Mr. Crary, and it formed the topic of much discussion between them. The result was the idea of a State system of schools with a university at its head.

But what, one asks, was bound to become of German educational ideals when they ran up against a set of American lawmakers? Strange as it may appear, in Michigan they lived to tell the tale. "I had occasion to visit the Legislature at several sessions," writes President Angell, "to make known to our committees, and sometimes to the whole body, our needs, and several times the whole Legislature visited the University. I wish to bear witness to the courtesy with which I was always received at Lansing, and the hearty interest in the institution which the members of the Legislature always evinced on their visits to us." He speaks even more explicitly of this relation, generally regarded as not a little hazardous for the institution involved:

> Eastern critics of the system of State support of universities have often assumed that the institutions would become embarrassed by being entangled in the controversies of party politics. It can be affirmed that such has never been the case in the support or control of this University. Different parties have been in control in this State during the life of the institution. But we have fared equally well, whichever party was in power, and no political controversy in the Legislature or in the State at large has ever embarrassed us.

Two years after he became president of Michigan, the friends of the University persuaded the Legislature to give it the proceeds of a twentieth-mill tax, in place of the special appropriations which had been the rule before. Later, this tax was raised to an eighth, and finally to three-eighths of a mill, and this method of providing funds for the State University has been followed by other Legislatures. This highly honorable course must have borne no small part in elevating the University of Michigan to the position it long held of the one Western institution of learning with a national reputation.

It is impossible to read what President Angell says about the connection between the University of Michigan and the people of Michigan without feeling that here is something that is still distinctively Western in our educational practice, and perhaps in our educational ideals as well. From Germany came the notion of receiving students from the high schools of the State on diploma instead of by examination. The high schools had first to be approved, and the visits of University professors to these schools on inspection trips were so many opportunities for suggesting improvements to the teachers, for fanning the flame of ambition in the students, and for deepening the concern of the public in education, both higher and lower. Towns and villages were spurred to a new interest in the school which the University authorities thought worthy of a visit. The University dominated the educational realm, but it did so without that struggle with the secondary schools which is one of the features of our time. The fear that the schools would not be courageous in maintaining the requirements set for them by the University proved unfounded. It is evident that to President Angell education was nothing if not an intensely human activity.

THE SUPERCOLLEGIATE COMMITTEE ON FRESHMEN.

Prof. Hugo Münsterberg: The meeting will please come to order. We are now in the first week of October. This fact, which the ordinary citizen has probably accepted without question, has been amply confirmed in an elaborate series of laboratory tests carried on by means of white and yellow cards and rapidly revolving disks. Thus we are prepared to discuss once more the highly interesting question, why the vast majority of freshmen cannot spell. Neither can they write their native tongue in accordance with the rules of grammar.

Prof. T. R. Lounsbury: Aw, gee! Why should they? Look at Chaucer, Milton, and Browning. The fiercest bunch of little spellers you ever saw. And their grammar is simply rotten. They didn't care a red cent for the grammarians. When they saw a word or a phrase they liked they went to it. If the grammarians didn't agree with them it was up to the grammarians. Chaucer should worry.

Dr. Woods Hutchinson: Quite right.

Professor Lounsbury: The question is just this: Are freshmen made for the English language or is language made for freshmen? Language is like a human being: change does it good. Stick to your Lindley Murray and it's a cinch your little old English tongue will be a dead one in fifty years.

Dr. Hutchinson: I agree with Professor Lounsbury, speaking from the standpoint of physiology. Constant use of a plural verb with a plural subject plays the deuce with the larynx. You know what the larynx is, gentlemen. It's a rubber disk in the human Victrola. Drop the pin on the rubber disk and the record will grind out the same formula, again and again. Keep it up long enough and the record wears out. That's the larynx under the operation of grammatical rules. It gets the habit, and the first law of health is to avoid all habits. What you want to do is to shake up the larynx by feeding it with new forms of expression. When a man says "I done it," it imparts a healthy jolt to the delicate muscles of the throat, limbers up his aorta and his diaphragm, and reconciles him with his digestion. This is the opinion of eminent physiologists, like Drinckheimer of Leipzig.

Professor Lounsbury: Whom did you say the man is?

Dr. Hutchinson: Drinckheimer, professor at Leipzig. He doesn't write for the magazines.

Professor Lounsbury: Then you will agree with me that when a man has something to say he will say it?

Professor Münsterberg: We have an excellent illustration on this point in a history paper submitted in the last entrance examinations. In reply to the question, "Name the first two Presidents of the United States," one candidate wrote, "The first president was Gorge Washington; his predeceassor was Alexander Hamilton." Observe the extraordinary psychological correlation between thought and expression in such a reply.

Prof. A. B. Hart: I don't think the young man was guilty of an injustice with regard to Alexander Hamilton. You will recall that Hamilton was one of the principal founders of the system of privilege which has produced, in our own day, Lorimerism and the purchase of Southern delegates. If it had not been for Hamilton and his crowd we should not now be compelled to wage a campaign for social justice and I should not be under the necessity of writing Bull Moose history for *Collier's.*

Dr. Hutchinson: But getting back to the real point of our inquiry, whether the failure to spell and write correctly is a sign of mental feebleness——

Professor Münsterberg: On that point I believe I can speak with authority. Psychological tests in the laboratory show that the average freshman is as quick-witted to-day as his predecessor of fifty or a hundred years ago. We examined three hundred first-year men from eleven colleges and universities. Each man was required to peep into a dark box, shaped like a camera, through an eye-hole sixteen millimetres in diameter. By pressing a button, light was flashed upon a slip of paper inside the box, on which was printed, in letters nine millimetres high, the following question: "What is your favorite breakfast food?" The candidate was required to signify his answer by tapping with his finger on the table, one tap for Farinetta, two taps for Dried Husks, three taps for Atlas Crumbs, and so forth. The average time for three hundred answers was six and seven-tenths seconds. Thereupon the candidates were asked to think over the question at their leisure and to hand in a written answer sworn to before a notary public. On comparing the written answers with the laboratory results, it appeared that only thirty-seven out of the three hundred had tapped the wrong answer. Need I say more?

Professor Lounsbury: May I ask how the written answers showed up from the point of view of spelling and grammar?

Professor Münsterberg: They were impressively defective.

Professor Lounsbury: I'm tickled to death. When you cut out bad spelling and grammar, you queer the evolution of the English language. There's nothing to it.

Professor Münsterberg: But take the case of the freshman squad whom we kept in an hermetically sealed room for twenty-four hours in a temperature of 89 degrees——

Professor Lounsbury: May I ask what their language was when they were released at the end of twenty-four hours?

Professor Münsterberg: Truth compels me to say it was something awful.

Professor Lounsbury: But how about the grammar?

Professor Münsterberg: There was no grammar to speak of. They used mostly interjections.

Dr. Hutchinson: Finest thing in the world, interjections. Good for the lungs and the heart. Rapid succession of inhalation and expulsion keeps the bellows in prime order. That's all a man is, gentlemen, a bellows on a pair of stilts driven by a hydraulic pump. If the bellows holds out under sudden strain, that's all you want. That's why I like to hear people swear. It's good for the wind. Next time you walk down a step too many in the dark or lose your hat under a motor truck, don't hold yourself back. It's the way nature is safeguarding you against asthma.

Professor Münsterberg: Then it is the consensus of opinion here that the psychological and cultural status of our college freshmen is everything it ought to be?

Professor Hart: I'd rather take the opinion of a roomful of freshmen on any subject than the opinion of the United States Supreme Court. They don't know anything about American history, but it's the kind of history that isn't worth knowing. I prefer them to know things as they ought to have been rather than as they were before the Progressive party was born. Whatever is worth preserving from the past, including the Decalogue, will be found in the Bull Moose platform. We don't want examination papers. We want social justice.

Professor Lounsbury: Between you and I, the English language won't get what's coming to it until all entrance examinations and all other kinds have been chucked into the discard.

Dr. Hutchinson: Spelling is demonstrably bad for the muscles of the chest and the abdomen.

Professor Lounsbury: You've said it.

THE BICENTENARY OF DIDEROT.

The distinction of Diderot, the bicentenary of whose birth falls this week (October 5), is to be a universal precursor of modern life. More perhaps than any other man of the eighteenth century except Rousseau, he deserves to be accounted, in Amiel's phrase, an an-

cestor in all things. "The age," he wrote to Grimm in 1765, "always ends by coming around to my taste and point of view. . . . Do not laugh: it is I who anticipate the future and know its thought." Now most of the revolutionary changes that have taken place from Diderot's time to ours rest, in the final analysis, on a re-interpretation of the word nature; and Diderot was successful in anticipating the future because he was so thoroughgoing a naturalist. In the "Supplément au voyage de Bougainville" he paints a picture of primitive life which is very close to Rousseau in its emphasis on man's native goodness, if not in the more than Rabelaisian crudity of certain details. But he was not, like Rousseau, an obscurantist; he would maintain the intellect in its rights if only in the interests of the investigator. Here is a chief reason why Goethe had a veritable cult for Diderot long after he had repudiated Rousseau. It is characteristic of the history of Diderot's writings that his masterpiece, the "Neveu de Rameau," became known in France only through a retranslation of Goethe's translation more than fifty years (1821) after its probable date of composition. The more significant relationship between Diderot and Goethe appears, however, in a work like the latter's "Metamorphosis of Plants." For Diderot is most original as a scientific naturalist, especially in his anticipations of evolution. Some of these anticipations were so bold that, so far from printing them, he ventured to represent them only as muttered by D'Alembert in the course of a feverish dream. What we find in the "Rêve de D'Alembert" (published in 1830) is, in addition to the cell theory, virtually all the essential hypotheses of the modern evolutionist. Nature is conceived by Diderot as a perpetual flux in which the higher forms of being develop by almost insensible gradations from the lower. "Every animal is more or less man; every mineral is more or less plant; every plant is more or less animal. There is nothing precise in nature." He foreshadows Darwin, not only in his hypotheses, but in his perception of the subordinate place of hypothesis in true science. He narrates a curious vision in which the rôle of experiment is revealed to him as opposed to mere theory. Experiment appears to him first in the form of a child; but as the child advances his limbs swell until he becomes an enormous colossus, and at his touch the air-hung Temple of Metaphysics falls with a crash—and Diderot awakes.

I.

In a passage of this kind Diderot speaks in the spirit of the English positivists and utilitarians, and, indeed, however un-English he may appear in his personal quality, he is more than almost any other French writer of his time a disciple of the English, from Bacon to the contemporary sentimentalists.* "Jacques le Fataliste," for example, is at once a pastiche of Sterne and a proclamation of scientific naturalism. We can, in fact, see in Diderot as perhaps nowhere else the interplay and deep underlying connection between the scientific and emotional aspects of the naturalistic movement. Conceiving nature as a pure flux, he proceeds, like the ancient sophists, to transfer this conception from the physical to the human plane. "The first vow," he exclaims, "taken by two mortal beings was at the foot of a rock that was crumbling into dust; as witness to their constancy they called upon a sky that is not for an instant the same; everything was passing within them and about them, and they thought their hearts immune from these vicissitudes," etc. As versified by Alfred de Musset, this passage became a favorite romantic theme:

Oui, les premiers baisers, oui, les premiers serments
Que deux êtres mortels échangèrent sur terre,
Ce fut au pied d'un arbre effeuillé par les vents,
Sur un roc en poussière. . . .

We are thus constantly reminded in Diderot how much romanticists have in common with so-called realists and scientific evolutionists, especially in their relation to the traditional disciplines, whether classical or Christian. All the specifically modern uses of the word nature are in germ in the following passage from the "Supplément au voyage de Bougainville":

> Do you wish to know in brief the tale of almost all our woe? There once existed a natural man; there has been introduced within this man an artificial man, and there has arisen in the cave a civil war which lasts throughout life.

Everything, then, that restrains "nature" is to be dismissed as empty convention. Above all, there is to be no restraint on the most imperious of the instincts, that of sex. To the idyllic picture of the emancipation of this instinct in the "Supplément" corresponds the violent diatribe against the putting of restraint upon it in "La Religieuse." "What they call evangelical perfection," Diderot complains, "is only the fatal art of repressing nature." Diderot would therefore turn away from the "war in the cave," that is, the struggle between good and evil in the breast of the individual, and fix his attention on the progress of mankind as a whole in knowledge and sympathy. On the positive side, as an expression of the Baconian and utilitarian ideal, the "Encyclopédie" derives from England. Yet contemporaries, who knew Diderot almost exclusively as editor of the "Encyclopédie," were right in feeling that the significance of the work is more negative than positive—it is a huge battering ram levelled at all the citadels of traditional authority. "This work," he writes to Mademoiselle Volland, "will surely produce in time a revolution in men's minds, and I hope that tyrants, oppressors, fanatics, and bigots will not gain thereby."

In general, Diderot's work has more unity on the negative than on the positive and constructive side. He is less a man of fixed principles than an impressionist. He is very "natural" in his own sense, that is, very temperamental. He is a native of Langres, he explains, and the head of a Langrois is set on his body like a weather-vane on a steeple (a mobility that Diderot refers in turn to the climate): "I had in a day a hundred different physiognomies, according to the circumstance by which I was affected. I was calm, sad, dreamy, tender, violent, passionate, enthusiastic," etc. He is so little capable of dominating and unifying his impressions, so little capable, in short, of composition, that he can scarcely be said to be a writer at all; he is rather, in Sainte-Beuve's phrase, the Homer of journalists. His collected works are a vast and confused improvisation. Though he has little true dramatic sense, his favorite literary form is the dialogue, and this is perhaps because he already inclines, like Renan, to set "the two lobes of his brain to conversing with each other." Some of his writings seem to proceed from the opposite poles of human thought. In general, his conception of genius is thoroughly romantic: the genius is the man who cannot control himself, and who aspires to stormy emancipation from neo-classical smugness. "Poetry," he says, "calls for something enormous, barbaric, and savage"; and he continues in a remarkable forecast of the actual relation between the romantic movement and the Revolution:

> When shall we see poets again? It will be after times of disaster and great misfortune; when the harassed nations begin to breathe once more. Then imaginations, shaken by terrible spectacles, will picture things unknown to those who have not witnessed them.

But in the "Paradoxe sur le comédien" he opposes to the central romantic doctrine of spontaneity, of free effusion, the no less central classical doctrine of imitation. Diderot, the most temperamental of men, living, in his own phrase, at the mercy of his diaphragm, is opposed to temperamental acting.* The actor is not to be an emotionalist, but a cool observer, who works out with the aid of his intellect and judgment a model and then imitates it. Above all, he must

*A very complete and careful study of this English influence has just appeared: *Diderot as a Disciple of English Thought*, by R. Loyalty Cru. New York: Columbia University Press.

*Diderot was greatly influenced in his ideas about acting, as Dr. Cru points out, by his conversations with Garrick.

avoid feeling his rôle while acting it. The "Paradoxe sur le comédien" was published in 1830, only a few years before Musset's "Stances à la Malibran." Musset takes the position one would have expected Diderot to anticipate. La Malibran is extolled because she so superabounded in "soul" in the romantic sense, and shed real tears upon the stage. This emotional facility, says Diderot, is a sign not of genius, but of mediocrity. "I am making no ordinary confession," he adds, "for if Nature ever fashioned an emotional soul, it is my own."

Diderot is, indeed, a perfect example of *l'âme sensible*, the lachrymose and declamatory precursor of the true romanticist. A man would be ashamed, says La Bruyère, to display his feelings at the theatre. In Diderot's time he would have been ashamed not to display them; for in the meantime the great discovery had been made that man is naturally good and that the proper way for this goodness to manifest itself is to overflow through the eyes. It had become almost a requirement of good manners to weep and sob in public. At the performance of the "Père de Famille," in 1769, we are told that every handkerchief was in use. The Revolution seems to have raised doubts as to the necessary connection between tearfulness and goodness. The "Père de Famille" was hissed from the stage in 1811. Geoffroy commented in his feuilleton: "We have learned by a fatal experience that forty years of declamation and fustian about sensibility, humanity, and benevolence have served only to prepare men's hearts for the last excesses of barbarism."

As to the dulness and badness of Diderot's actual plays, all are agreed. There is somewhat less agreement regarding the value and influence of the dramatic theories with which he accompanied them. His plea for the middle-class drama, his attack on the notion that only persons of a certain social rank had a right to be taken seriously on the stage, whereas others were to be relegated to comedy and farce, was part of a world movement that would probably have triumphed without him. The more original parts of his dramatic theory illustrate interestingly, at least, his attempt to get rid of the "war in the cave"—in other words, his naturalistic denial of dualism. Instead of character he would put upon the stage professions or callings. Man is to be exhibited not as determining himself but as determined by his social rôle and environment—a conception realized, if at all, not in the drama, but in the "Comédie humaine" of Balzac. For the subtle shadings of speech that the great dramatists have needed to set forth the inner struggle of motives, he would substitute, so far as possible, pantomime, and for true dramatic action he would give us a series of stage pictures (what he calls a *décoration animée*), so combined as to preach a moral of general social utility. A highly melodramatic problem play done in moving pictures would seem to come very near satisfying all his requirements.

II.

Diderot's notion of the drama, it has been objected, is too pictorial; his notion of painting, on the other hand, is too literary and dramatic. In his attack on the older or pseudo-classic confusion of the arts, based on the maxim *ut pictura poesis*, he furnished pregnant hints to Lessing; at the same time he prepares the way for our modern confusions arising from an emotionalism that overflows all barriers.

Opinions diverge even more widely regarding his "Salons" than regarding his dramatic theories, some looking upon him as the inventor, others as the corrupter, of the true criticism of art. As to the reproach that he sees in painting a sort of transposed literature, that he is less interested in the execution than in the subject or story, the obvious reply is that it would have been hard for him to see more literary intentions in the pictures of the time than the artists were themselves striving to put there. After all, a work of art should be something more than a triumph of technique. It should have an adequate human purpose. The true reproach to bring against Diderot is not that he put primary emphasis upon the subject, but that his conception of the subject should be satisfied by the "Mauvais Fils puni" of Greuze. Here again his weakness can be traced to his denial of dualism, and the consequent substitution of emotionalism for insight. He fails to temper the mere keenness of his relish, his infinite zest, with judgment, an inner mediation that is, after all, only one aspect of the "war in the cave." And so he has gusto rather than taste. His gusto usually shows itself in the warmth of his appreciation, and not, as often in the case of Hazlitt, for example, in the violence of his antipathies. "I am naturally inclined to neglect faults and to grow enthusiastic over virtues. . . . If there is a fine feature in a book, a character, a picture, a statue, it is on that my eyes rest: I see and remember only that; the rest is almost forgotten." He is plainly a forerunner of the "creative" critic in the neo-romantic sense, of the man who narrates the adventures of his "soul" in the presence of masterpieces. The rôle of the artist is to be reduced to expressing the reaction of his temperament to any outer stimulus; and the rôle of the critic in turn to telling how his temperament is affected by this expression. What is eliminated in both cases is that element in human nature which acts as a check upon temperament.

III.

The main problem, according to the older school, is not the mere expressing, but the humanizing of temperament. You must set up before you, this school maintained, an image of normal human nature, and then accept the curb on temperamental impulse imposed by the imitation of this model. The result of this restraint upon temperament is decorum. The process by which this great central doctrine of classicism degenerated into mere artificiality, by which decorum became identified with the usages of polite society or with academic routine, is well known. Diderot's rôle in the revolt against this artificial decorum is perhaps second only to that of Rousseau. I have already said something about his attack on artificial decorum in the drama. "Ah! bienséances cruelles, que vous rendez les ouvrages décents et petits." There was an almost ludicrous opposition between the exuberance of Diderot's temperament and the limits imposed by decorum either true or artificial. Catherine the Great wrote to Madame Geoffrin that she was black and blue as the result of the slappings Diderot had given her in their interviews, and that she had had to interpose a table to protect herself from the violence of his gesticulations.

Critics are wont to praise Diderot for his flashes of divination, his genial intuitions: and this praise is deserved so far as his intuitions of physical law are concerned. On the other hand, he is radically lacking in perception of the human law and in the fine tact and sense of measure that arise from this perception. He is an extraordinarily complete type of the pure expansionist, of the man who lives in a "wide-open universe." The total effect of his personality is that of excess, of an unrestrained riot of intellect and emotion, of what the French would call *une verve endiablée*. "He appears natural only when exaggerated," said Madame Necker of him. "Ideas that have got drunk and taken to running after one another" is a description of his theories by another contemporary. He often seems, however, far madder than he is, being in this respect the exact opposite of Rousseau. His works remind us only too frequently that decorum and decency are very nearly related, and that the words were indeed long synonymous. The work in which he has the memorable Baconian vision I have already cited, is not merely indecent, but criminally indecent; it is mildly described by Diderot himself as the "pestilential exhalation of a sewer." A Platonic gleam may rest upon his brow, says Sainte-Beuve, but look more closely and you will always see the satyr's hoof. "He equalled Bacon and Aretino," is the doubtful compliment of a contemporary couplet.

To his absence of decorum he owes

largely what is in the eyes of many the chief of literary virtues—an amazing frankness of self-revelation. Any one who has been through his writings, from his "Regrets on His Old Dressing-Gown" to the Letters to Mademoiselle Volland, will scarcely complain of any lack of intimate contact with the author.

An age like our own in which not merely ordinary mortals, but Secretaries of State and Presidents, have dispensed with decorum, and which, to judge by certain recent symptoms, is preparing to dispense with decency, should certainly recognize in Diderot one of its ancestors. Yet, after all, decorum is, in Milton's phrase, the grand masterpiece to observe. If the world ever works its way out of the present naturalistic imbroglio, the discarding of true along with conventional decorum may be seen to be about the worst instance on record (if I may be allowed the familiar phrase) of "pouring out the baby with the bath." To miss decorum is to become incapable of what is best in art and literature (not to speak of life itself); it is to lose the secret of selection and the grand manner. Diderot's weakness in this respect already foreshadows the latest predicament into which art has fallen—its helpless oscillations between a photographic literalness and incomprehensible attempts to symbolize purely personal emotion. To be sure, Diderot can on occasion say admirable things on the grand manner, as he can say admirable things on almost any other topic. He knew his classics and has written pages on Terence (in whom he saw a sort of ancestor of the *drame bourgeois*) which are justly celebrated. Yet we may question the high seriousness of a critic who calls upon the centuries to pass more swiftly, in order that they may bring with them the honors due to Richardson, and in the meanwhile puts Richardson on the same shelf with Homer; and who exalts Lillo, author of "The London Merchant," to the side of Sophocles. We should feel sure, even without the "Plan for a University" which he submitted to the Empress Catherine, that he had no true conception of the rôle of the humanities in education, and that the total tendency of his mind is flatly utilitarian.

IV.

Diderot, speaking as an eighteenth-century sentimentalist, would have us believe that men have only to return to nature, that is, to live temperamentally, to become denizens of Arcadia; but in at least one of his works, the "Neveu de Rameau," the Arcadian mist is dissipated and the actual state of nature is seen to be the struggle for life. To cast off all the laws and usages of the society in which one lives as mere conventions and obey only the promptings of temperament, is in reality to be a Bohemian; and Rameau's nephew is not merely a Bohemian, but also, in intention at least, a beast of prey. Life as he sees it is a universal scramble for power and pleasure. The prizes go to the strong and cunning, and the fools and weaklings pay for all the rest. Rationalism has undermined the traditional foundations of society, and is impotent to put anything in their place. Perhaps in no other work of the eighteenth century can one hear so plainly as in the "Neveu de Rameau" the sinister crackings of an edifice that is about to come down on the heads of its occupants.

The view of life set forth by Rameau's nephew is already that of Rastignac and other similar figures in Balzac. It is no accident that the generation which worshipped Balzac also most exalted Diderot; the generation, namely, which became active about the middle of the nineteenth century and which called itself, in opposition to the previous romantic generation, realistic; which looked up to Taine as its representative thinker and found its extreme expression, not to say its caricature, in the novels of Zola. Diderot more than anticipates Taine and the determinists when he proclaims that "there is no liberty, no action that deserves praise or blame, there is neither vice nor virtue, nothing that should be rewarded or punished. . . . There is only one sort of causes, to speak properly—physical causes." Does this attempt to reduce life to the usufruct of an aggregation of molecules, as one of the school expressed it, deserve to be called realism? Diderot's method of dealing with material nature is undoubtedly realistic; and in so far he is worthy of all praise. How about human nature? The Empress Catherine, whose knowledge of human nature, it will be generally granted, was real, so far as it went, concluded, after almost daily interviews with Diderot for several months, that he was not a realist, but a dreamer, a man whose imagination ran away with his sense of fact, and therefore in his notions of practical matters a utopist. To be able to judge correctly the persons one meets in everyday life would seem to be a fair test of the realist; and this Diderot was notoriously incapable of doing. A certain imaginative deformation of reality is visible in nearly all the works of the school. Balzac's Paris, for example, is not real, but a lurid dream, the rather peculiar type of Arcadia projected by an imagination that is flying off at a tangent from reality. As Leslie Stephen put it, Paris, according to Balzac, is hell; but, then, hell is the only place worth living in. Zola's peasants, again, are not real; they are naturalistic nightmares. We should be careful not to bestow lightly the noble name of realist.

This whole dispute as to what is a real rendering of human nature reduces itself at last to a single question: Is the "war in the cave" artificial, after all? Suppose it be true, as the humanist asserts, that deep down in the breast of the individual man, far more primary and immediate than either thought or feeling, is a power of control over thought and feeling, a something that may be defined experimentally as the back pull towards the centre. In that case, the "war in the cave," so far from being artificial, the mere prejudice of outworn dogmatisms, is a fact of formidable import. To deny this fact in the name of "nature" is to be guilty of a monstrous mutilation of human nature. Hope for the future may lie in the man who will plant himself resolutely on this fact and refuse to be drawn away from it into some phantasmagoria of the intellect or emotions; who will submit to a stern scrutiny from the point of view of this fact the fluent assumptions of both scientific and sentimental naturalists; who will deal with the "law for man" even as the Baconian has dealt with the "law for thing," and look with at least equal disdain on the apriorist and the builder of systems; who will take issue with the men of science, not because they are hardheaded, but because they are not hardheaded enough; whose complaint of the positivists will be that they are not sufficiently positive; who will be ready, in short, to react in the name of the modern spirit against the great expansive movement of the past century, of which Diderot is rightly held to be the universal precursor.

Irving Babbitt.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

One of the methods by which England endeavored to regain her control of the American colonies was by the establishment of an English bishop in America, who should unite factions and fill the pulpits. The clergymen, in turn, were to exert a powerful influence for submission on their congregations. On October 13 a complete collection of pamphlets embodying this American Episcopate Controversy will appear at auction at the Anderson Galleries.

The first of the series, "A Sermon Preached before the Incorporated Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts; at their Anniversary Meeting," aroused an excitement in America which was out of all proportion to the importance of the project. The idea was not original, and had been mooted for a generation or two without provoking a ripple in American politics. But the psychological moment had arrived when any movement that tended to increase the power of England in the colonies would be fought with vigor and persistency. John Adams, writing in 1815, says:

> The apprehension of Episcopacy contributed fifty years ago, as much as any other cause, to arouse the attention, not only of the inquiring mind, but of the common people, and urge them to close thinking on the constitutional authority of Parliament

over the colonies. . . . The objection was not merely to the office of a bishop, though even that was dreaded, but to the authority of Parliament, on which it must be founded.

The Bishop of Landaff's sermon at once provoked a spirited reply from Dr. Charles Chauncy, of Boston, entitled: "Dr. Chauncy's Remarks on certain Passages in the Bishop of Landaff's Society-Sermon. . . . In which the highest Reproach is undeservedly cast upon the American Colonies. Boston, 1767." In these "Remarks" the author writes:

It may be relied on, our people would not be easy, if restrained in the exercise of that "liberty wherewith Christ has made them free"; yea, they would hazard everything dear to them, their estates, their very lives, rather than suffer their necks to be put under that yoke of bondage which was so sadly galling to their forefathers, and occasioned their retreat to this distant land that they might enjoy the freedom of men and Christians.

Dr. Thomas Bradbury Chandler, Rector of St. John's Church, in Elizabethtown, N. J., at the request of a Convention of the Clergy of New York and New Jersey, then proceeded, in "An Appeal to the Public in Behalf of the Church of England in America," to urge the claims of the loyal clergymen in this country. By William Livingston, of New York, was issued "A Letter to the Right Reverend Father in God, John, Lord Bishop of Landaff; Occasioned by Some Passages in his Lordship's Sermon . . . in which the American Colonies are loaded with great and undeserved Reproach." Mr. Livingston objected to the aspersions on the colonists as having "abandoned their native manners and religion," and pointed to the laws of New England, which required lands to be set apart in every new township for the erection of churches. He claimed a more general observance of the Sabbath in America than in London, and shrank from any further manifestation of England's power, political or ecclesiastical, in the colonies. Dr. Chandler reissued his pamphlet and added a Supplement, replying to Dr. Chauncy. This Supplement has also been attributed to the Rev. Caleb Fleming.

Perhaps the most interesting, bibliographically, of these controversial pamphlets, is "A Vindication of the Bishop of Landaff's Sermon from the gross Misrepresentations and Abusive Reflections, contained in Mr. William Livingston's Letter to his Lordship: With some Additional Observations on certain Passages in Dr. Chauncy's Remarks. By a Lover of Truth and Decency." One bibliographer, only, appears to have discovered the author of this work, but a contemporary life of Samuel Johnson, by Mr. Chandler, states that it was by the Rev. Charles Inglis, rector of Trinity Church, New York. Three issues with slight variations appeared in 1768, but it is impossible to determine which was the earliest.

After another epistle from the pen of Dr. Chauncy in reply to Mr. Chandler, an anonymous publication by "Anti-Episcopalian" argued against the dangers of an encroachment on American liberties by American bishops; and Micajah Towgood wrote "A Dissent from the Church of England Fully Justified." Then followed a whole collection of Tracts by William Livingston and others, which so perturbed the loyal ministers that Dr. Smith, of Philadelphia, wrote to the Bishop of London: "The addresses of the Jersey Convention and Dr. Chandler's appeal about bishops for America, tho' in the main well done, have raised a great Flame. There is nothing but writing in every newspaper—The Church here is now very rudely treated by a malevolent set of Writers and tho' I could have wished our side had not given any cause yet they must not be left unsupported, and I am determined now to contribute my mite for great openings are given to detect their shameful misrepresentations." Early in 1769, Mr. Chandler and Dr. Chauncy again exchanged arguments expressing still more rancor and heat, and in the same year a letter from Thomas Secker, Bishop of Oxford, from Horace Walpole, was unearthed, and printed in support of the loyal clergyman. This occasioned a critical commentary by Francis Blackburne, with its inevitable reply from Mr. Chandler.

The controversy reached its climax in 1771, when Myles Cooper wrote "An Address from the Clergy in New York and New Jersey to the Episcopalians in Virginia; Occasioned by some late transactions in that Colony Relative to an American Episcopate." It was suggested by the action of the House of Burgesses of Virginia, by whom it was, *"Resolved, Nemine Contradicente,* That the thanks of this House be given to the Reverend Mr. Henley, the Reverend Mr. Gwatkin, the Reverend Mr. Hewitt, and the Reverend Mr. Bland, of the wise and well-timed Opposition they have made to the pernicious project of a few mistaken Clergymen, for introducing an American Bishop: a Measure, by which much Disturbance, great Anxiety, and Apprehension, would certainly take Place among his Majesty's faithful American Subjects."

To Mr. Cooper, Thomas Gwatkin replied in 1772, and after one or two desultory attempts by Mr. Chandler, the controversy was brought to a close by the absolute refusal of the colonists to accept of anything English, except on their own terms.

E. F. Hanaburgh.

Correspondence

A LITERARY AFFECTATION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Recently I have encountered several productions of a popular writer in periodicals rather outside my usual field of reading. They attracted my attention and led me on, until presently I began to feel a certain dragging sensation. The cause was not at first apparent. The characters were interesting, if rather repellent; there was plenty of the "action" so strenuously demanded by constituencies of the baser sort, and the dialogue had a sparkle, even if it was somewhat hard and metallic in its glitter.

It was in the dialogue that the drag was most felt, and further analysis discovered the cause. In one short passage I met these expressions:

"Need any help?" husked A.
"They're our best revenue," defended B.
"Still your jolly self," greeted C.
"It's a wonder they don't square themselves," chatted D.

In another of the stories are these choice bits:

"I know his kind," fondly remembered E.
"Why shouldn't he?" scorned F.
"It's a lie!" perfunctorily denied G.

And these in still another:

"Very thoughtful of you," dryly thanked H.
"He can win her love," she faintly surrendered.

These are but a few of a host of expressions which grated on my mental ear and distracted attention from the story itself. "A husked." Why husked? Does the word contain some recondite allusion to the old-time barn and bee and red ear and pretty girl? Or does it mean that A was a "husky" person and spoke in a loud tone of voice? Or can it be an abortive attempt to intimate that his voice was hoarse? If so, why not say "hoarsed A"?

After a careful examination, I believe I have reached the true diagnosis. The trouble of this writer and those like him is an acute case of logophobia. They dread the sight of the good old word "said" as a hydrophobic patient dreads water. But why? It is an eminently useful and even respectable word, one which our best authors have not feared nor disdained to employ, and employ freely. Taking down a volume of Thackeray, for instance, and opening it at random, I note that he does, indeed, use synonyms — "says," "cries," "shouts," "remarks," "continues," "bawls," "asks," etc.—all of which, fairly implying, as they do, the idea of saying, are perfectly legitimate. But he does not deal in such monstrosities as are quoted above. Indeed, he is not above writing "said" with half a dozen speeches in succession. Furthermore, in Scott's "Ivanhoe" we meet "said" eight or even nine times on a single page, and in Hall Caine's "Manxman" it occurs eleven times in twelve successive speeches. Nor is Jane Austen more timid in employing the simple word from which this writer shrinks with such loathing.

Of contemporary authors, few have used the language more effectively than Rudyard Kipling, yet he seems to have been hopelessly ignorant of the new canon. In his short story, "At the End of the Passage," selected wholly at random, the abhorrent "said" occurs seventy-three times—about once every hundred words—as against only thirteen occurrences of substitutes. Incidentally, we may note that the simple "said" is found eight times on one page of about 370 words. Like examples may be found in our own Poe, and even in Howells.

Undue repetition of any word is, of course, to be avoided, but why fly to the opposite extreme? Why so evidently go out of your way to escape the natural expression? The very effort defeats itself, and frequently where "said" would pass without notice the forced substitute obtrudes itself to the distraction of the reader.

A friend suggests that this new dogma may be an outgrowth of George Meredith's example. He evidently did shun the word's excessive recurrence; yet, while some of his phrasing is abrupt and harsh, he does not follow the practice *ad absurdum.* His imitators, as often happens, have observed the letter and wholly missed the spirit of his usage—have copied the form with all its faults, but without its redeeming qualities of style.

If the word "obsession" were not so sadly overworked just now, I should apply it to this fad—this setting up of a new

literary fetish. Of course, it is not affected even now by writers of the first class, though it is, unfortunately, by a few whose popularity for the moment gives it vogue.

H. M. KINGERY.

Crawfordsville, Ind., October 2.

THE INCOME TAX.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have read with interest both Mr. Root's speech on the income tax and your comment thereon in the *Nation* of September 11. It is undesirable that a large number of citizens should feel that they bear no burdens for the support of the government. That is what has happened under all forms of indirect taxation. Because the mass of the people were ignorant that they paid the tariff, they clung to that form of taxation. But all taxes can be and are shifted, except the personal property tax (and that is not paid) and the poll tax. As Mr. Root says, the income tax will fall chiefly upon the industrial communities. Yet the whole country will pay the tax; for when the income derived from the industries is taxed, the price of the products will be adjusted to the increased cost of production, and the wages of labor will also be adjusted to the new conditions. It has been said that the laborer pays all taxes. It would be truer to say that the consumer and the laborer pay all taxes. The tax on professional incomes will likewise be paid by the consumers of the professional services.

If a knowledge of the working of economic laws could be diffused among Americans, none would cherish the delusion that he did not pay an income tax, or the "single tax," if that should ever prevail.

ANNE HERSMAN.

Chicago, September 29.

RACE SEGREGATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the last issue of the *Nation* you commend the editor of the Lexington, Ky., *Herald* for remonstrating against the segregation of the races in the departments at Washington, which policy, he says, when transmitted to lower channels may be most disastrous. You quote him as saying: "No greater calamity could befall this nation than to have included in its inhabitants millions of people of any race in whose face the door of hope is shut."

Now, at the risk of being classed by you among the "ignorant" or "reactionaries," I want to say that there is no "door of hope" closed against the negro in this country, but the door of hope for amalgamation with the white race. As a protection to future generations and to the integrity of the white race this door must be ever closed, and to make it all the more secure every approach to it must and will be guarded with vigilance. This can only be done by laws requiring segregation of the races in public places. To race pride (or race prejudice, if you prefer to call it that) we must look to retain the purity of the white race in this country, and all signs go to show that this race pride is not weakening. It is just as strong in California against the idea of amalgamating with the Japanese as it is in South Carolina against mixing with the negro, and the white people of Maine would have the same legal separation of the races that they have in Mississippi if the negroes outnumbered the whites in that State.

L. S. JOHNSTON.

Versailles, Ky., September 22.

Literature

THE COURTS AND THE LAW.

Certainty and Justice: Studies of the Conflict between Precedent and Progress in the Development of the Law. By Frederic R. Coudert. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50 net.

Justice and the Modern Law. By Everett V. Abbot. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.60 net.

Our Judicial Oligarchy. By Gilbert E. Roe. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $1 net.

These three books supply considerable material for a study in the psychology of the present popular feeling towards the courts. The authors agree that this feeling is one of hostility to judges, or at least to the legal system administered by our judiciary, but they differ about the causes.

Mr. Coudert thinks that the two main reasons for dissatisfaction are, first, that the law of to-day is somewhat out of harmony with real life, because of the rapid economic and social changes of the last generation and the tardy response of the law to such changes; secondly, the great expense, delay, and uncertainty attending litigation. In his opinion, it is the law and the lawyers that are distrusted by the public rather than the courts.

Mr. Abbot, on the other hand, is certain that our law is all right, and that the confused and unsatisfactory situation in which we find ourselves is due to the indisposition of judges to discard precedents and their inability to reason logically and fearlessly. His view appears to be that if all judges would take a course under him in ethics and logic, things would right themselves easily. "If, in any jurisdiction of the United States," he declares, "the law was suddenly to be *administered* as it actually *is*, the people would receive justice." Justice, he defines as "a real equality in opportunity and a real brotherhood in effort"; and his book is intended "to show that justice is much nearer to us as the feasible reality of a hard and work-a-day world than any man dreams." Let all judges adopt the ethics of Mr. Abbot and learn from him how and when to apply "the principle of sufficient reason," "the principle of alternatives," "the test of the *reductio ad absurdum*," and "the principle of the argumentative traverse," and the popular clamor against the courts will give way to a well-nigh universal acclaim that we "have an ideal system of justice."

Mr. Roe has no faith in our common law or in our judges. These judges, following the example of their English forebears, "habitually think in the terms of the rich and powerful. This process of thinking has built up a system of law barbarous in its injustice and inequality." The only part of our law worthy of commendation is that found in "progressive legislation," and much of that has been destroyed by the courts. Hence Mr. Roe characterizes them as "our judicial oligarchy." He declares that the judiciary is the weakest branch of the government, and yet its members "are constantly tempted to a conflict in which they must always be worsted." This tendency amazes him. Indeed, his astonishment at the temerity of judges in constantly running amuck is equalled only by his indignation at their tyranny.

If we turn from their consideration of the causes of popular discontent with our judiciary to their discussion of the particular faults of the courts, we shall find our three authors still at variance. Mr. Roe does not hesitate to charge the courts with usurpation of the power to declare laws unconstitutional. No such authority is expressly given to them by the Constitution, and, in his opinion, ought never to have been exercised by them. Their decisions under this usurped power, he asserts, "protect special privilege and represent ideas of government and of law which are in conflict with the convictions of a majority of the people." With such notions Mr. Abbot has no patience. While he admits that the courts have committed serious error at times in declaring beneficent laws unconstitutional, "the tendency to err," he declares, "is not in the direction of declaring too many laws unconstitutional, but in the direction of not declaring enough laws unconstitutional." The power to strike down unconstitutional statutes is, in his opinion, confided to the courts by the fundamental law, and is "the wisest means ever taken by a country to save itself against sorrow and distress." Our country has "by command of the people themselves made the square deal the ultimate and supreme law of the land." It has provided that every man who thinks he is oppressed may "seek protection against invasion of his rights by resort to the quiet chambers of an impartial tribunal where both sides can be heard, rather than to the heat and passion of political struggle."

Nor has Mr. Abbot any greater tolerance of Mr. Roe's programme of social justice, which the courts have shattered, than of his charge of judicial usurpation in the shattering. Of the advocate of such a programme, Mr. Abbot says:

Inspired by a yearning to alleviate sufferings which are only too obvious, filled

with an anxious desire to give a square deal to the under dog, he devises all sorts of experimental industrial legislation, and grows hotly impatient of anything which delays or hinders his benevolent projects. When some court interposes a constitutional objection to his enactments, instead of trying to convince the court of its error, he is all for abolishing the court as an eighteenth-century obstacle to twentieth-century progress.

As one reason why the people distrust the courts, Mr. Roe asserts that "the poor man is not on an equality with the rich one before the courts." He admits that the rich litigant will always have great advantage over his poorer opponent because of his ability to employ better counsel, prepare his case better, and endure more easily the law's delays. But this is not the inequality which arouses popular distrust of the courts. Mr. Roe's "charge against the courts is that their judges habitually think in the terms of the rich and powerful. The training, sympathies, experiences and general view of life of most judges has made this inevitable." He then cites in support of this charge the judicial decisions which developed the fellow-servant doctrine and the rules as to contributory negligence and assumption of risk. But he makes no allusion to the many legal doctrines established by the courts which favor the poor at the expense of the rich.

Had Mr. Roe wished to be fair towards the judges, he would have given as much prominence to the "alluring nuisance" cases as to those relating to master and servant. He would have informed his readers that the alluring nuisance doctrine originated in opinions written by Judge Dillon, of the United States Circuit Court, and by Justice Hunt, of the Federal Supreme Court; that Judge Dillon resigned his judgeship and became counsel for the Gould interests; that Justice Hunt was a social aristocrat, and before going on the bench had been counsel for banks, railways, and similar interests; and yet that these men, with the concurrence of their associates, established the doctrine that a railway company which allows a turn-table to remain exposed and unguarded, where children may be tempted to play with it, is to be regarded as holding out implied invitation to such children to play with it, and, accordingly, if children are thus allured upon turn-tables or other dangerous premises, and are injured, they may recover damages from the railway company, or other landowners. In the leading case of Stout vs. Sioux City Railway, above referred to, a boy of six years, who had wandered three-quarters of a mile from his house to play with the defendant's alluring turn-table, with a crushed foot as the result, obtained a verdict of $7,500, which was upheld by the Supreme Court.

Certainly, the judges who established the "alluring-nuisance" doctrine did not habitually think in the terms of the rich and powerful. And a person would run no risk who should undertake to match every decision cited by Mr. Roe in support of his charge against the courts by one in which the rule laid down by judges has favored the poor man. Indeed, no one can study the decisions of English and American courts with care and candor without reaching the conclusion that the body of law thus developed is not the expression of class selfishness, but, on the contrary, is an honest and in the main an adequate system of principles under which justice can be fairly administered between litigants without respect to class, or rank, or condition.

This seems to be Mr. Coudert's view, for he declares that it is absurd to say that the doctrines of assumption of risk, contributory negligence, and of fellow servants were due to class bias on the part of the judges. Mr. Abbot condemns the fellow-servant rule, as well as the doctrine of assumption of risk by servants; but he ascribes their acceptance by English and American judges, not to the existence of class bias on their part, but to their mistaken assumption that a master's liability for the acts of his servants rests upon public policy. He declares that the "principle of legal responsibility for delegated acts had been recognized by the unanimous perceptions of mankind for a period which long preceded even the obscure beginnings of the common law." With all due respect for Mr. Abbot's learning and confidence, we do not hesitate to deny his assertion. The liability of a master under our law for the conduct of his servants extends beyond their expressly delegated acts, and includes their acts and omissions in the master's employment, though done in disregard of his general orders or special command. This liability is far more extensive than is recognized in other legal systems. It does not result from the unanimous perceptions of mankind, but has been slowly and cautiously evolved in English law and is deliberately based upon considerations of practical expediency.

Of the three books under consideration Mr. Coudert's is the best. It displays a wide and varied experience at the bar; a philosophic apprehension of legal principles, a keen wit, and a lucid style. It is interesting and instructive throughout. Mr. Abbot's volume is a real contribution to the literature of the law. While the reader will be reminded often of Sidney Smith's remark that he wished he were as sure of anything as Tom Macaulay was of everything, he will learn much that is worth knowing and be stimulated by many novel suggestions in legal science. Mr. Roe holds a brief against the courts, and argues his cause with all the zeal of counsel whose retainer is a contingent fee. His statements are frequently inaccurate; his views are partisan, and his conclusions not always trustworthy. The book is suited to stir up class hatred, to generate hostility to the courts, without sufficient cause, and to sow seeds of social mischief.

CURRENT FICTION.

His Great Adventure. By Robert Herrick. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Joan Thursday. By Louis Joseph Vance. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

Of course, there is no good reason why a novelist should feel obliged to stick to the last of realism or of romance upon which he has chanced to shape the greater portion of his work. Mr. Arnold Bennett is our triumphant example of the workman who can turn his hand to anything, and the well-wishers who desire him to limit himself to Clayhangers and Old Wives' Tales rather amuse him. Mr. Robert Herrick, though he has evidently had to struggle from time to time with an impulse towards romance, has never hitherto omitted to struggle. In his latest book he frankly abandons what is for him "the legitimate," and steps forward to do his turn as a vaudeville artist. The result is not altogether happy. Mr. Herrick has done his best to be light and trivial, to give his new audience what it wants. Perhaps he has succeeded; as we scan the lists of best-sellers for the coming months, we shall know. A first impression is that his performance is too evidently that of an "amateur." His manner has a nervous jauntiness which does not convey the desired effect of high spirits.

The hero of the "great adventure" is an unsuccessful and penniless playwright. At the moment when he is ready to confess himself "down and out," he rescues a "doped" and dying millionaire from a New York gutter. The millionaire gives him a mysterious commission, involving the robbery of a safe in California, an escape to Europe by way of Mexico, and the eventual transference to a playwright's pocket of two millions in exchange for the abstracted securities. The millionaire has ordered that all the property (or loot) shall be given to "Melody." The hero is far slower than the reader in discovering that this name (like "Henrietta" of famous memory) belongs both to a mine and a girl. He develops the mine, and, though in some vague way he regards the property as a trust, proceeds to devote the profits to the founding of a national "People's Theatre" which shall reform all current abuses in connection with the stage. He seems to know less about theatrical conditions than any other person who can ever have written plays and tried to get them produced. However, since his absurd enterprise does finally reveal the real Melody to him

(in the person of his only successful actress), one ought not to grumble. It is a pity that a writer of Mr. Herrick's inborn seriousness should strain himself to produce such laborious nonsense as this.

Mr. Vance's nonsense has never been laborious. His Brass Bowls and Black Bags, however fantastic in design, have contained the spirit of youth and adventure. And now, behold, he abandons that happy field of sophomoric achievement, and presents a story of "real" life—more consistently realistic than anything Mr. Herrick has ever done. He also appeals to a fresh audience—Mr. Herrick's audience. And for this he thinks it unnecessary—or inexpedient—to employ fresh materials. In the skeleton, this present plot is strongly like that of Mr. Herrick's "One Woman's Life," which, in its turn, recalls Mr. Dreiser's "Jennie Gerhardt." Joan Thursday is a girl of low class, though not without trace of better blood than is usually to be found in a New York tenement. She is beautiful and pleasure-loving, and her home life is unspeakably tawdry and distasteful. She is always pursued by men, and at last, discharged from her counter because she has refused the advances of a floor-walker, she is thrown into the street by her angry father. Good luck prevents her from becoming a woman of the street; but she has the temperament, and, short of that, falls as low as she may, morally, in the course of mounting her ladder towards success. She is faithful to nobody, to nothing except her ambition to be admired, to rouse the desire of all men. The type is common enough, and this re-study of it is so skilfully done that the lover of realism, in the best sense, will not be likely to dismiss it as "unpleasant."

The Marriage of Mlle. Gimel. By René Bazin. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Some of these short stories have already appeared in a volume called "Humble Love," which was withdrawn from circulation. The author has rescued several of the condemned stories and added the "Marriage of Mlle. Gimel," which is the longest of the tales in the present volume. M. Bazin has here put aside pastoral surroundings and their influence upon character and has placed his struggling poor in the heart of the city of Paris. The problem he deals with is of a kind hitherto untouched by him. Mlle. Gimel is a poor stenographer, pretty, simple, and unaffected. An army officer, who has seen her daily at breakfast in a humble dairy room, falls in love with her and proposes marriage. The girl presents her suitor to her mother. To avert a stain upon the honor of the army, the mother sees fit to acquaint Evelyne with the fact that she is merely a child whom Mme. Gimel had adopted from a foundling asylum. The girl accordingly refuses to marry her officer, and he, for the honor of the army, leaves her. But things end happily.

In the "Little Sisters of the Poor" the writer returns to rural life. It is a sketch of a poor man's soul. Père Le Bolloche had been the handsomest man in his regiment, but is now a humble chair-weaver and fallen on hard days. His one solace is his daughter, Désirée. For her sake proud Père Le Bolloche decides to eat the bread of charity, and to end his days with the "Little Sisters of the Poor." There he revives. The strong, incisive strokes with which M. Bazin draws his simple, blunt country folk show him once more a master of the pastoral.

Madelcine at Her Mirror: A Woman's Diary. By Marcelle Tinayre. Authorized translation by Winifred Stevens. New York: John Lane Co.

This "is not a novel," the author explains, "but a collection of impressions, of dreams, and of memories, in which fiction mingles with fact." It belongs, that is, to a type of literature, increasingly popular these days, which permits a writer to deal in little intimacies of life without the risk of being charged either with making a bald confession or with setting up formally as a critic. It is a compromise in which the usual French and English manners are blended, and the result is happy. For English readers, at least, the self-revelation of the French profits by a slight veil of fiction.

The narrator of these chapters is a well-to-do widow of thirty-five, the mother of two children, and the possessor of town and country houses. Parisian fashions, entertaining, the importunities of lovers, the splendor of spring and autumn in the country, foreign politics, apartment-hunting for relatives, together with a slight concern over advancing age—to note a few of the topics chosen—are commonplaces the world over. Yet Mme. Tinayre bestows on them the charm of good taste and of shrewd observation; and contrives, seemingly through sheer artlessness, to create scenes which are almost faultless in technique.

A Fool and His Money. By George Barr McCutcheon. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

Mr. McCutcheon's fool is an American—novelist by trade—who, thanks to a liberal legacy, can indulge his predilection for the feudal age by purchasing a dilapidated castle on the Danube. He thinks to find in this picturesque ruin a "quiet, inspirational spot" where he may prosecute his literary labors under ideally romantic conditions. But no sooner has he taken up his residence in its draughty halls than he finds himself actively involved in a very modern drama of international divorce. Such, indeed, are the complications—social, financial, and sentimental—in which his proprietary responsibilities have involved the chivalrous novelist, that he does not hesitate at the first opportunity to sell Schloss Rothhoefen at a generous profit, and follow the heroine across the Atlantic with all speed.

In the way of doughty deeds we find to record only two opportune punches delivered upon the offending heads of masculine impertinents—a sad falling off from those days of daring do when the "Prisoner of Zenda" and "Graustark" were household words.

THE EARLY AMERICAN NAVY.

A Naval History of the American Revolution. By Gardner W. Allen. In two volumes. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $3 net.

Dr. Allen is a master of source material, and has given us the story of many events for which we might look elsewhere in vain. Much of the space devoted to adventure is, indeed, a sort of Homeric catalogue of ships, accurate and thorough enough, but dry as the remaining biscuit after a voyage. All the painful details of the chase to leeward and the chase to the windward, of fighting on the larboard side, and "luffing across," and of "raking the decks," and of the conduct of the wounded and of their sufferings, told over and over, in engagement after engagement, become wearisome and confusing. They might interest an Annapolis freshman as supplementary reading, but the book seems to have another aim. Some accounts, as that of the New Providence expedition, are made tedious by giving in succession three or four contemporary, and often contradictory, accounts in the language of an untutored sailor or ship's officer, instead of furnishing the results of a critical comparison of the several original stories. This uncritical attitude extends to accepting even a single newspaper account (Vol. I, p. 76). These indifferently written contemporary narratives are often given at great length, to the utter perplexity of the reader as to what really happened. The style of the author, himself, is that of one solemnly presenting information; there is none of the charm of the eager narrator who attracts by his own enthusiasm. Nor does he show sense of proportion. Yet this is not the result of helplessness in the presence of a task too great, for now and then there are very valuable and comprehensive summaries of general conditions.

In spite of these failings, the work contains much that is valuable. It has

the best available account in English of the French evasion of the neutrality laws, before the day of open alliance, by the devious process of inaction, denial, and imperturbable prevarication. The author corrects some common errors of thinking in showing that, while man for man and ship for ship the British overmatched the Americans, their material for crews was no better than that furnished by the seafaring population of New England, if as good. Even their immense advantage of centuries of military discipline, naval tradition, and *esprit de corps*, was lessened by the incompetency and indolence of some of the British fleet commanders, and the official corruption in British dockyards and naval stations. Moreover, if American captures of British property on the seas inflicted no great injury in proportion to the whole, yet in the early years of the war they were of the utmost importance. But for these supplies the cause would have languished and died. Mr. Allen calculates that more than two thousand American vessels were employed in privateering in the Revolution. These and the Continental navy succeeded in keeping open communications with European countries and sustaining foreign interest and sympathy, especially in France. If the British, as Lord Barrington recommended, could have suppressed this commerce and communication, they would probably have strangled the rebellion in its infancy, and without the help of an army. Mr. Allen concludes that on the whole the injury done to the British navy by the American naval forces was almost negligible, and to the British commerce far from disabling, though not without effect in the general result.

Manuel d'Archéologie Américaine. Amérique préhistorique—Civilisations disparues. Par H. Beuchat. Préface par Henry Vignaud. Paris: A. Picard et Fils. 815 pages. 15 francs.

Pierre d'Ailly et la Découverte de l'Amérique. Par Louis Salembier. Paris: Letouzey et Ané. 56 pages.

Améric Vespuce: Ses Voyages et ses Découvertes devant la critique. 43 pages. L'attribution de son nom au Nouveau Monde. 60 pages. Par Henry Vignaud. Paris: E. Leroux.

Les Thèses nouvelles sur l'origine de Christophe Colomb: Espagnol! Juif! Corse! Par Henry Vignaud. Paris: E. Leroux. 1913. 20 pages.

The publication of a full Manual of American Archæology, complete to date, should be reckoned an event. In his preface to the stout volume of M. Beuchat, the experienced Henry Vignaud says:

> It answers all that we can expect rightfully from a work of this kind. Its publication is in advance of any work of like character in Germany or England or America, rich as they are in writings on the matter. It does honor to French Americanism. Compliments are due for it to the publisher who has chosen to add it to his fine collection of archæological manuals—and to the American Mæcenas whose encouragement has enabled the author to bring to a good end his long and difficult labor, unique of its kind.

The book is dedicated "to the enlightened protector of American studies and of all researches relative to the New Continent—the Duc de Loubat."

The completeness of the work and the necessity of it may be plainly seen from a summary of the contents. From the beginning, there are twenty-five close pages of bibliography in the order of subjects treated; and this is further supplemented by the copious references of the footnotes in the course of the work. Abbreviations also refer to fifty-four special periodical publications. An introduction of eighty-six pages (five chapters) treats of the discovery of America—in its physical conditions of winds and ocean currents, Pacific and Atlantic; reputed discoveries by Chinese and Scandinavians, and the history of Greenland; voyages reported through the ages in search of land westward from Europe; discoveries of Christopher Columbus; and other voyages of discovery of the sixteenth century from the Cabots to Balboa, and the exploration of the North American coast.

The first part of the first book (eleven chapters) is devoted to prehistoric North America, from the glacial period down. The second part (two chapters) deals with South America—its fossil men and Neolithic age.

Book second (475 pages) is a methodical and exhaustive study of all that is known of the civilized native peoples of America.

In his pages of conclusion, the author touches on a subject whose full treatment would have required a longer study of the uncivilized peoples of America than the limits of his book would allow. It is the obscure question of the peopling of the different parts of the New World. Many hypotheses are enumerated from the European discovery to our own day, finding for Indians and Eskimos a descent from the lost tribes of Israel, Mongols, Carthaginians, French Cave Dwellers; or, vice-versa, making America itself the Eden whence lost Atlantis and Europe were peopled. A survey of the state of these peoples prior to European discovery leads to a final conclusion:

> On the one hand, Europeans were too civilized when they discovered America to be obliged to borrow greatly from its inhabitants. On the other hand, the nature of the New Continent was not different enough from that of the Old to require any adoption of the habits of the aborigines. Thus the influence of America on Europe really begins only after the formation of European centres in the New World.

Besides the analytical table of contents, there are twenty-seven pages of finely printed, double-columned Index. Truly, a full book, ready and serviceable for every reader interested in America of the pre-European past.

The pamphlet of M. Salembier gives a lucid summary of a question that is of some importance in recent Columbian controversy—the nature of Pierre d'Ailly's cosmographic notions, and particularly at what period of his career Christopher Columbus made his acquaintance with them. The author ends by touching on another question more or less remotely connected with the former—whether the human heroism of Columbus, which nobody denies, was supplemented by all-round religious virtue such as the Church demands in her canonized saints. He refers to a little-known discussion of the subject by Henry Vignaud (*Journal de la Société des Américanistes de Paris*, 1909), and contributes the following unpublished opinion of the competent Bollandists:

> Thanks to a communication with which they have honored us, we know that they admire Columbus as a hero, but they have never dreamed of putting him forward and having him venerated as one of the Blessed.

Since the completion of his great work on Columbus, Mr. Henry Vignaud has published two notices of Americus Vespucius, from whom we have our name, if not our local habitation. The critical investigation of authentic and contemporary documents has made such rapid progress that novelty as well as interest attaches to these competent accounts of what is now known of the real voyages and discoveries of Vespucius, and how his name came to be given to the New World which Columbus had discovered:

> Yet the work of Vespucius was considerable. While Columbus opened the way for him, as he did for Cortes and Pizarro and all the Conquistadores, it is also true that to the Florentine navigator alone belongs the merit of knowing what he had discovered—a fact undeniable to-day.

In a few sufficient pages, M. Vignaud executes recent light-weight hypotheses making Columbus a Spaniard or Jew or Corsican by race.

Problems of Power: A Study of International Politics, from Sadowa to Kirk-Kilissé. By William Morton Fullerton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.25 net.

Educated at Andover Academy and Harvard, and for twenty years resident in France as Paris correspondent of the London *Times*, Mr. Fullerton has enjoyed a cosmopolitan training and unusual opportunities for feeling the hidden threads of European diplomacy and

finance which centre in the French capital. His book is the most interesting volume in English on recent international politics since the publication of Tardieu's "France and the Alliances" five years ago. It surpasses the latter in breadth of scope and richness of style; in fact, its brilliant paradoxes and frequent allusions to undescribed diplomatic events may prove caviare to Americans who do not read foreign news with some attention.

Mr. Fullerton starts with the general thesis that two occult powers behind the façade of governments are now determining the destinies of the world. The first is "the disseminated wealth of the democracy, canalized both by the plutocratic oligarchy of the bankers, whose clients, the modern states, are constrained to apply to them for immense loans, and by the great manufacturers and mining proprietors, who tend to be actuated solely by economic interest"; and the other is "the mysterious pervasive force known as public opinion, which is becoming more and more conscious of its efficacy." He then sketches the rise of the United States as a world Power, as typified in the career of Mr. Roosevelt, and contrasts his influence as President in the United States with the lack of influence of Presidents in the French Republic. He thinks that the extraordinary enthusiasm with which Mr. Roosevelt was received in France in 1909 was due to the fact that the ex-President personified ideals and methods for which all France was yearning. Mr. Fullerton's analysis of the domestic politics of France—her need of a stronger President, of a change from scrutin d'arrondissement to scrutin de liste, of a "constructive nationalism," and of a firm foreign policy—is the best-informed and most valuable part of his volume. For forty years, from the dismemberment of France in 1871 until German aggression was rebuffed at Agadir in 1911, France was unfortunately distracted with the internal crises of monarchism, Romanism, Boulangism, Panamism, Dreyfusism, and Syndicalism. French politicians were so absorbed in party passions that they sacrificed the external national interests of their country and allowed France to become the plaything of Bismarck's malign manœuvres on the European chessboard. But since the time when Germany began to bully France in Morocco and France established an entente cordiale with England (April 8, 1904), France has begun to "float on the high tide of one of those miraculous moral 'resurgences' peculiar to the soil that has given birth to Vercingetorix, St. Louis, Joan of Arc, and Gambetta."

Her true policy now, thinks the author, is to exert herself internationally as an active, cordial, and self-reliant member of the Triple Entente in the North Sea, the Mediterrancan, the Caribbean, and wherever else her interests are threatened by German aggression. Besides putting her own domestic political house in order, France must

> construct on her Eastern frontier a canal permitting Dunkirk to become a rival of Antwerp, the iron-masters of the Meurthe and Moselle to buy their coal in England instead of Germany, and the whole French industrial world to break loose from the bonds now linking them to their German rivals (p. 266).

She must not loan so much of her capital on foreign credit until she has more adequately supplied the financial needs of the small shopkeeper and small manufacturer in France. When the Panama Canal is opened, she must build around the globe, a little to the south of the British "All-Red Route," a French "All-Blue Route"—

> from Tahiti through the Canal, by Guadeloupe and Martinique to Dakar, thence to Bordeaux and Brest, and, by the Rhone Valley, to Marseilles, where, once again taking to the sea, and skirting the North African coast from Algiers to Bizerta, it proceeds through the Suez Canal to Jibutil in the Persian Gulf, and to the Grand Comores, Madagascar, and La Réunion in the Indian Ocean. It then turns northward, touching Asia at Saigon; and passing thence to the north of Australia, finds in the New Hebrides and in New Caledonia (where Australia may one day procure the iron of which she stands in need) its last station before it is riveted again at Tahiti, in mid-Pacific (p. 314).

France must also reëstablish friendly relations with the Vatican. More than all else, she must not forget "the intolerable crime and egregious blunder of the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine."

From what has been said, the reader will have surmised that Mr. Fullerton does not look down upon mundane affairs with Jovian impartiality; in fact, his volume is the neatest statement we have seen in English of the French feeling of rage and impotency at German power and success. The choice of sub-title, "from Sadowa to Kirk-Kilissé," is due to the fact that these two points, in the author's opinion, mark the limits during which Bismarck's malign influence has been in the ascendant:

> Bismarck retarded the work of the French Revolution, gagging France and flinging Europe back into the old régime. . . . The normal evolution of every nation in Europe has been disturbed, if not utterly deranged, by the action of Germany in annexing Schleswig-Holstein and in seizing the French provinces of Alsace and Lorraine. The trend of European history during the last forty years has been determined by these titanic blunders (p. 43).

Space forbids us to follow, and much less to criticise, the ingenious chain of diplomatic detail by which the author sustains this thesis. We note, however, that he makes no effort apparently to get at Germany's side of the case; he quotes almost no German newspapers or books; what are we to expect of one who draws his information about Germans from French newspapers or works with such suggestive titles as Blondel's "Les Embarras de l'Allemagne" and Gaston's "L'Allemagne aux Abois"?

Mr. Fullerton's advice to Americans, based on his long observation of European politics, is that they wake up to a realization of their new rights and duties as a World Power. It is the familiar theme of Gen. Homer Lea and Admiral Mahan. When the Panama Canal is opened, the geographical centre of gravity will shift from the Mediterranean to the Caribbean; national isolation, freedom from entangling alliances, will no longer be possible for the United States; "Americans must henceforth reason and act as political animals, in conformity with the prejudices and customs of the Old World"; in other words, they must build a strong navy.

In spite of Mr. Fullerton's sarcastic denunciations of Bismarck and Germany, which are curiously inconsistent with his own worship of the divine right of brute force and with his recommendations to France and the United States, his book is valuable and stimulating. It deserves Mr. Roosevelt's natural commendation, cited in the publisher's announcement: "Every American with any interest in the future of his country ought to be familiar with the facts which Mr. Fullerton sets forth."

Notes

We may expect this week from Houghton Mifflin the following titles: "The Memoirs of Li Hung Chang," edited by W. F. Mannix, with an introduction by John W. Foster; "Picturesque New Zealand," by Paul Gooding; "The Man with the Iron Hand," by John C. Parish, the first of a series of tales of the Great Valley, edited by B. F. Shambaugh; "Some Letters of William Vaughn Moody," edited by Daniel G. Mason; "The Spare Room," by Mrs. Romilly Fedden, and "Dandies and Men of Letters," by Leon H. Vincent.

Among the books which Putnams publish this week are: "The Happy Prince and Other Tales," by Oscar Wilde, a quarto edition illustrated by Charles Robinson, and "Memoirs of a Prima Donna," by Clara Louise Kellogg (Mme. Strakosch).

Two new novels by Mary W. Findlater, "A Narrow Way" and "Betty Musgrave," will be brought out in this country by Dutton.

The same house announces: Rudolph Herzog's "The Story of Helga," in an English version by Adèle Lewisohn, and "Snow Upon the Desert," by Miss S. Macnaughton.

Mr. George Hamlin Fitch has written a companion volume to his "Critic in the Orient," entitled "The Critic in the Occident"; it is announced by Paul Elder & Co. Mr. Elder has in preparation "Some World-

Circuit Saunterings," by William Ford Nichols.

The Century Co. issues this week: "Romantic America," by Robert Haven Schauffler; "The Trade of the World," by James Davenport Whelpley; and "The Truth About Camilla," by Gertrude Hall.

Among the early autumn publications announced by Moffat, Yard & Co. are: "The Life of Louis XI and Charles the Bold," by Lieut.-Col. Andrew C. P. Haggard; "Social Sanity," by Scott Nearing, of the University of Pennsylvania; "The Panama Canal," pictures in color and text, by Earle Harrison; "When Mother Lets Us Act," by Stella G. S. Perry; "The Spider's Web," a new novel from the pen of Reginald Wright Kauffman; "The New Dawn," a new story by Agnes C. Laut; "The Memoirs of Mimosa," a volume of reminiscences told in the form of fiction, and edited by Anne Elliot; "The Cur and the Coyote," by Edward Peple; "Vestigia," a volume of verse by Algernon S. Logan; and "Milton: A Study of His Time and Poetry," by Alden Sampson.

This week John Lane Company is bringing out: "Anthony Trollope: His Work, Associates, and Literary Originals," by T. H. S. Escott; "Japanese Flower Arrangement," by Mary Averill (Kwashinsai Kiyokumai); "A Wand and Strings," poems by Benjamin R. C. Low; "The Gathering Storm," a criticism of society by "A Rifleman," and "Concessions," a story by Sydney Schiff.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's "T. Tembarom" is to be issued in a few weeks by the Century Co.

Among the volumes which will come this autumn from the Columbia University Press are the following: "A Catalogue of the Persian Manuscripts presented to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City," by Alexander Smith Cochran, prepared and edited by Prof. A. V. Williams Jackson; "Chaucer and the Roman de la Rose," by Dean S. Fransler; "Root-Determinatives in Semitic Speech," by S. T. H. Hurwitz; "The Dative of Agency, a Chapter of Indo-Iranian Case Syntax," by Alexander Green; "Gnomic Poetry in Anglo-Saxon," by Blanche Colton Williams, and "Sumerian Records from Drehem," by William M. Nesbit.

Philippine problems will share with Indian affairs the chief interest of the thirty-first annual Lake Mohonk Conference of Friends of the Indian and other Dependent Peoples, which will meet at Lake Mohonk, N. Y., October 22-24. Attention will also be given to conditions in Porto Rico. About two hundred and fifty members, most of whom have personal knowledge of the subjects discussed, will attend as the guests of Mr. Daniel Smiley, by whom the conference is called. Dr. Elmer Ellsworth Brown, Chancellor of New York University, will preside.

In public library work among all the peoples of the world Baroda, a native state of India, holds a leading place. Connected with the Government is the Central Library Department, which not only maintains one of the finest libraries in India in the capital city, but also circulates books throughout the state in travelling libraries which remain at each village three months, when fresh books are furnished. The department also gives about $100 a year for the purchase of books for the local libraries to every village whose inhabitants subscribe an equal amount. There are now 275 public libraries with about 156,000 books, and the number of readers within the last three years is said to have increased nearly 360 per cent. The eldest son of the Maharaja, it may be added, graduated at Harvard in 1911.

"The Publisher" (Houghton Mifflin), by Robert S. Yard, contains four breezy essays on the art and science of publishing. In the first the new editor of the *Century* controverts the opinion that publishing is the worst possible trade. Few offer more fascinating and difficult problems. Next is discussed why a book sells. Primarily, Mr. Yard thinks, for incalculable reasons—because it is the sort of thing many people want at a particular time—then, in minor degree, because of the enthusiasm and conviction which the publisher infuses into his entire selling staff. There is cited the instance of a rather poor book which was carried into wide popularity through the sheer infatuation of its sponsor. It is shown that a best seller, except so far as it incidentally enlivens the whole business, may be a doubtful gain. Mr. Yard's figures for a best seller netting the publisher only twenty-five hundred dollars for a hundred thousand sold will be regarded with general skepticism. If on a scale of sales in the hundred thousands it normally costs 28 per cent. of gross income to do business, apart from manufacture and extraordinary advertising, we would all better stop buying books until the publishing business has been put in order by an efficiency expert. Salesmanship is treated interestingly, especially with regard to the improvement of canvassing for subscription editions. A wholly reasonable light is also put upon the movement to maintain net prices. In fact, the Government departments have recently taken towards breakfast foods and the like at fixed prices a more friendly attitude than was formerly held towards books. In discussing the relations of author, publisher, and agent, Mr. Yard feels that direct dealing is better and an agency is an unnecessary evil, except when the author cannot get sight of his publisher or editor. Authors, like poets, are an irritable race and prone to unreasonable dissatisfactions. To change one's publisher is generally to do ill. That is sound advice. We note that henceforward all poetry must be published at the author's expense. Irritability may be expected to increase accordingly among the singing clan. Generally informing and always entertaining, the manner of the book is journalistic and undistinguished. The old-school publisher, when betrayed into authorship, managed to imply a pedestal beneath him. Some publishers even graced the pose. Mr. Yard is, though enthusiastic, quite without such illusions about his trade. It seems to us that old-school publishing was none the worse for what may have been an illusion of championship of literature. The conception of literature as such barely intrudes in Mr. Yard's vivacious pages.

"The World's Leading Conquerors," by W. L. Bevan, is the latest volume in the biographical series of the World's Leaders (Holt), edited by Prof. W. P. Trent. Successive chapters tell of Alexander the Great, Cæsar, Charlemagne, the Ottoman Sultans from Osman to Suleiman the Magnificent, the Spanish Conquistadores like Cortez and Pizarro, and of Napoleon. In this wide field of history Mr. Bevan succeeds admirably in selecting the best recent material, including the products of German scholarship, and in writing very readable and yet accurate biographical sketches. He gives more than a mere personal narrative of the life of each conqueror, for he has interwoven in most cases a very fair general historical account of the period in which the conqueror lived. He also avoids the easy mistake of giving too much space to military history; he makes space to suggest the less visible elements which have ushered in great changes in history. There are portraits of the conquerors, but no maps of their territories or plans of their battles.

In spite of its sounding title, it does not need the preface to William Arkwright's "Knowledge and Life" (Lane) to tell us that several of the essays of the volume are reprinted from the newspapers. This is less from the subject matter, curiously ill adapted even to British journalistic needs, than from a general looseness of construction. The book's title is gained from a half-dozen little disquisitions upon Christian and Buddhistic philosophy, irritatingly purposeless and obscure of phrase. Mingled inharmoniously with them are several subjective sketches of African travel, equally pointless, and two simple London tales, which succeed in striking a sturdier note. What the writer may originally have designed was an attempt to interpret or comment upon the chief religious legends; but the motley contents betray an ultimate eagerness to fill up the volume with mere random productions. Of interest is the occasional exhibition of a late-romantic malady of style, where the writer abandons all sincerity of tone, and, as he self-consciously puts it, attempts "to gild with glamour the edges of the commonplace and print its titles in amaranth, to entice from the empyrean, as formerly the daughters of men did entice the sons of God, that spirit of the green flame, by name Inspiration." From this the two London stories are refreshingly free.

God sifted a whole nation that He might send choice grain over into this wilderness, declared an eminent citizen of Massachusetts nearly two centuries and a half ago. Since three out of every four of our present-day immigrants come, says Frederic J. Haskin in "The Immigrant" (Revell), from countries where public education is unheard of, where popular participation in the affairs of the government is undreamed of, where dire poverty is the rule, it is manifest that the immigration problem is much graver than in the day of William Stoughton. Frank Julian Warne in "The Immigrant Invasion" (Dodd, Mead), and Henry Pratt Fairchild in "Immigration" (Macmillan), have also collected a great amount of material on this subject. Each of these three writers presents the immigrant in a way to quicken imagination and stir the political consciousness. As we see him on the dock, he may command but a scant amount of our attention, but when, as in the works before us, he appears as the product of the vast economic, religious, and political eruptions of the ages, he becomes

absorbingly significant. For we cannot forget that the history of immigration has been a history of successive waves of population, from sources ever lower in the economic, if not in the social, scale. If it has seemed at any time that this country was about to adjust itself to a certain racial admixture, a new and more difficult element has presented itself. And the end appears far from sight. The process will go on, declares Mr. Fairchild, who recalls an assertion of Gen. Walker that immigration by the lowest class "will not be permanently stopped so long as any difference of economic level exists between our population and that of the most degraded communities abroad." This assertion, which amounts to the fact that population, like money, will always seek the best market, may seem discouraging. Yet the opposite would occasion even greater apprehension; for, except to the extent that restriction is actually accomplished by law, a cessation of the stream of immigration to the United States can only mean that economic conditions in this country have fallen to so low a pitch that it is no longer worth while for the citizens of the meanest and most backward foreign country to make the moderate effort to get here.

It is curious to note that while the general tendency of economic thought has been steadily away from *laissez-faire,* that doctrine still has a firm grasp on the mind with reference to immigration. To be sure, there may be signs of a theoretic limitation of it, in the immigration laws which we have incorporated in our statute books in the last thirty years. But, after all, the movement has increased rather than diminished, and is incontestably of a *laissez-faire* character. In its other operations, economics has been more and more subjected to the interplay of political, sociological, and even biological considerations. In this particular field there has been virtually no effort to suppress its cry of hands off. Conceivably, this is largely because of the difficulty of agreeing on an alternative. Apparently we have not sufficiently considered the pros and cons to know whether restriction would be likely to prove a blessing or a bane.

The first volume of A. A. Wotzel's translation from the Dutch of Pierson's "Principles of Economics," dealing with the subjects of value in exchange and money, appeared in 1902. A second volume (Macmillan), treating of production and the revenue of the state, now completes the work. The two volumes together thus cover the ground traditionally embraced in general treatises on political economy. The work is, therefore, similar in scope to the well-known textbooks of Marshall, Nicholson, and Taussig. Dr. Pierson may be classified, despite his apparent eclecticism, as a disciple of Mill and the older English economists. His system of economics was evidently formulated at a time when the English classical school exercised a predominant influence over Continental economists, and, well acquainted as he is with the newer currents of thought, he remains consistently a Ricardian of the Ricardians. The theories of the Austrian school constitute the ornamentation rather than the substance of his treatment of value. Also, in the relative amount of space assigned to different topics he shows his affinity with the classical school. The discussions, for instance, of the nature of production and of the Malthusian doctrine bulk more largely than in other recent treatises. The work has two prime virtues which make it an important addition to the general textbooks of political economy. More nearly than any of its rivals, it is cosmopolitan in its economic learning. The author was intimately acquainted with the writings of the English economists and the rich economic literature of his own country, and hardly less familiar with the German and French authorities. The other great merit of the work is its admirable practicality. The author was both an economist and a statesman—a university professor and for some years Prime Minister of Holland. The combination of qualities which made this career possible distinguishes the discussion throughout. The refinements of economic reasoning are always curbed by a vigorous common sense. This quality is best displayed in the present volume in the section dealing with the revenue of the state, probably the sanest and clearest treatment of the subject to be found within the same compass in English.

Among a number of European publications on the Balkan war, each of which recounts the observations of one man, Henri Dugard's "Histoire de la Guerre contre les Turcs" (Paris: Les Marches de l'Est) distinguishes itself by giving an account of the whole conflict from the outbreak of hostilities in October, 1912, to the signing of the treaty of London in the following May. M. Dugard relies largely on the correspondents of various newspapers; but he has balanced their statements against one another so judiciously that the resulting narrative, if journalistic in style, is accurate and informing. "It is at present impossible," he observes, "to say the last word about the recent conflicts; but we can even now bring a little order out of the various reports that we have, and present a concise story of the events that followed one another so rapidly." He attempts to be perfectly impartial and simply to relate the facts; but his sympathies are evidently with the Balkan allies. One reason for this is found in his dislike of Germany; he admires the good qualities of the Turks, and attributes their defeat largely to "their mediocre Krupp guns and the stupidity of their German instructors." He urges the Balkan nations, including Rumania, to rely more on the friendship of Russia and France, and to distrust Germany and Austria. It is to be hoped that a new edition of this book, or a separate volume, will give an equally clear account of the war between Bulgaria and the other Balkan states, and of the resulting advantage to Turkey. The proper names are carelessly and inconsistently printed, and there is a rather poor map extending only from Adrianople to Constantinople.

The Cornell University Library has recently issued the sixth volume of Islandica, an annual relating to Iceland and the Fiske Icelandic collection at Cornell. This latest number, entitled "Icelandic Authors of To-day," is virtually a Who's Who. In sixty-nine pages, it gives, in bio-bibliographical form, sketches varying in length from a few lines to two or three pages. The term author is construed generously to cover not only *belles-lettres,* but science, journalism, philosophy, theology, medicine, jurisprudence, and politics. The number of entries and the wide range of interests shown by the titles quoted will be a surprise to persons unacquainted with the contemporary activities of Iceland. An appendix gives a list of books and essays relating to Icelandic literature since 1550. This book is the work of Halldor Hermannsson, curator of the Fiske Library.

The preface to the thirty-fourth volume of the Goethe-Jahrbuch (Literarische Anstalt), which appeared recently, contains the announcement that with this volume the publication of the annual ceases. Its place is to be taken by a new annual to be called Das Jahrbuch der Goethe-Gesellschaft. The change is due to a lack of harmony that has existed for several years between the editor of the Goethe-Jahrbuch, Prof. Ludwig Geiger, of the University of Berlin, and the ruling spirits of the Goethe Society. The separation was finally caused by the refusal on the part of the Society to subsidize the annual after this year. When Geiger published the first volume in 1880 there was no Goethe Society and the new venture relied upon its own merits for its prosperity. The seventh volume (1886) contained the first annual report of the Society, which was founded shortly after the death of the last descendant of Goethe (1885) and the opening of the Goethe Archives in Weimar. The new Society entered into an agreement with Geiger and his publisher whereby the Goethe-Jahrbuch became the official organ of the Society and a copy was to be purchased annually for each member. There were at that time nearly 1,700 members, and since then the number has gradually increased till to-day there are nearly 3,700. Naturally, the Jahrbuch became an attractive organ of communication among Goethe scholars, and for years its list of contributors contained the names of most of the prominent specialists. In recent years, however, these names have become more and more rare in the list and their places have been taken by others of less authority. Furthermore, the Archives have ceased to put hitherto unpublished material at the disposal of the editor. The reflection of scholarship has been partially obscured by the reflection of partisanship. In spite of this, Geiger deserves great credit for his part in the history of the annual, which will always remain one of the important sets in a Goethe library. The new Jahrbuch is to be edited by the eminent Goethe specialist, Prof. Hans Gerhard Gräf, of Weimar, which assures the confidence of scholars and the coöperation of the Weimar Archives.

The appeal of South America as a "land of adventure" is still strong. Opportunity to exaggerate in an entertaining manner without the danger of being contradicted is irresistible. Some writers are a bit too cautious, so that the publishers allow the illustrators to go beyond the text in satisfying the popular appetite. A good example of the breezy and entertaining books of this sort is Mr. Charles Johnson Post's "Across the Andes" (Outing Pub. Co.). The only difference here is that the illustrations are by the author, whose fondness for getting effects has led him too often to abandon his camera (if he had one) for his very ready pencil. The fact that some of

the pictures are improperly labelled and some of the text considerably exaggerated will not spoil the book for the ordinary reader. The story begins with an opera-bouffe introduction in Panama, and meanders mysteriously down the West Coast, credulously including the usual smoking-room stories of Chinamen being suffocated in the ship's fumigating boiler and passengers being robbed between decks after dark. The photographs of street scenes in Lima and Arequipa are typical of Peru, but do not happen to be of the cities to which they have been assigned. Arequipa beer is not "green," and the summit of the pass of the Southern Railways of Peru is not "something over fifteen thousand feet above sea level." The picture of a balsa on Lake Titicaca is grossly exaggerated, and in general the first half of the book might better have been left unwritten. The second part, describing Mr. Post's journey overland from La Paz to the River Mapiri, the Falls of the Madeira, and the Amazon, describes a country that is only too little known, a circumstance which makes all the more provoking the fact that one cannot be absolutely sure of the author's accuracy of description. The book lacks both index and map —even "Treasure Island" had a map.

An experiment in the gradation of elementary Hebrew textbooks is made by the Rev. D. Tyssil Evans in "The Principles of Hebrew Grammar" (London: Luzac & Co.), the first part of which deals with the forms of the language. The work is intended for the use of an intermediate grade of students, those "who wish to make a serious study of Hebrew, though they may not be able to carry it to a very advanced stage." The phonology and morphology are given in considerable detail, following mainly Gesenius-Rautzsch (the twenty-eighth edition) and König. The arrangement is clear, and the treatment scholarly. Exercises in reading and writing Hebrew are added, with an English-Hebrew vocabulary. The work is an excellent guide for students; but as this first part is a stout volume of above five hundred pages, and the second part, to be devoted to the syntax, will not be of very much less extent, the cost of the whole work will be relatively great. Whether the addition of the exercises in writing is desirable for the class of students had in mind may be doubtful. When learners are familiar with the forms of a language, it is an advantage to them to come in contact with the living speech in the literature; exercises are more or less dead material. The detailed criticisms of the origin of inflectional endings and prefixes does not come within the scope of the present volume; such remarks as are made on this point are usually well considered, but it may be noted that the second syllable of *ro'eh* (p. 109) is not a special indication of gender, but the ordinary final form of the masculine participle in Lamed-He verbs, the syllable *eh* belonging to the stem.

The publication of the Epistle to the Romans and the Second Epistle of Peter with the Epistle of Jude, leaves only two books, Ephesians and First Peter, to complete the Cambridge Greek Testament for Schools and Colleges (Putnam). These editions, like the others in this series, have extensive introductions and commentaries. Being designed for college students, controversy concerning matters of doctrine is avoided as much as possible, and attention is directed rather to the meaning of the Greek and the peculiarities of New Testament usage. Even so, however, the notes are very extensive and sometimes overloaded. In the Introduction to the Romans the editor, R. St. John Parry, holds that the epistle is genuine and integral, rejecting the suggestion that it is a combination of two letters. He also regards it with most critics as Paul's complete exposition of his religious views due to his desire to commend himself to a church not founded by himself, but whose assistance was needed for the prosecution of his projected missionary work in Spain. In the introduction to Second Peter and Jude, the editor, Montague Rhodes James, upholds the genuineness of Jude, but is inclined to regard Second Peter as a later production whose author had Jude before him as he wrote.

The Rev. Henry Prentice Forbes, since 1889 dean of the Theological School at St. Lawrence University, Canton, N. Y., died at his home in Canton on Friday. Dr. Forbes was born at Paris, Me., in 1849, graduated from St. Lawrence University in 1873, and then studied at Leipzig. He was the author of "The Johannine Literature and Acts."

The death is reported from London of the Rev. Dr. Patrick Augustine Sheehan, essayist and lecturer and Canon of Cloyne, Ireland. He was born at Mallow, County Cork, in 1852. His principal writings are: "Geoffrey Austin, Student," "The Triumph of Failure," "Lost Angel of a Ruined Paradise," "Under Cedars and Stars," "Cithara Mea" (poems), "The Queen's Fillet," and "Miriam Lucas."

Science

The Influence of Monarchs: Steps in a New Science of History. By Frederick Adams Woods, M.D. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2 net.

This volume is a continuation of the statistical study published by Mr. Woods in 1906 on "Mental and Moral Heredity in Royalty." It is the application of biometric methods to the field of history. It aims at the establishment of a new science which the author has baptized "historiometry," and at a new philosophy of history which is to be called "the gametic interpretation of history."

The author's method, very briefly, is as follows: He takes all of the 368 monarchs who have ruled from the tenth to the end of the eighteenth century in fourteen of the principal countries of Europe, and rates them, on the basis of what historians and encyclopædias say about them, in three grades according to "intellectual qualities" as superior, average or mediocre, and inferior, or as he prefers to call them, "plus" (+), "plus or minus" (±), and "minus" (—). Similarly, in a parallel column, he rates the "condition of the country" in each of the 368 reigns in three grades as "plus," "plus or minus," or "minus" according to whether the country was "progressive" or not in the given reign. Thus, for England under the Stuarts, he gives:

Ruler, Charles II —

Affable, witty, and debonair, but had no ambition. Sensual, dissipated, indolent, and extravagant.

Condition of Country, 1660-1685 +

Important constitutional and legal advance. Growth of the House of Commons. Increase in shipping, silk trade, and banking. . . .

He then compares the two columns to see how far a "plus monarch" is accompanied by a "plus condition of country," and vice-versa. His statistical conclusion is (p. 246):

Strong, mediocre, and weak monarchs are associated with strong, mediocre, and weak periods in about 70 per cent. of the cases. Strong monarchs are associated with weak periods, and weak monarchs (including non-royal regents) with strong periods in about 10 per cent. of the cases. In about 20 per cent. of the cases mediocre monarchs are associated with strong or with weak periods, or mediocre periods are associated with strong or weak monarchs.

Or, expressing the same thing more briefly in the neat mathematical formula which Karl Pearson has made familiar, Mr. Woods places the correlation between the intellectual strength of the ruler and the condition of the country at r=.60 to .70. This correlation is a high one in comparison with the general run of anthropometric and biometric results. It is greater than that expressing the bodily resemblances between parents and children (r=.30 to .50, according to Karl Pearson), or between children of the same parents (r=.40 to .60), except in the exceptional case of twins, where the correlation of resemblances is much higher (r=.80 to .90, according to E. L. Thorndike); in these formulas perfect correlation, that is, perfect equivalence or identity, is represented by unity (r=1.00), and total lack of correlation by zero (r=0).

The discovery of "this very high correlation between mentalities of rulers and the conditions of their realms" (p. 247), instead of rousing the author's suspicions and giving him pause, leads him to rush in with enthusiasm where historians fear to tread. As his philosophy of history he contends that (1) the above-mentioned correlation is understandable only on the supposition that the monarch causes the conditions (pp. 247-256); (2) that this is quite natural considering "that modern royalty as a whole has been decidedly superior to the average European in capacity," and that "the chances in favor of royalty [producing men of genius] is several hundred thousand times as great [as those in favor of the common breed of men]" (p. 264); (3) that this superiority of royalty is due to heredity: "royalty, as a result of selection and breeding, has gradually been formed into a distinct sub-variety of the human race,

and this process of separation has been going on for centuries"; "there has been a genuine survival of the fittest within the ranks of royalty" (p. 272); and finally (4) that the sharp contrasts between successive good and bad, chaste and licentious, ambitious and indolent monarchs precisely fits in with the Mendelian theory that contrasted "alternative" "unit characteristics" become segregated and are transmitted through the germ-plasm of the germ-cells (gametes) on the "pure," "all or nothing," "present or absent" principle (pp. 269-279). "The true interpretation of history must hinge upon the gametes [of monarchs in the past or of other great men in the present or future], and the laws of history will be found to be but a part of the laws which govern organic life" (p. 303).

As to Mr. Woods's general method, it will have already occurred to the reader that the material on which his work is established is neither simple nor altogether satisfactory. Complex facts like a ruler's mentality or a country's condition do not allow themselves to be easily pigeonholed as +, —, or ±. Historians themselves are not in agreement. Opinions of the past are sometimes reversed by later researches. Adjectives such as "good," "cruel," "licentious," "progressive," which Mr. Woods finds in histories and encyclopædias and on which he bases his "adjective method" of rating, do not have the same precise objective meaning and measuring value as the metric measurements largely employed in anthropometry and biometry. More than this, the author does not appear to be as precise and consistent in his use of words as might be expected of one who places so much reliance on words. In his first chapter he says his rating of monarchs is according to their "intellectual qualities." "Moral traits are, as far as possible, left out of consideration while making up the classification for intellect" (p. 5). This is his theory. But in his practice he continually fails to distinguish carefully mentality, morality, and that *tertium quid* which is more or less dependent on the combination of the other two, viz., general ability.

As to the author's conclusions, we do not doubt (1) that there is some correlation between the mentality of a ruler and the condition of his country due to the ruler's influence. It is the obvious common-sense conclusion of any one who reads history. But that the amount of this influence has been, or can be, satisfactorily determined by the adjective method and expressed with such mathematical nicety (r=.60 to .70) we gravely doubt. (2) The idea that monarchs are so superior to the common breed of men rests in part on the false assumption that we have material on which to base such a comparison. Simply because of their office, monarchs have always had the limelight of history turned upon them, and whatever abilities they may have had have been recorded—for utilization by Mr. Woods. But no one has recorded the short and simple annals of the poor. Who knows how frequent have been the village Hampdens? In modern times, when the rise of democracy has somewhat diffused the limelight on others than monarchs, and somewhat afforded opportunities for the man of common breed to rise and show his ability as minister beside his monarch, that is, as soon as there does begin to be some basis for comparison, one is surprised at the mental superiority of the ministers over the monarchs. (3) Royalty is, indeed, largely a separate breed, owing to its rules of marriage, but it is not a selective breed within itself nor a result of the survival of the fittest. The breeder selects the best, but primogeniture selects the eldest. The breeder discards the inferior, but royalty mates nearly all its breed, good or bad, in order to secure the succession. In such a breeding system one would expect the breed to deteriorate and consequently tend to die out, which is, we believe, what has taken place. (4) The contrast between successive rulers is not, in fact, so sharp as the author's three-fold rating appears to make it. Nor are biologists agreed that mental ability is wholly determined by gametic inheritance; the influence of environment and education must certainly be taken into account. Experiments in Mendelism so far have dealt chiefly with external and easily analyzed characteristics, such as the color, size, and shape of parts of animals and plants, but not with the complex and elusive problem of mental characteristics. Mental qualities, such as quickness, indolence, cruelty, etc., are not necessarily qualities which correspond to heritable "unit characteristics."

While we cannot wholly endorse the author's method nor accept his conclusions, we strongly advise the historian to read this book; for he will be introduced to fascinating biological methods and theories applied in a field where he himself is familiar with the material and can use his own judgment as to what the experimenter is doing; it is not the usual unfamiliar biological field where the historian must take for granted what other people say they see through the microscope.

Agricultural progress in Canada is assured by the fact that the Government has appropriated $10,000,000 to cover a period of ten years for instruction and research in agriculture. The facilities and equipment of the agricultural colleges will be increased, and agricultural, dairy, and horticultural schools will be established, and agricultural teaching introduced into the public schools. The fund is to be distributed among the provinces according to population.

Petermann's Mitteilungen for September contains articles on the significance of palæographic studies, and on the high Cordilleras of the province of San Juan, Argentina. The future of the International Geographical Congress is discussed by a number of eminent geographers, including Prof. William M. Davis, of Harvard. In the military department the usefulness and extent of air flights in the colonial service are described, and the work of the Rumanian Military Geographical Institute.

Dr. Reginald Heber Fitz, emeritus professor at Harvard of the theory and practice of medicine, died last week in the Corey Hill Hospital, Brookline, Mass. Dr. Fitz was born at Chelsea, Mass., May 5, 1843; received the degree of A.B. from Harvard in 1864, M.D. in 1868, and LL.D. in 1905. He became instructor in pathological anatomy at Harvard in 1870; assistant professor in 1873; professor in 1878; Shattuck professor in 1879; Hersey professor in 1892, and emeritus in 1908. He was the author, with Dr. Horatio C. Wood, of "The Practice of Medicine." For Dr. Fitz it was claimed that an article he wrote in 1886 on what was then known as "perforating ulcer of the vermiform appendix" had much to do with the modern method of treating appendicitis.

Dr. François-Jules Ogier, toxicologist, is dead in Paris. He was born in 1853. Dr. Ogier was vice-president of the Chemical Society of France and a member of the Medical Society of New York. He was for a number of years director of the laboratory of toxicology of the Paris Police Department. A number of scientific treatises bear his name.

Drama

A new volume of "Lyrics and Dramas" from the hand of Stephen Phillips is brought out this week by John Lane Co.

The two most significant incidents of the beginning of the present theatrical season are the farewell engagement of Forbes-Robertson, in the Shubert Theatre, and the reappearance of Julia Marlowe and E. H. Sothern at the Manhattan Opera House. The programmes offered are in the main Shakespearean, and the houses, two of the most capacious in the city, have been filled from floor to roof at every performance. This fact is a sufficient refutation of the ancient pretence of the illiterate commercial managers that there is no longer any active public demand for the literary and poetic drama. The Hamlet of Forbes-Robertson, the most striking interpretation of the character since the days of Henry Irving and Edwin Booth, was received with genuine enthusiasm and a notably quick appreciation of its more subtle beauties. The impersonation—a little more elaborate in detail, perhaps, than of yore, but not materially changed—is too well known to require detailed description. Originality and intellectuality are its distinguishing features. It differs widely from the traditional conception of the part in its rapid, nervous movements, its free gesticulation, and its general suggestion of an alert and energetic spirit, only occasionally subject to fits of melancholy depression. In its

carriage and action it fails to emphasize that introspective and speculative side of this extraordinarily complex character which accounts for his vacillation in enterprises of great pith and moment. This Hamlet might be expected actually to sweep to his revenge with wings as swift as meditation or the thoughts of love. But, on the other hand, there can be no question that the animation of manner, the rapid and eloquent changes of facial expression, and the illuminative by-play add greatly to the theatrical charm of the representation, while the delivery of the text, with its perfect clarity, scholarly emphasis, and nice observance of sense and rhythm, is an unfailing delight to the educated ear. Seldom is such elocution heard upon the stage to-day, and in Robertson's case the beauty of vocal art is enhanced by the richness of his organ. Listening to him, some of our younger actors might learn how integral a part of good acting is competent speech. The company which supports him is not brilliant, but the members of it have been well drilled and afford him adequate support. They are also equal, apparently, to the requirements of modern or artificial comedy, as was proved by their work in Madeleine Lucette Ryley's "Mice and Men," in which Gertrude Elliott displayed pleasing vivacity, humor, and sentiment in the conventional theatrical part of the metamorphosed charity girl Peggy. Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson played the part of the kindly old scholar, Mark Embury—whose matrimonial theories work out so unluckily for himself—with firm skill and feeling; but neither the play nor the character is really worthy of his abilities.

The luncheon given in London to F. R. Benson on the eve of his departure from England to begin his tour in Canada and the United States was a notable affair, in which many distinguished representatives of the church, literature, and the stage took part. The principal speech was delivered by Sir Sidney Lee. He proposed the health of Mr. Benson, "whose heroic, strenuous, and disinterested services to the drama had," he said, "placed him very high among his country's benefactors."

Cyril Maude seems to have made a fortunate find in the new play, "Grumpy," by Horace Hodges and Wigney Percival, which he has just produced in Glasgow. It is the story of a very old barrister whose wits are yet sharp enough to solve a criminal problem which has defied younger men.

Music

One of the most noteworthy books in the list of announcements of Thomas Y. Crowell Co. is a handsome edition of Wagner's "Parsifal," illustrated in color by Pogany.

At pretty regular intervals one reads in the morning paper a letter from Constant Reader or Old Subscriber complaining bitterly of the suffering caused by the mediæval abomination of the church bells. It is dreadful to imagine what would have happened to these supersensitives had they lived in Bethnal Green in 1868 and heard the bells of St. Matthew's "ring, in nine hours and twelve minutes, a peal of Kent treble bob major consisting of 15,840 changes," or at Dewsbury in Yorkshire, where four years later "a true peal of Kent treble bob major, consisting of no less than 16,608 changes, was rung in nine hours and fifty minutes." Mr. H. B. Walters, whose book on "Church Bells of England," published by the Oxford University Press (Frowde), is the authority for these extraordinary campanular performances, does not tell us what happened to the long-suffering populations of Bethnal Green and Dewsbury; but he has set forth a vast amount of other interesting information about English bells in a well-ordered and comprehensive treatise. Americans, who as a whole have almost no traditions and very little art or sentiment about bells, will be surprised at the importance and seriousness of the subject for Englishmen, and at the extent of its literature, the bibliography of which occupies twelve pages in Mr. Walters's book. The 384 pages of the text discuss the history of bells and bell-foundries, chiefly in England, technical processes of making, famous great bells, the uses of bells and ceremonies connected with them, the inscriptions upon them, the loss and destruction of bells, and campanology as a pursuit. The chapter on change-ringing will reveal to many astonished readers a most singular sport, quite unknown here, though practiced for two centuries in England, a sport for which, indeed, there exist several incorporated societies of quite venerable age. The combination of sentiment, mathematics, athletics, and noise which it involves is nowhere else to be found.

The scientific side of bell-design and the physical theories of bell-tones and of bell-hanging are not discussed. From the illustrations in the volume one gets an impression of English conservatism in the refusal to lower the trunnions of the yoke to a level anywhere near the centre of gravity, as is done with most American bells; it would be interesting to know whether this is due merely to tradition or to some theory of tone-production, as it inevitably increases greatly the strength required to swing or roll-over the bell. The book has good indexes and lists, and is well printed on very heavy plate paper. It forms one of a series on English churches and church fittings edited by Francis Bond, some of which have been reviewed in these columns.

Max Reger's new "Ballet Suite," which is to have its first performance in New York at a Philharmonic concert, is dedicated to the Philharmonic's conductor, Josef Stransky. That Mr. Stransky has also obtained Richard Strauss's latest piece, "A Festival Prelude," has already been stated. At the opening concert of the Philharmonic, on October 30, Berlioz's "Fantastic Symphony" will be on the programme, and Teresa Carreño will be the soloist. In addition to the novelties just named, the Philharmonic programmes will contain a new suite by Victor de Sabate; the Liszt Spanish Rhapsody orchestrated by Anton Seidl, which has not been performed since the death of Seidl fourteen years ago; "Scènes historiques," by Jean Sibelius (new); Heinrich Noren's "Kaleidoscope"; Rachmaninoff's Second Symphony to Dante's "Divina Commedia"; Tchaikovsky's "Manfred"; Haydn's "Military Symphony," and of the Beethoven Symphonies the "Eroica" and Nos. 6 and 8. Bach will be represented in the programmes by the "Brandenburger Concerto" No. 3 and the Bach-Abert Prelude, Choral, and Fugue.

Among the novelties to be performed by the New York Symphony Society this season is a series of tableaux symphoniques by Fanelli, based upon a novel, "La Momie," of Théophile Gautier. The series consists of three musical pictures which are called "Thebes: Before the Palace of Tahoser," "On the Nile," and the "Triumphal Return of Pharaoh." Fanelli is a composer of the modern French school whose works, so long neglected, have but recently been brought before the public, and have made an impression on some musicians. He is said to be a master of orchestration and of color and atmosphere in music.

The Brooklyn series of concerts by the New York Philharmonic Society will again consist of five Sunday afternoons—one each month beginning in November—at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. The opening concert will be given with an all-Wagner programme, which will be arranged in chronological order, including extracts from the master's earliest opera, "Rienzi," to "Parsifal." The assisting artists will include Mischa Elman, Teresa Carreño, and Julia Culp. At one of the concerts the patrons will have an opportunity to enjoy the work of several of the solo instruments of the orchestra. The programme of this concert will be arranged to bring forward as soloists several members of the wood-wind choir, and possibly the solo French horn, Xaver Reiter.

Eight years ago attempts were made in Heidelberg to set the fashion of listening to music in a darkened concert hall. The arguments of the promoters of this plan were to the effect that the auditors would listen to the music with greater concentration if all external impressions were removed. "This was all very well in theory, but in practice it was found that the very opposite result was attained," writes Arthur M. Abell in the *Musical Courier*. "I was present at one of those concerts in Heidelberg, and many persons in the audience testified that the darkness and absence of all attraction for the eye made them drowsy, with the result that they listened to the music with much less attention than under ordinary conditions."

Novelties are to be tabooed by the London Symphony Orchestra, which has issued the following notice: "It has been found necessary to omit from the programmes all other than standard works, as it has been proved by experience that the public support is withdrawn on the occasions when new and unknown works are performed at the concerts, and it is the general wish of the supporters of the concerts to include only works of the standard order."

Paderewski this week has returned after an absence of four years to make an all-season's tour of this country under the direction of C. A. Ellis, of Boston. So far as the greater part of the country is concerned, it will be his first tour in five years. Mr. Paderewski's plans call for between eighty and ninety concerts, and he will be in America until the latter part of April.

Elgar's "Falstaff," one of the orchestral novelties of this season, is analyzed by the composer himself at great length (nine

columns) with abundant illustrations in musical type, in the September number of the London *Musical Times*.

Art

To the "Reminiscences of Augustus Saint-Gaudens," in two royal octavo volumes, which the Century Company issues this week, Mr. Homer Saint-Gaudens has added a considerable amount of the sculptor's correspondence with prominent men.

To the useful series French Artists of Our Day (Lippincott) is added "Gustave Courbet," comprising forty-eight cuts, a brief critical introduction by Léonce Bénédite, and running notes by J. Laran and Ph. Gaston Dreyfus. These notes give a good selection from contemporary criticism and sufficiently recall the controversies which ever accompanied Courbet's stormy course. Since the whole conception of these little volumes is so excellent, it is a pity that the plates are often blurred, as if printed from worn or overinked blocks.

"A Handbook of Modern French Sculpture" (Dodd, Mead), by D. Cady Eaton, is something between a compact dictionary and a collection of critical opinions. In general, the work is done with good sense and taste, and where the author lets himself go, as in the appreciation of Carpeaux, the text is very readable. Hegel's criticism figures largely and cloudily in the preface and appendix. The survey ends with Rodin, a chapter which unfortunately the author was unable to finish. Far too many brief sections on unimportant artists are included. For such minutiæ the special student will naturally consult French encyclopædic works, and the layman may well dispense with such information. Since the field is swept so fully, that exquisite draftsman, Jean Carriès, should not have been ignored. There is a useful list of the works of sculpture on the Opera and the Grand and Petit Palais. The book shows close study of the topic, but the author reveals little knowledge of sculpture in general; hence his work is deficient in sidelights and critical analogies.

Sir Aurel Stein has been deputed by the Indian Government to resume his archæological and geographical explorations in Central Asia and westernmost China, the results of which he published in "Ruins of Desert Cathay." In his journey to the Pamirs he will pass through territories which have not been previously visited by a European.

Numerous small excavations have been carried on in Greece during the past season. At Athens the Greek Archæological Society has excavated on the Pnyx in order to discover the extent and construction of the containing wall east of the Bema. In Bœotia M. Soteriadis has continued his prehistoric excavations in the neighborhood of Chæroneia. In Crete M. Hazidakis has continued, with excellent results, his excavation of the prehistoric Cretan town, of Late Minoan date, at Tylissos, near Candia. Sir Arthur Evans has conducted several small excavations in the Palace of Knossos to test his earlier conclusions, and the British School has completely cleared the Kamares Cave on Mount Ida, in which had previously been found the deposit of Middle Minoan pottery from which the so-called "Kamares Ware" derived its name.

Finance

THE BANKERS' CONVENTION AND THE BANKING BILL.

The annual Convention of the American Bankers' Association opened at Boston on Wednesday morning. It assembled at an unusually interesting moment; for the new banking and currency bill, having passed the House of Representatives, is now in the hands of the Senate Committee, whence it will in due course be reported to the Senate with such alterations as the Committee may decide upon. Formal discussion of the measure by the bankers has been largely based, on this occasion, on the report of the currency committee appointed by the last Convention. That report was framed and published at the conference of the committee, on August 22 and 23, with representatives of the State bankers' associations and clearing house associations. It recommended numerous changes in the House banking bill as it stood at that time.

Some of these recommendations, such as reduction in the reserves as originally stipulated for individual banks in the national system, have subsequently been adopted by the House and incorporated in its bill. Others, and the greater number, have not been thus adopted. These other proposed alterations are naturally the focus of this week's Convention discussion.

The main objections of the bankers' currency committee to the present bill were these: Membership of existing national banks in the new banking system should be permissive, not mandatory. The National Board of Supervision, known in the Act as the Federal Reserve Board, should consist, not of the Secretary of the Treasury, the Secretary of Agriculture, the Controller of the Currency, and four other members chosen by the President of the United States, but of the Secretary of the Treasury, three members named by the President, and three chosen by the regional reserve banks. The power conferred by the bill on the Federal Board, of requiring one regional bank to rediscount paper held by another, was objected to; permissive power only was recommended.

All references to the note issues as obligations of the United States were opposed. Instead of conditioning such issues on application by the regional bank to the Federal Reserve Board, on the consent or veto of such application by that national board, and on payment of such "rate of interest" on the note issues as the Board shall require, the bankers' committee proposed that "any Federal reserve bank, upon vote of its directors, and within a limit prescribed by the Federal Reserve Board, may issue such amount of the notes hereinbefore provided for as it may deem best." Instead of the bill's requirement that a reserve of 33 1-3 per cent. shall be carried, in gold or lawful money, against the note issues of any regional bank, it is proposed that a 40 per cent. reserve of gold alone be maintained, without tax upon the notes; but that when such reserve falls below this ratio, a progressive tax rising to 4½ per cent. shall be imposed, and that no further issues shall be permitted when the reserve is down to 33 1-3 per cent.

It will be observed that these criticisms converged on two separate lines—the wisdom of certain existing provisions from an administrative point of view, and the wisdom of others from an economic point of view. The first has chiefly to do with the composition of the Federal Reserve Board; whether it shall consist wholly of Administration officers and Administration appointees, or whether three of the seven members shall be named by the regional banks.

The bankers' conference committee did not propose, as did the Aldrich plan, a majority of bankers or banking representatives in the Board; therefore their argument rests mainly on the contention that the banks in the system ought not to be dominated, so far as regards the national supervision, by a body exclusively made up of political appointees. The House bill has endeavored to meet this argument by creating a Federal advisory council, with one representative from each regional bank, having the power of conferring at any time with the Federal Board and of calling for information, but not the power of overruling decisions of the Board. All this raises the interesting question, which of the two expedients would be the surer protection against possible evils of political domination—a minority in the Federal Board itself, or an advisory body with distinct official powers of recommendation and criticism.

Mandatory membership of national banks in the proposed new system was objected to as an infringement on the charter rights of existing banks. This is to some extent offset by the power of national banks to reorganize under a State system—a power handicapped, however, by their holdings of United States bonds which, after such reorganization, would no longer be available for purposes of note issue. The chairman of the Senate Committee has intimated his willingness to make the membership permissive. This phase of the question is one of the most delicate of all; for the Government is naturally as anxious not to risk the failure of its plan through unwillingness of banks,

their shareholders, and their depositors, to participate, as the banks could be not to risk the complications of an ill-judged system.

The bankers are absolutely sound in their objection to the language describing the notes as obligations of the Government. These are not Government issues, even when judged by the provisions of the House bill, and it is both misleading and mischievous so to describe them. The provision for an arbitrary tax on such circulation, which the bill calls a "rate of interest," is in principle wholly objectionable. Both paragraphs are admittedly in the nature of compromise with the ideas of radicals, who are placated by language which, by inference at all events, says what it does not mean. The fact remains, however, that the general provisions of the pending bill, for insuring the soundness, elasticity, and prompt redemption of the notes, are thoroughly good, and a vast improvement on the Aldrich plan. The respective merits of the fixed ratio of reserve against the notes, in the House bill, and the elastic ratio with a non-taxable minimum in the bankers proposed alternative, are a legitimate matter for discussion.

The question whether the Federal Board, however constituted, should have power to require one regional bank to discount paper for another is unquestionably difficult. Mr. Paul Warburg, writing on the bill in the current *North American Review*, takes the ground that such power is inevitable, if the harmonious working of the entire structure is to be insured; yet he also holds that arbitrary and unrestricted authority of that nature would be fatal to the existence of a free and natural open discount market throughout the country. Certainly the real crux of controversy lies less in the composition of the Federal Board (granting the Government's supremacy) than in the nature and judicious limitation of its powers.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

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American Jewish Year Book, 1913-14. Philadelphia: Jewish Pub. Society of Am.

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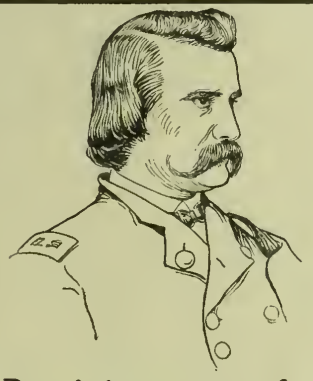

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1913.

The Week

It is with regret that supporters of the Wilson Administration who believe, with the *Nation*, that the waste of the people's money for battleships is indefensible, will read that the Administration appears about committed to a three-battleship programme. If the President really consents to this he will go counter to the opinion of his party as expressed in the last Congress, by which the money waste was held down to one battleship; and he will go the Taft Administration one better. Its appeal was for only two ships, and yet it represented the jingo and imperialistic forces in the country. If the Democrats now abandon their historic policy of a small armament, on Mr. Wilson's advice, they should at least give to the country clear and specific reasons why some forty millions of dollars should be taken for this purpose. There is no real cloud in sight on the horizon of our foreign politics, unless it be the Mexican imbroglio, and for any such emergency we now have battleships enough. For us to plunge ahead at the rate of three ships a year will be further to alarm South America and stir up suspicion and anxiety across both the oceans.

The Senate's postponement of the Hetch Hetchy park question to the regular session of Congress is so much to the good; but it will be very little to the good unless the opponents of the scheme make use of the interval in the most energetic and effective manner possible. One thing that would be extremely helpful is the preparation of a thoroughgoing report on the subject by some expert or experts of acknowledged authority on the question of landscape beauty as well as of water-supply. This would require money, and the money would have to be raised quickly; but the amount would be trifling in comparison with the object at stake, and an instant appeal in the right quarters ought to be immediately successful. In the meanwhile it is gratifying to note the emphatic stand which the influential press of the country is taking on the subject. To its protest, and that of a few individual workers, must be ascribed the success thus far attained in resisting the scheme of spoliation.

In handsome spirit Mr. Taft has urged support of the Wilson Administration, and expressed his hope that there is no one who does not wish the present Government to succeed in benefiting all the people. "I don't mind," he is quoted as saying, "seeing Congress brought under a rule that carries through what that party promised." In other words, he finds no fault with Mr. Wilson's personal efforts to induce the Democrats in Congress to live up to their pledges. Those alarmed at Mr. Wilson's holding Congress up to its tasks are, we think, chiefly concerned lest the President should fail to take competent advice. Thus the bankers feel that because of the President's desire to keep his Administration free from any Wall Street alliance, he fails to realize the value of their expert advice on the currency bill, and mistakenly feels that they are hostile to him and all his plans. So in other fields the anxiety is not lest he should act as party leader mapping out a programme, but, in the rush of the exhausting business of the White House, lest he should hear but one side of a problem. There is a tradition, too, that he failed to take counsel sufficiently at Princeton. On the other hand, it must be remembered that no President has consulted more freely with Senators and Congressmen than has Mr. Wilson, notably on the Mexican question.

In Massachusetts the speeches of the gubernatorial candidates have called attention to a situation that has its parallel in New Jersey, and that throws an interesting light on the workings of the direct primaries in those States. It is what the Boston and Springfield press calls "the platform anarchy," and the New Jersey papers "the platform tangle." Each candidate ran for party nomination this summer on his own platform. When the conventions met after the primaries, the platforms they laid down differed widely, in some cases, from those upon which the nominees had stood. The differences were perceptible in the cases of Mr. Fielder and Mr. Stokes, of New Jersey, but it is Congressman Gardner, of Massachusetts, who has taken the most decisive stand. He repudiates the Republican platform because it omits the four measures which he advocated, and he has given notice that he will not speak at party rallies unless he is permitted to defend them. Logically, exception can easily be taken to his attitude. So many Republicans may have been swayed by his personality, or by a portion of his political creed, that he can scarcely claim in his nomination an unqualified endorsement of his whole platform. The provision of the Massachusetts and New Jersey laws, moreover, that when a party chooses its nominee it chooses also delegates who shall express its political faith, recognizes a party solidarity which Mr. Gardner's emphasis of his personal views opposes.

Cocaine was so clearly the cause of a recent "race riot" at Harriston, Miss., as to lead to some frank editorial utterances in regard to it. Thus the Columbia, S. C., *State* wonders why the "consistent and thoughtful (!) lyncher" does not in such a case think of lynching also the person who sold the drug to the cocaine-crazed negro boys who killed the seven citizens of Harriston. The Memphis *Commercial-Appeal* also admits that the law against the sale of cocaine is a dead-letter; that its violation is "one of the greatest curses of the Southland," and that it often is responsible for a "frenzied lunacy." It quotes a physician as declaring that there is enough cocaine sold in Memphis every day "to supply the legitimate use of physicians and surgeons for five years." The Mobile *Register* declares that the sale of cocaine to negroes is a crime against society as well as against the law. Unfortunately, the constant convictions in this city for the illegal sale of cocaine, show clearly that the evil is not confined to the South or to one race. The whole question of the stopping of this traffic is of the utmost moment everywhere, for of late it has been gaining ground with startling rapidity.

The Indian problem, in the opinion of those interested, is presenting phases that make it more critical than ever before. "In the trail of graft," says a bulletin announcing the annual Lake Mohonk Conference, "has gone poverty, and with poverty has gone an increase in disease until the Indian possessed of the land rightfully his and unaffected with either tuberculosis or trachoma is, indeed, a fortunate individual." Wholesale defrauding of the Indians in Oklahoma is to claim the attention of the Conference. During the last two years, the growing prominence of that State has brought to notice gigantic frauds that have been and still are perpetrated upon great numbers of Indian children and adults. Probate matters are invaded by the greedy white man, who influences the appointment of guardians, and in hundreds of cases leaves unsuspecting children to arrive at maturity with little or none of the land and money that should have been theirs. Much of the process is disguised under the color of law. Local sentiment, in Oklahoma as in other places, inclines towards the defrauder.

The infinite variety of forms under which "graft" may appear has received fresh illustration at Dayton, O., where the State Accounting Bureau has been making an investigation. Nearly a hundred dollars, it discovers, was paid by the city for Sunday newspapers, which were enjoyed by the Mayor, the Solicitor, the members of the Election Board, and other officials. It seems strange that public officers should grudge a few nickels for so well-recognized an instrument of instruction and culture as the Sunday newspaper, but satisfaction is not necessarily proportioned to expenditure. As Dayton's rulers waded through section after section of the bundles of printed matter which the newsboys left at their doors on Sunday morning, while their rooms gradually became a disordered sea of literature, they must have felt themselves to be grafters of the first order. "All these comic pictures, all these colored supplements," they must have whispered to themselves, "for the asking!" After that, over-charges for medical services, seventy dollars for a couple of gold badges, and retention of fees that belonged to the city, probably seemed moderation itself.

The reprinting of Senator Tillman's cow cartoon in the *Congressional Record* reminds us how much the world has lost by the conservatism of Government printing offices. What the Senator from South Carolina said eighteen years ago about Wall Street and the Supreme Court may have become dim in the public mind, but a glance at the cow, feeding on the farms of the South and West, but giving her golden milk to the East, should be enough to arouse a free people to its duty. What a pity it was that the prosecutors of Warren Hastings did not have the ingenuity to publish the drawing of a cow, feeding on the principalities of India, and pouring all of the milk into Hastings's desk in Calcutta. Or if Sir Robert Peel, instead of listening to Disraeli's excoriation, had sent for a cartoonist, and when his foe had finished, had quietly asked the House of Commons for leave to print in Hansard the drawing which he held in his hand—would not Dizzy's fate have been sealed then and there?

Not even the tragedy of the Titanic surpassed in dramatic quality the end of the Volturno. At least, there was never before on the ocean such a scene as that of Thursday night—a great steamer burning helplessly in a gale, which prevented the safe launching of lifeboats, with ten or eleven ocean liners rolling in the high seas near by in the hope that the gale might abate in time to save some of the hundreds of lives menaced by the waves and by fire. There was no hanging back this time by possible rescuers, and a Cunarder was again in the lead in bringing aid and comfort. Evidently, the Carmania was handled with rare skill, and for all the ships, the night spent in such close proximity in so great a gale must have been one to try the souls of those who stood on the bridges. Finally, about the happiest man in the world to-day should be Marconi. To make a wonderful, epoch-creating scientific discovery is one thing; to behold it put into practical operation is another; but to live to see the almost weekly saving of lives by it, with the totals running into the thousands—that must make a man feel singularly favored of fortune.

Like undergraduate, like people. The senior class of Cornell has voted upon the question of serving liquors at its class functions, and the result is a drawn battle between the "wets" and the "drys." Liquors will be permitted on the boat ride and on "senior nights," but not at the banquet or any other affairs except the two named. Could there be a more faithful reflection of the action of the parents and friends of these students? One year ten Massachusetts towns go "wet." The next, six of them go "dry." The third, four of these six go "wet" again. Tennessee passes a State prohibition law, and then its Governor has a fight to get supplementary legislation that will make the law enforceable. Maine, too, after decades of ostensible prohibition, with the word written in her Constitution, is so evenly divided in an election on the subject that it requires days to ascertain what she thinks about it now.

Fewer and better books—who would not say yes to this innovation? And when this proposal comes from a publisher, as it recently has come, and not merely from a critic or philosopher, our hearts beat high with hope. Moreover, there is tact in the initial step suggested. Parents are to be appealed to, not on their own account, but on that of their children. This should take well. No one wishes to be restricted in his own reading, but every one is unselfish enough to be willing to prescribe for others. And children are peculiarly susceptible to such prescription. Their elders are generally agreed that trash is not for immature minds. Youth is the time for association with Plato and Burke and Voltaire. When one becomes a man, one seeks out Hall Caine and Mrs. Barclay and Robert W. Chambers. Yet a cautious move is to be made in the direction of influencing the mature. Book exhibits are planned, showing the best books that have appeared during the preceding twelvemonth. But who is to decide what are the best books, and upon what principles is the choice to be made? As to this we are not informed, but surely there can be nothing better than a best-seller. To say anything else, every publisher will assure us, is to question the intelligence of the reading public.

Another terrible blow for the hard-headed expert—this time in Mexico.

Those practical, well-informed, dispassionate "observers" of Mexican conditions, who criticised President Wilson's policy towards Huerta as one of childish sentimentality and mistaken ethics, in antagonism with the "facts," are now under the necessity of admitting the painfully insubstantial nature of their "facts." Repeatedly we have protested in these columns against the superstition which confounds brutality with efficiency. Because a successful dictator, like Porfirio Diaz, must be ruthless in his policies, people embrace the converse of the proposition and assume that crime and violence are the proofs of efficient despotism. Because Huerta attained power through a succession of acts of revolting perfidy and outrage, very respectable people jumped at the conclusion that Huerta must be the heaven-sent man for Mexico. It would have been sentimental to look beneath the surface of things, to try to ascertain whether the democratic uprising that drove Diaz from power had really spent itself, or whether Madero's death did not altogether extinguish the spirit of resistance to despotism. But President Wilson did look beneath the surface. A pleasant time we should be having to-day with Huerta enjoying our official approval, playing the dictator, and, in spite of it, nearing his downfall.

The defeat of a Liberal candidate in a Quebec bye-election last Saturday has naturally been taken as a victory by Canadian protectionists; but the renewed energy it has given to the Laurier campaign for lower tariff rates is worthy of the attention of Americans. The reduction of the tariff which the Liberals advocate would directly affect the price of foodstuffs across the border. Especial emphasis is laid upon the necessity for the removal of the present duty upon wheat and flour; and if these are once placed on the Canadian free list, they can enter the United States free. It is upon the growing desire of the western provinces for free admission of their products into the United States that Sir Wilfrid Laurier rests his confidence, as he faces the coming struggle. An issue of great interest for the United States, therefore, promises to be clearly fought out in the next few months. How important it may become is indicated in Sir Wilfrid's assertion that in time it will lead to a resubmission of the reciprocity question.

No plainer intimation that the Asquith Government is willing to listen to reason on Home Rule could be given than in the words employed at Dundee by Winston Churchill. The declaration began, as a matter of fact, with a reaffirmation of the Government's resolve to enact a Home Rule bill establishing a separate Parliament and Executive for Ireland. But any changes within that scheme which Ulster might demand the Government is willing to consider. Whether it is prepared to go so far as to discuss the exclusion of Ulster from the operation of the bill, Mr. Churchill naturally did not say; this would be giving the Liberal case away at the beginning. What he did hint at was that time would allay the fears of the Ulster men regarding the attitude of a Dublin Parliament towards the Protestants of the North. Mr. Churchill pointed out that the Irish Parliament cannot begin functioning yet for two years. Before that happens there will be a general election in the United Kingdom. If the Liberals are beaten, their opponents can repeal Home Rule if they like. If the Liberals win, Ulster must be prepared to yield. But with two years to talk reason in, why all the fulminating about armed resistance?

The report that the British Miners' Federation has urged its leaders to "approach the executives of other large trade unions with a view to coöperative action in support of each other's demands" follows on the proposal among employers for a Defence Union, with a guarantee fund of $250,000,000. This, however, came to little. Yet the plan to amalgamate unions may be partly intended as a response to the scheme of the employers. British railway workers of all grades have combined in one body, as have British post office employees. The recent Dublin transport workers' strike is illustrative of the ill feeling generated when a local dispute involves outer zones of federated laborers or employers. The logical results of this extension of coöperative action, on either side, have often been pointed out. The purpose of the strike, the settlement of a definitely drawn issue, is lost sight of. Good and bad employees suffer alike, though none suffer so much as the unoffending public. It is in the partial, not the general strike, in the words of the *Edinburgh Review*, that "the public continues to be served, while the recalcitrant employer sees his business diverted to his rival."

Prince Katsura, who died on Friday of last week, will be mourned by most of his countrymen with conflicting emotions. To the Conservative Cabinet which he headed belongs the credit of the Russian war, and of Japan's greatest diplomatic victory—the treaty with England in 1902 and its renewal in 1905. Distinguished by patriotism and ability, Katsura's career in that period links him with the generals and sea captains who brought Japan into the front rank of the Powers. But the submergence of his party in the rising wave of Constitutionalism, and the revolt against military burdens, showed that his methods had become obsolete. The mass meetings and riots of recent days defeated the attempt to restore him to power, and left no doubt as to the popular attitude towards his principles.

Within the space of a few days, China has seen one troubling question after another disposed of, and the way made clear for an epoch of national appeasement and reconstruction. A President of the Republic has been chosen in the person of Yuan Shi-Kai, whose election was foreseen, but against whom a strong feeling of opposition nevertheless manifested itself. That is one uncertainty removed. The new President signalizes the beginning of his term with the suppression of a formidable uprising in the south; so that in the country at large, as in Parliament, he will henceforth work with a free hand. The Japanese crisis has been surmounted. Finally, the ghost of the famous six-Power loan has been laid, and the reorganization of China's finances can be taken up, perhaps under no very bright auspices, but freed at least from this particularly subtle bit of international wire-pulling which has for years confused the entire situation. Having thus vindicated its authority against domestic sedition, and foreign intrigue and intimidation, the Government of Yuan Shi-Kai bids fair to enjoy something of a respite in which to show just what it can do.

WILSON AND THE PHILIPPINES.

Governor-General Harrison's address on assuming office at Manila has, so far as we have observed, met with little censure on the score of its being in any way revolutionary. On the contrary, a number of newspapers that are upholders of the Republican party's policy and record in relation to the Philippines have found fault with that declaration of the present Administration's attitude on quite the opposite ground. After all the fuss the Democrats made over imperialism, they say, when the party was out of power, all that the emissary of a Democratic President can do, when he makes a solemn announcement of the Administration's position, is just to repeat what Republican Presidents and their representatives have been saying these many years past. "Ultimate independence" is what President McKinley—after his first unfortunate break about "benevolent assimilation"—and President Roosevelt and President Taft have all been pointing towards; and "ultimate independence" is all that Mr. Harrison promises in the name of President Wilson. It is true that he lays stress on the element of time; but, after all, an end towards which "we hope to move," and that not at a specified rate but "as rapidly as the safety and the permanent interests of the islands will permit," is an end the realization of which can be put off to the Greek Kalends if we choose. So that, if there were nothing in the matter but these words spoken by Mr. Harrison on behalf of the President, those critics would not be far wrong who pooh-pooh the Governor-General's announcement as little more than empty sound.

Some voices, however, have been raised in angry denunciation of that same announcement as an assumption of unconstitutional power. The *Tribune* of New York came out with an editorial under the head, "By What Authority Could our Sovereignty of the Philippines be Renounced?" The Governor-General, it declared, "stands self-convicted of one of two things. Either he seeks to arrogate to himself or to the President authority which is vested exclusively in Congress, or he is making promises to the Filipinos which he knows he has no right to make and which he knows neither he nor the President has any power to fulfil."

The Chicago *Inter Ocean* takes an even more tragical view of the matter. "All thinking Americans," it says, "must necessarily inquire by what authority Woodrow Wilson, the 42 per cent. plurality President, thus assumes to dispose of thousands of square miles of the national domain—of lands which the American people have added to their dominions with the expenditure of their treasure and with the blood of their sons!" And even this does not suffice. The crime which the President has prospectively committed is not only an alienation of blood-bought dominions; it is to be classed with disruption of the Union itself:

> Fifty years ago we were fighting the greatest war in history to prevent a portion of our national dominions from becoming "independent" of the rest. We spent billions of money and sacrificed a million lives to stop "secession"—to stop exactly what Woodrow Wilson, through his appointee, now promises to foster in the Philippines.

When a position is assailed by opponents who look at it from the same point of view, and yet find fault for diametrically opposite reasons, there is fair ground for suspecting that there is something wrong about both criticisms. What that is in this case there is no great difficulty in pointing out. Those who complain that the promise of "ultimate independence" at some unnamed time in the future is only what Republican Administrations have been holding out, overlook the fact that in such a matter the spirit behind the promise is everything. All the world knows that Mr. Wilson and the Democratic party really wish to promote in every possible way the fulfilment of that promise, while the world knew nothing of the kind, and believed nothing of the kind, in regard to the Republican Administrations. On the other hand, those who talk of Gov. Harrison's address as meaning either cession or secession overlook the fact that the greatest care was taken to prevent the announcement from being capable of any such interpretation. Not to speak of the guarded language we have already quoted, there was more than one expression in what Mr. Harrison personally added to the words of his instructions that served to emphasize the tentative character of the Administration's programme. "I remind you," he said, "that we are for the present responsible before the world for your welfare and progress. Until your independence is complete we shall demand unremitting recognition of our sovereignty." The whole address was as distinctly marked by caution and conservatism as by a sincere and energetic purpose to move towards Philippine independence.

The truth is that, while the Wilson-Harrison announcement marks out no new path, it does constitute a notable landmark upon the path we have been pursuing, with more or less steadiness, these fifteen years. A backward glance over that journey furnishes matter for much gratification. The attitude that was dominant in the earliest days of our venture into imperialism has almost wholly disappeared. Such a view as that expressed by the *Inter Ocean* is to-day interesting only as a curiosity. The little band of aggressive anti-imperialists have been the subject of much ridicule; but their doctrine, though it did not prevail, has profoundly influenced the national temper. Little by little, the idea of "dominion," however qualified by benevolent purpose, has faded out, and the benevolent purpose alone has remained as the avowed object of the nation. "Benevolent assimilation" very soon took its place as a notion odious to the American people, a phrase to be forgotten as completely as possible. The principles of the Declaration of Independence, lightly flouted in the first flush of conquest, gradually resumed their rightful place in the thought of the nation. The idea that the flag must "stay put" in the Philippines as a matter of national honor has given way to the conviction that the highest honor the nation can acquire there is that of having vindicated its good name by relinquishment of our dominion when its professed purpose had been accomplished. It may be said, almost literally, that every year since 1899 has seen an advance along this path.

BLOOD ACCUSATION.

The trial at Kiev, the ancient religious capital of Russia, of the Jewish workingman, Mendel Beiliss, on the charge of murdering a young Christian boy in connection with the celebration of the Jewish Passover, bids fair to run the same course as the most famous blood-ritual trial of modern times, that of Tisza-Eszlar in Hungary thirty-one years ago. Except in one important feature. At Tisza-Eszlar the court was in

session for six weeks before the monstrous conspiracy was exposed with such dramatic completeness that the public prosecutor was compelled to withdraw from the case. At Kiev the trial is hardly under way, and already its collapse is regarded as imminent, notwithstanding the furious onslaught on the judicial authorities by the leading anti-Semitic organ of that city. In that extraordinary document there is no attempt to mince words. The authorities are excoriated for their failuro in the conduct of what turns out to be, not the trial of an individual for murder, but a campaign having for its object the fixing of a hideous charge upon the Jewish people, with immediate results in the shape of *pogrom* and massacre, and permanent results in the continuation and strengthening of the policy of inhuman oppression under which the Jews labor to-day in "constitutional" Russia.

The methods of judicial procedure that obtain on the Continent generally were favorable to the designs of the "Black Hundred." The elaborate magistrate's examination is in reality a trial before the real trial, at least so far as the public is concerned. It was during such preliminary proceedings, when the accused enjoys few of the guarantees of justice which even the Russian Government accords to the defendant in open court, that the fomenters of race-hatred had their opportunity. Their evil accusations were cast abroad without being subjected to the test of cross-examination. It was before the actual trial occurred that the anti-Semitic leaders expected to reap the first fruits of their campaign. If the passions of the Russian mob could not be stirred before the convening of the court, there was small chance that the desired result would be attained when the taking and testing of testimony began and the fabric of vicious falsehood was exposed. For more than two years Mendel Beiliss has been in prison awaiting trial. If no anti-Jewish uprising occurred in that time, the "Black Hundred" was bound to recognize that the game was up.

The indictment as presented in open court at Kiev makes interesting reading; especially to lawyers, wo imagine. Instead of trying to show that there had been a murder, that the accused Beiliss was the murderer, and that his motives were religious, the document sets out to demonstrate the existence of a blood ritual among the Jews. In support of its contention it can rally the authority of a professor of mental pathology at Kiev University and a Catholic priest. The indictment admits that two other experts to whom the question was referred declared against the existence of such a ritual. So weak is the Government's own case by confession, it can hardly be necessary to enter here into a detailed résumé of the overwhelming mass of testimony that has been gathered in the course of centuries to disprove the existence of any basis for this accusation. Christian scholars and ecclesiastics have been at pains to refute this slander against a whole people. The two most convincing presentations of the subject are by a German Catholic priest, F. Frank, who published "Der Ritualmord" some ten years ago, and by a Lutheran clergyman and scholar, Hèrman L. Strack, professor of theology at Berlin University. The latter enumerates a long list of Papal bulls, from Innocent IV in the thirteenth century to Clement XIII in the eighteenth century, denouncing the blood accusation against the Jews as false and malicious. But, unfortunately, such appeals to reason are addressed to men of enlightenment and education who are in no need of being convinced. The Russian peasant today, like the Hungarian peasant of thirty years ago, does not come into touch with the writings of Berlin professors.

And so in Russia to-day the procedure of the accusers is the same as in Hungary thirty years ago. The case has its rise in political and racial animosity. It aims to rouse the passions of the crowd; and when it is forced to run the gantlet of judicial examination, it collapses. At Tisza-Eszlar the principal witness for the prosecution was the fourteen-year-old son of one of the defendants. He was frightened into submission and coached for his rôle by the police. His cross-examination brought out the truth. At Kiev the principal witness for the prosecution is a little girl of nine, who pretends to have received her information of the crime from her sister and her brother, both of whom have been dead these two years. The brother was seven at the time of the alleged murder. No wonder that the leaders of the True Russians are furious with the Prosecuting Attorney, or that in exalted quarters at St. Petersburg, where interest in the case has been displayed, it has been recognized for some time that the accusation of ritual murder ought to be dropped and an attempt made to convict Beiliss as an ordinary assassin.

The disappointment of the leaders of the "Black Hundred" with the showing made by the judicial and police authorities at Kiev must be all the more poignant because in that city, if anywhere in Russia, the police might be expected to prove itself efficient. A little more than two years ago Prime Minister Stolypin was assassinated at Kiev in the presence of the Czar. The part played by the police authorities on that occasion has remained one of those subjects which in Russia are investigated and allowed to disappear from public notice. After the removal of a Prime Minister, the manufacture of a ritual murder case ought to have been a simple task. The editor of the anti-Semitic *Kievlianin* is justified in charging gross incompetence.

THE BILLBOARD PLAGUE.

A report of first-rate importance is that made by the Billboard Advertising Commission of New York appointed by Mayor Gaynor last December. It is the result of painstaking inquiry and of competent thought. It gives a vivid idea of the nature and extent of the evils which this city (and others scarcely less) suffers through the extravagant and unprecedented growth of advertising out of doors in many offensive forms, it points out what may be done under existing laws to prohibit the most obnoxious of these nuisances, it recommends measures for regulating what is not prohibited, and it does not hesitate to urge the adoption of a Constitutional amendment giving the public authorities powers of control in this domain the possession of which, under existing judicial interpretations, is either non-existent or doubtful. And in our judgment, neither this proposal, nor the view taken by the Commission of the high public importance of the whole matter, goes a whit beyond what the facts warrant.

It ought to require no circumstantial report to bring home to us the fact that the disfigurement of our cities by enormous advertising signs of all sorts has gone to an intolerable length. The sta-

tistical and other data concerning the matter which the Commission gives, we cannot attempt to reproduce; but there is one aspect of this defacement of the city which the present report brings out in a way that is particularly impressive. We refer to the injury done to those places in whose beauty—not to say in whose decent appearance—the people of the city have a peculiar interest. The recommendation placed first in the list of seventeen made by the Commission is as follows:

> We recommend the prohibition of all outdoor advertising structures (but not shop signs, advertisements in vehicles, and the like) on or in the immediate neighborhood of parks, squares, public buildings, boulevards and streets of exceptional character, and in other places of special beauty or sentiment, as wholly incongruous with and detrimental to the locality. This is to include the case where an advertising structure obstructs a fine view.
>
> As a means to that end, we recommend a constitutional amendment, covering broadly the whole question of æsthetics as a legitimate basis for regulation by statute or ordinance. Meanwhile every billboard on any city park should instantly be removed by the Park Commissioner having jurisdiction.

By photographic illustrations, as well as by the printed word, the hideous defacement of the borders of New York's beautiful parks at scores of conspicuous points is brought home. The picture showing Riverside Drive and One Hundred and Nineteenth Street, with Grant's Tomb in the near distance, is particularly striking and particularly shocking. Another presents the rear of an enormous advertising sign on Riverside Drive, with the litter and rubbish accumulated behind it. The way in which the borders of Central Park and of Prospect Park are disfigured is likewise exhibited. And one picture shows how into the superb view of the Hudson along the big viaduct there is thrust a gigantic advertising structure which the eye cannot escape and which goes far to nullify the benefit of that great and expensive structure as an element in the city's beauty.

But this is only one aspect of the matter. The business of out-of-doors advertising has, as the Commission says, "grown with startling rapidity to enormous proportions; and, aided by electrical and mechanical discoveries and inventions, has assumed not only an astonishing variety of form, but has also become independent of sunlight, so that the wayfarer or citizen cannot escape their importuning by day or by night." Wherever these devices may be actually placed, their use is in essence a use of the public streets. They are addressed to the wayfaring public, and the community cannot protect itself against any discomfort or injury which they may cause, whether to individual persons directly or to the public as a body through its interest in the attractiveness or agreeablenes of the public streets, except by means of legal regulation of the privilege. A privilege it is, in its inherent nature; it is not a private use of private property, but a private use of a public opportunity. Only the comparative novelty of the matter as a thing of great public importance accounts for regarding the assailing of the public eye with glaring signs to promote your private interest as a right, when the assailing of the public ear with loud noises for the same purpose is universally classed as a nuisance.

Many of the recommendations made by the Commission are specific in their nature, and such as require no change either of the Constitution or of the laws of the State. Among these are "the prohibition of large or flashing electric signs in or near residential districts as interruptions to rest or repose," this to be accomplished by the Board of Health through an amendment to the Sanitary Code; "the prohibition of roof-signs in residential districts, and their prohibition elsewhere except on fireproof buildings," by amendment of the Building Code; a limitation of size, applying to all advertisements and advertising structures out of doors; and, last but not least, the imposition of a graded excise tax on such advertisements. In these and other matters the Commission, in addition to a careful discussion of the subject, presents exact forms for the proposed measures. Let us hope that this report will mark the beginning of a radical advance in our dealings with an evil that is at once very serious and distinctly remediable.

THE HOOSIER POET.

James Whitcomb Riley is not in the case of the traditional prophet. The Hoosier is emphatically a man honored in his own country. Twenty-five hundred Indianapolis school-children paid him the tribute of a parade on the occasion of his birthday last week. His publishers have announced a complete edition of his poems. The report that he has "made a million dollars" out of his verse was denied, a year or two ago, but there can be no doubt that he is one of the very few men now alive who have made a good living out of poetry. Indiana lets no opportunity pass of celebrating this citizen, and the entire Middle West is familiar with his poems, a compliment paid to no one else since Eugene Field. At many a hearthstone, the approach of Christmas is welcomed more heartily because the holidays will bring with them new rhymes, and new editions of old rhymes, by Riley. No Indiana school-exhibition day is complete without the recitation of one or more of his poems, and certain of his lines and phrases are part of the Hoosier vernacular.

Now, we are accustomed to learning of some obscure novelist whose works, unknown to the public library and even to the popular lecturer on current tendencies in fiction, sell by the million. We know, too, of versifiers with a national reputation for doing a certain kind of thing gracefully or effectively. Frank L. Stanton's lyrics may not be great poetry, yet they are widely read by intelligent persons. But publishers do not busy themselves getting out complete editions of the works of such novelists or poets. They do not issue the same novels or collections of verse over and over in various editions, so that you can buy a light volume to carry in your hand or a whole set to put upon your shelves. And it surely will not be contended that Riley's verses are of the texture of those of a Eugene Field, for example, not to say a William Vaughn Moody. Then what are the chords they strike that they should be cherished in a multitude of households? One answer is to be found in their tremendous popularity in their native place. Your Hoosier, when he is waxed fat, when his bank account and limousine give assurance of a comfort and a luxury to which his boyhood was a stranger, does not forget those old, but happy, far-off days.

> Pap's got his patent-right, and rich as all creation;
> But where's the peace and comfort that we all had before?
> Le's go a-visitin' back to Griggsby's Station—
> Back where we ust to be so happy and so pore!

Not, be it understood, that he would go

back there if he could. But Riley sings of that longing for the simple life which we all deceive ourselves occasionally into thinking that we feel.

In producing this effect, his employment of dialect is an important factor. It may weary the cultivated ear, but it is music to those who would have scorned anything better when they were alternating going to school with "playing hookey."

Up and down old Brandywine,
In the days 'at's past and gone—
With a dad-burn hook-and-line
And a saplin'-pole—I swawn!
I've had more fun, to the square
Inch, than ever *anywhere*!
Heaven to come can't discount *mine*
Up and down old Brandywine!

He does not hesitate to put the old times above the present:

I' b'en a-kindo *"musin'"* as the feller says, and I'm
'Bout o' the conclusion that they hain't no better time,
When you come to cipher on it, than the times we ust to know
When we swore our first *"dog-gone-it"* sorto' solum-like and low.

In addition, he touches the gentler vices with a kind of glory:

Tell you what I like the best—
'Long about knee-deep in June,
'Bout the time strawberries melts
On the vine—some afternoon
Like to jes' git out and rest
And not work at nothin' else!
. . . . . .
March ain't never nothin' new!—
Aprile's altogether too
Brash fer me! and May—I jes'
'Bominate its promises,—
Little hints of sunshine and
Green around the timber-land—
A few blossoms, and a few
Chip-birds, and a sprout er two—
Drap asleep, and it turns in
'Fore daylight and *snows* ag'in!
But when *June* comes—Clear my th'oat
With wild honey!—Rench my hair
In the dew! and hold my coat!
Whoop out loud and th'o my hat!—
June wants me, and I'm to spare!
Spread them shadders anywhere,
I'll git down and waller there,
And obleeged to you at that!

An important part of Riley's popularity is due to his verse for children, thousands of whom have had delicious shudders at some elder's repetition of the uncanny tale that ends with the warning: "An' the gobble-uns 'll git *you*, if you don't watch out!" Ephemeral as most of this is, verse for which children care is so infrequent that any new examples are sure of a welcome. Riley's limitations are too evident to need stating. There is, it must be confessed, not much depth of earth beneath his poetic flowers. Yet for a large number of people in various sections of this country, the coming of autumn suggests nothing so much as the time

When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

ALL COTTON MATHER'S FAULT.

In a great many affairs that go wrong to-day the social-minded detectives do not say, *Cherchez la femme;* they say, *Look for the Puritan ancestor.* That dour figure in sugar-loaf hat and buff jerkin and breeches, striding on his way to meeting-house with his flintlock and his Bible, is responsible for an extraordinary number of things that now afflict us. He stands in the way of a minimum wage, of Sunday base-ball, of the uplifting of the stage, of the speedy solution of the white-slave problem, the divorce problem, the saloon problem, the eugenics problem, the 1 A. M.-lobster-palace problem, and a good many other problems which the theatrical managers on Broadway and elsewhere are aching to solve, but are not allowed to solve.

The Cavaliers despised the Puritan ancestor because he spoke through his nose. But that was a minor fault. The real sin is that he refused to speak at all. He is the original patentee of the conspiracy of silence to which all our ills are due, as contrasted with the happy nations of the Continent where there is no conspiracy of silence on all these fascinating topics, and consequently these problems do not exist. The Puritan exalted salvation at the expense of conversation, thus failing to perceive that the latter is the indispeusable condition for the former. If he had not been so afraid of calling a spade a spade, we should now have a flourishing literature and drama and art, and we should have done away with the social evil, even as conversational peoples like the French and the Germans have done away with it.

Considering that the truth alone can be the basis of true progress and civilization, it is astonishing how many things that whining, hypocritical Puritan ancestor accomplished in his day. In his original home in England he had not been going many years before he cut off the head of a king, sent another king packing about his business, and in other ways pursued a policy of "direct action" that should appeal enormously to W. D. Haywood. Crossing the Atlantic, he helped to lay the foundations of au empire. For a man who hated to call a spade a spade, it is remarkable how well he could use that familiar agricultural implement. He used it to dig up the ungrateful soil of a rock-bound, frost-bitten commonwealth. Later he shouldered his spade, and, still speaking through his nose but for the most part faithful to his conspiracy of silence, he dug up the more grateful soil of the Mississippi Valley and the Western prairies and the Pacific river valleys, with occasional deviations to the pick-axe when he struck the ore-bearing lands of Colorado and the Sierras. He did not lose the early habit of carrying his flintlock into the field. He used it in Kansas, and five years later he was carrying it over a thousand miles of battlefield. In his own hypocritical way, he called it a fight for free institutions against slavery. When the war was over, he went back to farming and railway-building, persistent in his church-going habits and the traditional conspiracy of silence.

We are forced to the conclusion that the Puritan ancestor fared better than he deserved and builded better than he knew. Else how can we explain the surprising fact that, in spite of his aversion to discussing sex-phenomena and sex-rights, he created a form of society in which woman attained a prestige, a freedom of action, and a scope of opportunity such as she had not known in previous ages? Let others explain how the Puritan ancestor, laboring under the handicap of atrophied conversational powers, ignorant of the works of Ellen Key and Olive Schreiner, succeeded in working out a theory that it is man's function to labor and provide, and woman's function to expand and enjoy. The task is too difficult for the present writer. Nor can he explain this other startling fact, that without any knowledge that this is the century of the Child, without explicit recognition of the sacred duty he owed to the future of the race as embodied in the Child, the Puritan ancestor, wherever he went, built his schoolhouse and his meeting house simultaneously; and after the schoolhouse he erected high schools, and after the high schools he created universities, and stinted himself in order that his children might go to these universities and might have more money to spend than was good for them.

From his English home the Puritan ancestor brought over the love of out-of-doors life. It is true that for many years he was inclined to look upon play as the proper occupation of Cavaliers and the invention of the devil. But the passion was bred in the Anglo-Saxon bone, and would out. After a while his young began to play as they used to do in Merrie England before the Reformation; and they have continued to play ever since—football, base-ball, and what not, on earth, in the water, and latterly in the air. This again has been detrimental to the development of an art of conversation. Somehow it has remained the habit for the Puritan ancestor's adolescent son to go out on a muddy field and tackle hard the son of another Puritan ancestor, rather than give his mind to the politics of the salon and the boudoir. Probably this is hypocrisy. We have it on the very best modern authority that the sole preoccupation of young manhood and young womanhood should be sex. Only, even if it be hypocrisy, one might argue that a hypocritical mask that has been worn for several hundred years tends to take on something of reality. However, here we are with a tongue-tied, hoydenish young generation that yields but slowly to the missionary efforts of the sex-obsessed. We are still enmeshed in a conspiracy of silence.

It must be that the Puritan ancestor is responsible for all this. For see how William Lloyd Garrison clung to the conspiracy of silence; and recall how Wendell Phillips used to speak through his nose.

SAINT VENUS AND THE CANTERBURY PILGRIMS.

Many a reader of "The Canterbury Tales" has doubtless paused midway in that lively sketch of the Wife of Bath in the general Prologue (A 455-476) and asked: "Why does Chaucer make of the 'worthy woman' a pilgrim to many shrines and a far wanderer?" And the questioner has naturally found his answer in the Wife's words in her own Prologue (D 551-558), composed probably at the same time as the "character":

I hadde the bettre leyser for to pleye,
And for to see, and eek for to be seye
Of lusty folk; what wiste I wher my grace
Was shapen for to be or in what place?
Therefore I made my visitaciouns,
To vigilies and to processiouns,
To preaching eek and to thise pilgrimages,
To pleyes of miracles and mariages.

Now, entire satisfaction with this obvious explanation exists only because a certain mediæval superstition once widely prevalent seems to have faded utterly from view.

To any man of the Middle Ages with the least knowledge of astrology—and who lacked it then?—Venus was the reigning star of pilgrimages. "Sub ipso," writes of that planet Bartholomew the Englishman in his thirteenth-century encyclopædia, "De Proprietatibus Rerum" (VIII, 26), "continetur via et amor et amicitia et peregrinus." And the famous Elizabethan translation of this notable work, "Batman upon Bartholome" (1582), thus renders the complete passage, from which the Latin phrase is quoted:

In man's body he [the planet, Venus] disposeth to faireness, volupt and lyking, in touch and feeling, in smell and taast and in song; and therefore he maketh singers, lovers of musicke and makers of confections, of spicerie and spicers, goldsmithes and taylours to shape women's cloathing; as Misael sayth. And Ptolomeus sayeth that under Venus be these signes, Libra and Taurus and be his houses and hee reigneth in Piscibus, and in Virgine his kingdome faileth and passeth. Under him is contained *love, friendship and pilgrimages;* and he betokeneth winning, joye and blisse.

Roger Bacon, in his commentary on the "Secretum Secretorum," cited by Bridges in his edition of the "Opus Majus" (I, 403), notes that Venus, in conjunction with the Moon, is favorable to pilgrimages. More picturesque evidence is offered by the wonderful Florentine drawings of Baccio Baldini (or are they Botticelli's own?) illustrating the influences of the planets. Here Venus, accompanied by the blind archer, Cupid, sits in her dove-drawn car and dominates richly clothed lovers, daneers, players, feasters, and, in the middle distanee, *mounted travellers.* Even as late as the time of Elizabeth, Christopher Heydon, worthy astrologer, notes that Venus, as significator of journeys, promises pleasure, profit, and safety.

Chaucer, who so many times in his poems ("The Compleynt of Mars," 173f.; "The Knight's Tale," A 1904f.; "The Wife of Bath's Prologue," D 697f.; "The Squire's Tale," F 272f.) displays a close acquaintance with the "influences" of Venus, was surely well aware of her domination of pilgrimages. Indeed, indirect evidence of his knowledge of this is at hand. In the very passage of his favorite work, "The Romance of the Rose" (13725f.), which inspired through Eustace Deschamps's "Miroir de Mariage" (so largely used by Chaucer, as Professor Lowes has shown) the lines quoted from the Wife's Prologue, we are explicitly told that "at visitations, marriages, processions, plays, and feasts the god of Love and the goddess keep school and sing mass to their disciples." Hence, because the Wife of Bath "hadde the prente of Seynt Venus seel" and is "al Venerien," it is inevitable from the point of view of mediæval author and reader that she should be a pilgrim. No wonder that Chaucer quotes with approval the old saw that deemed worthy of hanging the man who "suffreth his wyf to go seken halwes" (D 657)! Moreover, the "via," to which Bartholomew gives first place among the influences of the planet, sheds full light upon the line:

She coude muche of wandring by the weye.

This domination of pilgrimages by Venus has, however, a far wider significance for the student of "The Canterbury Tales" than the interpretation of a single trait of the Wife of Bath; for it immediately prompts the query whether the goddess is not sovereign over our English travellers throughout their four days' journey from the Tabard Inn to the cathedral city. This suggestion opens up many far-reaching vistas, which I shall follow later *à perte de vue,* footing more slowly than is now possible. But the main road lies clear before us. Is not Chaucer as truly "the disciple" and poet of Venus in "The Canterbury Tales" as in "The Legend of Good Women" and in "The House of Fame"? Are not these pilgrim stories as genuinely tales of love as the anecdotes of Gower under Venus's sway in the "Confessio Amantis"? Are not these many-hued productions welded together even more closely by a single *motif* of passionately human interest than by mere hints of time and place? Absorbed in the careful contemplation of single stories, students have hitherto failed to see Chaucer's wood for the trees. If it can be shown that one unfailing purpose runs throughout the collection, then it is clear that we must cease to regard these delightful narratives as isolated units, like the *novelle* of this or that Italian, but as integral parts of a splendid whole. The recent classification of a few of the later tales as a "marriage group" recognizes one element, but only one element, in Chaucer's generous scheme. In "The Legend of Good Women," by commission from Venus, the poet confines his treatment of love to the single theme of its martyrdom. In "The Canterbury Tales," still under the auspices of Venus (for is she not the planet of pilgrims?), he so enlarges his plan as to portray from many points of view this ruling passion—chivalric love, tho love of churls, married love in its many phases, religious love with its mastery of the flesh. (By the way, it has been suggested that even "The House of Fame" was designed as the prologue of a series of love stories.)

Not only is Venus the patroness of all pilgrims, but she dominates the mid-April days of the Canterbury pilgrimage. At the time of the gathering at the Tabard the Sun had just passed through the Venus face (the last ten degrees) of the Ram and was now running in the Bull, the mansion of Venus herself—a season, "dedicated by reverent antiquity to the worship of the goddess," as Boccaccio tells us in his "Ameto," to which Chaucer was probably indebted. Boccaccio explicitly devoted these days of Venus to stories of love. Chaucer recognized no less fully all the erotic suggestiveness of the time, but the connection, so obvious to all mediæval readers, between the amorous season and the Love *motif* of the Tales must be conveyed implicitly for fear of subordinating too far the religious purpose of the pilgrims' journey.

Shall we deem it chance or deep design that in the first and longest of all the Canterbury stories, "The Knight's Tale," Venus is the *dea ex machina?* She is revealed to the lover in the radiant presence of Emily; on her "gerful" day, Friday, Palemon and Arcite meet in fight; her oratory and her attributes receive large space; in her high service the throng joust and dance; and through her intercession with Saturn, her knight is triumphant. In the strongest contrast to chivalric devotion—for, like our modern poet of "points of view," Browning, Chaucer delights in the clash of opposites—is the light-of-love spirit of such churls as the Miller and the Reeve. In their ribald stories, they reck little of chastity and marriage vows. But their indifference to the rights of husbands must be recorded by the poet, else he will "falsen" some of his matter by so large an omission. It is noteworthy that Chaucer declares his intent to present without gloss the churlish point of view immediately after the Miller introduces in his Prologue (A 3140-3165) the subject of wives. Incidentally, let us remark the external resemblance of the miller's wife in the "Reeve's Tale" to the Wife of Bath, whom Chaucer seems ever to have re-

garded as the keystone of his narrativo arch. The fragmentary tale of the Cook was evidently intended to move on the lowest levels of illicit love. "It is a bawdy planet that will strike where 'tis predominant."

In the "Man of Law's Prologue," which ushers in the Tales of the Second Day, the recognition of our *leitmotif* fully vindicates the relevancy of the long enumeration of Chaucer's stories of lovers, which has hitherto seemed to the reader so unnecessary and intrusive. The poet intimates that sketches of love's martyrs are essential to the roundness of his plan, but as these have already been adequately portrayed in his "Legend of Good Women," which he calls, in due accord with his conception of Saint Venus, "Tho Seintes Legende of Cupyde," he may well omit them now. Nor will he include in his scheme examples of incestuous passion, though such "unkinde abhominaciouns" naturally occur to any one developing all phases of love—as indeed to Gower in his "Confessio Amantis." The Man of Law's story is of no martyr, but of a stately wife and mother, who rises superior to suffering and temptation and achieves in the end the high reward of her strength and loyalty by a happy reunion with her kingly husband. The antitype of Constance appears in the unfaithful wife of the "Shipman's Tale," who succumbs readily to the wiles of the monk and is cheated by sordid circumstances into a compact with her cuckold. The juxtaposition of two such stories hardly seems fortuitous; and yet, as I shall show in another article, the tale of Constance, like its little Poverty Prologue, was primarily designed to illustrate Envy, and was inserted here, apparently, as an afterthought.

Despite the social training of the Prioress, and her brooch's amorous device traditionally associated with Venus as in Baldini's drawing and with earthly love as in Deschamps's ballad (yet possessing in Gower's frequent use a wider connotation), the religious lady's story of "the little clergeon" murdered by the Jews falls within the scope of Chaucer's general design only by its insistence upon the power of virginity—a dominant theme in the tales of the Physician and the Second Nun, and in the Wife's Prologue. Chaucer's "Tale of Sir Thopas" parodies the stock motives of conventional romance, the quest of elf-queens and lady's "love-drury," but his "Tale of Melibœus" makes amends for this flippancy by its grave exaltation of wifely counsels. It is significant that the discretion of Dame Prudence and her husband's full accord to her will which anticipates the chief *motif* of the Wife of Bath are immediately offset by the shrewishness of the Host's Wife (B 3081f.) and directly rebutted by the treachery of Sampson's "lemman Dalida" in the Monk's Tale (B 3181f.):

Beth war by this ensample old and playn
That no men tell hir conseil til hir wyves.

So in the "Nun's Priest's Tale" the counsels of women are derided by the Cock (B 4445f.), who, to his sorrow, takes his wife's advice. And yet the whole tenor of this merry debate has been ignored by commentators—here as elsewhere blind to Chaucer's larger purpose. How thoroughly the stuff he works in is subdued to the dyer's hand is seen in the subordination by the Nun's Priest of the fable of "Cock and Fox" to the mock-romantic theme of the uxoriousness of Chaunticleer, the servant of Venus, "goddesse of plesaunce," who is introduced here (B 4531f.) in lines on her day that recall the Knight's Tale (A 1534). Monk and Nun's Priest are brought into close accord with the prevailing scheme by the Host's description of them as men well fitted by nature to make Venus payments. But the Monk's somnolent "tragedies," devoid of love interest, receive, of course, unsparing condemnation for their heaviness; though the two *exempla* of Sampson and Hercules which illustrate the treachery of women are revived, under Deschamps's influence, in the Wife of Bath's Prologue.

The interpolation by the Chaucer Society of the Tales of the Physician and the Pardoner between the stories of the Nun's Priest and the Wife of Bath is opposed not only by the evidence of the manuscripts, but by the valuable though neglected testimony of our *motif*. As "Group C" these two narratives interrupt the progress of the spirited discussion of women's counsels and the wifely relation begun in the "Melibœus" and continued, as we have seen, through the Tales of the Monk and the Nun's Priest to the triumphant conclusions of the Wife. (Chaunticleer, with his many wives, is the proper precursor of that much-married lady.) But if the Physician's Tale is placed after the Franklin's (according to the Ellesmere or A-type tradition, favored here by Tyrwhitt and Skeat), we may then regard the Doctor's story of oppressed virginity courting death rather than disgrace, as directly inspired by the country gentleman's many illustrations of this pathetic theme (F 1364f.). Moreover, the "Pardoner's Tale" is closely bound to the Second Nun's by their common use of the *motif* of the Deadly Sins (he attacking Avarice and Gluttony and she Sloth), which pervades the later Tales of the collection and culminates in the Parson's sermon.

The "Physician's Tale" (Gower's story of Lechery) is of the foul wrong meditated against Virginia, the gem of chastity, by Appius Claudius, and of its tragic consequences. As Bartholomew the Englishman says, "In Virgine the kingdom of Venus faileth and passeth." The Pardoner's grim story is not of "the way of a man with a maid"; but the rascal, during his denunciation of Avarice and Gluttony, accepts the opportunity to utter his views of unlawful love. A hypocrite always, he decries loudly Lechery, the sin of which he himself is confessedly so often guilty; emphasizing, as the Physician has done just before him, and as the Wife of Bath and the Parson (whose Tale he freely plunders) do also, the close alliance between wine and Venus. Thus the poet advances from tale to tale, the main *motif* always in view.

It is a very significant circumstance—even though, like many other important elements in Chaucer's plan, it has hitherto escaped attention—that, after the proper disposition of the Physician's and the Pardoner's Tales, the Tale of the Wife of Bath falls in the exact centre of the collection, being the twelfth tale of twenty-four. The Wife of Bath is, indeed, the very keystone of the arch of "The Canterbury Tales." Not merely because she incarnates in her "Venerien" nature the ruling "influence" upon pilgrimages; nor because she bears an obvious likeness to the wives of the Miller's, Reeve's, and Shipman's Tales, in the last of which we seem to hear her voice, and sometimes vies in shrewishness with the Hostess of the Tabard; but because her Prologue and Tale epitomize all the opinions of her fellows upon the woman question. The idea of virginity, reverently presented by the Prioress and later illustrated by the Physician and the Second Nun, is here considered and disclaimed; the jealousy of husbands, a significant feature of the tales of Miller and Reeve, is now more vigorously exemplified; chivalric days and ways, so dear to the Knight and the Squire, form our background here; and the thesis of woman's sovereignty, suggested in the "Melibœus" (B 2900, 3060), and decried in the stories of Monk and Nun's Priest (which should immediately precede her own) is generously expanded and defended both in the Wife's Prologue (D 812f.) and everywhere in her Tale. Despite prevalent opinion, the Wife of Bath has, therefore, a very real connection with the tales that come before. The term "Marriage Group" has been of signal service in indicating the close relation in theme, treatment, manner of comment, and borrowings between the Wife of Bath's Prologue and Tale and the stories of the Clerk, Merchant, and Franklin. This connection our best American scholarship has recently put so far beyond question that it demands no discussion now. Yet the limitation of "Marriage Group" to four tales has been most misleading, since such a denotation ignores utterly not only the large use of preceding motives by the Wife, the Merchant's indebtedness to the "Tale of Melibœus," the protracted debate on wifely counsels in Group B, but also the continuation of the marriage theme into the tales of the Sec-

ond Nun, the Manciple, and the Parson. That the "Wife of Bath's Tale" illustrates Pride and is actually the first of a series of Deadly Sins stories will be demonstrated elsewhere.

Though the tales of the Friar and the Summoner are not stories of love, Chaucer indicates often, both directly and indirectly, their wantonness to women; and in the course of the "Summoner's Tale" (D 1992-2093) he skilfully combines a brief discussion of the woman question with the *motif* of Wrath. The "Squire's Tale" is a chivalric romance, with Venus reigning. Indeed, the episodical Canon's Yeoman is the only one among all the story-telling pilgrims whose point of view on the problem of the sexes is unrevealed. Yet even here, as is suggested to me by Professor Lowes, whose scholarly support has been my mainstay in the preparation of this article, the Yeoman can find no higher parallel to the priest's glad absorption in the "sorry craft" of alchemy than a knight's chivalric service for his lady (G 1341f.); and the good fellow's hint of the priest's relation to the wife (G 1012f.) shows that he, too, could tell "another story."

The Second Nun follows the prompting of her lady, the Prioress (indeed, almost word for word in one Dante-derived stanza), and the ample suggestion of the Franklin and the Physician in her apotheosis of virginity. Her glorification of Cecilia, the married celibate, is designedly antipodal to the Wife of Bath's hearty championship of octogamy. Here truly are the saints' lives, at which that worldly lady scoffed! It is the "pured wheat-seed" against barley bread—the ascetic ideal against delights of the flesh. The seemingly irrelevant stanzas on Idleness (Second Nun's Prologue) are explained by the deference to the theme of the Deadly Sins, which in these later Tales, as in Gower's "Confessio," mingles with the love theme.

The "Manciple's Tale," an *exemplum* of Wrath, is a return to the cuckold *motif* of the earlier stories, but the woman's sin is now a theme for censure rather than for ribald mirth, and the relation of man and wife is gravely discussed. The increasing severity of tone, further apparent in the Manciple's long tirade against Wrath (H 278f.), reaches its culmination in the Parson's lofty arraignment of the Seven Deadly Sins, with the chief stress upon Lechery, in the last of the Tales. "Avoutric of wedded folk," injury to maidenhood, falseness to vows of celibacy—these and yet other phases of the deadly sin of "Luxury," so common in our Tales, are first castigated and then remedied. We are, therefore, quite prepared for Chaucer's full retractation of those of "The Canterbury Tales" that "sounen into sinne."

In following such an outline as this, it must always be remembered that "The Canterbury Tales" is only a fragment, comprising not a fourth of Chaucer's complete design. That the poet's revision and readjustment of his faultily massed and inadequately linked material would have brought the leading *motif* of love into an even stronger light, we can only conjecture. That the tales of the silent pilgrims would also have dealt with the woman question we have some reason to believe, since the poet's brief description of the five burgesses is not deemed by him complete, until he has devoted several lines to the delight of their wives in the title of "madame" and in precedence at church—a trait shared with the Wife of Bath. If Chaucer nowhere in his Prologue explicitly indicates his controlling idea, the pervading purpose of the poems must have become speedily clear to the mediæval reader trained to the presence of a dominant *motif* in story-frames by such a famous series of tales as "The Seven Sages," with its ruling themes of the perfidy of women and the unwisdom of counsellors, by the groups of pointed stories in the popular books of *exempla*, or in mammoth collections like the "Handlynge Synne," by the love "questions" and marriage-tales of Boccaccio's tapestries, the "Filocolo" and the "Ameto" (Tatlock), and finally by Chaucer's own "Legend" (to say nothing of recent claims for "The House of Fame"). Moreover, Chaucer's contemporaries could not have ignored, like us, the curious blending (as in Gower's "Confessio") of the *motif* of Love with that of the Seven Deadly Sins which I shall discuss in another place. In any case, they must have recognized the traditional domination of pilgrimages by Venus, and her "influence" upon the season of this very journey, and, forgetting Thomas à Becket for the nonce, must have reverently hailed the goddess as the patron saint of the Canterbury road.

FREDERICK TUPPER.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

If you asked one of your book-loving friends if he had a complete edition of "Guesses at Truth," he would probably reply by bringing forth with pardonable pride one of the excellent issues of Macmillans. Certainly this has all the appearance of completeness. There is the reproduction of the bust of the two brothers, there is the dedication to Wordsworth, there are the prefaces 1827 and 1838, and there is the memoir signed with the initials of Dean Plumptre, and there is the index compiled by Major Pears. And yet your friend holds within his hand the evidence which shows that he has not the whole of the "Guesses at Truth." If he looks at the advertisement to the 1848 edition, which forms the preface to what is styled the second series, he will read Julius Hare's account of his revision of the book. In the first place he will learn that more than three-fourths of the work is new. The revision was delayed about ten years, and the "second series only goes down to the end of the original first volume."

Julius Hare had been prevented by many seemingly more pressing duties from completing his task, but he says, "As soon as I can get my hands free, I hope God willing to publish a second edition of the original second volume." This he was never able to do. From this it appears that no one has the complete collection of "Guesses at Truth" unless he possess, in addition to any modern copy, the first edition dated 1827.

The revision was carried out in a drastic fashion, some articles were suppressed and others modified very extensively. The greater part of the first volume was the work of Augustus Hare, and the articles were not marked by any initial. Those of Julius were marked "U," a few by Francis are marked "R," and those of Marcus by "A." Those marked by "a" are from the pen of Maria Hare.

As the "Guesses" vary in length from seven or eight pages to an epigram of a single line, it is not easy to make really characteristic quotations, but a few of the shorter articles, omitted in all later issues, may be interesting:

Men who feed on nothing but meat, contract a gross habit of body. Men who think of nothing but money, contract a gross habit of mind; or usurers have been scandalously belied.

There is only one thing which people cannot endure to hear.

Falsehood?—O no, there is not much harm in that.

Flattery?—The sweetest thing in the world; only pray don't oversugar it.

Nonsense?—How could one get through one's time without it?

Reason?—I have nothing to say for it.

Life is the hyphen between matter and spirit.

None ever appropriated like the Romans. They incorporated into their empire not only provinces, but gods.

Who is fit to govern others?
He who governs himself.
You might as well have said: nobody.

Poor Richard! all his geese are swans.
Doubly poor Robert! all his swans are geese.

Que doit on faire dans ce bas monde?
On doit diner.
Et puis?
Badiner.

The life of the body is a perpetual metamorphosis; the life of the soul is a perpetual metempsychosis.

Writing to Bernard Barton on June 8, 1838, Edward FitzGerald, a shrewd, though too often a whimsical, critic, says:

"Guesses at Truth" I know very well; the two brothers are the Hares; one, Julius, a fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge; the other author of some sermons which I think you had from me this winter. "The Guesses" are well worth reading, nay buying; very ingenious, with a good deal of pedantry and onesidedness (do you know this German word?), which, I believe, chiefly comes from the Trinity fellow Julius, who was a great pedant.

"Pedant" was not a happy description, though it may be confessed that the overflowing erudition of Julius was sometimes inconvenient both to author and to reader.

The "Guesses at Truth" have held their own and will long have a place reserved for them on the shelves of the real book-lover. It is curious to find Augustus in 1826 sketching out a plan of village pou-

sions for agricultural laborers, and it argued some courage for him to ask, "Is there any country in which polygamy is more frequent than in England?" at a time when his sacred Majesty George IV was still adorning the throne of England.

Why should we not have a complete edition of the "Guesses"? The first place should be occupied by a full appreciation of the brothers Hare, of whom Julius was the most notable. In addition to Plumptre's "Memoir" and Stanley's article in the *Quarterly*, there are now a good many domestic details supplied by the "Memorials of a Quiet Life" of Augustus Julius Charles Hare, who thus sketches a vignette of his uncle:

> Every Sunday morning also my uncle never failed to come to Lime, that he might drive my mother to church, discussing his sermon or the many parish interests, as they slowly ascended the hill on which the church stands, seeing the familiar figures of the well-known country people, the men in their smock-frocks, climbing the steep path above the road, and receiving their affectionate greetings. In the hilltop position of his church, my uncle never ceased to rejoice.

Julius, as the translator of Schleiermacher, was equally remote from the Romanizing tendencies of his friend Manning as he was from the aridity and bigotry of the conventional evangelicals. He strove to breathe a new life into the Church of England. His articles in the *British Magazine*, including the vindication of Coleridge, were scholarly and timely. His ample power of exposition was remarkably displayed in a note to the "Mission of the Comforter," which grew and grew until it filled 200 pages, and was afterwards printed as a vindication of Luther. WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

Correspondence

"AN ELASTIC CURRENCY."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: What has happened to the many sound-money men who in 1896 helped to consign Bryanism to the scrap-heap and are now calling loudly for "an elastic currency"? Have they seen a great light, or have they forgotten that currency is money (or, what is the same thing here, a substitute for money); that money is the standard of value, and that an elastic standard is a contradiction in terms—a vicious absurdity? Do they not know that the first essential of a standard of value is stability of value, and that stability and elasticity are mutually contradictory and can never co-exist in the same subject—that precisely to the extent that a currency is elastic it is unstable, and precisely to the extent that it is stable it is non-elastic? If they reply that what they desire is elasticity, not of value, but of volume, then do they not know that volume and value can never be dissociated; that the value of the constituent units of any commodity varies inversely with the volume, or supply, of that commodity; that, therefore, an elastic volume of currency means an elastic currency-dollar, which is the same thing in principle as an elastic yard-stick or an elastic bushel, for the use of which men are sent to jail?

Can they not see that in trying to procure a currency that will be at once elastic and stable they are seeking a manifest impossibility; that they might as well seek for a perpetual motion, a hot cold, or a wet dry? HERBERT L. BAKER.

Detroit, October 11.

[Money is a medium of exchange as well as a standard of value, and it is the first-named function exclusively which banknote issues are designed to perform. When such notes are made redeemable on demand in gold, and when their redemption, after the special requirements of exchange have been met, is insured by the provisions of their issue, gold is the standard of value as clearly as if there were no banknote circulation.—ED. NATION.]

A CONCORDANCE TO HORACE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Will you allow me through your columns to draw the attention of students of Latin to the following matter?

During the early summer, with the assistance of several friends and students, I made a complete concordance to Horace, in which the quotations accompanying the words consist of the printed metrical lines, cut out of Vollmer's text, and pasted on slips, the method employed being much the same as the one I used in making my Concordance to Wordsworth. There has been virtually no transcription, and the work as it stands is necessarily very accurate.

The question arises, Would these quotations serve the purpose, or would Latin scholars prefer some other form of reference? I should be glad to receive suggestions by letter on a point which, as a student of English, I am not for the moment prepared to decide; in fact, any counsel regarding the work would be welcome, for I am eager to produce a better record of the language of Horace than such as are already in existence—the one, for example, in Zangmeister's edition of Bentley's Horace, where the typographical arrangement is very bad. If the metrical line makes a satisfactory quotation, my slips need only to be thrown into alphabetical order, and the concordance will be ready for the printer. LANE COOPER.

Ithaca, N. Y., October 6.

TEACHERS OF ENGLISH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Amid the tempest of discussion concerning the teaching of composition in our universities, one salient fact seems to have been overlooked. I refer to the increasing relegation of classes in freshman composition, particularly in State universities, to the brains of A.B.s and A.M.s, fresh from academic lands and uninitiated tourists on the continent of teaching. Results are scarcely commendable. Without any experience, selected solely because of facility in composition or more often because of ability in literature classes, donated with positions that State universities may have more graduate students, these young men, with rare exceptions, stumble through a year of such teaching as would never be endured in a good secondary school. They know the theory neither of composition nor of helpful criticism. Inevitably, of course, these novices win experience; in their second year they may do fair work. Nevertheless, before even such gainful outcome ensues, hundreds of freshmen are sacrificed to standards of grading too low or (occasionally) too high; the lash of irony and sarcasm, borrowed by the tyros from the armories of their admired (and more tactful) professors at Harvard, Columbia, or Cornell, embitters scores of students against the entire department of rhetoric; and, finally, the task of the hapless sophomore instructor is doubled and deepened, when the droves of victims reach him.

Were there no remedy at hand, these evils might be tolerated. Fortunately, successful experienced teachers could be culled from even the wastes of our wretched secondary schools; and many of these teachers, whom I have personally interviewed, would be glad to be culled—be it at financial sacrifice. The barriers, then? They are two: the belief of the A.B. *cum laude* that he would be "wasting his ability" by gaining experience in a secondary school; and the octopus-like grasp upon our State university departments of English and rhetoric by "bureaus of recommendation" in certain institutions of prestige. MIDDLE WEST.

Chicago, Ill., October 7.

Literature

SOCIALISM AND LABOR.

Marxism versus Socialism. By Vladimir G. Simkhovitch. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.50 net.

The Larger Aspects of Socialism. By William English Walling. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.

American Syndicalism: The I. W. W. By John Graham Brooks. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.

Industrial Warfare: The Aims and Claims of Capital and Labour. By Charles Watney and James A. Little. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2 net.

Professor Simkhovitch has no difficulty in establishing his thesis of the bankruptcy of Marx's theory of "scientific" Socialism. Those who have kept in touch with the Socialistic literature of the past ten or fifteen years are familiar with the extent of the destruction wrought in the Marxian structure by the irresistible logic of hostile facts, and in "Marxism versus Socialism" these facts are marshalled in clear compact array so that he who runs may read. It is not in any spirit of belittlement of Professor Simkhovitch's services that the reviewer suggests that his book almost gives one the impression of slaying the dead; fairer, perhaps, would it be to say that it, decently and in order, interes the corpse. The

work, in any case, has been well done, and in a way was worth the doing, for while Marxian Socialism may be dead as a scientific theory, a great many worthy people are still unaware of that fact —including, possibly, a large proportion of the "Intercollegiate" Socialist membership, to whom "Marxism versus Socialism" may be recommended.

"Every tendency," says Professor Simkhovitch (and he handily proves what he says) "that Marx and Engels confided in has been checked, retarded, deflected, or reversed. Industry has not concentrated to any such extent as the fathers of scientific Socialism expected. Agriculture shows tendencies towards decentralization. The concentration of wealth and proletarization of the middle class has proved a fable: the moderate incomes are steadily increasing in number. The idea of the growing misery of the proletariat is abandoned in view of facts that prove the opposite; the class struggle, instead of increasing, is as a whole diminishing. Commercial crises that were to increase till they destroyed, like an earthquake, our whole industrial organization, are admittedly abating their fury."

Of course, this does not mean that Socialism or the Coöperative Commonwealth is impossible. But it does mean that Socialism is just as "Utopian" today as it was before Marx wrote and rescued it from that estate which seemed so low in his eyes and in the eyes of the generation which followed him. And, as Professor Simkhovitch says in his Introduction, "to-day the social movement throughout the world is in one sense but a quest for a new possible meaning of the word Socialism."

Pat to the reviewer's hand comes a shining proof of the truth of that statement in the shape of a new book by William English Walling—"The Larger Aspects of Socialism." The author has earned the right to a front-rank place among the American Socialist "intellectuals" and his "Socialism As It Is" of two years ago was an interesting objective study of the Socialist movement the world over. A clear-sighted observer, and a reporter honest with himself and the public, he there furnished abundant evidence of the great recent change in character of the Socialist movement from that which marked it in the days of Marx. Within its covers was contained most of the evidence that one could desire to prove the death of the Marxian hypothesis—as indeed the reviewer then pointed out. Now he comes to exhibit to us the soul of the new Socialism, which he calls "a new civilization that is gradually being embodied in a new social movement." In the "Larger Aspects of Socialism," which is, as he himself says, complementary to "Socialism As It Is," he presents to us this soul, and he finds it not in any materialistic Hegelianism, not in any mechanistic system of evolution, but in what he calls the "philosophy of modern science," and this proves to be Pragmatism!

Mr. Walling's definitions of Socialism as he now understands the word are more eloquent than pages of explanation, and we must let him state his own case in his own way:

> It is customary for Socialist writers, in spite of these admitted facts, to define the Socialist movement as being *mainly* a class-struggle of working people against capitalists, and then proceed to qualify this definition. This procedure is not in accord with the present methods of science which demand instead of a rigid definition with an unlimited number of qualifications a definition broad enough and loose enough so that it does not need to be qualified. From this standpoint perhaps the nearest we can come to a definition is to say that Socialism is a *movement of the non-privileged to overthrow the privileged in industry and government*. . . . In other words, *Socialism is a struggle of those who have less against those who have more than equal opportunity would afford* (p. 11).
>
> The conflict of Socialism with present society is not in reality a class struggle. It is not a struggle between *two* social classes or even *two* groups of social classes. It is a class struggle only on one side. The ruling class or ruling classes are more or less unified; Socialism represents the opposition of all the rest of the population but not of a class. . . . There is only one class, the class that rules humanity and must be conquered by humanity. . . . Both the phrases "class-struggle" and "class-consciousness" may legitimately be used to mean exactly the opposite of what the majority of socialists intend them to mean (p. xiii).

All that remains wholly unobjectionable of the older Socialistic formulations is the "economic interpretation," and that, too, must be construed in a new way. Because latter-day Pragmatism—and particularly the system of Professor Dewey—gives it a new meaning, Mr. Walling adopts this philosophic system as being virtually Socialism itself. "Social truth is born in social struggles. . . . This truth and this alone is the essence of all Socialism, from Marx to modern Pragmatism." Consequently, in place of the absolutely inevitable process of inexorable law which issues in the Coöperative Commonwealth as its necessary culmination —the "scientific" Marxian view—Mr. Walling adopts the principle enunciated by John A. Hobson, that "so far as the selection, valuation, and utilization of realities go Man is the Maker of the Universe." This he regards as "the principle which underlies both modern science and philosophy and the modern social movement, that is, Socialism." And Socialism "armed with the new philosophy will revolutionize all civilization and culture—as soon, that is, as economic and social conditions permit the masses to realize and to utilize the new science and the new philosophy."

Doubtless, Mr. Walling would vigorously deny the charge that he was no better than a "Utopian" Socialist; and, on the ground that there is in his philosophy no fixed principle of justice—or of anything else beyond the fixed principle that philosophy itself evolves—and in his ethics no "ought," he might possibly obtain a technical acquittal. But when he says that Socialism "is evolving in the fullest sense of the word; that is, like every living thing it is taking on characters that could not have been predicted even by omniscience (*sic*), to say nothing of the merely human powers of foresight of its early formulators," he clearly pitches his tent very far away from the old Socialist encampment, and it is only by straining the word "science" that he cannot connect it with his position.

It is as an example of the tendency noted by Professor Simkhovitch that Mr. Walling's latest book is mainly important. His naïve discovery of Pragmatism ("a new name for old ways of thinking," as James called it!), and his enthusiastic acclamation of the "new science" and the "new philosophy," are accomplished with a gloriously dogmatic repudiation of all dogma, whether of science, art, or religion, and an authoritative rejection of all authority, which give his work a pleasant flavor of youth and freshness. One may, however, wonder whether in his identification of Pragmatism with Socialism Mr. Walling represents a real advance-guard of Socialistic thought, or merely a small band of foragers poking around in the brush. To our thinking it is as a clear-sighted observer and honest chronicler of what he has seen rather than as a philosopher that Mr. Walling best serves the community, and one "Socialism As It Is" is worth a dozen of its immediate successor.

Despite his somewhat rhetorical tone, Mr. John Graham Brooks gives us in "American Syndicalism—The I. W. W." a readable, timely, and valuable account of that movement towards "industrial unionism" in the United States which has of late loomed so large in labor matters. Vast and varied as are the current misconceptions of the Socialist movement in general, they are hardly greater than are the perplexities aroused in the lay mind by this latest disturber. "Like the sound of a bell in the night, the 'Industrial Workers of the World' strike an alarm note that seems as new and strange to us as if some unknown enemy were at the gate. Both the purpose and the weapons used are alien and uncanny to our thought."

The most direct way to an understanding of syndicalism, whether at home or abroad, is to understand its lineage. Mr. Brooks points out that its

chief forerunners were Owens's Grand Lodge, the International, and the American Knights of Labor, but its true parentage is through Marxian Socialism, of which it is to-day the ultimate orthodox expression. Sorel was justified in his boast that he was a truer prophet of the Marxian faith than were the German Socialists, and, as Mr. Brooks points out, the personnel of the syndicalist ranks, the rank and file of the I. W. W., more clearly represent the Marxian proletariat than does any other aggregation of humanity to-day. "The I. W. W. taps labor strata not only lower than those of the trade union, but still lower than those from which Socialism generally gets recruits." The fine distinctions and new constructions of the newer Socialism have neither meaning nor importance for these, and it is not surprising that the syndicalist movement finds itself at odds almost as much with modern Socialism as with the existing system Standing squarely on the platform that labor—and this means manual labor—produces all wealth, and that wealth belongs to its producer the syndicalist proposes by "direct action"—which excludes all "evolutionary" or political methods—to drive out the capitalist and take possession of all industries in the name of the worker. What is to come after that operation has been performed has not been made very clear by the syndicalist spokesmen, but it is reasonably clear that their point of view approximates more closely to that of the philosophic anarchist than that of the Socialist. Society will ultimately consist mainly of industrial groups which shall be autonomous in the fullest sense of that word. It is important to note that from the notion of "direct action" the syndicalist excludes nothing in the way of force or violence which may be effective towards the desired end, and he is usually frank enough to admit this.

But it is equally important to view the movement with sympathy sufficient to produce understanding of its springs of strength. Mr. Brooks's chapter on Some Duties of Our Own deserves careful reading, especially by those who are disposed to dismiss the whole business as the product of "agitation," "demagogy," and so on. It is not wholly rhetoric which speaks of the "crusade" spirit in the "I. W. W.," and it does not require much insight to see that, crude, wrongheaded, brutal as it may be in its methods and its professed aims, the movement expresses a real and an enduring aspiration on the part of a class now becoming for the first time conscious and articulate. Violent repression is not the only way in which to meet it—least of all repression which is lawless in its methods.

Messrs. Watney and Little have written an interesting book, despite the fact that the "Industrial Warfare" of which they treat is confined to Great Britain. Notwithstanding its condensation, the information contained in its pages is arranged in readable fashion and is given in a pleasantly detached objective style, free, so far as one can see, from personal prejudice and *parti pris*. The accounts of the organizations governing the principal industries are peculiarly interesting, as are the descriptions of the recent great trade disputes.

Apart from this the book is of interest as showing the great departure that has been made in England from the traditional policy of *laissez-faire* as a result of the coal-mining, railway, and transport strikes of the past few years, which culminated in the direct intervention of Government. On this point the authors say:

> The Government has always abstained from any direct intervention on the grounds both of policy and custom; of policy because it has always held that statutory enactments are a bar to the free development of trade and a certain means of hampering the progressive development of the position of the individual worker; of custom because it has always been considered that the commerce of this country, having been built up on an individualistic basis, should in fairness be judged on its extremely successful results. It has probably also been greatly influenced in its attitude of abstention by the hostility of all the interests concerned. The employers certainly have never asked for legislation; the workmen may have asked for it, but they have often turned and rent the donor of the boon. . . . Probably these warnings would have deterred the Government from doing anything but for the fact that organized Labor was very badly beaten in the transport strike of 1912, and for the additional circumstance that the community was getting restless at finding itself the invariable cock-shy of these organized groups of contestants for their own particular interests. It has been said that no Government in this country ever moved except under the stress of public opinion, and it certainly was the case with the ministry of 1912 (pp. 235-6).

The lines on which Government will probably proceed are based on the fact that both Labor and Capital are highly organized, and that the proper course to pursue is that of perfecting these organizations, and driving them into practical trade agreements enforceable on either side. The craft-union is still dominant in Britain as compared with all other forms or theories of labor organization, and neither syndicalism nor theoretical Socialism has left much mark on the labor situation as yet. Syndicalism, however, has been more successful than have older forms of Socialism, especially in the case of the lower strata of labor. One reason for this is well expressed by Messrs. Watney and Little in the following:

> The great defect of the artisan temperament of the present day is its reluctance or rather its positive aversion to accept responsibility or even to run risks. This is an outcome of character, the result of hereditary training, and hence it may be that in time the worker will come to emulate the middle class in its speculative tendencies and in its willingness to accept the shadow of the present for the substance of the future. No scheme, copartnership bonus or any other, is really welcome to the ordinary worker if it entails future risk or present sacrifice (pp. 250-1).

This is true of the "British workman" more than of any other workman. But it is true also of the more "skilled" classes of workmen in every country as compared with the "unskilled" classes, and it may be seen in the United States to some extent. It is where there is little to lose that the ideal of syndicalism finds most fruitful soil.

CURRENT FICTION.

Bendish: A Study in Prodigality. By Maurice Hewlett. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

In its inconclusive way a sequel to "Mrs. Lancelot," this narrative seems to promise yet another. Lord Bendish, the titular hero of the story, is the one person with whom we may be content to have finished. He bears somewhat the same relation to Byron as Gervase Poore in the story bears to Shelley, but is a good deal nearer caricature. The Byronic pose, the Byronic failings, are so enhanced as to make Bendish merely contemptible and ridiculous, and Byron never was that. However, it may be that before we have done with him we shall see a Bendish ennobled by a final scene of the Missolonghi order. Poore is certainly worthy of further acquaintance. He is still the single-minded enthusiast of "Mrs. Lancelot," but he has steadied and ripened, is more credible and more admirable. By defect of his virtues, he is capable of becoming, to a certain point, the tool and the dupe of Bendish: wakened and roused, he is a strong man pitted against a spoiled child.

The opening chapter feints at a new heroine, but Rose Pierson, of Golder's Green, is merely the ingenue. In the Myrtle Cottage of her aunt, Bendish has found sanctuary from London husbands and duns. Rose becomes a plaything, but is not destined to be numbered among his victims. Neither is Georgiana Poore (late Lancelot), though he takes more pains with her. Georgiana and her Gervase have remained in Italy, after coming to their odd understanding with her husband and her Duke of Devizes. Lancelot has duly divorced her, and thereafter, dying disconsolate, has left her his money. With Roger Heniker, solicitor, sent by the old Duke to urge her acceptance of the bequest and her return to England and himself, goes Lord Bendish seeking fresh adventure. The lady will not have the money,

but acknowledges the Duke's claim upon her friendship and her presence. Poore, a little at a loss, but magnanimous, consents to return to England. Thereupon Bendish incites Poore to the poem of Revolt, and while he is at it makes up to Georgiana. Contemptuously dismissed by her, he goes on his way, and revenges himself by pillorying her in "The Wanderer" ("Childe Harold," of course) as the ruthless cause of his sorrows. This, rather than his later treachery with regard to Poore's "Vision of Revolt," leads to a duel between the poets, in which Poore is wounded and Georgiana finally compelled to leave Italy for her husband's side —and the Duke's. Of Bendish, we say, there seems nothing more worth learning than these pages convey. Of the oddly linked three, Georgiana, Gervase, and the Duke, there may be much.

The Destroyer: A Tale of International Intrigue. By Burton E. Stevenson. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

To those foreign peoples that have been suspecting their neighbors of intriguing to obtain supremacy in one form or other, Mr. Stevenson's tale will doubtless bring the terror he designed for it. The American reader, not being so hysterical in such matters, will find it difficult to credit some of the infernal acts here recounted. Yet in seizing upon the blowing-up of La Liberté in Toulon harbor, which came at the time of Germany's activity in Morocco and followed close on the heels of the destruction of the Jena, he has taken an incident well suited to a mystery story. Unfortunately, the mystery is not long hidden. It soon becomes certain, at least to M. Delcassé, M. Lépine, and another Frenchman, that La Liberté has been sunk by an agent of Germany, the inventor of a sort of wireless fatal to all powder magazines. That he is caught, the invention converted to the use of France, and the forts of Strassburg only spared because the operator, the sole possessor of his secret, dies just at the crucial moment, may be disclosed to the reader without telling him too much. For the main interest of the story revolves about the pursuit of the criminal. In this the author has made happy use of the services of M. Crochard, famous for his operations in "The Boule Cabinet" mystery. When it is purely a question of patriotism, France may rely, it seems, even on her underworld.

Gracechurch. By John Ayscough. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Gracechurch is identified, geographically and historically, as a small town near the Welsh border. Our author's recollections date from the 'sixties, and his avowed intention is to embalm in a bookful of affectionate reminiscence the scenes and people of his boyhood home. An apt apologist, he warns us prefatorially that "the string on which these Gracechurch papers are strung together is stronger than any of consecutive narrative working towards the climax of a plot, for it is the simple and indestructible one of love for the dear old place and the dear, kind people who lived there." As might be expected, the attempt to cement incoherence with sentiment is not a notable success. What we find is no more than an aggregation of *genre* bits, in the handling of which much ingratiating pleasantry and plenty of humor of the most unexceptionably gentle sort has been employed.

Although realizing at the outset that he must expect a strong literary likeness between Gracechurch and the Cranford of classic fame, the reader will still find something uncanny in the antiquarian cast from which this author's imaginative vision suffers. In his eye every spinster is a mausoleum of romance—fortunately time fails him for unlocking them all—and the cases he cites of female insanity brought on by amatory crises are alarmingly frequent even for the dark Victorian era. Another disadvantage under which this chronicler of bygone quaintness labors is a memory clouded by a very present preoccupation with religious distinctions. Some years after the recorded days of Gracechurch life, the author entered the Roman Catholic Church, and this coming event casts its shadow over all the incidents of the book, curiously coloring past impressions, and still more curiously distorting the outlines of certain minor episodes.

Merrilie Dawes. By Frank H. Spearman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

So subdued to the business medium it works in is Mr. Spearman's hand that his heroes make love in the very vein in which they drive through a commercial project, and his heroines respond as if answering a broker's call. There is more than a trace of woodenness in the John Adrane of this book, the Annie Whitney to whom he is engaged at its opening, and the Merrilie Dawes whom he marries after the various vicissitudes of commerce and love which it narrates. Those who are interested in the novel of business life which Mr. Spearman affects, however, will find here a specimen typical in its merits as well as its defects. Certainly there is no flagging of interest in its central pages, where we see a great panic lift and shake John, the builder of railways, and Merrilie, an orphaned heiress, together with all the other capitalists and executives of Gotham and the East. It is this time of trial for men's souls that reveals to John, Annie, and Merrilie at once that a reshuffling of the matrimonial cards is urgent; and the reader, who has always occupied an Olympian position in this regard, is not surprised at the friendliness of the final arrangement. The financial action that interlocks with the love-story is plausibly and, in the crucial scenes, admirably done.

MAKING THE CONSTITUTION.

The Framing of the Constitution of the United States. By Max Farrand, Professor of History in Yale University. New Haven: Yale University Press. $2 net.

There is only one fact concerning the Constitution over which there is no controversy: all agree that certain delegates from all the States but Rhode Island met in Philadelphia in the summer of 1787 and framed it, and beyond that all is dispute. Whence its various provisions came, what they mean, who should be called its father, or fathers, are questions about which a thousand briefs have been written and to which nothing that is fresh can now be added. Happily, Mr. Farrand has avoided these stale questions, and gives us the one thing that was really desired—a simple, straightforward narrative of the proceedings of the Convention which made the Constitution. It is the first to appear since the discoveries in recent years of new or fugitive material for the history of the framing—of the notes of Paterson, McHenry, King, Wilson, and others, nearly all of which Mr. Farrand himself gathered into permanent form in his monumental work, "The Records of the Federal Convention," published in 1911. Mr. Farrand's attitude towards his subject is temperate and impartial—we had almost said cool and unenthusiastic—but he warms towards Washington occasionally and towards Madison and Wilson at the end. His style is clear, but we think it is at times too light for the weighty subject he is treating. The Convention was a great event in the history of the world. It was an assemblage of whales, who should not be described in language more applicable to little fishes.

For example: Mr. Farrand says of Edmund Randolph that "as a figurehead he was splendid," of Robert Morris that he was "large, florid, and pleasantly impressive," of Alexander Hamilton that "he was too conceited and overbearing to be popular," and of Madison's report: "he took his work so seriously that it seemed to have stifled any sense of humor he is said to have possessed and deprived his notes of any enlivening qualities." As a matter of fact, Randolph was never a splendid figurehead, and when the Convention met was one of the most influential men of Virginia; Robert Morris was much more than "pleasantly impressive," and

the masterfulness and self appreciation of Hamilton were quite different from "conceit." As for Madison's "notes," we cannot imagine why any one should look for merriment in them and complain because he failed to find any jokes. Criticism like this, however, is largely a matter of temperament and taste and need not detract from the verdict that Mr. Farrand's work is admirable both in plan and execution.

The deficiencies of the Article of Confederation were discussed in the Continental Congress and were understood by intelligent Americans generally. Therefore, when the delegates, many of whom had been in the Congress, met, though several of them had made a careful study of governments ancient and modern, as Mr. Farrand says, "when it came to the concrete problem before them they seldom, if ever, went outside of their own experience and observation."

The Virginia plan was the basis of these proceedings, and it included a remedy for virtually every deficiency in the Articles of Confederation that had become palpable. The Pinckney plan received no attention from the Convention, and was only used by the Committee of Detail in arranging its report. The Jersey plan was the expression of the conservative element of the Convention, which wanted the principles of the Articles of Confederation preserved. Hamilton's plan, unfolded in his elaborate speech, excited curiosity but had no followers. The great contest arose between the Virginia proposal of a national republic and the Jersey plan of a federation of States, whence the compromise which recognized one principle in the House of Representatives and the other in the Senate. Mr. Farrand's treatment of slavery in the Constitution is good. He says that the proceedings of the Convention were not published until slavery had become the dominant political issue in America, and, in consequence, the commentators over-emphasized the discussion of the subject in the Convention, and the error has continued; but, in truth, slavery was by no means the dominant issue in 1787, and it was generally believed that the Southern States would eventually effect emancipation as the Northern States had done. These facts justify Mr. Farrand in treating the bargain between the far Southern States and the East by which navigation laws were traded for recognition of the slave trade and slave property as of secondary importance. The account of the proceedings of the Committee of Detail is derived from sources recently discovered, chiefly the papers of James Wilson in the Pennsylvania Historical Society. They reveal some of the proceedings of the Committee and enable a specialist to conjecture others. Here the declarations which the Convention had adopted in a crude form were moulded into definite shape and here many important subordinate provisions were added. The paragraphed report which the Committee offered was the second great step towards the completed Constitution. In preparing it the Committee used for convenience a copy of the Articles of Confederation, of the Jersey plan, and of the Pinckney plan, and also drew largely upon the State Constitutions, especially the Constitution of New York, which Pinckney also had used in preparing his plan.

Again, new material is employed in the chapter on the election of the President. It tends to show that some of the delegates may have believed that other delegates were in favor of a monarchy. The suspicion rests chiefly upon a memorandum by James McHenry of a remark by his colleague from Maryland, John Francis Mercer. Mercer, however, was a man of uncertain opinions, unsound judgment, complaining and jealous disposition. He left the Convention in disgust when he saw it headed towards a national government. Afterwards he said that McHenry had mistaken his meaning. In fact, the suspicion is built upon a foundation so flimsy that it does not deserve to be taken seriously.

In the closing chapter Mr. Farrand gives an estimate of the influence of the members in shaping the Constitution. The master-builder, he says, was Madison; Hamilton was not in touch with the situation; the second man in the Convention was James Wilson, and Madison's strongest supporter next to him was Washington. He also estimates the completed Constitution. There was virtually nothing new or unfamiliar in it. "Every provision," he says, "can be accounted for in American experience between 1776 and 1789." It was a practical piece of work, but not logical, else the leaders would have provided for such contingencies as afterwards arose in the Embargo of 1807, the tariff of 1816, Nullification and Secession. One reason why it was accepted so readily after it had been adopted was that trade revived at that time. "It was floated on a wave of commercial prosperity," says Mr. Farrand. We do not accept this estimate. A practical piece of work the Constitution unquestionably was; but it came to be accepted only as it came to prove itself. The feeling that it had saved for the country what the Revolution had won increased as the years passed, and as a broad Continental patriotism grew under the union which it had created, the sentiment of attachment towards it grew. Mr. Farrand speaks disparagingly of "the worship of the Constitution" which appeared; but the expression is inaccurate, and savors more of modern politics than of historical judgment, for the Constitution has inspired veneration in the people, not worship.

William Morris: A Study in Personality. By Arthur Compton-Rickett. With an Introduction by R. B. Cunninghame-Graham. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50 net.

This successful study of a man well worth any biographer's mettle falls into two parts, of varying degrees of merit. In the first, a sketch of the manner of man William Morris was, a sturdy directness of method is exactly suited to his dynamic, tempestuous, out-of-doors personality. The author has been at pains to draw from every possible acquaintance of the poet a wealth of new personalia. All Morris's traits—his furious activity, on the highroad or in the studio; his tumbling carelessness of manner; his frequent outbursts of temper; his obstinate dogmatizings; his generosity; his hatred of the subjective, the unpractical, and the narrow, are illustrated by a variety of anecdotes and sayings: "I always thank God," Morris once exclaimed in a typical speech, "for making anything so strong as an onion!" For all his attainments, the man had little of subtlety or complexity to analyze, and Mr. Rickett's firm strokes leave us feeling that we know him to his "sturdy, primal core."

In the later chapters—on The Poet, The Craftsman, The Prose Romancer, and The Social Reformer—this direct, unanalytical force does not serve Mr. Rickett so well. He has no eye for critical *nuances*, and he does not treat with grace of touch, or appraise with discrimination, Morris's finest artistic and literary product. In the pages dealing with Morris as artist, or as Socialist, for example, we have a full picture of a rich career, but we look in vain for an estimate of his real achievement in either field. The chapter on Morris as poet, again, does full justice to Morris's lucidity, virility, and the rich predominance of the perceptive over the reflective in his writings. But his single eye to the spacious beauty of Morris's narratives leaves him far more uncritical of his overfluency and lowness of flight than if he had viewed him comparatively, among his Victorian compeers. To Mr. Rickett, Morris's poetry, his craftsmanship, and his reforms are so significant as exponents of his superabundant manhood that the background of the period sometimes falls out of perspective.

But the personality of Morris inheres in every page of the book. We see him as a painter, so angry at a chance interruption as to kick a panel out of the door; as a dyer, his beard streaked with color, on his hands and knees in ecstatic contemplation of a rug; as a decorator, gloriously indicating the exit of his *atelier* to an American who found his colors too vivid, with the roar, "If you want dirt, you can seek that in the streets!" To his remark upon his Ox-

ford verses, that "if this is poetry, it is very easy," Mr. Rickett instances two parallels. Some one had spoken of designing as the most exciting of occupations. "I don't see it at all," said Morris; "if you can do it, you can, and if you can't, you can't. Again, "Any one can be a public speaker," he once declared to a friend, "if he only peg away sufficiently at it." We see him, too, as a reformer, the kindest master of workingmen in England. A bungler once averted a discharge by feigning to discover a trout in a neighboring stream. "Quick, man, get your line," cried Morris; "don't go and lose the damned thing!" and the grievance was forgotten. His energy irradiates the whole book. Just before the period of his novels, Sir William Richmond found him disconsolate. "What's the matter, Top?" he inquired. "O, hang it all," said Morris, "I shall have to find out another toy." As Mr. Rickett observes, what to another man would have been the pursuit of a lifetime was but a single phase of his career.

Vāsavadattā: A Sanskrit Romance by Subandhu. Translated with an Introduction and Notes by Louis H. Gray, Ph.D. New York: Columbia University Press. (Lemcke & Buechner.)

While the greater part of Sanskrit literature is religious, ethical, or philosophical, the later writers of the renascence turned gayly to lighter themes, and developed in various forms a literature which was primarily artistic. Even the epic compositions of later date show a conscious striving after style; poetic conceits became popular; form became more important than subject-matter. By the sixth century of our era, to which epoch is to be assigned the "Vāsavadattā," this new tendency reached such a pass that style may be said to be everything. Thus Subandhu, the author of the famous romance here presented in English dress, prides himself more upon his ability to make puns than upon any other excellence. And in truth the work he composed is so filled with single, double, and even triple puns that no translation can give the effect of the original. The best that any translater could do has been done by Dr. Gray, who has by a system of brackets indicated how many puns are found in each clause. The romance itself is overweighted with description, and Dr. Gray, in his scholarly introduction, has drawn an ingenious parallel between the affectations of the Sanskrit author and the style and spirit of Lyly's "Euphues."

So rare is the romance in Sanskrit literature that an outline of the plot of this tale may be welcomed by students of comparative literature. A young prince sees in a dream a vision of a lovely maiden and sets out to find her. Wandering in the mountains, he hears a bird who tells his mate of Vāsavadattā, a king's daughter of surpassing beauty, who had seen in a dream a matchless youth and fallen in love with the vision. With the help of this revelation, and eventually assisted by her maid, the prince discovers the princess, who is, of course, the girl he had seen in the dream; but parental interference postpones their marriage and the damsel is spirited away. At last, after a weary search, the prince discovers her; but she has been changed into stone owing to the curse of a hermit, who, like the irascible saint of the "Rāmāyana," petrified the intruder upon his privacy; and Vāsavadattā, like the heavenly Rambhā, was existent and yet unrecognizable. Fortunately, her shape was preserved, and the prince, thinking idly that the form of the stone was like that of Vāsavadattā, put his hand upon the rock, and it became the maiden. "Then the prince went to his own city with her and lived some time, enjoying such pleasure as even the gods find difficult to obtain." Tho sudden ending after interminable passages of "too, too gaudy" description strikes the Occidental reader as the best thing in the story.

Dr. Gray has illustrated the incidents of this tale with parallels drawn from a wide range of reading, and has added to the carefully edited text and excellent translation a full bibliography and a list of new words of considerable lexicographical value. The introduction is in the form of a thorough historical critique of the place of the "Vāsavadattā" in Sanskrit literature. Minor slips are hard to discover. On page 80, the husband of Ahalyā should be Gautama, not Brihaspati.

Nelson in England: A Domestic Chronicle. By E. Hallam Moorhouse. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50 net.

In Lord Nelson's fascinating personality one may discern two quite distinct beings. There is the Man of Destiny on whom Genius laid her awful hand, the hero of the battles of Copenhagen, Aboukir, and Trafalgar, the patriot ready to sacrifice his life for his country; and, on the other hand, there is the frail sensitive son of a good and gentle father, ever fond of quiet English country life either at the Burnham Thorpe Rectory, where he grew up as a boy, or at Merton, where he lived his last blissful days with Lady Hamilton.

It is with the second of these beings —with the domestic side of Nelson's life and character—that Mr. Moorhouse's charming volume deals. He pictures the happy, wholesome atmosphere of the Norfolk village in which Nelson spent his childhood. Anecdotes of hunting birds' eggs and of school show that the slim, delicate youth even in his early years was possessed of an indomitable will and an entire absence of bodily fear. He went to sea at an unusually early age, and in the West Indies in 1787 married Fanny Nisbet, a young widow of eighteen. She was an estimable girl, who might have adorned one of Jane Austen's pages, but, as Mr. Moorhouse rightly observes, this marriage was a misfortune for both Nelson and his wife. Though Nelson loved her and for several years believed himself happy with her, she was lacking in the ardent kind of responsiveness and in the capacity for caressing affection; yet these were the qualities in a beautiful woman, as events turned out, which could stir Nelson's deepest feelings and cause him to stray strangely far from the path of propriety in which he had been trained by his father. In the descriptions of the enthusiastic crowds which always hailed Nelson, and in the account of his magnificent funeral the author makes one realize what an idol Nelson was to the whole of the English nation. He has been very successful in picking out from the mass of Nelson letters those passages which allude to Nelson's old family home, to his unfortunate marriage, to Lady Hamilton, and to all the little objects of joy or sorrow which made up the background of the daily life of the Admiral. He has added to the charm of his descriptions by reproducing several portraits and other illustrations.

Of deep human interest is the story of Nelson's passion for Lady Hamilton, and Mr. Moorhouse has told the story extremely simply and well. Soon after Nelson met Sir William and Lady Hamilton in Sicily, his letters to his own wife in England became infrequent and cold. She naturally became disturbed at this and at the rumors of Nelson's new attachment, and she proposed to come out to Sicily and join him. But he decisively forbade her to do so. When at last, after years of absence, and after winning immortal glory at the Battle of the Nile, he finally set out on his triumphal overland progress homeward, he was accompanied by the Hamiltons, to the scandal of many people who saw them on the Continent. As he landed at Yarmouth in the midst of huzzaing English patriots, Lady Hamilton walked down the little wooden jetty with her hand on his arm. Everywhere she shared in the applause as if she had been his own wife, instead of being old Sir William's. Curiously enough, there were but few in England to criticise his extraordinary conduct; people thought only of their idol's naval victories, not of his moral shortcomings. Shortly afterwards, Nelson separated from his wife, and lived unblushingly with the Hamiltons. Three years later he wrote naïvely in his diary: "Our dear Sir William died at ten minutes past ten this morning in Lady Hamil-

ton's and my arms without a sigh or a struggle." One may sympathize with Lady Nelson in the cruel suffering which she endured from such a husband, and yet Mr. Moorhouse makes one feel glad, in spite of morality, that Nelson's affectionate nature found the satisfaction which his own wife's temperament denied him, in his love for his "divine Emma" and for their daughter, Horatia.

Notes

Announcements of Longmans, Green & Co. include: "Lord Lyons, a Record of British Diplomacy," in two vols., by Lord Newton; "A History of England, from the Defeat of the Armada to the Death of Elizabeth," by Prof. Edward P. Cheyney, and "Royal Spain of To-day," by Tryphosa Bates Batcheller.

Houghton Mifflin Company publishes on Saturday the following titles: "Letters of Charles Eliot Norton"; "The Confessions of a Débutante," anonymous; "Valentine," a novel by Grant Richards; "The Railroad Book," a companion volume to "The Farm Book" and "The Seashore Book," by E. Boyd Smith; "Ballads of the Be-Ba-Boes," by D. K. Stevens; "Story-Telling Poems," edited by Frances Jenkins Olcott; "The Religious Revolution of To-day," by James T. Shotwell; a Life of Paul Bourget, by the Abbé Ernest Dimnet, and a new edition of the writings of Nathaniel Hawthorne.

In the preface to "Samphire," a volume of essays soon to be brought out by Dutton, the author, Lady Sybil Grant, regrets that her work will necessarily be compared with that of her able father, Lord Rosebery.

Scribners are about to publish "The Life of Francis Thompson," by Everard Meynell, son of Alice Meynell, one of the poet's closest friends, and Edith Wharton's novel, "The Custom of the Country."

Little, Brown & Co. have in preparation: "Across Unknown South America," in two volumes, by A. Henry Savage-Landor; "The Eye of Dread," a new novel by Payne Erskine, and "The Old Franciscan Missions of California," by George Wharton James.

The following titles are promised this week by Putnams: "Wanderfoot," by Cynthia Stockley; "North and South: Notes on the Natural History of a Summer Camp and Winter Home," by Stanton D. Kirkham; "Happy Women," by Myrtle Reed, and "Memoirs of a Prima Donna," by Clara Louise Kellogg.

A book by the late Andrew Lang and his brother, Mr. John Lang, dealing with "The Border," is soon to be added by Macmillans to the Highways and Byways series.

The autumn list of publications of the University of Chicago Press includes: "Chicago and the Old Northwest," by Milo M. Quaife; "London in English Literature," by Percy H. Boynton; "Social Programmes in the West," by Charles Richmond Henderson; "Christian Faith for Men of To-day," by Ezra Albert Cook; "The Elements of Debating, a Manual for Use in High Schools and Academies," by Leverett S. Lyon; "Materials for the Story of Elementary Economics," by members of the department of political economy in the University of Chicago; "Assyrian and Babylonian Letters Belonging to the Kouyunjik Collection of the British Museum, Parts xii and xiii," edited by Robert F. Harper; "The Legal Terms Common to the Macedonian Inscriptions and the New Testament," by William D. Ferguson; "Syntax of the Participle in the Apostolic Fathers," by Henry B. Robison; "Christology of the Epistle to the Hebrews," by Harris Lachlan MacNeill, and "A Manual for Writers," by John M. Manly.

Alfred Noyes's "Collected Poems" are in preparation by Stokes and may be expected shortly.

Ex-President Taft is preparing for the Yale University Press "Popular Government, its Essence, its Permanence, and its Perils."

The same press announces a "Life of Dr. Theodore Thornton Munger, New England Minister," by Dr. Benjamin Wisner Bacon, D.D.

The Putnams, as the American representatives of the Cambridge University Press, announce the publication of the following volumes: "An Atlas of Commercial Geography," compiled by Fawcett Allen, with an Introduction by D. A. Jones; "The History of the Islands of the Lerins," an Account of the Monastery, Saints, and Theologians of S. Honorat, by the Rev. A. C. Cooper-Marsdin, D.D.; "The Early History of the Liturgy," by the Rev. J. H. Srawley, D.D.; "Exercises and Problems in English History, 1485-1820," compiled, chiefly from original sources, by W. J. R. Gibbs; "Thoughts on the Cause of the Present Discontents," by Edmund Burke, edited by W. Murison; "The Physician in English History" (Linacre Lecture, 1913, St. John's College, Cambridge), by Norman Moore, M.D., and "Great Britain and Ireland (1485-1910)" by John E. Morris.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company wishes to correct an error made in announcements of the biographical edition of the works of James Whitcomb Riley. This edition includes 220 poems which have never before appeared in book form, and many of which are here printed for the first time, as well as several heretofore unpublished prose sketches—these in addition to all of the author's works which have previously been published.

New volumes in Macmillan's Fiction Library are F. Marion Crawford's "The Heart of Rome"; Jack London's "Adventure"; Zona Gale's "The Loves of Pelleas and Etarre," and Hamilton Drummond's "The Justice of the King." All of these except Zona Gale's volume are full-length novels. Hers is made up of the delicately sentimental stories of the aged Pelleas and his aged wife which appeared originally in various magazines. Read rapidly one after another, these tales may pall a little upon their too greedy peruser individually, most persons will find them rarely entertaining. On Mr. Crawford's and Mr. London's stories, comment is unnecessary. Those who have not read "The Justice of the King" have a complicated plot awaiting their attention; it is woven of the political animosities of the time of Louis XI, and has to do especially with the relations of that monarch and the youthful Dauphin. Four new volumes have just been published in Macmillan's Juvenile Library also. One of these, E. V. Lucas's "The Slowcoach," relates the adventures of a party of English children in going about a portion of England in a "caravan," or what our own boys and girls would call a gypsy wagon. The other stories are American. They are Joseph A. Altscheler's "The Horsemen of the Plains," which is sufficiently described by its subtitle, "A Story of the Great Cheyenne War"; Mabel Osgood Wright's Yankee tale, "Aunt Jimmy's Will," and Charles Major's "Uncle Tom Andy Bill," a narrative, as he confesses, of those fascinating topics, bears and Indian treasure. New additions to the Macmillan Standard Library are Edward T. Devine's authoritative book on "Misery and Its Causes"; Franklin Pierce's "The Tariff and the Trusts," and the collection of chapters on various phases of religion, to which George Hodges gives the general title of "Everyman's Religion." The volumes in all of these series are sold at fifty cents each.

Madame d'Aulnoy's fairy tales and picturesque memoirs of the court of Spain are famous, but her "Memoirs of the Court of England, 1675," have been far less read—and deservedly, for their interest is rather tenuous. Nevertheless, we can welcome a sprightly modern translation made by Mrs. W. H. Arthur and now published, with illustrations, by John Lane. Of direct historical value these "Memoirs" are almost destitute, except in so far as they reproduce the general tone and manners of Whitehall under the second Charles. For that reason, though we may applaud the diligence of Mr. G. D. Gilbert in running down the identity of the four anonymous ladies who figure in the story, we cannot feel that the knowledge gained is of any particular importance. If read as an historical romance the book is fairly entertaining, though it lacks the *sel* that gives flavor to Grammont's kindred (and somewhat later) chronicle of scandals. Madame d'Aulnoy had a glimpse of the actual court of England and was clever enough to understand what was going on. There may even be a basis in fact for some of the intrigues she narrates, but it is perfectly plain that the tangles of adventures in which she ensnares her dukes and duchesses and ladies in waiting is chiefly of her own contriving. As for the conversations behind closed doors, she might excuse herself for inventing these by the example of classic historians, but more probably she was not pretending to be more than a writer of romance. As an appendix Mr. Gilbert has added the story of Lucy Walter, mother of the Duke of Monmouth, in which he brings together in good order all the available information in regard to that shadowy and debatable character.

Theodore Roosevelt's "History as Literature, and Other Essays" (Scribner) brings together his address as president of the American Historical Association in 1912, the title essay; his Oxford address on "Biological Analogies in History"; his addresses at the University of Berlin and the Sorbonne on "The World Movement" and "Citizenship in a Republic," together with a number of essays originally written for

the *Outlook* and the *Century*. The Oxford, Berlin, and Paris addresses have already been published in a volume entitled "African and European Addresses," and the object of reproducing them here is not apparent. As the longer papers have already been commented upon from time to time in these columns, they need no further evaluation now. The volume as a whole is another illustration of the range and versatility of Mr. Roosevelt's intellectual interests, and the several addresses and papers compare favorably with the non-political writings of most of our public men. That the knowledge which they exhibit is wide rather than deep, the expressions of opinion suggestive rather than convincing, and the criticism of accepted standards often airy and superficial, is, of course, entirely characteristic.

An unusually harsh note in regard to England is struck by F. Garcia Calderon in the opening chapter of his "Latin America" (Scribner). For him Spain is represented by Ariel, while Caliban, "half man, half devil, with his elemental knowledge of nature and his dual cunning and his stunted faculties," has given England a vast empire. Few writers are more ardently Latin in their tendencies. "Wilful and mystical, the Spanish temperament is active, and expresses itself externally in conflict; it manifests itself in comedy and tragedy. . . . The struggle is not only for independence, but for fame, to preserve the integrity of honor in the general eye." There is true analysis here, although distorted by racial pride. In these days when so many Spanish-Americans are more proud of the history of the Aztecs and Incas than of Spain, it is pleasant to find one who acknowledges the important debt his continent owes to the mother-country. But Mr. Calderon is more than a Peruvian diplomat. He is a thoroughly Frenchified Latin-American. By a series of explosive paragraphs he almost succeeds in keeping the reader from discerning the actual state of the racial conflict which he endeavors to describe. A passionate student of political philosophy, disregardful of geography and economics, he fails to realize the full significance of many underlying causes. Take, for example, the well-known expulsion of Jews and Moors from Spain. To our author this is merely an evidence of the Spaniard's adherence to rigid ideals of religious and political intolerance. There is no appreciation of any underlying economic cause. In fact, he would probably deny that there was any. To him the ideal hero is Don Quixote—"incomparable in theoretic and ideal statesmanship," as Lowell said. All these characteristics make his book decidedly interesting as a human document and peculiarly significant as giving a picture of Latin America from the point of view of an intensely loyal Latin. His chapter on the North American Peril ought to be read by every one. It begins: "To save themselves from Yankee imperialism the American democracies would almost accept a German alliance, or the aid of Japanese arms; everywhere the Americans of the North are feared. In the Antilles and in Central America hostility against the Anglo-Saxon invaders assumes the character of a Latin crusade."

Last winter was published anonymously a clever book of letters of travel called "European Years." Now in "More Letters by an Idle Man" (Houghton Mifflin) the veil is lifted, and we learn that the writer is Hermann Jackson Warner. The letters are addressed from Nassau to Tokio with a preponderance of European postmarks. Faithfully and long the author has pursued the quest of reasonable economy combined with superlative climate, developing the while a shrewd and tartly humorous vein of observation. For bad political prophecy he has a sort of genius. The Bulgarian-Servian war suggests an impending Armageddon; Garfield's assassination, the utter hopelessness of attaining a reformed civil service. But the apology is forthcoming, "Dyspeptic folk with a pessimistic turn are always singularly youthful, and generally live to a great age, but the thing that keeps people alive longest, as a rule, is cussedness." It is such whimsical perception of his own foible that may endear the Idle Man to a certain class of readers. Such an outburst as the following is characteristic: "I am told to read 'Marcella,' Mrs. Humphry Ward's last; socialistic and that kind of thing. I should be glad if I never heard again the word socialism. I never knew till lately to what extent I am conservative and fogy, but this riot of new and impossible theories for reorganizing mankind upsets me altogether; I am thrown off my feet; the old world totters and a new world in which I am to earn my daily bread by street sweeping, looms on an horizon red with blood of fogies." Your reviewer has found the crusty flavor of these letters agreeable, and could have got along with a smaller supply.

As a readable analysis, Arthur Ransome's "Oscar Wilde" (Mitchell Kennerley) possesses merit beyond its modest size and price, for the contents are well proportioned between descriptive characterization and criticism of Wilde's work. The biography of Wilde is touched upon only as a chronological background, and in brief interpretation of his doctrine of life as "an artistic creation"—the æsthetic expression, ideally, of an intense personality. The main criticism to which Mr. Ransome exposes himself is that his emphasis is too greatly and too superficially upon style. His chief delight, as of course his easiest task, is expounding the language of the poetry and tales, in the rich tapestries of which he sees the author's real contribution to literature—"a feeling for decorative effect." His catalogues of golden phrases would be quite justifiable, did he not avoid the real problems of Wilde's style in declining any attempt to link his decorative tendencies critically to the theories of "Intentions" and other essays, or historically to impulses gained from the French and the Pre-Raphaelites. There follows also from this emphasis upon expression a failure to give homogeneity to the various departments of Wilde's work—novels, poems, essays, dramas—so unlike in outward color and mood, so like in inner essence. The natural contradictions in the author are emphasized, and an insuperable barrier seems raised between, for example, the rich playfulness of "The Happy Prince" and the amazing intellectual dexterity of the comedies. And when Mr. Ransome comes to the portion of Wilde's work where sense is everything and style nothing—the "De Profundis" and other productions of 1897 to 1901—he fails perceptibly. But in all, Wilde's content and critical thought are by no means wholly neglected; and Mr. Ransome's treatment of his style, as a literary force, is just, and his appraisal of his literary station unexaggerated.

Reminiscence, somewhat disconnected but possessing considerable historical value in its presentation of the development of organized library activities, is offered by Samuel Sweet Green, veteran librarian of Worcester, Mass., in "The Public Library Movement in the United States, 1853-1893," published by the Boston Book Company, as No. 8 of their Useful Reference series. Mr. Green looks back upon a long span of active years, for he became a trustee of the Worcester Public Library in 1867, and its librarian in 1871, retiring as librarian emeritus in 1909, and his life has been closely associated with the American Library Association, the Massachusetts Free Public Library Commission, and other related library activities. His chronicle, of some 300 pages, opens with a brief account of the Librarians' Convention of 1853, in New York, the first effort towards the organization finally effected in 1876. From this later year, when the American Library Association held its initial meeting at the Philadelphia Centennial, he gives a fairly continuous chronological record, to and including the library activities at the Chicago World's Fair in 1893. These seventeen years were the formative period of the American public library, blazing the way for the far-reaching development of the twenty years since, in their formulation of principles and methods and their propaganda for State and local associations of librarians and for specialized library training. Those who know the public library systems of the present day will find here many interesting sidelights upon their progress, such as the first daring experiments in opening library reading rooms on Sunday; the gradual replacement of printed catalogues by the printed catalogue card and the special reference list; the extension of library facilities to children; the admission of readers to the bookshelves, and the steady increase in printed aids and guides in book selection; and the gradual preponderance of women in a field whose workers in the beginning were almost all men. Mr. Green gives many personalia, often trivial, and dwells upon many minor details of the jaunts and sightseeing connected with the annual meetings of the American Library Association. But though his record is informal, lacking in cohesion and in literary expression, it has the engaging qualities of sincere devotion to a calling and of friendly admiration for fellow-workers of every degree.

The "Barrington-Bernard Correspondence," edited by Edward Channing and Archibald Cary Coolidge (Harvard University Press), which makes the seventeenth volume of the Harvard Historical Studies, consists mainly of unofficial letters between Gov. Bernard and Lord Barrington during the period from 1760 to 1770. The letters have been selected from the eight volumes of Bernard Letter-Books which were purchased by Jared Sparks and are now in the library of Harvard University. Besides the letters, the volume contains some documents of an illustrative character, the most important of which is a somewhat

detailed account of the conditions in Massachusetts in 1774. From much of the correspondence, one might conclude that few things interested Bernard more than to obtain an easy berth with a good salary. In some of the letters, nevertheless, he gives clear expression to his ideas on the political situation. Like most of the colonial Governors, Bernard deplored the half-hearted methods of the English Government in dealing with the colonial opposition. There is a strong desire, writes Barrington, "that no disputes should arise *between Governors and their Assemblies*." The gist of the policy of the Government in the eighteenth century is contained in this phrase. Very strict formal instructions were issued to the Governors; but those Governors who tried to carry them out to the letter invariably got into trouble with their Assemblies; and those who got into trouble with their Assemblies were generally recalled. But after 1763 such a policy was no longer possible. It was not a question, as Bernard says, "whether there shall be a stamp act or not, but whether America shall or shall not be subject to Great Britain." "In Britain the American Governments are considered as corporations empowered to make by-laws; in America they claim to be perfect States, not otherwise dependent upon Great Britain than by having the same King." Bernard was one of those who saw that either the colonies must be allowed to go their own way, which would be easy, or that there must be a thoroughgoing change in the form of colonial government, which would be difficult, but, according to Bernard, not impracticable.

The first part of Mr. A. J. B. Wavell's "A Modern Pilgrim in Mecca: and a Siege in Sanaa" (Small, Maynard) deals with the author's experiences and vicissitudes in his trip to Mecca. It is entirely a personal narrative, and interesting as such. He went to Medina by train from Damascus, considerably ahead of pilgrimage time. There he found fighting with the neighboring Arab tribes in progress and the city almost in a state of siege. Consequently, instead of going on by land, he proceeded by sea to Yembu, on the Red Sea, and thence by boat to Jiddah, from which place he went to Mecca in true pilgrim fashion. Indeed, from Damascus onward, he was a part of the pilgrimage, performing all the religious rites and ceremonies. Except that Mr. Wavell was in constant apprehension of discovery, especially through pilgrims from Mombasa, where he had spent some time and become well known, his life was in no regard different from that of an ordinary, well-to-do Moslem pilgrim. He saw the bad and the good about him, and the simple narrative of the ceremonies, with notices of certain individuals with whom he was thrown, constitutes a very vivid and instructive story. The second part of his journey is interesting only because here, too, he went where he was not expected to go and caused much trouble, both to the Turkish authorities and to his own Government. Contriving to elude Turkish vigilance at Hodeidah, the port of the Yemen, he succeeded in reaching Sanaa, the principal town of the interior, which, almost immediately after his arrival, was besieged by the Imam, the subject prince of Yemen, who was then in revolt against the Turkish overlord. He intended to make explorations in that extremely interesting region, which has been very imperfectly explored. In this he failed altogether. While purporting to relate his experiences during the siege, his attempt, after its conclusion, to escape further into the interior for purposes of exploration, his ignominious capture, imprisonment, and return to Hodeidah, this part of the book was too evidently written to satisfy a grudge against the English Government for its failure to take his part, make the Turks let him go where he would, and insist upon redress for his arrest and deportation.

Of Dr. J. G. Frazer's Gifford Lectures on "The Belief in Immortality and the Worship of the Dead," the first volume is now published (Macmillan), dealing with "The Belief among the Aborigines of Australia, the Torres Straits Islands, New Guinea, and Melanesia." It displays the wealth of detail and the easy flow of narration with which we are familiar in the author's preceding works. At the outset he carefully defines the limits of his inquiry. He declines to express any opinion for or against a belief in immortality. He will confine himself strictly to reporting the views of the lower tribes, and of these he now takes only those of which he has made particular study. Hereafter, he says, he may extend his investigation to include other communities, uncivilized and civilized. For the present his purpose is to avoid, as far as possible, all comparisons and generalizations—he cannot, however, avoid bringing out the fact that in the regions under consideration religious organization has gone hand in hand with economic and political progress. But in general it is enough for him to show that such and such a tribe had just such and such ideas and ceremonies.

Dr. Frazer's plan leads him to give in minute detail the opinions held in the western Pacific concerning the nature and future of the soul and the nature and activities of ghosts. These last are the principal agents in the religious experience of the Pacific savages. There are also spirits, superhuman beings that have never been connected with human bodies; but ghosts have the principal rôle. As the conduct of life is largely determined in these tribes by the conceptions of souls and ghosts, Frazer's descriptions amount almost to a sketch of the civilization of the area in question. However, alongside of the ghost cult proper there is abundant employment of magic, and sorcerers are powerful. Frazer observes that in persons and things efficient in magical processes there appears, according to the native idea, to be inherent a sort of supernatural force—that which is now commonly called *mana*. That is, magic is essentially dependence on a supernatural power for the guidance of life. If this be so, it is unnecessary to draw a sharp line of distinction between magic and religion (as Frazer elsewhere does)—rather, the two represent two stages of growth in the resort to the superhuman. True, the *mana* in magic is controlled by the magician; but there seems to be no radical difference between such control and the procedure of the savage who takes and discards his fetish spirit at will or that of the half-civilized man who binds his god to keep him at home or reviles or beats him if he does not respond favorably to requests. Our knowledge of the genesis of savage gods is far from being complete. Frazer mentions cases in which a ghost, as it seems, grows to be a true god; but great caution must be exercised in the treatment of such cases. This collection of data, based on observations as trustworthy as such observations can ever be, will long continue to furnish material to students of early sociology. The volume suggests various problems. Thus, the psychological unity of the western Pacific region is obvious—what is its origin? Dr. Frazer, in accordance with his plan, ignores such questions; but they will, doubtless, occur to many readers.

Stephen Jenkins, whose death is reported from Lakewood, N. J., at the age of fifty-six, had graduated from the Naval Academy and served in the Spanish-American war. He was the author of "A Princess and Another" and "The Greatest Street in the World."

Charles Francis Richardson, professor emeritus of Anglo-Saxon and English language and literature at Dartmouth College, died last week at Lisbon, N. H., aged sixty-two years. He had been a member of the Dartmouth faculty for thirty-one years. From 1872 to 1878 he was on the staff of the New York *Independent*. Among his writings are "The Cross" (poems), "The Choice of Books," "American Literature, 1607-1895," in two volumes, "The End of the Beginning" (a romance), "A Study of English Rhyme," and as editor, "Poe's Complete Works."

The Rev. Dr. Jacob Isidor Mombert died last week at his home in Paterson, N. J., in his eighty-fourth year. Dr. Mombert was born in Cassel, Germany, and received his education in German theological institutions. In 1866 the University of Pennsylvania conferred on him the degree of D.D. In 1877 he became rector of Christ Church, Jersey City, but two years later accepted a call to St. John's Church, Passaic, one of the largest Episcopal churches in the East. He remained as its rector until 1882, when he retired. He was one of the contributing editors to the *Churchman*. Among his works are translations of "Thoriuck's Psalms" and "The Catholic Epistles," besides a "Short History of the Crusades."

Robinson Ellis, corpus professor of Latin literature at Oxford since 1893, is dead in London. He was born at Barming, Kent, in 1834; was educated at Elizabeth College, Guernsey, Rugby, and Balliol College, Oxford, and was fellow of Trinity, Oxford, in 1858. He became professor of Latin, University College, London, in 1870, and was Latin reader at Oxford from 1883 to 1893. He is best known as an authority on Catullus. Besides his edition of that poet's works, his publications include many volumes, articles, and lectures on classical subjects. He was a frequent contributor to the *American Journal of Philology*.

Cardinal Gregorio Maria Aguirre y Garcia, Primate of Spain, died in Madrid on the 9th inst. He was born in Pola de Gordon, Diocese of Oviedo, in 1835, and was created Cardinal in 1907. He was Archbishop of Toledo and Patriarch of the West Indies. Cardinal Aguirre took an active part in the contest over the bill governing

religious organizations in Spain, which he denounced as a violation of the agreement between Spain and the Vatican.

Science

FIRST HALF-CENTURY OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

A History of the First Half-Century of the National Academy of Sciences. Washington, D. C.

The official records of the Academy do not contain an account of the first meeting, held in New York city, April 22, 1863; even the names of the thirty-one or two original members then present have to be taken from a partly incorrect list in a newspaper of the day following. Regarding so important a matter as the selection of the fifty incorporators, there is only a personal letter of Commodore (afterwards Admiral) C. H. Davis, dated February 20, 1863, in which it is stated: "The Academy [that is, the bill for its incorporation] is to be introduced into Congress by Mr. Wilson. The whole plan of it was arranged last night between Mr. Wilson, Agassiz, Bache, and Ben"; namely, by Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, Profs. Louis Agassiz and Benjamin Pierce of Harvard, Superintendent Bache of the Coast Survey, and presumably also the letter-writer, Commodore Davis, of the navy. It is therefore to be inferred that the four self-appointed scientists thus informally assembled in Washington took the matter into their own hands and selected forty-six additional names to make up a list of the fifty leading scientific investigators of that time. The list "caused some dissatisfaction when published," but it may be doubted whether any other method would have led to a better selection, or have obtained more general approval.

The Academy was incorporated by act of Congress on March 3, 1863. In celebration of its first half-century of existence it now issues, under the direction of a committee of which Dr. Arnold Hague, recording secretary of the Academy for some years past, was chairman, a handsome volume of 400 pages, prepared by Mr. F. W. True, assistant secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, whose careful work shows him to have been well chosen as author and editor. The book contains four chapters: The Founding of the Academy, The Annals of the Academy, Biographical Sketches of the Incorporators, and The Academy as Scientific Adviser to the Government, followed by several statistical appendices and an index. Seven of the twelve plates are portraits of the past presidents, Bache, Henry, Rogers, Marsh, Gibbs, Agassiz, and Remsen.

The object of the Academy, in the minds of some of its most active and influential founders, was to "afford recognition to those men of science who have done original work of real importance," and to "aid the Government in the solution of technical scientific problems having a practical bearing on the conduct of public business"; but the Act of Incorporation mentions, properly enough, only the second object, regarding which more is said below. "Recognition" has happily never reached the self-conscious stage at which members habitually add the initials "M.N.A." to their names, following the "F.R.S." fashion that obtains in Great Britain; still less do they announce their membership on their visiting cards, as is the approved style for Academicians in France; and they are not yet subject to the discomfort of wearing a sort of uniform at official functions, such as is expected of certain Academicians in Germany. It is indeed possible that with us academic membership has not always been taken seriously enough. One of the proposed incorporators refused his opportunity. Regarding another, a personal letter written at the time says: "He is quite mortified at himself, that he can be so tickled with a straw." At a later period a supposedly prevalent opinion about the Academy was tersely phrased in the saying: "It's nothing to belong, but it's hell not to," with the exaggeration characteristic of terse sayings in both clauses. It may, however, be believed that some pleasure is caused by the congratulatory telegrams often sent by old members as announcement of election to new ones. The pleasure is, moreover, usually heightened by association with surprise; for to the credit of American manners be it said that nominations and elections to the Academy are conducted not only with the most careful and jealous scrutiny, but with honest secrecy, and are thus in striking contrast with certain European election methods, where a candidate for academic honors has to nominate himself, makes a round of formal calls on the electors, and personally vaunt his claims. It was lately said of a candidate for election to a famous foreign academy: "After the election he will take a vacation in the country." "Why?" asked an innocent hearer. "Because the work of candidacy is so fatiguing." Self-announced candidacy with us would insure rejection.

The second chapter of the semi-centennial volume narrates the chief events of the peripatetic autumn meetings held in various cities, often in connection with some university, and of the annual meetings held in Washington, and thus gives a good indication of the subjects which have attracted the most attention from the assembled members. The meetings are evidently serious affairs, but they are quiet and inconspicuous, seldom attracting the attention of many non-members, and never reaching an appearance of national importance. Even the Chief Executive of the Government which created the Academy, when called upon at the Washington meeting following his inauguration, has not always seemed to be aware of the opinion that his callers have of themselves. On one such occasion the Academicians were hustled with scant courtesy through the White House corridors between two political delegations of distinctly non-academic complexion, which, as the more dignified members thought, were pressed too closely upon the real meat of this sandwich. On the other hand, there was compensation for such remissness in the hearty attention of another President, who not only allotted the better part of an afternoon to a personal reception of the Academy, but himself presented a number of medals and awards to the recipients selected by the Academy, opening his remarks with cordial assurance of welcome to the company gathered around him, and finally, as if contrasting politics and science, as he handed a valuable award to a noted physicist, closing with the phrase: "I envy you the practice of a profession at once calculable and exact."

One reason for the relatively small importance of the meetings of the Academy is that the great size of the United States is a serious discouragement to attendance on the part of distant members. Another reason is that too many of the most valued and active members are so hard oppressed with home work and so little impressed with the meetings they have attended that they do not include regular attendance among their personal duties. Although the original limitation to fifty members was withdrawn by Congressional amendment in 1870, so that the roll now carries more than one hundred names, the number of members at a meeting is commonly from twenty to forty; and even this moderate representation is fully gathered only in the business sessions and at the festive dinner, especially at the business session for the election of new members.

The publications of the Academy are of so limited a nature as to be a disappointment to many of its members. Brief summaries in the form of annual reports are, to be sure, complete from the beginning. Seven volumes of biographical memoirs constitute a valuable record, but, unhappily, the notices of some members long deceased are still lacking. Three small Annuals appeared in early years (1865-1867), but although the by-law providing for their publication remained in apparent force until thirty years later, no other numbers were printed. One volume of Proceedings, published in three parts (1877, 1886, 1896), has no successors. Eleven volumes of Memoirs have been irregularly issued, periods varying from one to eighteen years elapsing between the

successive dates of imprint; but as these volumes contain only sixty-eight of the more than two thousand papers presented at the half-century of meetings, it is evident that the members of the Academy usually prefer some other medium than its own publications in which to print their essays. If it be desired to give the National Academy a greater importance than it has yet reached in the opinion of the scientific public, nothing would contribute more to this end than the publication of at least the greater part of the work of the members in its own proceedings; but to accomplish this there ought to be a salaried secretary, who should give his whole time to the Academy's affairs.

One of the most important offices of the Academy is the administration of bequests and trust funds committed to its care for the furtherance or reward of scientific research. Their total now exceeds $200,000, and the work accomplished by their aid includes many notable scientific contributions by leading investigators. If, as is proposed in the semi-centennial volume, a list of the titles of all communications presented to the Academy should subsequently be published, it would be well to include at the same time a list of the grants from its trust funds and the place of publication of the results thus reached. Although the funds now in hand serve a large purpose, the chief lesson to be drawn from them is the surprising one that the most distinguished body of scientists in the country should have so seldom been selected by generous testators as the trustees for their scientific benefactions in a land as rich as the United States. This must mean that the existence of the Academy is very generally unknown.

The most characteristic feature of the National Academy, wherein it differs farthest from all our other scientific organizations, is its work as scientific adviser to the Government. The longest chapter of the semi-centennial volume is appropriately given to this subject. It there appears that during the past fifty years thirty-two reports have been requested by Congress or by governmental officials, and have been made by specially appointed committees of experts. Many of these reports are of high scientific value, but their number is disappointingly small. When, in knowledge of the enormous increase of the Government's scientific activity during the existence of the Academy, it is noted that the reports made in successive decades number 14, 2, 9, 4, and 3, the showing becomes more disappointing still. Indeed, in view of the treatment by Congress of the last two reports, the showing is decidedly discouraging. A report on scientific explorations of the Philippine Islands, requested by President Roosevelt in 1902, was made in 1903, but did not reach Congress until 1905; it was then referred to a committee and ordered to be printed, "but was not reported back." In 1908 a comprehensive report was asked for by Congress on "the methods and expenses of conducting scientific work under the Government"; the report was carefully prepared by five Academicians of eminent ability and high position, and submitted in 1909; but its recommendations, to put it gently, "have not yet been adopted by Congress."

The reason for the small and decreasing number of scientific problems submitted for academic report is not far to seek. The heads of various important scientific bureaus are not necessarily members of the National Academy; yet to them is given, under the Secretary of their Department, almost autocratic control of their bureau's work, with no obligation whatever to ask the opinion of a certain body of eminent investigators as to what should or should not be done. For example, the recommendations regarding Philippine surveys "appear to have failed to obtain support mainly on account of the opposition of the late Dr. Paul C. Freer, who thought that they would interfere with the scientific work in the Philippines which was under his jurisdiction as head of the Government laboratories in Manila." Whether Dr. Freer was wise in this opinion need not be discussed here; but he was certainly correct in it, for the report of the Academy's committee proposed the transference of directing authority from Manila to Washington, where it should be in the hands of a board of which Freer was not to be a member. In view of human nature in general, to say nothing of bureaucratic human nature in particular, it is as plain as need be that no requests for advice from the National Academy will come from the chiefs of bureaus who are not already members of the Academy, and who therefore cannot be members of the committee to which the requests would be referred. If a bureau chief made such a request, it would be tantamount to admitting that he did not know how to conduct the affairs of the bureau over which he had been placed, and that he had to ask help from persons who had not been selected to direct it. On the other hand, Congress is not likely to ask for reports unless things go wrong, as in the case of the competing geological surveys of various governmental departments in the '70's and '80's, which finally became so scandalous that the advice of the Academy was asked, and in most respects taken (see pp. 268-279).

Whether it is desirable that the influence of the Academy as the scientific adviser to the Government should be increased or not is, like the questions of increasing the publications and the trust funds, open to discussion; but assuming that the question is answered in the affirmative, it might be a wise step to give formal recognition to all the chiefs of the more important scientific bureaus by constituting them "associates" of the Academy, *ex-officio*. With such a relation established, it is eminently possible that a wise and powerful, and therefore self-respecting, bureau chief would ask for the appointment of a standing committee of the Academy, with which he might confer as occasion should arise in the conduct of his duties. Without some such formal recognition, it is questionable whether further continuation of the duty of reporting by the Academy, with the growing probability of having its reports pigeonholed, is desirable. The Act of Incorporation of the Academy provides that the actual expenses entailed in making reports shall be paid, but that the members of the Academy "shall receive no compensation whatever for any services to the Government of the United States." This provision seems, under existing conditions, likely to become more literally true than might have been expected when it was worded.

Drama

Lady Gregory is publishing, through Putnams, "Our Irish Theatre," which includes the history of Dublin Theatre from its inception.

In his lectures on "Ten More Plays of Shakespeare" (Holt) Stopford Brooke avoids the methods of most students of Elizabethan drama. He is not interested in Shakespeare's relation to his own era; of the great playwright's use of his sources, of the literary fashions of that day, and the theatrical requirements we hear next to nothing. The plays are regarded as masterpieces which can stand the criticism of any age. This is a refreshing attitude and in the main just, yet by strictly adhering to it, the author occasionally finds himself in an awkward position. Thus he is completely balked by the character of Iago and is finally reduced to calling him "a dirty dog." Nothing is said concerning the gentle pastime of refined villany which in the century succeeding Machiavelli played such a large part in literature and which as a convention justified itself or not according to the degree of its subtlety. His discussion of Julius Cæsar would also have been more illuminating if he had at least taken account of the traditional conceptions of the great Emperor which prevailed in Shakespeare's day. Nor is the following passage concerning Prince Hal's change of heart towards Falstaff after becoming King quite satisfactory:

> It seems hard that at his coronation he should publicly abandon Falstaff, and I wish the parting had been otherwise done. But Shakespeare's Henry was never soft-hearted; and it was amazingly insolent of Falstaff to meet the King before all his people at the solemnity of the coronation with "God save thy Grace, King Hal; God save thee, my sweet boy." No King could bear that impertinence.

Here again Mr. Brooke fails to reckon with the transformation of character, which, in the popular mind, was bound to result

from the mere process of being anointed King. Absoluto consistency between the prince and the prince become king was not expected. A further serious difficulty results from this method of approach. Mr. Brooke, disregarding the fact that tragedies of blood and revenge were in great demand, reads into Shakespeare's choice of such brutal material as that which went into the making of "Othello" a disbelief in a beneficent Providence.

In the main, the book comprises a series of pleasant, analytical appreciations which the average student may read with profit; at times the language rises to reverential eloquence. An occasional futility and even insularity the reader will be inclined to overlook. It is amusing, for instance, that Mr. Brooke should bother to inquire whether Beatrice and Benedick were "in love before the play opens" and to conclude that "they were only interested in one another"; or that he should be so concerned over Beatrice's outburst against Claudio: "O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place." On which Mr. Brooke remarks, "Of course, she would not have done it. It may be spoken, not accomplished." The following plays are treated: "Much Ado About Nothing," "Twelfth Night," "Julius Cæsar," "Hamlet," "Measure for Measure," "Othello," "King Lear," "King John," both parts of "Henry IV," and "Henry V."

The third impersonation offered by Forbes-Robertson in the course of his present engagement at the Shubert Theatre was Dick Heldar in a revival of George Fleming's adaptation of "The Light That Failed." His impersonation, greatly admired in this city some years ago, has ripened since then, and is now a finished bit of artistry. It is by no means—perhaps was never intended to be—a materialization of Kipling's ideal. Compared with that it might be found lacking in animal vigor and the recklessness of a red-blooded Bohemianism. But if more subdued in coloring, it is suggestive of mental and moral fibres superior to those of the original. The character, if it loses somewhat in respect of picturesque realism, gains more from the refinement and intellectuality which are inseparable from this actor's methods. All the finer traits—the capacity for devotion, the zeal for artistic truth, sturdy independence, and cheerful self-sacrificing courage in affliction—are brought into strong relief. Especially impressive, as examples of thoughtful and highly artistic acting, are the scenes in the studio, where, in a condition of semi-delirious exaltation, induced by mental strain and drink, Heldar puts the final touches to his Melancholia, and soon afterwards is stricken blind. Robertson's portrayal of the physical terror caused by the sudden darkness and of the struggle of a proud and brave man to rally against impending moral collapse is very moving and real. He acts with admirable intuition also in the closing episode of the reconcillation with the repentant Maisie, but no skill can rob this incident of its hopeless conventionality and feebleness. The logical ending of such a story must be more or less tragic. It is a pity that Mr. Kipling should ever have condescended, against his better judgment, to violate an artistic principle, in order to gratify, at any cost, the silly popular craving for "happy endings." He, at any rate, could have afforded to refuse his consent to a foolishness of which an adapter would be sure to take advantage.

Ethel Warwick will soon produce in London a new play which has been written for her by Robert Vansittart, author of "The Cap and Bells." The name of it is "People Like Ourselves," and it is described as a study of London life, social and political. Three of the principal characters belong to a family of parvenus. There is the father, a part to be played by Frederick Kerr, who also figures as "producer"; there is the mother, a character for Lottie Venne, and there is the son, represented by Kenneth Douglas, in whom the first two have centred their hopes of social advancement. Everything that money can accomplish has been done to make him a finished gentleman. He has been educated at Eton, he is now an officer in a crack regiment, yet, to the horror of his parents, he falls in love with, and becomes engaged to, an actress, the character specially designed for Miss Warwick. In the end, of course, the heroine proves to be the good genius of the story and the saviour of the family.

Ethel Irving, the prominent English actress, who recently failed to please in "Years of Discretion," is now making preparations for a revival of "La Tosca" upon a most elaborate scale.

Hugh Robinson and Kenelm Foss are possessors of the manuscript of a three-act comedy by G. K. Chesterton. This they have carried to Miss Gertrude Kingston, and, by arrangement with her, the piece is to be produced at the Little Theatre, in London, about the middle of next month. The author describes his work as a fantastic comedy.

"The Woodlanders," the new Wessex play adapted from Thomas Hardy's story by A. Evans, with the author's consent, will be produced at Dorchester Corn Exchange, in England, on November 19 and 20, with a matinée the second day. This is the sixth play of the series acted by the Dorchester players. One, "The Three Wayfarers," was written for them by Mr. Hardy himself. Mr. Harry Tilly is coach and stage manager. A performance will also be given at the Cripplegate Institute, London, on December 8.

Music

THE VERDI CENTENARY.

When the death of Verdi was announced, in 1901, Eduard Grieg wrote an article in *Verdens Gang* in which he said: "In Verdi the last of the great ones has departed. If artistic greatness could properly be compared, I would say that Verdi is greater than Bellini, Rossini, and Donizetti. Yes, I would say that he, by the side of Wagner, was the greatest dramatist of the century."

This judgment of Verdi is much more widely prevalent in the musical world than it was at the time when the great Norwegian composer expressed it. It is also now generally conceded that Verdi's "Aïda" is the greatest of all Italian operas. Yet time was when at least one New York musical critic had to chide the public annually for neglecting this masterwork. It did not become a favorite in New York until Lillian Nordica and Emma Eames impersonated the title part at the Metropolitan Opera House. At the present time we usually hear Johanna Gadski or Emmy Destinn in that rôle, with Caruso as Radames; but that the music itself now hath charms to entice the public even in the absence of such costly singers was shown a few weeks ago by the pecuniary success of the nine performances at the Century Opera House.

Rossini, if we may judge by his "William Tell," which marks so large an advance over his earlier works, might have written as great a work as "Aïda" had he not voluntarily arrested his development, passing the last thirty-eight of his seventy-six years in idleness. It can hardly be said that Verdi was a model of industry; but he continued to compose intermittently till eight years before his death at the ripe age of eighty-eight; and it was during the last thirty-eight years of his life that he wrote his best operas, half-a-dozen of which have survived to proclaim his glory a hundred years after his birth, which occurred on October 10, 1813, five months after the birth of Richard Wagner.

It is an interesting coincidence that the greatest dramatic composers of Italy and Germany were born in the same year. Nor were their musical careers as unlike as is commonly believed. It is assumed that, whereas Wagner met with fierce opposition from beginning to end, Verdi always swam with the current. But this is a mistake. From the beginning, Verdi had occasional reverses, and when the first of his great operas, "Rigoletto," was produced, in 1851, one critic declared that it had "not the slightest chance of maintaining itself in the repertory." The London *Times* said that to enter into an analysis of the opera "would be a loss of time and space," while the *Athenæum* remarked that "the opening ball scene, . . . the abduction finale, the scene between Rigoletto and the courtiers, and the storm in the last act are alike miserable in their meagre patchiness and want of meaning." Like Wagner, too, Verdi was accused innumerable times of maltreating the human voice and of being unmelodious in his music. At the Leipzig Conservatory, wrote Grieg, "there was, in the fifties and sixties, nothing but a scornful smile and a haughty shrug for Verdi. The learned masters regarded his music as bad because they did not understand its national character."

It has often been observed that the critics and other professional musicians abused Wagner for the very things

we now admire in him most. That the same thing happened to Verdi is not so well known. A striking instance is the *Athenæum's* judgment on "Rigoletto," just cited. The storm music described by the English critic as "patchy" and "meaningless" is a superb exhibition of realism, by far the finest thing of its kind done up to that time by any Italian composer. Wagner himself could hardly have improved on those weird orchestral outbursts, and the effect is marvellously intensified by the grewsome chromatic moaning of the invisible chorus, strikingly like the dismal howling of the wind. And the most remarkable thing about this masterstroke of genius is that it was composed before Wagner's "Flying Dutchman," with its splendid storm music, had been heard anywhere except at Dresden. Certainly Verdi had not heard it; and altogether he was in many ways surprisingly "Wagnerian," quite independently of Wagner. As early as 1844, when "Ernani," which gave him his European fame, was rehearsing, he refused the demand of the prima donna for a final rondo in which she might display her vocal fireworks. "Do you wish," he exclaimed angrily, "to ruin the finest situation in the opera?"

While he did not, like his German colleague, entirely write his own texts, he nearly always had a hand in the choice of subjects, and usually sketched out the situations and the action so completely that little was left for the librettist except the versifying. He made grievous mistakes, and some were fatal to his efforts. Others were not, notably "Il Trovatore," which was for a generation the most popular of operas, in spite of its foolish and incomprehensible libretto. But so rich was its melodic vein that the singers, the public, and the commentators alike overlooked the fact that there is also in this opera a genuine dramatic vein, culminating in the musical portrayal of Azucena, "the living embodiment of rude tiger-motherhood." "Nay, but it takes a confounded amount of genius to create a figure like that!" exclaimed the late W. F. Apthorp, who had a happy faculty of coming to the rescue of ill-understood works of art.

Those accents were new to the world, and while "La Traviata," which followed "Il Trovatore," was a sad relapse into operatic conventionalism, "Aïda" more than atoned for that error. It combines, with a wealth of genuinely dramatic melody, a rare gift of local color. Still more remarkable, in point of realism, sincerity, and finish of style, are the two operas last on the list, "Otello" and "Falstaff"; but, unfortunately, they lack the melodic spontaneity of "Aïda" and "Il Trovatore" and have therefore never been really popular, notwithstanding all the passionate appeals made in their behalf by students of technical refinements. These two operas have had much influence on Wolf-Ferrari and some of the German and French composers; whereas Mascagni, Leoncavallo, and Puccini benefited more by the vigorous, virile style of Verdi's earlier operas, which made them contrast so strongly with the saccharine and florid productions of Donizetti and Rossini and the languorous femininity of Bellini. Altogether, Verdi's influence on the world's art has made for sanity and sincerity, and for this as well as for his inspired works he deserves all the honors that are coming to him in this centenarian season.

When was Verdi born? According to the best American Dictionaries of Music (De Bekker, Baker, Hughes), it was on October 9, 1813. But Grove, Riemann, the Encyclopædia Britannica, Meyer's Konversationslexicon, etc., give October 10 as the date; and October 10 is correct. In Arthur Pougin's "Anecdotic History of Verdi's Life and Works" (Scribner), which is the best biography of Verdi so far issued, attention is called to the fact that in 1884 the *Gazetta Musicale*, of Milan, printed a facsimile (reproduced by Pougin), of the official certificate of the birth of Verdi, extracted from the registers of the *état civil* of the commune of Busseta for October, 1813. This certificate is drawn up in French, as that part of Italy was at that time under French rule. It attests that on October 12 of that year there appeared before the officials——

Verdi, Charles, aged twenty-eight years, innkeeper, domiciled at Roncole, who presented to us a child of the male sex, born the tenth of the present month, at eight o'clock in the evening, of him the deponent, and of Luisa Utini, spinner, domiciled at Roncole, his wife, and to whom he has declared that he wishes to give the forenames of Joseph-Fortunin-François.

The Programme Book of the thirty-second season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra (1912-13) makes a volume with 1,598 pages. Many of these are filled with advertisements, but there is so much good reading matter that in spite of its width, the volume deserves space in every musical library, private or public. The present editor, Philip Hale, pays a tribute of respect to his predecessor, the late W. F Apthorp, who "was proud of his association with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and strove that his share in the work should be of the same standard and make for musical righteousness." His desire was that a symphony or overture should be studied with the aid of his analysis after the performance. "It did not flatter him to see hearers reading while the music was playing." It must be said that while Mr. Apthorp's programme notes were admirable in most respects there was too much "parsing" in them—technical analysis intelligible to those only who did not need it. From this fault Mr. Hale's notes are free; he gives, chiefly, information which prepares the listener for what he is about to hear, and his information is always readable and never too technical. Footnotes are Mr. Hale's hobby. He is so passionately addicted to them that he devotes four pages to a special index of them. The "Entr'actes and Excursions," designed to entertain Bostonians during the ten-minute intermission at each concert, are concerned with subjects as diverse as Beethoven as Pianist, Dancing in Spain and Vienna, Haydn in Paris, Masscnet's Souvenirs, Indian Music, Offenbach, Rag-time, Dramatic Expression in the Concert-room, etc.

The Kneisel Quartet announces that the opening concert of the twenty-second season in New York will be given at New Aeolian Hall on Tuesday evening, November 11. The remaining dates in the series will be December 9, January 13, February 10, March 3, and April 7. Among the works by contemporary composers to be placed on these programmes will be Vincent D'Indy's Quartet in E major, op. 45, Chadwick's Quartet in D minor, No. 5, and the Scherzo from the Quartet, op. 38, by A. Bruno, which has not yet been published.

Humperdinck has at last found a name for his new opera—"Die Marketenderin" ("The Camp Follower"). The orchestration has just been completed, and the opera is ready for production. The scene is laid in Blücher's headquarters, 1813-14. Blücher and Gneisenau appear in the cast, but unlike the other principals, they simply speak their parts. The two principal happenings are the march of the Silesian army after the battle of Leipzig and Blücher's crossing of the Rhine at Kaub.

Art

Lovers and collectors of book-plates—and they are not few in number—will be pleased to learn that a monograph on the engraver Sherborn, who died last year, has just been issued, with the title: "A Sketch of the Life and Work of Charles William Sherborn, Painter-Etcher, by his son, Charles Davies Sherborn. With a catalogue of his book-plates, compiled by himself and Georgo Heath Viner" (London: Ellis). The biographical portion, as is said in the preface, tells the "details of a singularly simple life, but one in which devotion to art became a religion." The book will take its place beside I. H. Brainerd's volume on our own E. D. French.

Mr. C. H. Caffin's attempt to overhaul Julia D. de Forest's "A Short History of Art" (Dodd, Mead & Company, illustrated) seems labor thrown away. Originally the book was a rather dry epitome from authorities now obsolete. In revision it has gained very little either in leading ideas or in accuracy. There is no adequate statement of the present condition of the Byzantine problem, and the important discovery of a Roman revival of painting just prior to Giotto is passed by. The description of fresco painting, ungrammatically called "in secco," is incomplete and misleading. Of course, the old error that Leonardo's Cenacolo was painted in oils is repeated, though Cavenaghi six years ago showed that tempera was the medium. As a Cimabue is reproduced a Madonna painted a full generation after that master's death. Antonello da Messina remains a "pupil of the Van Eycks." The cuts and captions of a Paul Dubois and a Rodin are interchanged. Apparently, the book is calculated for some public among which ideas

count for very little and accuracy not at all. Young ladies' schools, be advised.

A new and cheaper edition of Sir Walter Armstrong's translation of Wölfflin's admirable "The Art of the Renaissance" (Putnam) should rejoice the heart of every teacher of Italian art. One of the most illuminating treatises of our times now becomes available as a textbook. The reissue, though not too large to fit in the tourist's pocket, retains all of the original illustrations.

By carefully watching certain building excavations in Seville Bernhard and Ellen Wishaw gathered a considerable collection of potteries, figurines, and architectural fragments. Combining these with a collection of Andalusian lace, they have set up a little museum, the "Illustrated Descriptive Catalogue" of which now appears, in a pamphlet with the imprint of Smith, Elder & Co. The most interesting finds represent a Tartessian civilization which the authors believe to be similar in type and perhaps identical in date with the Minoan, but there are also many objects of Moorish and later periods. There are descriptions of subterranean fanes and labyrinths at Seville that will whet the curiosity of all antiquarians. The illustrative material is insufficient for the appraisal either of the theories or the collections of these zealous archæologists, but enough is shown to prove that they have recovered many objects of enigmatic and novel type. We regret the delay that must probably intervene before we may present ourself at Angeles 5, Seville.

To the long and rapidly growing list of books on English mediæval architecture issued in late years by Henry Frowde there has now been added a volume by A. Hamilton Thompson on "English Mediæval Military Architecture." In an octavo of 367 pages of text, with 200 illustrations, Mr. Thompson traces the historical evolution in England of the fully developed mediæval castle through each successive stage from its origin in the pre-Roman earthworks; while special chapters treat of the Norman keep, the later cylindrical keeps or donjons, the dwelling-house in the castle, the concentric plan, the later mediæval fortifications, including city walls, and the fortified dwelling or manor. Foreign examples like Coucy, Carcassonc, and the Mont St. Michel are referred to by way of comparison and illustration; and from the remarkable articles on French military architecture in the "Dictionnaire Raisonné" of Viollet-le-Duc have been taken a number of spirited drawings, which add materially to the interest of the discussion of mediæval military operations. All the most important castles of England are more or less fully described, and most of them illustrated by excellent photographic prints. The numerous pen sketches are of quite uneven merit. The plans are good as far as they go, but there should have been more of them, *e. g.*, of Rochester, Newark, Raglan, Warkworth, and Warwick castles. The subject is one of purely historical and archæological interest, and its treatment must perhaps of necessity be somewhat dry, especially for the American reader, for whom the feudal architecture of England lacks the patriotic and romantic attraction it naturally holds for the English. Certainly Mr. Thompson has failed to infuse into his very detailed technical discussion the slightest flavor of romance, of historical picturesqueness, or of literary elegance. The contrast of his style and method with Viollet-le-Duc's briefer treatment of the parallel development in France is striking in this respect: the French account is full of animation. In Mr. Thompson's work the broader aspects of the subject are buried under a mass of details. These, however, are carefully studied, and no other single volume in the same field combines so complete a survey of the whole subject with detailed information regarding so many castles. The bibliography and two indexes are very full; but there should also have been provided an index of illustrations.

Finance

PRESENT STATUS OF THE BANKING BILL.

After what appears to have been a fair and open discussion, the National Bankers' Convention at Boston last week adopted resolutions asking for several modifications in the banking and currency bill now pending before Congress. These resolutions, which received the virtually unanimous endorsement of the 2,400 delegates, approve the recommendations of last August's Bankers' Conference at Chicago. They argue that, to insure the success of any new system such as is contemplated, the general approval and coöperation of existing banks must be obtained, and they declare that such coöperation will be impossible without certain amendments to the bill. But the resolutions also formally commend the Administration for its "efforts to give the country an elastic, as well as a safe, currency," and pledge "hearty support for the enactment of proper legislation to that end."

As was pointed out in this column last week, the salient objections to the banking bill as it stands—objections set forth by the Chicago conference, and now ratified by the Boston Convention—are four in number. The national board of seven, all of whom, under the bill, would be either Government officers or Presidential appointees, should contain, the Convention holds, a minority of three, named by the regional reserve banks. National banks should not, as in the present bill, be required to join the system and subscribe to the capital of the regional reserve banks; membership should be optional. The national board should not be empowered to require rediscount of one regional reserve bank's paper by another. Finally, note issues should be described in the Act, not as obligations of the United States, but as "obligations of the Federal reserve banks, issued by permission of the Federal Reserve Board."

The action of the Bankers' Convention and the trend of the discussion which preceded it, indicate strongly the necessity for further consideration of the bill, with a view to reaching, if possible, a ground on which both the banks and the Government can stand. The case cannot fairly be described as one in which the banks are defying the Government or endeavoring to dictate to it. That the banks have shown themselves unwilling to accept certain provisions which the Administration wishes to impose, is plain enough. But it will not help the situation to assume that this reluctance of the banks is based on determination to keep the control of the system in the hands of the banking institutions. The summary of the proposed alterations in the bill, which we have made above, shows that the banks do not ask for this, and that, if all their suggestions were adopted, they still would not have obtained it. The only change suggested in the executive clauses of the bill is one which, while giving the banks indirect representation on the national board, would still leave it a minority representation.

Perhaps it is open to some doubt whether the banks would obtain by this means as effective a voice in the policies of that body as they would obtain by a reasonable enlargement of the functions of the advisory council of bankers, proposed in the bill. But with regard to the Convention's appeal for some representation on the Federal Reserve Board, there is thus much of valid argument: that the Board is to have certain sweeping powers over the policies of the regional reserve banks, to which the individual banks will have subscribed the necessary capital, yet that the subscribers of that capital will have no voice in determining such policies. It is this which differentiates the proposed scheme of national supervision from such bodies of purely political appointees as the Interstate Commerce Commission. It is in this respect, also, that the parallel with European central banks under government-named directorates fails of exact application. The European banks are equipped through private or governmental capital.

The weight of the controversy will undoubtedly rest very largely on the question of the national board. The strength of the bankers' contention lies in the fact that at least the presence of expert bankers in the deliberations of the central board, which may dictate the use of capital subscribed by the banks, ought to be insured; the strength of the Government's contention lies in the fact that control of the system by any group of banks would be rendered impracticable by the political composition of that board. The weakness of the bankers' argument lay in the public knowledge of the extent to which the country's banking machinery had in the past been influenced by such financial groups; the weakness of the Govern-

ment's argument, under existing circumstances, lay in the fact that, without the coöperation of the individual banks, the whole experiment might prove to be a failure; for nothing can absolutely prevent withdrawal of banks from the national system.

Such being the case, it should seem that the situation calls for statesmanlike compromise between the ideas of the bankers and the Government. This does not mean, and the Boston Convention has not asked, the relinquishment of the Government's effective power, through majority representation, over the national board. But some middle ground ought to be attainable in the matter, through which there may be insured both the Government's predominant supervisory power and the cooperation of the banks as a whole in making the new system a success. The object to be attained by such compromise is the success of the Administration's plan, which might be jeopardized if the existing deadlock is not broken.

It must not be overlooked that the Convention has by implication approved the general machinery and detailed provisions of the bill. The other criticisms of the report involve problems both of opinion and of practice, in which the existing provisions are susceptible of modifications. Compulsory membership in the system by national banks and compulsory subscription to the stock of the regional reserve banks are, in some ways, the most important of them, yet both of these could be met with the least surrender of principle. The Aldrich plan made such membership and subscription optional; but, since its provisions for redemption of the 2 per cent. Government bonds, pledged against circulation, were to apply only to member banks, it was regarded by its author as insuring membership by all the national banks. If membership in the present case were to be made optional, a similar restriction of provisions for the bonds to member banks would presumably be inevitable.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Albee, H. R. A Kingdom of Two. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Alexander, Miriam. The Ripple. Putnam $1.35 net.
Alexinsky, Gregor. Modern Russia. Trans by B. Miall. Scribner.
Allinson, A. C. E. Roads from Rome. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Andrews, Charlton. The Drama To-day Phila.: Lippincott. $1.50 net.
Atteridge, A. H. Famous Modern Battles. Boston: Small, Maynard. $1.75 net.
Averill, Mary. Japanese Flower Arrangement Applied to Western Needs. Lane. $1.50 net.
Bancroft, Francis. Divided. Boston: Small, Maynard. $1.35 net.
Bax, Clifford. Friendship. (Fellowship series.) Dutton. 75 cents net.
Bayley, Harold. The Lost Language of Symbolism. 2 vols. Phila.: Lippincott.
Baylor, A. S. Adventures of Miss Tabby Gray. Boston: Wilde Co.
Beaman, Ardern. Travels Without Baedeker. Lane. $2 net.
Beauties. Illustrations by Harrison Fisher. Verse by Carolyn Wells. Dodd, Mead. $3.50 net.
Beecher, Henry Ward. Lectures and Orations, edited by N. D. Hillis. Revell. $1.20 net.
Behr, Herman. Perlen englischer Dichtung in deutscher Fassung. New York: The Author.
Benson, A. C. Watersprings. Putnam. $1.35 net.
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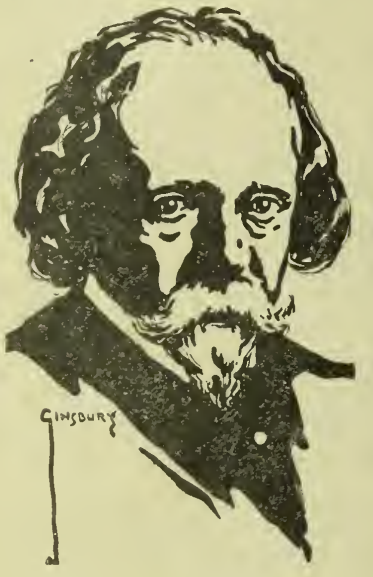

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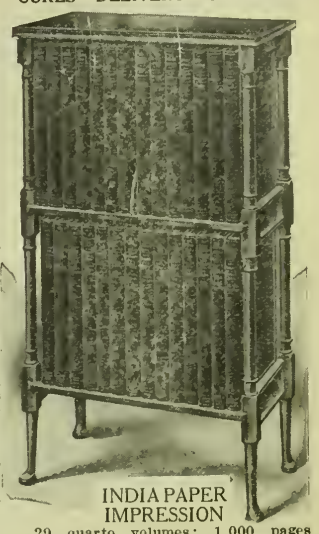

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1913.

The Week

President Wilson's prediction of the enactment of the banking law in the present session may or may not be well-grounded. In their comment on the President's letter to Mr. Underwood three of the twelve members of the Senate Finance Committee declare such a result to be impossible, and three others are skeptical about it. In any case, the possibility of such rapid work, in the five weeks remaining to the extra session, will depend on the character of the amendments made in the Committee, before the bill is reported to the Senate. The recent trend of opinion has undoubtedly been to the effect, first, that the existence of certain serious defects in the bill as it passed the House has been recognized by most of the Senators, and, second, that neither Congress nor the Administration is unwilling to have amendments fully and fairly considered. This attitude, which differs from that which, rightly or wrongly, was ascribed to the bill's promoters a month or two ago, is readily accounted for by the series of frank and positive criticisms of the pending bill, since the measure passed the House, by economic writers, by bankers and business men who have testified at the Senate committee hearings, and by formal resolutions adopted by various banking and commercial organizations.

Renewed British protests against Senator Nelson's Seamen's bill, reported from the Commerce Committee on October 2, show that the measure will be opposed from two quarters. The attitude of American shipowners, however, has been discounted since last year, when the bill passed only to suffer a "pocket veto" by President Taft. Under Senator La Follette's threat of introducing a more drastic measure, their surrender could probably be obtained. As to the general intent of the bill, there can be little doubt. Aimed at raising the admittedly low standard of seamen's labor, it would bind shipowners to provide better accommodations, would enable the seaman to leave a ship where he was ill-treated, would compel regular wage settlements, and make towards better hours and better pay. If foreign shipowners protest against its "encouragement to desertion," they should remember that in other fields of labor the employer's guarantee lies in making it to his employee's interest to stay with him.

So short is memory, and so ungrateful are republics, that people might have forgotten that there once was a Secretary of State named Knox, had he not just made a speech to remind us of the fact. He was dedicating a monument to Braddock, but by an easy and graceful transition the ex-Secretary passed to a discussion of our relations with Mexico and South America. His hearers are said to have gathered that he was severely arraigning President Wilson's policy, but they must have been very acute to be able to detect this beneath Mr. Knox's generalities, which were couched in language that certainly did not glitter. He warned his audience against "the cacophonies of those who are blinded by thoughtlessness, interest, or prejudice." But this would scarcely make a good rallying cry against the Administration. How many voters would follow a banner inscribed: "Down with Cacophonies"? And if it is a question of indefiniteness and ambiguities, who could surpass Mr. Knox in laying down the rule that we are to "contribute to the unity, happiness, and prosperity of all the people" of the new world, and are to do this in "a sympathetic, practical, and unselfish way, without offence to their national *amour propre* or encroachment upon their sovereign powers"? Plainly, this is not a case of the oracles being dumb, but unintelligible.

A few calm distinctions seem all that it is necessary to make in Mrs. Pankhurst's case, in order to arrive at the merits of it. In the first place, the immigration authorities are not to be blamed for taking up the question of her right to admission. The challenge was directly put to them, and they could not refuse at least to inquire whether the law which they are enforcing every week against others would not, literally understood, exclude her. And they had to consider the prima-facie evidence of Mrs. Pankhurst's actual conviction in England for crime. But we have to bear in mind that the question is not raised of her being a fugitive from justice. She left England in the light of day, with the knowledge and consent of British officers of the law, and there is no suggestion that they desire to have her extradited or back in England one day earlier than she wishes to return. Quite the contrary! All this being so, the sole broad question put before the Washington authorities was whether Mrs. Pankhurst's offences, however severely to be condemned in themselves, are not political in their nature. The Administration at Washington has accepted her own description of herself as a determined rebel against her Government, and has accordingly classed her with those political refugees to whom this country has traditionally granted, not only admission, but a hearing.

What happened in the Fifth Judicial District of Illinois on Monday, when Judge Puterbaugh, Republican, with a fine record on the bench, was defeated for the Supreme Court by Charles C. Craig, Democrat, has been predictable since the split in the State suffrage convention ten days ago. The figure cut by the Progressive candidate was due entirely to the activity of a group of women supporters. Actuated by resentment at Mr. Puterbaugh's opposition to woman suffrage, they ran full-page advertisements in Peoria, Kewanee, and Streator papers, addressed dozens of mass meetings, and made general canvasses. This activity ran counter not only to the best non-partisan sentiment of the district, but to the judgment of the more moderate wing of the suffragists. The objections of this moderate wing to any party alignment of the suffragists, as well as to the injection by them of narrow issues into a judicial campaign, was ridden over by the radicals rough-shod.

A year ago, the Democratic candidate for Congress from the First West Virginia District was elected over his Pro-

gressive-Republican opponent by the narrow margin of 169 votes. Last week, with the Progressives and the Republicans divided, the Democrats won again, this time by a plurality of more than 3,500. Their vote was a little less than the combined vote of their two leading rivals. The Progressive-Republican candidate of last November was the Progressive candidate this year. Since the new party, under the leadership of Gov. Glasscock, one of the Seven, avoided a split with the Republicans in the election of last year, except on Presidential electors, the only way of comparing the Progressive strength now with what it was then is by referring to the vote cast for Roosevelt in the same district. The third-party nominee for the Presidency received 13,287 votes to Mr. Taft's 12,702. Last week Mr. Laughlin received only about 4,000 votes to his Republican opponent's 10,000. The general story of decline in the Progressive strength since 1912 is thus repeated in the latest test. If it be said that some allowance must be made for the difference between a Presidential and a Congressional election, the reply is that the Republican nominee last week polled 80 per cent. of the vote cast for Taft a year ago, while the Progressive polled less than a third of the vote cast for Roosevelt.

Everybody knows that Tammany is the poor man's friend, but we are all prone to forget in how many different ways this beneficent influence is exerted. A recent item in the police news may usefully serve as a reminder of one of them. A man named Fred Goll was brought before Magistrate Freschi by Patrolman William Jacobs. Goll is referred to in the newspaper report as "one of a band of young rowdies who had tried to make things unpleasant" for the patrolman on his post. Jacobs had found it necessary to use his revolver "to ward off his prisoner's friends on the way to the station." Presumably in view of the ugly look of this thing, the Magistrate imposed the tremendous penalty of ten dollars; but this was later reduced to one dollar. The interest of the matter, however, lies in what the patrolman stated to his superior officer in making his report of the case. "When I got into court," he said, "who should come up to me but Jimmy Hines and ask me to 'go light' on the fellow." As Hines is Tammany leader in the Nineteenth Assembly District, it is clear that in interceding for this rowdy he was acting the standard Tammany part of "poor man's friend." Some superior people may object that there are thousands of poor men, women, and children who would be helped by the suppression of rowdyism, and that to be a friend to the one rowdy is to be an enemy to a thousand who are not rowdies. But Tammany knows better. What Hines did in this one case, Tammany has been doing steadily in countless cases year after year, generation after generation, and does not its political success prove that it has been right?

Two passages in the report of John Golden, president of the United Textile Workers of America, who held their annual meeting at Philadelphia this week, strike us as interesting in themselves, and peculiarly interesting when placed in juxtaposition with each other. One of them is this:

> The indiscriminate employment of children is becoming daily more serious. And I believe it is time that the national Government enacted stringent legislation that will prevent the further exploitation of those who are to be the future bulwark of our great country.

If the statement made in the first sentence were correct, it would go far towards making a prima-facie case for the proposal of national control made in the second. But, however serious may be "the indiscriminate employment of children," the assertion that it "is becoming daily more serious" is the diametrical opposite of what all the intelligence on the subject that has been coming to the public knowledge has indicated. And here let us cite the second of the passages in his report to which we have referred:

> The States that have already adopted stringent laws regulating the working hours and wages of woman and child workers have been proved to be those which are now in the highest condition of industrial development. In every case it has been shown that increased outlay of money by the manufacturer has been more than repaid in increased efficiency, greater output, and less labor trouble.

If the leading industrial States have "already adopted stringent laws"—while, as we all know, the most backward States have, one after another, been moving in that direction—and if the result of those stringent laws has been proved to be so satisfactory to the manufacturers themselves, what becomes of the argument that a tremendous increase of national control is desperately necessary?

Those who think of Hawaii in terms of the motley population may be impressed by the tone of its recent civic convention. It was, says the Honolulu *Star-Bulletin*, "a practical attempt to reach the heart of municipal and territorial problems." Led by the boards of trade, the delegates took action for better roads, the setting apart of a Kilauea and Mauna Loa National Park, the building of new open-air stations for tubercular patients, and the encouragement of agriculture. But if the convention had an American spirit of civic improvement, it had also an American zeal for advertising and development. There was an Hawaii Promotion Club, subsidized by the Legislature, an "Ad Club," and similar bodies to plan, "first, to get tourists to the islands, and, secondly, to keep them entertained after they are here." The spirit of the entertainment is implicit in the sentiment: "Where but on Oahu can you see a volcanic replica of the cathedral at Milan, or in a day's journey travel through ninety miles of scenery that varies from the ruggedness of Switzerland to the simple beauty of the Blue Grass State?" Note, too, the hearty conviction that "there is no crop that responds more satisfactorily to cultivation than the tourist crop." Visitors to the islands may henceforth look for evidence of two kinds of progressiveness.

The strong approval with which Sir Rufus Isaacs's appointment as Lord Chief Justice has been received in England must gratify even the most sanguine Liberals. To the man who only four months ago was ready to resign the Attorney-Generalship in order to save his party from the effects of the Marconi scandal, and whom the Parliamentary minority report flatly censured for "grave impropriety," the present tribute to his ability and integrity must mean much. No one has ever denied that his brilliant career and tested temper have made him the indicated successor to Lord Alverstone. The new Lord Chief Justice enters upon his la-

bors at a time when his predecessor's ill-health has left the affairs of office in much confusion; but he may feel that he has "better confirmation, better security" in it than even his friends could once have hoped.

Enterprising map-makers should be making preparations to be early in the market with a new map of Ulster. The re-mapping of the Balkans will be nothing compared with that of the Irish province, if the exclusionists have their way. Separate treatment of the four northeast counties only is denounced by the redoubtable Mr. Garvin in the *Pall Mall Gazette* as "light talk." He points out that there is a large Unionist population in the neighboring counties of Fermanagh and Tyrone, and it must somehow be got under the rule of "King" Carson at Belfast. And as there is also a large Nationalist population in Ulster, it would follow, by parity of reasoning, that it should be shown in green colors on the map as really belonging to Dublin. "Roll up the map of Europe" is a saying that will soon have to give way to "Cut up the map of Ulster."

There has as yet been no reply from German official quarters to the British proposal of a year's suspension of battleship construction. The President of the German Naval League has declared Winston Churchill's offer to be undeserving of serious consideration; but this is the natural position for a president of a navy league to take. In the meanwhile it is to be noted that the German authorities, while fond of speaking of *Realpolitik* — a policy based on frank recognition of actualities instead of on sentiment or general principles— have in this matter of the limitation of naval armaments not been quite so *real* as they might be. Mr. Churchill has bluntly stated what everybody knows to be the fact—that Great Britain and Germany are building against each other. The Kaiser's Ministers usually speak of their naval plans as dictated by Germany's Imperial interests and by the necessity of safeguarding the Empire's coasts. Perhaps the Germans have heard that there is such a naval Power as Great Britain, but what conceivable connection can there be between what Great Britain is doing and what the German naval authorities think it right to do? The difficulty with such proposals of friendship as Mr. Churchill has formulated is that, whether they are accepted as a sign of weakness on the part of the British Government or as a sign of condescension, the effect is equally stimulating to hyper-patriotic German sentiment.

The rôle of His Majesty's Opposition in the German governmental system, hitherto played by the Social Democrats, has been definitely assumed by the eldest son of William II. It is not so very long since Crown Prince Friedrich Wilhelm earned the displeasure of his Imperial father by what was virtually a public demonstration against the Kaiser's Ministers. He was punished by being confined to garrison duty with his regiment, presumably not a heavy punishment for a Hohenzollern and future War Lord. At present the Crown Prince has joined issue with his father's Government on the question of the rights of the Cumberland family in Hanover and Brunswick. The probabilities are that the Kaiser is not excessively outraged by such display of independence on the part of his destined successor. As an adherent of ancient monarchical traditions, the Kaiser must accept it as natural that the heir apparent shall be in opposition to the reigning sovereign, this being about the only kind of opposition that absolutism experiences except in Russia, where assassination is also recognized. At any rate, the Kaiser ought to find satisfaction in a Crown Prince who is intensely, if overzealously, interested in questions of state and policy instead of being wrapped up in the ordinary diversions of princes and youthful kings.

No one believes that the recent heavy loss of life among aeroplane pilots will check the development of heavier-than-air machines, and there must be very few who believe that the misfortunes which have overtaken Zeppelin's air-cruisers will lead to the abandonment of the dirigible. The latest disaster is discouraging, no doubt. But Germany has pinned her faith so closely to Zeppelin that only an unprecedented series of failures can bring total discouragement. Zeppelin's catastrophes are featured in the news. His successes have become commonplace. Aerial navigation in Germany may be divided into three classes. There is the army air fleet, the navy air fleet, and the commercial air craft under private management. Critics have pointed out that it is the naval branch of the service which has suffered most in the way of accident, L-1, which was destroyed in the North Sea some weeks ago, and L-2, which was destroyed last week, both being part of the naval attachment. In civilian aerial ranks the claim is made that the army and navy do not possess a sufficiently expert personnel, though why this should be is difficult to explain. At any rate, such critics point to the fact that Zeppelin tourist ships have been regularly plying the air for a long time without mishap.

The resignation of M. Jules Claretie from the directorship of the Théâtre Français, after a service of twenty-eight years, recalls the man's extraordinary versatility. Born in 1840, he became dramatic critic to the *Figaro* and *Opinion Nationale*, newspaper correspondent in the Franco-German war, a staff officer in the National Guard during the Commune, and a voluminous writer on all manner of topics. In 1888 he was elected to the Academy. A glance at his collected works, which were published in 1904, is the best proof of his wide capacity for interest; one would scarcely realize that the stage was his chief concern. And indeed to foreigners he has been known and prized less for his connection with the theatre than for the weekly articles which he has contributed to the *Temps* and other periodicals. M. Claretie can no more keep his amazing personality from his writings than Dr. Furnivall could make an introduction to a musty text dull. His fund of reminiscence, which involves many sides of life, gives sparkle and reality to whatever he touches. His articles may perhaps be called the sole contemporary representatives of the *causerie* at its best; they are discursive and yet very much to the point. As director of the Théâtre Français, M. Claretie has kept alive popular interest in the national theatre in a period when competition from without has been steadily growing. His successor is M. Albert Carré, who is well known as the manager of the Opéra Comique.

EX-SENATOR ALDRICH ON THE BANKING BILL.

The speech of ex-Senator Aldrich to the Academy of Political Science, in this city, reviewing and criticising the banking bill now pending in Congress, was an interesting contribution to the discussion. Not only was Mr. Aldrich, between 1908 and 1912, the acknowledged leader in the movement for banking and currency reform, but the pending bill is in very large measure based avowedly on the bill drawn up under his personal supervision. This is the first occasion on which he has publicly discussed the new proposals.

Mr. Aldrich's hostile criticism took wide ground, but he rested it primarily on the assumption that the new note circulation is to be issued by the Government, and on the language of the bill describing the Federal reserve notes as "issued at the discretion of the Federal Board," as designed "for the purpose of making advances to Federal reserve banks," and as constituting "obligations of the United States." Accepting this as a plan for issue of paper money by the Government, he assailed the theory of such governmental powers, reviewing forcibly such well-known arguments in the matter as the experience of revolutionary France, with its assignats, and citing the declarations against Government fiat money by Democratic statesmen and Democratic platforms, up to and since the unhappy Bryan episode of 1896. Bryan, in Mr. Aldrich's view, has in the pending bill, as the price of factional support, won that victory for unsound money which he lost in his personal campaigns for the Presidency.

If this exposition of the nature and character of the bill were correct, then, obviously, other objections to the measure would be wholly superseded by it. There is undoubtedly this much of force in Mr. Aldrich's contention—that the language above referred to, in describing the proposed new currency, is highly mischievous in its implications. It is also true that the language was inserted as a means of placating unsound thinkers of the Bryan stripe, whose opposition might otherwise have blocked the legislation. These facts the *Nation* has already pointed out as very grave blemishes in the bill. But we have also been at pains to show, what Mr. Aldrich did not recognize in his speech, that the bill's own indirect references to Government paper money are meaningless when tested by its actual provisions for issue of the notes.

Neither directly nor through the national supervisory board is any power over outstanding circulation proposed for the Government, except that the application for new notes, by a given regional reserve bank, may be limited or rejected, and that the tax on such circulation (again misleadingly called the "rate of interest") shall be fixed by the national board. The directors of a regional bank, acting in behalf of individual banks in its district membership, decide when new circulation is required and how much it should be, and through the regional banks that circulation is redeemed when no longer needed. The Government cannot of its own initiative, or through its national board, add a dollar to such circulation, and as for the mere fact of issue of the notes by the Government to the banks, the present National Bank act equally provides that, on the deposit of United States bonds with the Treasurer of the United States, national banks "shall be entitled to receive from the Controller of the Currency [a Government officer] circulating notes." The Government "issues" the notes, under such conditions, to exactly the extent that it would issue them under the pending bill.

We have gone into this matter in some detail, not because we in any respect approve of the language of the bill regarding the Government's function in these note issues, but because we think Mr. Aldrich has not correctly stated the true purport of the bill in this regard. A similar criticism, in our judgment, runs against his remarks of last week on the Federal Reserve Board. In many respects, his strictures on the powers conferred upon that board are entirely well founded. But his description of those provisions as "an attempt to give a Government board the right to manage a great business" hardly describes the real machinery of the bill.

Supervisory powers of large scope are proposed for this national board, but except for the three powers of "regulating" issue and retirement of the notes (whose actual significance we have already discussed), of suspending reserve requirements in a supposable emergency, and of requiring, in a similar emergency, the rediscount of one regional bank's paper by another, this national board would enjoy no powers of managing or conducting the country's banking business. The process of rediscounting paper for individual institutions is in the hands of the regional bank directorates, two-thirds of whose membership is chosen by the member banks. The rate of discount for such operations is to be fixed each week by the regional bank engaged in them, and not by the Federal Board, which has only the general power of review.

Our readers are aware that the *Nation* believes even the above-named powers of the national board to be inadequately restricted. Whether by a minority of non-political appointees in that board's membership, or by granting to the proposed Advisory Council of banker appointees a voice in its deliberations, some definite restraining power we hold to be essential. But this is a very different line of objection from one which flatly assumes that the national board is asked to take over the conduct and management of the banking business.

In Mr. Aldrich's comments on what he regards as other serious defects in the proposed machinery, there is much useful and pungent criticism. But the immediately essential duty, in reviewing so important an arraignment of the measure as a whole, is to be sure that no erroneous impression of the measure's actual purport was conveyed.

THE END OF WILLIAM SULZER.

Every thoughtful citizen of New York State must regard it as unfortunate that the judges of the Court of Appeals divided, 5 to 4, and 6 to 3, in the vote declaring Gov. Sulzer guilty on three of the articles of impeachment. But this was a difference of opinion only as concerns his legal guilt. All were agreed as to his moral guilt. Chief Justice Cullen, even while stating his belief that Sulzer ought not to be impeached for acts committed before he became Governor, made it clear that he held him convicted of the utmost moral turpitude. The man made a false oath. Money given him for his political campaign, he took to enrich himself. Judge Cullen did not mince words in declaring that, whatever the Constitutional validity of the charges, Gov. Sulzer had

been abundantly proven guilty of the acts alleged. By the strict letter of the law it might not be possible to show that his offences were impeachable, but, even if they were not legally sufficient to oust him from the Governorship, they would oust him from all public respect, would utterly break down his reputation, and would destroy the last vestiges of confidence in him.

This, general moral reprobation of William Sulzer is really the thing that stands out above all the purely legal bearings of his trial. Even if he had been acquitted by a vote or two, he would have remained a Governor at the thought of whom the State could feel only shame and overwhelming mortification. His failure to take the stand in an effort to break the force of the evidence against him would have been regarded as damning. It is stated with positiveness, and the report is credible, that this fact, and especially Sulzer's leaving wholly uncontradicted, or even unchallenged, the testimony of Peek and Morgenthau and Ryan, turned from him several up-State Senators who, in their hostility to Murphy, would have gone all possible lengths in defence of Sulzer. But he himself broke their backs. Hate Murphy as they might, they could not longer stomach Sulzer.

To the conscientiousness and sense of public duty displayed by the Court of Appeals judges who were constrained to vote Sulzer "not guilty"—not guilty, that is, under the Constitution and the Penal Code—all right-thinking men must feel like paying a special tribute. These judges had no illusions about William Sulzer. But the vilest man on earth is entitled to all his rights under the law of the land. And Judges Cullen, Werner, and Bartlett were simply zealous in maintaining what they believed to be the true intent and effect of the Constitutional provisions respecting impeachment, and avoiding the creation of a precedent that might return to plague the commonwealth. The point is highly arguable, and good lawyers and capable judges may differ on the subject, as we see. In the argument before the Court, the opinion of Samuel J. Tilden was more than once quoted—namely, that the Constitution and laws of New York are unlike most others in that they "recognize the principle that a personal crime may create a personal disqualification to exercise the functions of a public office, although the particular offence may be totally disconnected with that office." This is the doctrine which Judge Cullen held to be dangerous, in that it opened the door to serious abuses. Against that peril in the future, now that the precedent has been set in accordance with Mr. Tilden's view, we must hope that the grave utterances and written opinions of the dissenting judges—besides the distinction made by Judge Miller, that Sulzer's offences really "reached into the Governorship"—together with the restraints that public opinion and political decency are able to impose upon reckless politicians, may guard the State.

If the moral and legal results of Gov. Sulzer's impeachment are beyond question, as much cannot be said for its political effects. Concerning these, speculation will doubtless be rife for some time. There has been during the past few days a distinct abatement of the pro-Sulzer feeling. The steady drip of damaging testimony at Albany could not fail to wear it away. But much undoubtedly remains; and how it will influence the election in this city, and political alignments up the State, we can at present only guess. Much will depend on Sulzer's own course. If he at last sallies forth in that deadly war upon Murphy which he has been threatening, if he lays bare the secrets of the Tammany prison-house, the effect may be considerable. But his friends should tell him that vague accusations and general railing will not do. A man publicly discredited as Sulzer now is will have to be very precise and to produce corroboration and documentary or other conclusive evidence before he can be listened to. And the very rumors afloat in Albany about his selling his "story" to a magazine, or preparing to tell it on the lecture platform for pay, imply a general belief in the man's shiftiness which makes dependence upon him like leaning upon a broken reed.

Despite all the reserves one may have about some aspects of the verdict against Sulzer, the final exposure and political disgrace of such a man must be thought of as a wholesome thing in our public life. Those who really knew him, knew that he was absolutely unfit to be Governor of New York. In his disgrace and downfall great political lessons are writ large for all the people. We shall not again lightly delude ourselves into thinking that the gravest faults of personal character and of public record can be condoned or covered up by patter about "the people," as if there were an incantation in the phrase. Nor shall we be disposed to fancy that the espousal of even good causes by an official unworthy of trust, can do anything but weigh them down. Gov. Sulzer is removed from office and his power is broken; but the solemn warning of his career will abide.

GREAT FORTUNES WITHOUT MONOPOLY.

Public interest in the possessions of the late Benjamin Altman has centred chiefly upon the disposition of his extraordinary collection of great masterpieces of painting. But there is another aspect of the great fortune left by this solidly successful merchant which is of wider bearing, and upon which it may be not unprofitable to dwell.

Among the generalities that have flowed trippingly from the tongue of popular economists, now these many years, perhaps none has been more common than the assertion that the large fortunes of our modern days are all derived from monopoly. Without the possession of some law-granted privilege or the ownership of natural resources limited in quantity, it is maintained, nothing more than a modest fortune can be accumulated in a lifetime, except by recourse to those methods of virtual monopolization which, in their most highly developed form, have given rise to the great combinations and consolidations known as Trusts. That monopoly does play a part of the most momentous importance in the economics of our time, we should be the last to deny; but that it has taken anything like full possession of the field is utterly untrue. And the error is of serious practical importance, from more standpoints than one. It bears on the whole question of public policy involved in the Rooseveltian attitude towards monopoly on the one hand and Woodrow Wilson's attitude on the other. It bears on the deeper question underlying this, the question of Socialism. Socialists have for decades been saying that the old forms of opportunity are as good as gone, that

it has come down to a choice between monopoly by a handful of individuals on the one hand and monopoly by the Government on the other. And with something like this notion fastened upon their minds, thousands who are not Socialists have fixed their attention on those phenomena that confirm it, and have been blind to those that run counter to it.

Of course, a single instance like that of Mr. Altman, or a half-dozen instances, would be of no significance. But looking at the single instance in the first place, what strikes one is that the two-score millions, more or less, which, from very small beginnings, this merchant acquired were gained simply by the exercise of just such skill, shrewdness, enterprise, tact, as have been the source of business success at all times and in all countries. There was no privilege, and no monopolization of sources of supply; neither was there any manœuvring, or conspiring, or manipulation of prices, to drive competitors out of business. And here we come to the second point. In this success of Mr. Altman's there was nothing singular. Scores of achievements on a similar scale can be pointed to, all over the country. Hundreds, nay thousands, of cases are conspicuous on all hands where fortunes acquired in the past twenty-five years, in absolutely competitive business, by men who began with nothing or next to nothing, while not so great, run up into the millions, or near them. In the very same general line with Mr. Altman, persons still young have seen, in every large city in the country, the rise of gigantic establishments from the most modest start; and of success almost as striking on a more modest scale the evident instances are innumerable. Outside of retail business, the proofs of success do not so readily meet the eye; but the same thing is going on in manufactures, in finance, and in various specialized forms of enterprise. The colossal growth of some of the mail-order houses is proof of what can be done by sheer energy and business ability, without the possession of a single special advantage; and the Woolworth building, the tallest in the world, bears eloquent witness to the possibilities of fortune-building in a line which, at first blush, would seem absurdly unadapted to any such ambition.

Indeed, it has turned out, as is so often the case with confident forecasts of "manifest destiny," that a change whose magnitude, and even whose spectacular suddenness, was undeniable, was nevertheless wanting in that character of finality and completeness which easy-going generalizers ascribed to it. The obsoleteness, or obsolescence, of competition is far less generally assumed as a matter of course in current discussions to-day than it was twenty years ago. When Trust after Trust was forming, when field after field seemed to be closing to competitive enterprise, when method after method of stopping this drift towards monopoly seemed to be proved futile, the conclusion that it was only a matter of a little time before nothing would be left of the older ways of business became all the fashion. It was regarded as a mark of old-fogyism to talk as though the whole matter were not settled; anybody who regarded the competitive régime as a thing worth bothering about was as much out of place in this hustling world as the old man of Dr. Holmes's "Last Leaf." But instead of sweeping everything before it, this notion, some way or other, actually ceased to make head at all, after a few years; and later on, it actually went backwards. People have found their bearings, and see plainly that they took the part for the whole; a big and important part, indeed, but still a small fraction of the great ocean of the economic activities of mankind. Monopoly is seen to be big enough to constitute a great problem; but it is not so big as either to make the solution of the problem hopeless or itself to constitute that solution.

THE WAR AGAINST DISEASE.

One event which marked the virtual completion of our task at Panama received but little attention in the press. On Monday of last week, Col. William C. Gorgas left the Isthmus for New York, accompanied by two of his fellow-workers, of whom one was Dr. S. T. Darling, bacteriologist at Ancon Hospital. It is now a commonplace that the work of Col. Gorgas made the work of Col. Goethals possible. Before Culebra could be conquered, yellow fever and malaria had to be overthrown. The task was accomplished with Col Gorgas as commander-in-chief of the army of sanitation in the field and Dr. Darling as the general staff in the bacteriological laboratory. Their departure from Panama was hastened by the fact that for the good as for the wicked in this world there is no rest. The summons had come from South Africa, where the miners of the Rand, numbering an army of workers greater than that assembled at Panama, have been the victims of the pneumonia scourge and other endemic diseases. The authorities at Johannesburg found it natural to turn for help to Col. Gorgas in his capacity as consulting specialist to sick regions of the earth. Yellow fever has become an "historic disease" at Panama, no endemic case having occurred since 1906. Malarial fever has been reduced from 1,200 cases per thousand of the population in 1906—an average of more than one case for each person—to 81 per thousand in 1912. The attention of the world will now be fixed upon Johannesburg.

The special conditions which will confront Col. Gorgas on the Rand are different from those he has had to deal with in Cuba and Panama. To the layman there can be no similarity between Colón, virtually at sea level, with a maximum summer temperature of 100 degrees and an annual rainfall of 120 inches, and Johannesburg, lying nearly six thousand feet high, with a bracing winter climate and a rainfall of 26 inches. But malaria is no respecter of altitudes. To-day we know that the disease is not due to any mysterious "miasma" rising from moist soils, but is the result of parasitic infection. We have fallen into the habit of speaking of tropical diseases, as if the tropics alone were the home of micro-organisms fatal to human life. But that is simply because the white man is comparatively new to the tropics. It is merely that maladies which the white man encounters in his work of subjecting the new areas of the globe impress themselves on his attention more dramatically than the endemic plagues from which he suffers at home in the temperate zone.

The new bacteriology is thus concerned not only with such tropic and subtropic scourges as cholera, the bubonic plague, yellow fever, and the sleeping sickness, but with those universal ravagers, tuberculosis, pneumonia, typhoid fever, and sexual disease. Tuberculosis

kills more people in the United States than any other single cause. Close behind it comes pneumonia. The latest researches in cancer point to a bacterial origin. Unfortunately, in respect to tuberculosis and pneumonia, while the problem of causation has been solved, the remedy has not yet been forthcoming, though, judging by all precedent, the hope of humanity is justified that, once the cause has been ascertained, the remedy is bound to follow in the course of time. What has been accomplished with regard to yellow fever, malarial fever, diphtheria, and sexual disease, and what is on the point of being established with regard to typhoid fever, the not-distant future may see accomplished with respect to tuberculosis, pneumonia, and cancer. The army of research is mobilized in the laboratories of the world. Its work is carried on in comparative obscurity until the dazzling result is given to the world. Compared with this vast labor for the promotion of human happiness, how pitiful seem many of the "social" problems and issues that thunder so loudly in the headlines!

With social progress in its truest and broadest sense the achievements of the new medicine are more than in accord; they are one of the manifestations of that spirit. There is nothing fantastic in the notion that the people of New York or of London may some day be stirred by the idea that the prevalence of tuberculosis is as inimical to the "work" that goes on every day in the factories and offices of New York and London as malaria, yellow fever, and pneumonia are inimical to the work of building a Panama Canal or digging gold from the reefs of the Rand. Then we might call a Gorgas to the task, give him as free a hand as he had at Panama, and see what medical science, even in its present state, can do for the "sanitation" of the East Side or of Shoreditch. The results of such a campaign against tuberculosis, carried on, not as at present, by "education" largely, but as a definite, strategic campaign with military discipline and thoroughness, might show as rich results for humanity as the completion of the Panama Canal.

A RESIDENTIAL GRADUATE COLLEGE.

All the preliminary discussion of the project which yesterday took effect in the dedication of the splendid buildings of the Princeton Graduate College has had for the public, even for the academic public, certain misleading implications. It has seemed that some novel method of instruction, some alteration of standards, must be involved. As a matter of fact the residential Graduate College, as we shall call it for greater clearness, has been intended to provide better living conditions for students who are to work under the standards and approximately with the facilities that have prevailed at Princeton in recent years. It has been and is a question of providing advanced students with dignified housing and table facilities, and with ideal conditions for scholarly companionship.

That this is the purpose—a purpose which should not be too prosaically interpreted—the opening ceremonies make perfectly clear. The four distinguished foreign lecturers were chosen primarily as champions of the residential idea. Professor Shipley, the biologist, and Professor Godley, the classicist, come respectively from Cambridge and Oxford Universities, which have ever held the ideal that scholars of all ages should live in close association with the college. Professor Boutroux, publicist and philosopher, is associated both with the famous Ecole Normale and with the Fondation Thiers, which are alone among institutions of higher liberal studies in France to house their students. The philosopher, Professor Riehl, of the University of Berlin, has been especially interested in effecting the plan for a residential college which was proposed more than a century ago by the patriot philosopher Fichte. Dean West's address emphasized the value of companionship in study, the fruitful interplay of keen young minds, the generally civilizing effect of an Académie which is also a scholar's home.

Clearly, what we have to reckon with is an application to the American graduate student (and to a moiety of his teachers) of the system which has worked admirably in the case of the British undergraduate and most of his teachers. Dean West, to whose unflagging endeavor these stately buildings are an eloquent testimonial, was undoubtedly fired by the charm of college life at Oxford, Cambridge, and the Paris schools, shocked as well by the narrow and sometimes nearly sordid conditions which meet the American graduate student in his lodging and eating-house, distressed by the meagre opportunities which such a life may afford for helpful comradeship. Doubtless there was something more than this in the dream of an Oxford college grafted upon the sturdy Princeton stock. No one will have noted more shrewdly that, besides their services to scholarship, Oxford and Cambridge, centres of what is deemed dilettanteism, homes of odd individualisms, asylums of reaction, have, after all, trained those men of action who in Parliament, in home and colonial administration, in diplomacy, journalism, and literature, guide the destinies and direct the higher thinking of the British Empire. Unquestionably some such ideal of public efficiency also underlies what superficially appears to be the establishment of an uncommonly fine academic club *more anglicano*.

By this criterion at least the success of the attempt is likely to be judged. If our young specialists can, by rubbing together with one another and with their academic seniors, be made more flexible and available both for their specific work of teaching and research and for various public service, then the Princeton experiment will have fully vindicated itself, and will be followed. Such a success would mean the enriching of our national life all round. No other very concrete advantage or sudden change is to be expected. We are assured that the ideals of teaching and learning and research are to remain at Princeton essentially what they were before, but the new movement has already effected several brilliant new appointments to the faculty. Yet so far as research is concerned, while the residential academic life has its advantages, it also has distinct dangers which at this moment it were ungracious to put forward. Should the Princeton experiment produce no marked scholastic effect, the example of a generous, seemly, and companionable life at Princeton might still attract students, and become matter of envy to universities which cannot afford to Oxfordize their graduate schools. Yet such a success would be provincial

and little short of failure. Thus a somewhat heavy responsibility rests upon the young gentlemen and scholars whose windows look across Mr. Cram's picturesque quadrangle to the soaring mass of the Cleveland Memorial Tower. Much has been done for these young men. A miniature letter-true Oxford is put at their disposal through a great architect's unerring taste. If they can combine with the wit and humane scholarship of Oxford something of the robust directness and serviceableness of him whom the soaring tower commemorates, a brilliant academic venture will be justified of its earliest children. *Vigeat sub numine.*

THE RULE THAT PROVES THE EXCEPTION.

In John Galsworthy's play, "The Pigeon," a London flower-girl who has tried to drown herself is rescued by a policeman and placed under arrest:

> Wellwyn: Well! God in Heaven! Of all the topsy-turvy——! Not a soul in the world wants her alive—and now she's to be prosecuted for trying to be where every one wishes her.

In these few lines Mr. Galsworthy illustrates the attitude and the method of a popular radical school, and sums up also its strength and its weakness. It is the attitude and the method which have Bernard Shaw for their best-known exponent. It is a form of guerrilla warfare against things as they are which consists essentially in rallying the inconsistencies, the contradictions, and the logical gaps in our laws and institutions. For society to drive a poor girl to suicide and for the law to punish her for attempting suicide, proves this to be the kind of topsy-turvy world that lives in Shaw's pages; a world of Liberals who are fanatics, of Conservatives who are anarchists, of virtuous women who despise virtue, of Mrs. Warrens who are pillars of society. The reason why this method should be popular is plain. The method has always been practiced. There is epigrammatic sting to Mr. Galsworthy's lines, there is malice, and there is partial truth: a combination which always scores a decisive debating point.

It is a method that, for all its cleverness, carries with it the impression of a fatal lack of robustness; perhaps because it is too clever. Astounding! Here is a school that denies most things, that questions everything, that demands a clean sweep all round, yet for all that, is dreadfully lacking in red blood. It knocks a head wherever it sees one, but does so with hardly a trace of the moral indignation, the hot wrath with which Cromwell or Robespierre knocked heads and cut them off. It is a quibbling, puckish, Donnybrook spirit. It makes the victim wince, but it does not make him afraid. And it does not make the partisan of established things afraid, because it is fighting for impossibilities. It is fighting for the one great impossibility, which is that there shall be no rules in life, but only exceptions. It does not attack laws, but law; it does not attack definite institutions, but the idea of institutions. It is anti-social; not in the sense that it antagonizes society as at present constituted, but the very idea of social organization. The law which makes attempted suicide a punishable offence may be a bad law. Does Mr. Galsworthy wish us to abolish it? Not in the least. He is aware that if the non-punishment of suicide is made a rule there will be, just the same, unfortunate exceptions who will suffer. He would have no difficulty, for instance, in portraying some weak-willed unfortunate individual who chooses death after a long struggle, in which the existence of a law against suicide might have proved strong enough to act as a deterrent.

In justice to Mr. Galsworthy it must be said that the sentence we have quoted is not altogether typical of his work as a whole. So earnest a student of character and life as Mr. Galsworthy cannot be permanently blind to the inexorable truth that life must be made up of law—and exceptions. But it is quite different with the house of Shaw. There the implication is plain that to live under the rule instead of among the exceptions is ludicrous, indecent, and unjust. Such an attitude offers undoubted opportunities for comedy, for satire, and for the necessary amount of criticism to keep humanity from fossilizing into peaceful self-complaisance. But there it ends. Shaw's bitter little capsules of human inconsistencies and contradictions may help to shake up the liver; they make dreadfully poor nourishment for the normal man.

Long ago the wisdom of the world summed up the situation harshly: the fool can ask more questions than the wise man can answer. This remains true even though the fool is sometimes a Touchstone and the wise man is a dull shepherd in Arden. Heavy-pated Corin in the forest of Arden, who knew that the property of rain is to wet and of fire to burn, and that a great cause of the night is lack of sun, very likely knew that life cannot be turned from rules into exceptions, without making exceptions the rule. Do not imagine that Bernard Shaw, in tearing our social system to pieces, is an anarchist. Under triumphant conditions of anarchy, he would most certainly side with the Archbishop of Canterbury. Mr. Shaw, the critic of existing marriage customs, would not be wanting for material if he were transported to some remote island where, let us say, sexual promiscuity was made compulsory by law. He would immediately write plays about devoted couples who go to the stake as martyrs to monogamy; a practice which would obtain his hearty commendation because it was not the usual thing.

SCANDINAVIAN BOOKS.

BERGEN, Norway, October 12.

When Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson died three years ago, the last of the four great chieftains of Norwegian literature, of whom the others were Ibsen, Kielland, and Lie, a discussion arose to decide who might now be called Norway's most distinguished living author. Public opinion generally centred on the names of Knut Hamsun and Hans Aanrud, the latter of whom recently celebrated his fiftieth birthday amid great ovations. Aanrud is a very popular author, and his stories of peasant life in the eastern part of the country are marked by simplicity, truthfulness, and a keen sense of humor. One of his best stories, delightfully portraying the simple round of a small peasant girl's life, was translated into English a few years ago under the title of "Lisbeth Longfrock," but its literary pendant, "Sølve Solfeng," which pictures a little peasant boy, has not been so honored. As a part of the semi-centennial celebrations over the author, the Gyldendalske publishing house is bringing out a popular edition of his works.

A small volume of lectures, called "Tidsspørsmaal i skole og opdragelse" ("Questions of the Hour in School and Education"), by the professor of pedagogics at the University of Christiania, Otto Anderssen, is concerned with problems of considerable interest. The

first three lectures discuss the experiments made to explore the psychological life of the child (pedology), the attempts to furnish young men and women with a higher professional education (the German labor-schools), and the question whether or not ethics should be taught in school. By far the most interesting lecture is the fourth and last, in which the author gives his personal view of the pedagogical tendencies of our time and maintains with much strength that the pupils should have a larger share in directing the school's discipline. It will surprise some readers to learn that Dr. Anderssen takes a somewhat skeptical view of certain modern tendencies in American education, such as the George Junior Republic.

The centenary of the birth of Ivar Aasen, the Norwegian linguist and author, gave rise to the publication of two volumes on his life and work. The more important of the two consists of contributions from Arne Garborg, Anders Hovden, and Halvdan Koht, the last of whom has written an excellent essay containing much new material. The other volume is issued by the periodical, *Syn og segn*, and is made up of shorter essays and studies, considering mainly the more particular phases of the author's work. Both publications are written exclusively by men who adhere to the new national language of Norway, the "landsmaal," of which Ivar Aasen was the founder, and in this same language the text is written.

A subscription work which should particularly interest Norwegian-Americans, Knut Takla's "Det norske folk i de forenede stater" ("The Norwegian People in the United States"), has just been brought to completion; it covers almost 500 pages, and the price is only four kroner. The book describes the daily life and the economic and cultural conditions of Norwegians in America, and considers at some length the chances of success which a Norwegian immigrant may have in the new country. The author was for twenty-two years a travelling agent for the *Skandinaven*, a Norwegian daily paper published in Chicago, and naturally has a thorough knowledge of his subject. Once in a while it seems as if his desire to dissuade his countrymen from leaving the Fatherland caused him to draw a gloomy picture; but on the whole it must be said that the work is fairly accurate.

A clergyman of the Danish church, Arboe Rasmussen, has for some time been the centre of a bitter religious controversy in Denmark. He has openly confessed that in many respects he differs with the accepted dogmas of the state church, and when recently he applied for a new appointment in this church his opponents commenced an agitation to have him shut out. Arboe Rasmussen answered by publishing a small book, "Om trosbel endelsen og præstelöftet" ("On the Confession and the Ordination Vow"), in which he maintains his opinions with much clearness and composure, even where the chapters are of a strictly polemical nature, and which abundantly testifies to the author's sincerity as well as to his unflinching belief in the nucleus of the Christian faith. The book is divided into three parts, treating of the confession, the ordination vow, and the immaculate conception, his thoughts on the last matter being somewhat radical.

One of the wittiest Danish writers of the present time, Gustav Wied, has a new book out which lives up to his reputation for boldness and even impropriety. Other recent Danish books which deserve mention are Fr. Moth's "Vagantviserne," J. Paludan's "Fransk-engelsk indflydelse paa Danmarks digtning i Holbergs tidsalder" ("French-English Influence on Danish Literature in the Age of Holberg"), La Cour's "Zacharias Topelius og Fredrik Barfod," and Karl Christensen's "Hvor fremtiden gror" ("Where the Future Grows"), all of which are concerned with subjects from the history of literature and are too valuable to be overlooked.

The eminent Swedish musical critic, W. Peterson-Berger, has issued in book form the seven lectures which he delivered at Stockholm during the winter of 1912-13 on the occasion of the Wagner centenary. The collection, which bears the title "Richard Wagner som kulturföreteelse" ("Richard Wagner as a Cultural Phenomenon"), gives evidence of the author's mastery of his subject and fires the reader with some of his own love and admiration for the great musician. Wagner's position in the history of music is considered in detail. In the last of the lectures, on "Sweden and the Wagner Movement," a little-known subject receives an illuminating treatment. A new subscription work is "Sveriges städer" ("The Cities of Sweden"), the first part of which has been issued by the publishing firm of P. A. Norstedt & Sons, Stockholm. Written by competent authors, it gives a thorough historical description of all Swedish cities and is richly illustrated and admirably executed by the printer's and bookmaker's hands. Twelve parts are to appear each year and the price of the whole work will be 255 kroner, if all parts are ordered together.

The Swedish story-writer, Hjalmar Bergman, recently brought out a new book, called "Loewen historier" ("Loewen Stories"). It contains three stories which are all characterized by the author's customary good humor. Other Swedish books of recent issue are the following: "De löjliga familjarna" ("The Peculiar Families"), by Harald Wägner; "Hans hustrus förflutna" ("His Wife's Past"), by Anders Eje; "Bilder ur Värmlands folkliv" ("Pictures from Life in Värmland"); short stories by J. C. v. Holsten, and "Vårt folk och kristendomen" ("Our People and Christianity"), a series of articles by prominent men.

ARNE KILDAL.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

In an essay entitled "Was Poe Accurate?" Prof. A. H. Tolman says:

> Probably most persons would think of "The Gold Bug" as the best illustration of the accurate working of Poe's mind. The celebrated cryptograph there found solves itself all right, I presume. There are some mathematical statements in this story, however, which are impossible. ("Hamlet and Other Essays," p. 399.)

His presumption, however, with regard to the cryptograph is not entirely warranted, for this, too, contains some mathematical statements which are impossible.

"The Gold Bug" was first published in the *Dollar Newspaper* (Philadelphia) for June 21 and 28, 1843, where it won a prize of one hundred dollars. Poe had sold the story to Graham for fifty-two dollars, but before its publication had asked Graham to return it to him. "I had returned him the story of 'The Gold Bug' at his own request, as he found that he could dispose of it very advantageously elsewhere" (*Graham's Magazine*, March, 1850). Copies of the *Dollar Newspaper* are no longer accessible, but the story was fortunately reprinted in the Philadelphia *Saturday Courier*, June 24, July 1 and 8, 1843, copies of which are owned by the Pennsylvania Historical Society of Philadelphia.* It was later included in the 1845 edition of Poe's works.

When Poe first wrote the cryptograph, he made the angle at which the telescope was to be elevated "forty-one degrees and thirteen minutes." But in the manuscript corrections which he made in the Lorimer Graham copy, doubtless realizing that his angle of elevation was a bit high, he changed the "forty-one" to "twenty-one" and made the necessary changes in the order of the characters in the cryptograph, adding the] to represent the letter *w*. However, he neglected to make the corresponding changes in the table of the characters in the cryptograph, but, save for the addition of the] to represent *w*, let it remain as it was when the cryptograph contained the word "forty-one." The change of degree involved the addition of the letters *t w e n* to the cryptograph and the subtraction of the letters *f o r* from it. He should therefore have so changed the numbers which represented the number of times these letters occurred as to make them read as follows:

Of the	character	8	[e] there are	34
"	"	;	[t] "	27
"	"	‡	[o] "	15
"	"	*	[n] "	14
"	"	1	[f] "	7

And a corresponding change should be made in all editions based upon the Lorimer Graham text, some of which are those edited by Stedman-Woodberry, Harrison (Virginia ed.), Stewart, Trent, Perry, Newcomer, Gambrill, and the volume in Macmillan's Pocket Classics.

*Campbell, *Nation*, XCIII, 363.

But there is even another mistake in the table. If the characters in the original cryptograph be counted, it will be found that there are 203 of them. If the characters as enumerated in the table are counted, it will be found that there are but 193 of them. Evidently then, in constructing the table, Poe overlooked some of the characters; an investigation reveals the fact that he neglected to count the character (, which stands for *r*. This is the more remarkable since mention is made of this character in the text following the table. There are ten of these, and when they are added to the table the number of characters in both cryptograph and table becomes the same. With the exception of Lowell's edition (published by Crowell, n. d.), this mistake is repeated in all editions not based upon the Lorimer Graham text, among which are those of Duyckinck, Griswold, Ingram, Stoddard, Hale, Graves, and the Cameo edition.

Not having included the (in his original table, Poe naturally overlooked it in the Lorimer Graham corrections. It should therefore be added to the table in those editions based on the Lorimer Graham text, but with a change of the ten to nine, since in the change from "forty-one" to "twenty-one" an *r* was lost.

In the key to the cryptograph there occurs a similar oversight. Poe says:

> To avoid confusion, it is now time that we arrange our key, as far as discovered, in a tabular form. It will stand thus:
>
> | | | | | | |
> |---|---|---|---|---|---|
> | 5 | represents | a | 6 | represents | i |
> | † | " | d | * | " | n |
> | 8 | " | e | ‡ | " | o |
> | 3 | " | g | (| " | r |
> | 4 | " | h | ; | " | t |
>
> We have, therefore, no less than ten of the most important letters represented.

He has neglected to include in the list the character ?, which represents *u* and which he had already solved.*

In "The Purloined Letter" it will be remembered that Poe represents Dupin and himself as sitting in a dark room smoking, when the Prefect G—— enters. Dupin starts to light the lamp, but forbears when he hears that G—— has brought him a matter requiring reflection, it being his theory that he can think better in the dark. In two instances in the tale Poe seems to have nodded slightly—perhaps the dark was to blame, perhaps it was the Prefect G——.

In the paragraph:

> "Than whom," said Dupin, amid a perfect whirlwind of smoke, "no more sagacious agent could, I suppose, be desired, or even imagined,"

it is probable that the object of the whirlwind of smoke was to hide the ironical smile upon Dupin's face as he thus openly ridiculed the Prefect. If so, would not the darkness have afforded ample concealment? Again, at the close of his visit, the Prefect produces a memorandum-book and proceeds to read aloud a minute account of the internal, and especially of the external, appearance of the document." If it was dark when he arrived, surely at the time of his departure it must have been too dark for this incident to have taken place!

As I began with a quotation from Professor Tolman's article, I cannot do better than to conclude with a slightly condensed paragraph from the same source.

> But a truce to petty fault-finding! Poe's fame is secure. . . . His was essentially an original mind; he was a literary . . . discoverer, and the world does not often forget its discoverers. Whether we think of the detective story; of the scientific romance; of what we may call "the short story of atmosphere"; of certain fundamental truths in "the philosophy of composition"; of the true theory of English versification, since elaborated by Sidney Lanier; or of Poe's own peculiar type of intensely musical poetry—we can say with substantial truth, that he was—
>
> the first that ever burst
> Into that silent sea.

ALFRED ALLAN KERN.

*This mistake seems to have been noticed by Stoddard in 1884, who is followed by Hale, Graves, and the Cameo edition. The remaining texts have the old incorrect reading.

Correspondence

PLATFORM ANARCHY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Possibly a word should be said under the inspiration of your recent remarks on "Platform Anarchy" (*Nation*, October 16), as exemplified in Massachusetts at the present time. I note your contention concerning a candidate who refuses to be bound by subsequent party resolutions:

> So many Republicans may have been swayed by his personality, or by a portion of his political creed, that he can scarcely claim in his nomination an unqualified endorsement of his whole platform. The provision of the Massachusetts and New Jersey laws, moreover, that when a party chooses its nominee it chooses also delegates who shall express its political faith, recognizes a party solidarity which Mr. Gardner's emphasis of his personal views opposes.

In the current case of Mr. Gardner, however, it is fairly to be contended that his principles as well as himself were endorsed in making the nomination. There was a well-marked line of cleavage between Gardner and Benton, the opposing nominees. Gardner was chosen by a substantial majority, after an exhaustive campaign in which principles necessarily figured. The subsequent party convention, however, made no account of the cardinal points for which the party's nominee had contended, and a casual reading of its platform might lead one to believe that the nominee was Col. Benton rather than Congressman Gardner.

Under those circumstances, is not the "platform anarchy" rather on the part of the convention than on the part of the candidate? True, the delegates composing that convention were chosen by the self-same votes that chose Capt. Gardner as the nominee. As a matter of fact, however, probably not one voter in a thousand devoted the slightest thought to the delegates, or so much as bothered to read their names. They were at the extreme end of the ticket and could be voted for by marking a single cross on the ballot. It is an undoubted fact that they were chosen in the most absolute indifference, whereas the choice for the head of the ticket—personality, principles, and all—was deliberate and well considered. The choice of Gardner against Benton carried with it a tacit instruction to the party to give out a Gardner, rather than a Benton, platform. As for the delegates to the subsequent convention, there was in almost no case any alternative list. One might write in other names if one chose—but probably no one chose. No ballot more superlatively supererogatory than that for Republican delegates under the present Primary law could well be imagined. It meant nothing to the ordinary voter, and to read into the choice a considered permission to erect any sort of platform that the delegates might choose, even against the candidate's known protest, is quite impossible. The platform officially adopted by the convention was not responsive to the public understanding with which that convention was selected.

Of course the whole matter is of little importance in these piping days of interlocking party politics. No attention whatever is likely to be paid to the platform of the Republican or the Democratic party in Massachusetts this year, by any voter in any city or town. There is no burning issue, and even the four pet planks on which Capt. Gardner lays such stress are wholly immaterial to the situation. The Progressive party, with a new creed to formulate, had some excuse for making its platform a prominent feature, but beyond that the conventions might as well have been entirely omitted. They are for the moment mere survivals of a past, somewhat like the caudal vertebræ in man. But if in any case they became important, I think the votes of the public for a contested nomination should control the opinions embodied in the platform, rather than the votes of the public for a wholly unpledged and unnoticed list of party delegates. The former at least implies the possession of an opinion by the voters. The latter is a meaningless pro forma act.

PHILIP SANFORD MARDEN.

Lowell, Mass., October 18.

MR. WILLIAM J. PRICE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your editorial headed "The Consuls Safeguarded" (*Nation*, September 18), there appeared the following statement:

> The minor diplomatic offices are now going to the ordinary hack politicians. Why, for instance, should William J. Price, of Danville, Ky., be sent as Minister to Panama? We have been unable to ascertain that he has had previous diplomatic service, or been anything else at home but a "prominent" local officeholder of mediocre abilities; and the same is true of others recently selected.

Such a grave injustice has been done by the false impressions of Mr. Price drawn by the author of the above-quoted statement, that I feel it my duty as his lifelong friend to place before you the true facts.

Mr. Price, instead of being a "hack" politician, represents the very best type of men in politics to-day, standing among those who advocate clean and good government and the highest standards in public service. At the very outset of life he won high academic honors and bore the reputation among his fellows as being a pure-minded, serious young man, with a regnant purpose in life. After a course at law, he took up the practice of his chosen profession. His ability as a lawyer soon received recognition, which resulted in his election by the Central University of Kentucky to an important chair in its College of Law, where for seven years he did most

faithful and efficient work. Later he was elected Prosecuting Attorney for his home district, serving in this capacity for two terms to the satisfaction of the people of his district, and with great credit to himself. Although Mr. Price's home is located in one of the closest political districts in his State, no opposition for nomination or election has been offered against him in any of the political races which he has made.

In order that you may know how well he is esteemed at home, I will state that at a banquet given in his honor just before his departure for his new post, the very highest tributes were paid to him by the president of his alma mater, members of the bar, leading divines of his city, officials, and citizens. JAMES H. DORMAN, JR.

Washington, D. C., October 13.

IS "HOOSIER POETRY" APPROPRIATE IN THE "NATION"?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A week ago two leading Boston journals printed some verses for children by a North Dakota writer. Most of the words were intentionally misspelled with the evident intention of indicating mispronunciation. The approving comments were unexpected and depressing. Still more so is the general tenor of your editorial, "The Hoosier Poet," in the issue of this week. Doubtless there are many persons who tolerate or even enjoy such barbaric puerilities, but surely few of them are among the regular readers of the *Nation*. As one of the latter since its foundation, I protest against such misuse of its pages. It may be proper to chronicle the events enumerated in your article as items in the literary history of the United States, but half a dozen lines would have served as specimens of the dialect that needs no example or precept among our young people. To paraphrase Disraeli's epigram as to Gladstone, the existence of such corruptions of English is merely a misfortune; their reproduction in the *Nation* is a calamity. BURT G. WILDER.

Brookline, Mass., October 18.

Literature

THE SOCIETY OF JESUS.

A Candid History of the Jesuits. By Joseph McCabe. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50 net.

The word "candid" in the title of Mr. McCabe's book immediately catches the attention, both because of its implications and its claim. It implies a criticism of previous attempts to write the history of this Society and puts forward a claim of impartiality for this new effort to perform the same task. As to the failure of M. Cretineau-Joly, chief apologist of the Society, Mr. McCabe's evidence leaves us in little doubt; his glossings over, his omissions, his use of forged documents as genuine, all condemn his work not only as far from "candid," but as misleading and untrustworthy. Nor do those hostile critics, Catholic and Protestant, who have attempted to write the history of the Society, apparently leave us in a much better situation. For while their accounts are true as far as they go, they give but a one-sided view. They tend to paint all Jesuits one color, and that a black of the deepest dye. As to Mr. McCabe's own attempt, a careful reading of it leaves the impression that it is not only a piece of genuine historical work, therefore necessarily "candid," but also one of an excellent order judged by criterions of research, judgment, and narrative skill. Indeed, his previous works, "The Life of St. Augustine," "The Decay of the Catholic Church," and so on, together with his training at Louvain, would amply justify an expectation of a thorough piece of work. Nor does it need his assurance that he is an adherent neither of the Protestant nor of the Catholic faith to inspire us with confidence in his frankness and impartiality.

Yet, candor admitted, has Mr. McCabe after all given us a satisfactory understanding of the most fundamental source of the original strength and continued vitality of the Jesuits? Does he sufficiently emphasize the mysticism and the religious fanaticism that determined Ignatius to dedicate his abilities to the service of the Church, and that continued through all periods to supply the Society with a nucleus of high-minded, genuinely religious, if fanatical, members? A failure to place entirely in the right perspective this dynamic element in the life of the Society is the chief, perhaps the only, serious criticism that can be brought against this judicious and, in parts, intensely absorbing narrative.

No less religious than St. Francis, Ignatius was in other respects a wholly different type. To this difference his training contributed its quota. Ignatius was a military man, trained to value organization and discipline. Yet deeper was his fundamentally diplomatic cast of mind. A consecrated diplomatist, he inoculated his first followers, and through them successive generations, with principles and methods of action that brought success, to be sure, and performed wonders for Catholicism against Protestantism, as well as heroic and spectacular deeds in Europe and on the mission fields, but also brought on the hatred of Protestants, and, strikingly enough, that of a large proportion of the Catholic world as well.

It was Ignatius who first set the example of maintaining against the express commands of the Pope practices that in his own *private* judgment were best for the Society. It was Ignatius who, by such action, and by seeking privileges that allowed the Jesuits to encroach on the spheres of action of the secular clergy and the other monastic bodies, sowed the seeds of that intense corporate feeling which blossomed into a corporate selfishness; this, perhaps more than anything else, won for them inside the Church itself a cordial hatred. Again it was Ignatius who inculcated that policy of cultivating the wealthy and powerful for the greater glory of God, which proved later so misleading a beacon to the feet of his less inspired followers. Above all, it was Ignatius who first displayed those diplomatic methods of action, that casuistic habit of mind, which in their development inspired the members of the Society with the idea that the end justified the means.

Among the fruits of their selfishness was the hate of the old monastic orders. On the plea that the older orders had forfeited their rights through sloth, inefficiency, and degeneracy, the Jesuits laid claim to much of the secularized church property which had been recovered from Protestant hands after the successes of the Counter Reformation. Just as this plea may have been in many cases, it was not calculated to increase the popularity of the Jesuits. The same was true of their steady and subterranean efforts to obtain control of the established universities. They respected no privileges, were eager to control everything, and, to procure leadership in the Catholic ranks, stopped at nothing. Not only did they assiduously cultivate the friendship of wealthy and influential men and women, but they engaged in commercial undertakings on a large scale. They allowed able merchants, after joining the Society, to conceal their membership and continue in business. In South America their native converts, to the number of three hundred thousand, were gathered in well-ordered villages, and led out to labor in the fields or fight in the armies of the Society. These services the natives performed without other pay than that of lodging, clothing, and food. The profits were gathered in by the Jesuits, and though the Fathers declared these to be inconsiderable or non-existent, the extreme solicitude with which they guarded their "reductions," as the villages were called, from all impartial investigation, suggests the contrary. In one apparently well authenticated case they offered Bishop Cardenas of Paraguay twenty thousand crowns if he would omit their possessions from his diocesan inspection. When this was refused, they spread the report among the natives that Spanish priests were coming who would interfere with the women; they raised a troop of eight hundred natives, advanced on the Episcopal town, procured the coöperation of its Governor by a bribe of thirty thousand crowns, seized, maltreated, and exiled the Bishop, and finally obtained his transference to another diocese. In this way, too, were the Jesuits sowing the whirlwind.

The author furnishes a list of acts, gathered in part from Pascal's biting essays, which were justified by the casuistry of Jesuit confessors. If a man could not sleep without supper, he was not bound to fast. A wife was excused from fasting if her husband thought it interfered with her attractiveness. Wealthy Christians were bound to give to the poor out of their superfluous goods, yet the Jesuit Vasquez proved that "You will scarcely find such a thing as superfluous goods among seculars, even in the case of kings." If a valet found it inconvenient to change his master, he might even hold the ladder by which his master climbed to an illicit adventure, though in this extreme case the master *must scold much* before the valet would be justified. It was lawful to pursue and kill a man who had dealt you a blow, *provided you had merely a technical regard for your honor, and did not feel vindictive.* It was lawful for a monk to kill a man who defamed his monastery or his order, if there was no other way to arrest the defamation.

The crash came in 1773, after the Jesuits had been expelled by the Catholic powers of Portugal in 1759, of France in 1764, of Spain and of Naples in 1767. The Pope, Clement XIV, suppressed and abolished the Society "forever," recognizing that it could no longer "produce the abundant fruits and the considerable advantages for which it was created." At the time of its abolition the Society numbered 22,589 members, of whom 11,293 were priests, and owned 669 colleges and 869 other residences. But the Society of Jesus was only scotched, not killed, and its former members seem never to have disappeared from Western Europe. Under Frederick the Great they founded asylums in Prussia, notably Catholic Silesia, which was acquired not many years before from Austria, and also in Russia. In the latter country they maintained their organization intact until restored to a legal life by the action of Pius VII in 1814, who saw in them the most effective agency for rooting out what remained of liberalism and revolution. Since then the Society has suffered many vicissitudes. At present it is still excluded from Portugal, Italy, the German Empire, France, Mexico, and several of the South American republics. It has been restored and is flourishing in Spain, Austria, Belgium, England, and the United States.

With regard to Spain Mr. McCabe says: "I am informed that the present Queen has surrendered entirely to the pressure of the Queen-Mother and the Jesuits. Unless the King has the courage to lighten the laboring vessel of royalty by sacrificing the Jesuits, which would give him immense popularity, Spain will, within ten years, follow the example of Portugal." In Italy, also, growing liberalism, according to Mr. McCabe, will force the Government to return to its strict law which has been much in abeyance. As a result of this leniency, there are large numbers of Jesuits in the country, the Italian province numbering more than a thousand members. "At Rome they control the Gregorian University, the German and Latin Colleges, the Biblical Institute, and other papal establishments. They have recovered all their influence at the Vatican under the present mediæval pontiff, and they are among the most ardent supporters of the reactionary policy with which he is paralyzing higher culture in the Church of Rome. The higher secular clergy are little less anxious than the Socialists and Free Masons to see them suppressed." Yet, with all their vicissitudes, the Jesuits have increased enormously during the last half-century. The future seems brightest for the Jesuits in the Protestant countries. "Probably the Jesuits will, in twenty years' time, be excluded from every Catholic kingdom, yet number more than 20,000."

It is interesting to note that in Mr. McCabe's judgment the Society is still unchanged in its essential characteristics, while the Jesuits of Germany, England, and the United States are a very different body from the Jesuits of Spain,

> There is no change in the inner principles and ideals. "All for the Glory of the Society," as Mgr. Talbot sardonically translated their Latin motto, is still the ruling principle; the Society remains the Esau of the Roman clerical world. It still chiefly seeks the wealthy and powerful; it is the arch-enemy of progress and liberalism in Catholic theology; its scholarship is singularly undistinguished in proportion to its resources; it embarks upon political intrigue, even for the destruction of state forms, whenever its interest seems to require; it is hated by a very large proportion of the Catholic clergy and laity in every country. . . . It is not impossible that Catholicism itself will again angrily suppress the perverse and irregular construction of the Spanish soldier-diplomatist, and insist that religious ideals shall be pursued only by scrupulously clean and unselfish exertions.

CURRENT FICTION.

Westways: A Village Chronicle. By S. Weir Mitchell. New York: The Century Co.

This story is quite up to the standard of Dr. Mitchell's earlier work. Like "Hugh Wynne," it is, in a secondary sense, an historical romance. Most of the action takes place in the later years of the Civil War, and the importance of the war theme throughout quite removes the narrative from the plane of a mere "village chronicle." To the estate and village of "Westways," however, in middle Pennsylvania, the leading figures belong: there we find them, and there we leave them.

The Squire, Capt. James Penhallow, has retired from the service on inheriting the family estates. His wife is a Maryland woman, of slave-holding stock. They are childless, but upon them devolves the care of a niece of the wife, and later of a nephew of the husband. The not over-shrewd novel-reader will discern that Leila Grey and John Penhallow are destined for each other, before a dozen pages of the story are turned. When John, a coddled product of European rearing, arrives at Westways, he is "a thin, pallid, undersized boy, who dislikes even the mild sports of French lads." He carries a gold-mounted cane, speaks with stilted precision, and is afraid of wet feet. Leila, a true American-bred tomboy, takes him in hand, and, with the Squire's assistance, makes a man of him. She herself, of course, presently changes from tomboy to lovely woman, and keeps the hero at arms' length until the final curtain.

Historical figures are introduced with caution. Lincoln makes a single brief appearance in a "speaking part," Grant, Stanton, and others cross the stage, or loom in the wings. The battle-scenes are few, and not the less effective because less "vivid," less ghastly and nightmarish than the current fashion of description. The atmosphere of the time, which Dr. Mitchell remembers for himself, is conveyed as the fancy of the younger generation of fiction-writers, with all their cleverness, can hardly hope to convey it.

The Spotted Panther. By James Francis Dwyer. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

The Insidious Dr. Fu-Manchu. By Sax Rohmer. New York: McBride, Nast & Co.

The barbaric heroine plot is a very old one; at least as old as the myths of Ariadne and Medea. Its outline is simple: the heroine of foreign race falls in love with the adventurer at first sight, by treason to her friends helps him to accomplish great tasks and avoid fearsome dangers, and at last escapes with the hero. It is interesting to see how closely two recent stories, belonging in other respects to different types, conform to this scheme.

"The Spotted Panther" is a story of adventure in Borneo, written in rather facile journalistic style. If George Fitch should attempt to write in his usual manner a Rider Haggard romance, the result would be something like Mr. Dwyer's story. Chico Morgan and Lord Edwin Templeton, both men of great stature and prowess, set out with the narrator for the interior of Borneo, in search of the Great Parong of Buddha, a huge sword set with priceless gems, which formerly belonged to various con-

querors of India. It is now worshipped as a fetich by an inland tribe of head-hunters, of whom the Spotted Panther, a ferocious giant, is chief. Certain descendants of a crew of shipwrecked Portuguese are now recognized as members of the tribe. One of these, Nao, a girl of marvellous beauty, falls in love with Morgan at sight; and through her aid the adventurers escape numerous direful fates, and at last obtain the Great Parong. Of course, Nao escapes with her lover and the rest, but to save her life and destroy the Spotted Panther the Great Parong has to be sacrificed.

"The Insidious Dr. Fu-Manchu" is in some respects a conventional detective story. Nayland Smith, the hero, has for friend and assistant a competent but not too astute medical man. Dr. Petrie is ever at his elbow to administer timely opiates and restoratives to his captives, to admire his acumen and nerve, and endlessly to describe his manner of smoking. The barbarous enemy is Dr. Fu-Manchu, the advance agent of the Yellow Peril, who has brought wealth, universal learning, and all but supernatural resourcefulness to the fine art of murder. Dr. Fu's mission in England is to get rid of men whose knowledge and influence are likely to hinder the development of China as a great military Power. Fu has "a forehead like Shakespeare's and a face like Satan's." In his service are Karamanèh, an Arab slave-girl of supreme beauty, and various highly trained Oriental criminals—dacoits and thugs. Against this combination Nayland Smith would have had small chance; but observe the advantage to a detective of having a presentable medical friend. No Medea could fall in love with Smith—his manners are too much subdued to the trade he works in. He has an unpleasant habit of clicking his teeth, and instead of saying anything, he almost always "snaps," "raps," or "jerks" it. But Karamanèh falls in love with Dr. Petrie at first sight, rescues him and Smith from various horrible deaths, and shoots at least one dacoit to save their lives. Among the many victims of violence in these chronicles we may mention the rules of English grammar.

Myles Calthorpe, I.D.B. By F. E. Mills Young. New York: John Lane Co.

I.D.B. stands for a South African degree of sinister standing—illicit diamond buyer. However, this is not a tale with a crook for a hero. Myles Calthorpe is the old-fashioned young gentleman who sacrifices himself for the woman he loves. As of old, the sacrifice is a mistaken one. Her brother is the real criminal; Calthorpe makes his mistake in fancying that her happiness is bound up in her brother's fate, rather than in his own. Three years of penal servitude leave him still obstinate in his self-immolation. He is persuaded to take another name, and has made a place for himself in a new community, when the girl turns up and exposes him as an ex-convict. In the end the brother confesses, and the pair are brought together, despite a queer element of anti-climax which is injected into the story at the last moment, and which would seem likely to spoil the romance outright for readers of a certain sex. It is unsafe to graft a sprout of realism on purely sentimental stock; and the casual nature of the experiment fatally slackens the grip of the main narrative upon the not too keen sympathies of the reader.

FINANCIAL LEGISLATION.

Financial History of Ohio. By Ernest Ludlow Bogart, Ph.D. University of Illinois Studies in the Social Sciences. Vol. I, Nos. 1 and 2.

This work is the first issue of the new series inaugurated by the University of Illinois entitled "Studies in the Social Sciences." Hitherto the University has been contented to publish its scientific products of all descriptions, agricultural, mathematical, etc., in the "University Studies"; but with the increase in the number of its faculty and graduate students in those departments dealing with social life, there has been felt, as at other institutions, the need of a special outlet for the results of research along these lines. It is to be hoped that the editors will demand a high standard of scholarship from the contributors, and not feel obliged, as seems to be too frequently common in similar series, to print every study offered because it is a product of the University, or else is recommended by some colleague whose feelings might be hurt, should a product of his seminar be rejected.

This first number, or rather double number, as it is called without any obvious reason, is an excellent example of what can be done in the field of Western history, if the student will only go to the source material and will not base his facts on the traditions preserved in State and county histories. The list of publications principally used by the author shows that he has had recourse only to the most authoritative sources, namely, the Government publications, although he has found these frequently ill-digested and their information scattered and difficult to understand.

The subject of the volume is treated under two headings: the first deals with the "Financial Legislation and Administration," and the second with the "History of Taxation in Ohio." After the preliminary historical sketch in the first chapter comes the study of the budget, which both historians and economists will probably find the most valuable in the volume. The period of territorial and early State finance was marked by thrift and economy in the government:

> The farmers and pioneers who composed the early Legislatures were poor and hard working, unaccustomed to handle large sums of money or to think in large sums, and they ordered the household of the State frugally, as they did their own affairs. The time, moreover, had not yet come for joint effort through State action. Such concerted action as occurred was carried on through the local governments, as road and bridge building, but in general the period and the environment developed individualism rather than coöperation through political agencies.

Beginning with 1825 there was initiated in Ohio a period of internal improvements. The old system of a land tax was changed at this time to that of the general property tax. Although there is no evidence of startling dishonesty in the handling of the funds used in building the first canals, etc., the money easily obtained by borrowing was carelessly spent. From the year 1845 for about a decade there was an era of "legislative extravagance, of administrative dishonesty, and of private and corporate corruption which happily is unique in the history of the State." Under Gov. Chase there came a thorough housecleaning, and at the time of the outbreak of the war between the States, Ohio was prepared to bear the additional expenses incident to that struggle. After the war, the budget of the State rose very rapidly, and there have been periods of great extravaganee and some dishonesty. Particularly in the planning of the State institutions for the dependents and the criminals, the lack of definite plans and of adjustment of the budget brought about great waste. With the panic of 1873 was ushered in a period of economy which was soon broken by renewed improvidence. After 1895 the revenue was increased by a number of new lucrative taxes, and there has been developed a better system of control, but the State still suffers from the hand-to-mouth policy of an elective Legislature and Executive. This chapter is followed by valuable tables in which the receipts and expenditures are grouped in a logical manner. Some such system for financial reports as is here given by Professor Bogart might well be adopted by the officers of our States, whose reports are invariably without classification or analysis.

In the history and analysis of the general property tax, chapter iv, the author traces the growth and final break-down of that system. It was introduced into Ohio in 1825 to replace the complicated and cumbersome system of separate tax laws, that had resulted in many inequalities. The new law "abolished the old system of land classification and at the same time introduced a number of new features: the taxation of all property for State purposes, instead of land alone; the valuation of real property at

its true value in money; the specific enumeration of all the forms of property to be taxed; the establishment of boards of equalization, and the other machinery of the general property tax."

This law of 1825 was greatly modified by amendments during the following years, more completely by the Kelley Act in 1846; but in spite of all their efforts, the Legislature was unable to equalize the taxation of land and the less tangible forms of property. Two principles of taxation had become paramount in the minds of the people, when the Constitution of 1851 was drafted and both were incorporated in that instrument. These principles were: the rule of equality in taxation, and the necessity of withdrawing from legislative caprice by including in the Constitution all subjects, such as taxation, in which the selfish interests were opposed to those of the people. In sections 2 and 3 of article xii of the new Constitution all arbitrary taxation was abrogated; but the adoption of the "uniform rule" of taxation developed in a few years into an evil which prevented any further advance towards reform, such as the classification of property; and the laws that have been passed since this time have not marked any material progress over that of 1846. Professor Bogart expresses the hope that the Constitutional Convention, which was sitting while his volume was in the press, would so change the Constitution as to permit the classification of property for purposes of taxation, but this has not happened, for the Convention yielded to the influence of corporate interests and approved the antiquated and discarded system under which the State has suffered for two generations.

In chapters v and vi the author departs somewhat from the limits of his title by including histories of banking and railways in Ohio; but since neither subject has ever received adequate treatment, he was justified in taking the larger view in order that the history of taxation of these important industries might be better understood. There is very much to praise in the volume, for it is well done, and the citizens not only of Ohio but also of other States are in the author's debt.

Autobiography of George Dewey, Admiral of the Navy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50 net.

A trifle under three-fifths of Admiral Dewey's story of his life is taken up with that part of it which preceded his assignment to the command of the Asiatic Squadron; two-fifths is devoted to the momentous twelve months at Manila, and a few pages suffice for the narrative "Since Manila." These are the right proportions. Dewey's career holds much of interest before even he thought of the possibility of our being concerned with the Philippines, though the idea was in his mind long before it had entered that of many of his countrymen.

In 1873, the news of the Virginius affair reached Commander Dewey in the Gulf of California. Going into the wardroom of his vessel, the Narragansett, he found the officers in various attitudes of despondency. In reply to his inquiry, they said that there was to be war with Spain, and, marooned thousands of miles from home, they should be entirely out of it. "On the contrary, we shall be very much in it," he assured them. "If war with Spain is declared, the Narragansett will take Manila." Fate had evidently destined him for the deed which he was to perform a quarter of a century later. But it was necessary for the Assistant Secretary of the Navy to lend fate a hand. In the summer and autumn of 1897, the Navy Department was inclining towards Commodore Howell for the command of the Asiatic Squadron, and political influence also was exerted in his behalf. "I want you to go," Mr. Roosevelt declared to Dewey one day. "You are the man who will be equal to the emergency if one arises. Do you know any Senators?" Dewey had made it a rule never to seek to bring political influence to bear upon the Department. But in answer to this question, he said that Senator Proctor, from his own State of Vermont, was an old friend of the family. "You could not have a better sponsor," Mr. Roosevelt exclaimed. "Lose no time in having him speak a word for you." But the Department had its revenge. Not until after the battle of Manila Bay was Dewey raised to the rank of acting rear-admiral, which for years had been conferred as a matter of course upon every commodore ordered to command the Asiatic Squadron. One of Dewey's friends offered him the consolation that the only one of his predecessors who had won a great name by action in the Far East also had held his rank. This was Commodore Perry.

When Dewey went to Annapolis as a midshipman, the Academy was only nine years old. The dormitories were merely the barracks which had housed the artillerymen stationed at old Fort Severn. Most of the instructors were civilians. But the course of study was rigorous. Of the sixty who entered with the future admiral in the autumn of 1854, twenty-three fell by the way the first year, and only fifteen received diplomas. At the end of that first year, Dewey ranked twenty-third in a class of thirty-five. The next year, he was ninth in a class of twenty-six; and when he graduated, he stood fifth among fifteen. "There was a saying in the sixties," he writes, "that the men of 1840 in our navy would have been more at home in the ships of Drake's fleet or in those of Spain's invincible armada than in the ironclads of the Civil War." He was to see his first service in the Civil War in an antiquated vessel, the side-wheeler Mississippi, Commodore Perry's flagship when he "opened up" Japan. In 1862, at the age of twenty-four, Dewey became her executive officer. During this period, his youth was continually in his way, men of his rank but of more years being preferred for responsible positions. Nevertheless, the record shows him to have been an officer of nerve and intelligence. His account of the battle of New Orleans reveals Farragut as the indomitable figure which history has painted him. Dewey's narrowest escape was a year or so later, on the Monongahela, when an exploding shell from a field battery mortally wounded a fellow-officer by his side.

One naturally turns with keen interest to the pages in which Vice-Admiral von Diedrichs is mentioned. Dewey does not conceal the anxiety he felt over the presence in Manila Bay of a powerful squadron whose commander seemed determined to ignore the laws and customs usually observed during a blockade. But his displeasure is never suffered to get the upper hand. He is as urbane in recounting the trying experience as he was in undergoing it.

It is an interesting story that Admiral Dewey has to tell, and an important one. He was ready for Manila because, instead of settling down to the routine which contented many officers in the days of our old navy, he was continually observing the naval progress of other nations. The natural interest of the volume is enhanced by its clear, straightforward style, the credit for which is shared by Frederick Palmer.

Changing Russia. By Stephen Graham. With 15 illustrations and a map. New York: John Lane Co. $2.50 net.

Mr. Graham's volume describes a tramp trip along the shore of the Black Sea, from Novorossisk to Batum, and a visit to the gold-mining country of the Urals. Its frontispiece is most appropriately a portrait of the author, from a pencil sketch, rather than a view of any scene in Russia. For as a work on economic and political Russia the book is of small account; as soon as the author reflects he is, not exactly a child, but a half-grown boy prattling childishly. His leading theme is the ugliness of commercialism, now ever encroaching on Russia; the peasant is his idol, the bourgeois his aversion. "The hope lies in the Tsar and his advisers, who are all Conservatives, that they truly conserve and keep the peasantry living simply and sweetly on the land, that they will not make any more commercial concessions when once the present pecuniary needs are satisfied" (p. 11). This anti-commercial enthusi-

asm leads Mr. Graham to a mildly mystical Slavophilism, probably based on his beloved Dostolevsky. "I believe Russia has an extraordinary greatness to be attained through her Church, through her national institutions, and by virtue of her national landscape. It is a greatness that starts from the peasant soul. . . . The cultivated and educated Russians must not lose their peasant souls" (p. 210). "The Russian Church has the future of the peasantry in its hands more than the Government or the Duma or the Tsar. It can save it from ruthless exploitation by the commercial Western world only by keeping it honest, God-fearing, founded in reality. . . . Happily, as yet there is no need to quarrel with the Tsardom; the need is to combine, to care for the peasant spiritually and materially, by giving him the Church built on the rock, and saving to his hands his own Slavonic land" (p. 162). "Gorky was Russia's last hope. Nothing national has appeared since his day. And until the time when Russia shall say again that England, France, Germany are rotten, empty, and old, until she looks into herself once more, she will fail to have a literature, and will fail to feel herself living as a nation" (p. 126).

These drowsy echoes of futile Russian musings are, however, less prominent in this book than in its predecessor, "Undiscovered Russia." A reader forgives them in his delight over the real charm of the work, its poetic impressions of scenery, incidents, and types of character. One learns of "regiments of yellow hollyhocks and evening primroses, all wild, growing by the way, unaware of their rights to places in gardens, quite unselfconscious, like village maidens who do not know a passing townsman thinks them pretty" (p. 47), and then of the "hares," railway travellers who skilfully avoid paying their fare:

> In Russia . . . a national means of transit . . . is to travel in a train under the seat. To do such a thing in England is scandalous and improper, and the poor hare is liable to be brought to court, rebuked, fined, and then advertised in red print on all the railway stations where his friends wait for trains. In Russia arresting hares would mean arresting half the nation. Hares travel in the third-class compartments; a man or woman under the seat in second- or first-class carriages is comparatively unusual. In the third-class, not only are there hares under the seats, but the same dear furry creatures up in the luggage-rack. The hares are wonderfully tame, and are often lured out of their burrows when the inspector of tickets has gone by, and may be persuaded to take seats, smoke, and give a very lively account of themselves (pp. 237, 238).

The spirit is the same as in "Undiscovered Russia," but the style is more natural and unassuming. At its best the volume recalls—high praise!—Stevenson's "Travels with a Donkey" or his "Inland Voyage." Of informing works on Russia there are many, of artistic narratives very few; among such Mr. Graham's work deserves to hold first place.

Notes

Among the books which the Century Company is publishing this week are "Social Evolution," by Prof. F. Stuart Chapin; "The Near East," being the third volume of travel in the East on which Robert Hichens and Jules Guérin have collaborated, and Arthur Rackham's "Mother Goose," which contains twelve pictures in color by this artist and more than sixty in black and white.

The following titles are soon to be brought out by Revell: "The Keeper of the Vineyard," a novel of the Ozarks, by Mrs. Caroline Abbot Stanley; "The Shepherd of Us All," stories of the Christ, by Mary Stewart, and Prof. Hugh Black's "According to My Gospel."

Included in the autumn list of Browne & Howell, of Chicago, are the following: Francis F. Browne's "The Every-Day Life of Abraham Lincoln," new revised edition; "The Life of Preston B. Plumb, U. S. Senator from Kansas, 1877 to 1891," by William E. Connolley; "Broke: The Man Without the Dime," by Edwin A. Brown, and "Sonnets of a Suffragette," by Berton Braley.

One of the welcome reprints of the season is Mrs. Emily James Putnam's book, "The Lady," which has been brought out in a cheaper edition by Sturgis & Walton.

For the Anniversary Papers by colleagues and pupils of Prof. George Lyman Kittredge, the library of Harvard University has prepared printed catalogue cards covering each of the forty-six contributions. Sets of these cards were distributed free to the subscribers to the Harvard printed cards. A few extra sets can be had by libraries which have bought the book and desire to enter each paper separately in their card catalogues, by sending 60 cents to the librarian of Harvard University, Randall Hall, Cambridge, Mass.

The British-American Peace Centenary is to be celebrated in Great Britain, if the necessary funds can be raised, by the erection of a memorial in Westminster Abbey, the purchase of Sulgrave Manor, the homestead of the Washington family, "as a fruitful symbol of the kinship of the two people," and the foundation of a chair of Anglo-American history, and annual prizes to be given for essays on this subject written by public-school pupils. For the coming celebration in London a special day has been set apart for each State. Bunker Hill day, June 17, has been chosen for Massachusetts, September 4 for New York.

It is evident from his sympathetic introduction that Mr. Daniel Gregory Mason has performed a work of love in editing "Some Letters of William Vaughn Moody" (Houghton Mifflin). The majority of the letters are written to the editor; others are addressed to Robert Morss Lovett, Mrs. Toy, wife of Professor Toy; to Josephine Preston Peabody, Richard Watson Gilder, Percy MacKaye, and Henry Miller, the actor. Whether through the editor's method of selection or because of Moody's constancy to his muse, there is scarcely a letter but touches on the business nearest its author's heart. After undergraduate days at Harvard, during which he supported himself by tutoring, after a year abroad also in the capacity of tutor, and two graduate years at Cambridge, Moody is seen as instructor at the University of Chicago. He chafes under the burden of theme-reading and other "literary drool," though it is said that he performed his labors conscientiously, and constantly looks forward to the respite of vacations when he can devote himself to "It"—the term which he gave to his highest aspirations. Humor saved him from overseriousness. As he writes: "April is only eighty-eight lectures, forty committee meetings, and several thousand themes away"; and, a little later, with a paraphrase of Wordsworth: "My heart leaps up when I behold a calendar on the sly." He is eager, he writes to Mrs. Toy,

> for the queer inimitable charm of Cambridge, for that atmosphere of mind at once so impersonal and so warm, for that neatness and decency of you children, who have been washed and dressed and sent to play on the front lawn of time by old auntie Ding-an-sich, while we hoodlums contend with the goat for tomato cans in the alley. I have a fair line of the same to lay before your eyes when I am admitted inside the aristocratic front gate; some of them will make a fine effect in a ring around your geranium bed.

If there was no mawkishness in Moody's attitude towards his life-work, he maintained to the end the high ideal of it with which he started. After he had done all the teaching that he could stand, "he refused the offer, from Chicago University, of the full salary of a professor for lectures during one quarter each year; a single quarter was too much. Of course, the price of such devotion was poverty." And later, when "The Great Divide" had brought him fame, he withstood the temptations of four publishers who offered sums ranging from twenty-five to fifty thousand dollars if he would consent to put the play into the form of a novel. "But it had always seemed to him, he said, that the turning of a play into a novel, or vice-versa, was a confounding of two essentially diverse types of art, and therefore a violation of a basic artistic principle, and he refused all the offers." Moody was essentially a poet, even when writing prose. Perhaps no extract from the letters could better illustrate his habitual attitude than the following:

> Yesterday I was skating on a patch of ice in the park, under a poverty-stricken sky flying a pitiful rag of sunset. Some little muckers were guying a slim, raw-boned Irish girl of fifteen, who circled and darted under their banter with complete unconcern. . . . We caught hands in midflight, and skated for an hour, almost alone and quite silent, while the rag of sunset rotted to pieces. I have had few sensations in life that I would exchange for the warmth of her hand through the ragged glove, and the pathetic curve of the half-formed breast where the back of my wrist touched her body. I came away mystically shaken and elate. It is thus the angels converse. She was something absolutely authentic, new, and inexpressible, something which only nature could mix for the heart's intoxication, a compound of ragamuffin, pal, mistress, nun, sister, harlequin, outcast, and bird of God—with something else bafflingly

suffused, something ridiculous and frail and savage and tender.

In the introduction Mr. Mason furnishes some interesting instances of the great amount of labor which Moody expended in revising his poetical work.

French appreciation of Meredith was not of tardy development, when we consider the slow progress of his fame among the English. His capricious syntax did not prevent the *Revue des Deux Mondes* from presenting "Richard Feverel" and "Emilia in England" in the sixties, its translation of the latter bearing the now fixed title of "Sandra Belloni"; he had his critics and admirers before the studies by Schwob and Legras in the nineties; and since his death swarming exegetes have carried off their loads of grist much as across the channel. It is the chief value of Constantin Photiadès's rather missionary "George Meredith" (Scribner) that it summarizes the present state of French interest in the novelist, and tries to analyze his Gallic appeal. The author is frankly national in his point of view. It is as to a brother Celt that he does homage to Meredith, and as products of the fervidly intellectual Celtic temperament that he interprets his books. M. Photiadès's emphasis is upon Meredith's teaching. Indeed, as he does not cloak the fact that Meredith's following must always be small in France, it is interesting that he lays the slenderness of appeal, not to any specifically "foreign" or Anglo-Saxon trait, but to the strain of didactiveness. He emphasizes the pitiless war which the reason of the novelist waged against his fancy, and the satirical or sermonizing undercurrent which is evidenced in his interplay of irony and seriousness—an undercurrent disconcerting alike, in M. Photiadès's opinion, to English, German, and French. For Meredith's style he has little but uncritical praise. The opening of his novels, indeed, he characterizes as German, the incidents complacently insinuated, the sentences prolix, ceremonious, and encrusted with learned allusions; but for the rest the dialogue clinches, the style has a soberness and edge like Voltaire's and a rapid picturesqueness like Mérimée's, yet diversified at times by the effervescence of Michelet and "the passions and transports" of Saint Simon! Happily, in M. Photiadès's account of Meredith's didactic philosophy, he is, if still naive, more critical. It is no elusive interpretation that he attempts; he makes each novel voice directly one or another of the attacks of the Comic Spirit upon multiform egoism, and its chastening of selfish materialism. He quotes a sentence from one of the letters: "Close knowledge of our fellows, discernment of the laws of existence, lead to great civilizations; I have supposed that the novel, exposing and illustrating the natural history of man, may help us to such gifts."

An engaging vignette of the invalid novelist at Flint Cottage in 1908 prefaces M. Photiadès's work. Venerable but energetic, Meredith is heard abusing the press as an invention of the devil perfected in America, praising Tennyson for "making our ugly monosyllable language sing," recounting the circumstances under which Swinburne, intoxicated with reciting Fitzgerald's "Khayyám" to him, composed "Laus Veneris," and mingling with tirades against the abusive English public much general praise of the French. In these pages, as elsewhere, M. Photiadès evinces his propagandist impulse.

One of the interesting and important things to be done in the study of English literature, taking literature in its larger sense as an exposition of life, is a series of portraits of the great women of the seventeenth century, the women who, like the mother of George Herbert and the wife of Sir William Temple and the patron of Henry More, form the background, so to speak, of the deeper thought and imagination of the age. Rose M. Bradley's "English Housewife in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries" (Longmans) does not proceed from quite so ambitious an intention as this, but it offers an excellent and in itself entertaining preparation for such a study. In a series of chapters, well documented and artfully arranged, she sets forth the home life of the women who managed the larger homes of the age. We see the work of the kitchen and the dining-room and the management of the multifarious employments of the servants. The order is historical and embraces very different conditions of life. But there is no confusion in this. Between the exhibition of the housewife in the seventeenth century and her of the eighteenth there intervenes a chapter dealing with the changes introduced by the influence of Holland, and we feel distinctly the progress of time. Withal the lessons of simplicity and magnanimity are not lost sight of, though they are never intruded harshly. Altogether it is a book to commend, both for its fulness of knowledge and its agreeableness of manner.

Harrison H. Brace's "The Value of Organized Speculation" (Houghton Mifflin) is a calm word of common-sense in an overstrained era. In our eagerness to recast everything in sight, we sometimes forget that existing conditions are almost always the product of deep-seated needs of the past. Strange as it may seem, the function of organized speculation has been to lessen chance. Speculation is a form of insurance against the general risks of business. Among these is the risk of fluctuations in prices due to changing conditions in different periods of time. The seven lean years would doubtless have been leaner but for Joseph's speculation in corn; by steadying the price he reduced human suffering. It is incontestable that the great expansion of organized speculation that followed the Civil War contributed powerfully to the development of our resources. Wall Street, indeed, has conferred benefits which, to a reasonable mind, should cover a multitude of sins. It has applied the power of steam to the sea and built our railways and created our banking institutions. In every instance progress would have been incalculably slower without its aid. The methods by which it has effected these and other important ends are not easily understood by those not in immediate touch with its activities. But though its technique may seem difficult, its commercial philosophy is identical with that of the rest of mankind. Mr. Brace affords us repeated instances of this fact. He shows us, for example, that there is no essential distinction between dealings in real-estate equities and "margin trading" in securities. Antedating the equity is a mortgage, or a "payment" down; antedating the Wall Street speculation is also a payment down, known as a "margin." The only difference is that margin transactions are the more numerous and the margin smaller. The cry against "futures" amounts to an invidious distinction. The propriety of deferred deliveries is not questioned in general business. A builder, for example, agrees to deliver a building within a specified time, though he may have none of the materials, machinery, or labor at hand when the contract is made. The principle is identical with that which governs the trading in futures.

Mr. Brace is, indeed, a courageous man. He makes what many have come to regard as the worse part appear the better part, and he accomplishes this by keen analysis, by the exercise of shrewd common-sense. He is prepared to admit that there are grave evils connected with organized speculation as it exists to-day, but he maintains that the members of our exchanges are not demons, and that their sentiments are as altruistic as any. If we look beyond the present repulsive aspect of speculative exchanges and disregard the noisy, shouting crowd of greedy money-grabbers, the whole process may appear in a different light. That which is repulsive is seen as merely the outward form of an important factor in commerce as yet undeveloped. The exchange idea, in short, is seen as the crowning one in a world of possible economic harmonies.

Samuel P. Orth's "Socialism and Democracy in Europe" (Holt) is not a work for advanced students. Those persons, however, who from want of time or from lack of mental discipline feel impelled to acquire knowledge in predigested form will find this a useful book. One does not here get a glimpse of the profundities and subtleties of the economics of Socialism. We obtain no inkling, for example, of the argument by which Marx attempts to sustain his theory of "Surplus Value," though some space is devoted to a recapitulation of "Capital." We are merely told that, according to Marx, "surplus value" is a species of robbery, with a word to the effect that Menger has completely refuted Marx. Yet if we accept Mr. Orth as an annalist pure and simple, we feel that he is entitled to our gratitude. He has selected his facts with excellent judgment and presented them graphically. The theories of the Utopians, of the doctrinaires of the revolutionary era, which began about 1830, and of the modernists, of whom Karl Marx was the father, are all outlined here. We can see almost at a glance what was desired, even if we are left in ignorance of the mental processes of those who have kept up the warfare for Socialism. The author has his own comments, but they are for the most part confined to summing up the results of a century of agitation, parliamentary debate, and economic transformation. Thus he tells us that the Socialist movement has accomplished three notable things: it has spread democracy, forced the labor question upon the lawmakers, and increased the functions of the state. These are, of course, inevitable conclusions—no one acquainted in the slightest degree with the history of the Socialistic movement

could ignore them. Yet despite a certain lack of originality, it would be hard to mention a better fact book of Socialism for busy persons.

"The Freshman and His College" (Heath), by Francis Cummins Lockwood, attempts to supply students entering college with the counsel and direction necessary to prevent waste of time and opportunity during the first year of college. The author confesses frankly that he was himself "a good-for-nothing freshman" and that he "ignorantly and idly wasted" the year. He declares that the reason was his ignorance of the meaning of a college course. The larger part of the volume is composed of essays and addresses by leading educators on the function of higher education and the spirit which should actuate one in the pursuit of it. These include ex-President Eliot's "New Definition of the Cultivated Man," President Jordan's chapter on "Recent Tendencies in College Education," the notable address of the late John Butler Johnson on "Two Kinds of Education for Engineers," portions of the inaugural addresses of Presidents Hibben and Meiklejohn, and Cardinal Newman's classic, "Description of a Gentleman." Professor Lockwood's contributions to the volume include brief sections on "Freshman Difficulties and Dangers," "Devotion to Boyhood Ideals," and "The Good Drudge Habit." As a whole, the book is marked by wholesome frankness and candor, constraining appeal to manly instinct, and good sense stated in a plain, honest fashion. It furnishes in brief compass some of the best recent utterances on college ideals and student temptations. Few college freshmen would be indifferent to its appeals, and its use as a part of the customary course in freshman English might prevent many of the fatalities in our freshman classes, which are so distressing to all thoughtful observers of the tendencies in American colleges. Now that courses in practical ethics are no longer found in our curricula, college authorities owe to their students some such presentation of practical college problems as Professor Lockwood has furnished.

The last thirty years of American and New York politics are reviewed in John L. Heaton's "The Story of a Page" (Harper). The author is an editorial writer on the New York *World*, and his story is of his newspaper's editorial policy from 1883, when Joseph Pulitzer obtained control. Although Mr. Heaton is inclined to give his paper the main part of the credit for events to which numerous influences contributed, he is fair enough to admit a mistake in attitude now and then. One such was the *World's* sensational treatment of the Homestead strike, in reference to which it took a position very much like opposition to law and order. A few cablegrams from Mr. Pulitzer, who was ill in Paris, set it right. The *World* fell foul of the Government when, in the closing weeks of 1895, it published dispatches from prominent Englishmen deprecating the spirit of war that had been aroused by Cleveland's Venezuelan message. Secretary Olney brandished a statute of 1799 over its head, but did nothing more. The attempt of President Roosevelt to prosecute it for utterances regarding the $40,000,000 paid the French Panama Canal Company for its rights is still fresh in the public mind. The *World* has long fought for an income and inheritance tax, a tariff for revenue, and the extension of the merit system. The record of its editorial page is one of virile independence, expressed in pungent English.

In "Inscriptions from Swiss Chalets" (Oxford University Press), Walter Larden has found a capital subject for antiquarian investigation. The little volume is novel and delightful reading for the kind of person who favors rustic epitaphs. The mottoes, mainly in verse, have been most painstakingly read with the opera glass, and since the odd lettering, often very beautiful, defies the resources of the modern typographer's case, there are many photographs of the original inscriptions. Apparently the builders, quite as often as the owners, chose the sentiments. The earliest examples go back to the sixteenth century; the eighteenth supplies the great mass of texts. Builders' apologies are common, the following being a stock example from a chalet of 1618:

ES.IST.KEIN.MENTSCH.VF.DISER.WELD.
DER.BVWEN.KAN.DAS.IEDERMAN.GEFELT.
GEFELT.ES.DOCH.NIT.IEDERMAN.
SO.HAN.ICH.DOCH.MIN.BEST.GETAN.

The sentiment that here we have no abiding habitation is often piously expressed, as in this verse from a carpenter's plane dated 1704. Tradition links the Emperor Maximilian's name with this posy.

Ich läb', und wis nit wie lang;
Ich stärb, und wis nit wan;
Ich fare dahin, und wis nit wohin;
Mich wundert, dass ich so fröhlich bin.

Among the many aphoristic verses one of the prettiest is found in a house of 1799 near Kandersteg:

Hier in diessem Wilden Thal,
Wo der Schnee mit Haufen felt,
Wächset doch das beste Grase
Das man findet von der Welt.

The label "Made in Germany" need not be confined to general merchandise, for Frederic C. Howe, in "European Cities at Work" (Scribner), lets us know that it can with equal propriety be made to refer to the model city. He knows of no cities in the modern world which compare with those which have arisen in the Fatherland during the past twenty years. There is none in Great Britain, he declares; and there is none in France, where there has been little progress in city building since the days of Baron Haussmann. He pictures Cologne, Düsseldorf, and Frankfort in contrast with Cleveland, Detroit, and Pittsburgh, and we hang our head. The German city treats the land on which it is built as an architect treats the site of a structure. It treats it as a unit, with plumbing, circulation, breathing-spots, and centres for the various activities of the community. It dreams of beauty, like the Romans of the age of the Antonines, and the Mediæval cities of Italy, France, Germany, and the Netherlands. Its thought is not merely of line and color, but also of comfort and convenience and the mental and moral upbuilding of its people. Though Great Britain has much to learn from Germany, it still has much to teach America. It is a trifle discouraging to have our attention called to the fact that the European city is far from democratic, that officials consult the voters but little, and that they manage the city in a rather autocratic fashion. That is not our way of doing things. Yet we are not without hope. Mr. Howe concedes that our system of local taxation is more just than that of any other country. Our schools are superior to those of most countries, and are comparable to those of any. Our parks and playgrounds and libraries and fire departments attract the attention of foreigners. And Mr. Howe thinks that we are forming new ideals and developing a city sense. Nevertheless, from his own showing, there remains a distressing amount to be done. One of the best ways to get us about it is to multiply such descriptions as he has given us. If we once acquire the zeal of the German cities, it will not be impossible to acquire the knowledge.

The return of Gen. Castro to Venezuela and the ensuing revolution have necessitated the absence from Caracas of President Gomez, who has felt it advisable to take personal command of the army. This has caused the promotion of the Vice-President, Dr. José Gil Fortoul, to the position of Provisional President of the republic. Dr. Gil Fortoul, who was for many years connected with Venezuelan diplomatic missions in Europe, is one of the ablest and most distinguished authors which any South American republic has produced. The two volumes of his "Historia Constitucional de Venezuela," which were published in Berlin in 1907 and 1909, are remarkable not only for the simplicity of their style, but also for the evidences of the influence of German scholarship on their author. To find a Latin-American author writing the history of his country in a modest and dignified fashion, basing his results on extensive researches instead of vivid imagination is not an every-day occurrence. Previous to the publishing of this important work he had to his credit nearly a dozen volumes of literature and philosophy. His judgments of men are remarkably fair and unprejudiced, possibly another result of his long absence from Venezuela and his freedom from the unfortunate political disputes whose rancor and virulence have left their mark on so many South American minds. Avowedly more fond of fox-hunting than of diplomacy, able to write not only solid constitutional history, but also fanciful literary sketches, interesting travel notes, and thoughtful essays on political philosophy, Dr. Gil Fortoul brings to the important post which he holds as President of the Council of Ministers and Provisional President of Venezuela a personality of unusual charm and power. Venezuela is to be congratulated on her good sense in taking advantage of the services of one of her most distinguished citizens.

We record with regret the death of William Garrott Brown, who died of tuberculosis on Sunday at New Canaan, Conn. He was a man of rare mental quality; he had achieved much, and shown promise of more when disease struck him down. One of the foremost Southern writers on historical topics, he will be deeply mourned. Mr. Brown was born at Marion, Ala., in 1868, graduated from Howard College in 1886, and received from Harvard in 1891 and 1892, respectively, the degrees of A.B. and A.M. From 1893 to 1901 he was assistant librarian at Harvard, and during the following year lectured there on American history. He had been president of the Harvard Democratic Club, in

1896 he joined the sound money movement, and was a member of the State Committee of Massachusetts. In addition to his contributions to the *Atlantic Monthly*, the *Nation*, and other periodicals, he was the author of "Official Guide to Harvard University," "A History of Alabama," "Andrew Jackson," "Stephen Arnold Douglas, "The Lower South in American History," "Golf," "A Gentleman of the South," "The Foe of Compromise and Other Essays," and "Life of Oliver Ellsworth." Since 1908 he had been on the editorial staff of *Harper's Weekly*.

Mrs. Mary Bradford Crowninshield, widow of Rear-Admiral Arent Schuyler Crowninshield, and a writer of fiction, died last week in a private sanitarium in Melrose, Mass., a suburb of Boston. She was a daughter of Judge John Melancthon Bradford and a descendant of Gov. William Bradford of Plymouth Colony. Mrs. Crowninshield's first published book was "Latitude 19°," which met with a considerable success. She also wrote "Where the Trade Wind Blows," "All Among the Lighthouses," "Plucky Squalls," "San Isidro," "The Archbishop and the Lady."

Science

An Illustrated Flora of the Northern United States, Canada, and the British Possessions, from Newfoundland to the Parallel of the Southern Boundary of Virginia, and from the Atlantic Ocean Westward to the 102d Meridian. By Nathaniel L. Britton and Addison Brown. Second edition; revised and enlarged. In three volumes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $13.50 net.

The preparation of any illustrated flora requires great courage. It is sometimes well-nigh impossible to obtain trustworthy representative material for the artists, and even at the hands of skilled artists it is not easy to procure uniformity in the drawings. When the geographical range covered by the flora is very wide, these difficulties become enormously increased. For instance, in the case of the treatise now before us, in which more than four thousand species are illustrated and described for purposes of ready identification, the task which confronted the authors must have seemed appalling. Nevertheless, the authors of the work planned the treatise with good courage on generous lines, both as regards the illustrations and the typographical presentation of the descriptive text. The fact that the volumes have now reached their second edition is proof that the confidence of the authors in the purchasing public was not misplaced.

In the introduction, it is stated that the enterprise was projected by Judge Brown, and maintained and supervised by him throughout. The present revision is understood to have been completed just before his death in April of this year. Judge Brown was for about twenty years Judge of the United States District Court for the Southern District of New York State, and during this term of service is said to have rendered written decisions in more than 2,000 cases. His chief recreative avocation was botany. He was widely conversant with modern methods of classification, and early became desirous of having some one prepare a descriptive flora of the Northern Atlantic States, upon an evolutionary basis. In the person of Professor Britton, of Columbia, he found an energetic enthusiast who was not averse to breaking with tradition, and to him was committed the task of writing the descriptive text and arranging for illustrations. The ample collections of American plants at Columbia, largely brought together by Professor Torrey, supplied much of the needed material, and this was supplemented by the minor collections made by a host of zealous botanists and correspondents. Professor Britton adopted a system of nomenclature which did not meet with general approval, on account of its revolutionary character, and which is not likely to be accepted in many of its details; but the possible confusions resulting therefrom are greatly diminished by an impartial presentation of synonyms. The arduous task was completed in a surprisingly short time. The three volumes of the work were published in 1896 to 1898 in an edition of six thousand which was soon exhausted. A second edition was immediately in course of preparation. About 300 pages have been added, and a careful revision has been given to the whole work.

Judge Brown had long been especially interested in the trivial or common names of plants, and had become a leading authority in regard to them. In the first edition, the results of his labors in this field were brought by him into the form of a comprehensive index which was not particularly convenient for reference. In the present edition, on the other hand, the popular names have been carried into their rightful places in the descriptive text. In many French treatises on botany, the popular names are for the sake of clearness set in greater prominence than the Latin names. The change of place of the popular names in the present edition must be regarded as a great improvement.

In the case of our native plants which have no part in American folklore, it is not always easy to suggest an acceptable name for popular use. In many instances it is necessary to employ the scientific generic name as a popular designation, to which is prefixed some adjective, as salt-meadow diplachne, powdery thalia, Virginia hexastylis, and the like. Of course, in supplying every species with a trivial name, there must be some cases in which a smile is excited by the clumsiness, but, on the whole, this part of an ungracious and difficult study has been ingeniously managed.

Our early American floras were arranged on the Linnæan system of classification. The number and relations of the stamens and pistils were made a basis of order. Such an arrangement is good for ready reference, but except in a few instances it conceals the true affinities of the species. The Linnæan method is so very simple that it is still retained as a subsidiary system in some of the smaller foreign floras. After the Linnæan classification there came into use in our country the so-called Natural System of classification, in which a more or less successful attempt was made to present the affinities of supposedly related species.

The manuals and class-books based on the Natural System were found rather more difficult to use in the recognition of species, than the Linnæan textbooks, and many devices in the form of artificial keys were employed. Here and there a few plates or drawings were introduced as helps, but in those days wood engravings and lithographs were costly, and hence these aids were sparingly used.

For some years before the advent of Darwinism it had become apparent that the Natural System, as it was then presented, did not fully express the existing relationships, and after the leaven of Darwinism had fairly begun to work, it became obvious that extensive modifications would have to be made in the ordinal sequence. In the new systems based on evolution (and there were not a few of them, agreeing in a general way, but with many points of divergence), it was found best to present first the groups which were simplest in structure, and proceed from these simple forms to those which were more complex. Of course, in the study of such a family tree, there is likely to be wide difference of opinion as to certain minor points in the pedigree, and there can be no absolute agreement until all the facts are known in regard to every species. In the present work, the sequence of natural families has been exceedingly well ordered and runs from the lower to the higher in a safe and conservative manner. The whole treatise is valuable for botanists and for amateurs. It is a library work, not designed for field reference, but for consultation after the collector has returned to his home. In general it will lead to easy identification of a vast range of species, more, in fact, than 4,000, and it is applicable to employment over a wide extent of territory. The success of this work must have been a source of deep gratification to the original projector, Judge Addison Brown, and will be an additional stimulus to the surviving author.

The typographical execution of the work leaves absolutely nothing to be desired.

Drama

THE SOCIAL DRAMAS OF GERHART HAUPTMANN.

The Dramatic Works of Gerhart Hauptmann. Edited by Ludwig Lewisohn. Volumes I and II: Social Dramas. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $1.50 net, each.

Gerhart Hauptmann, in spite of the success of his "Sunken Bell," cannot be said as yet to have conquered the English stage. The translation of all his dramatic works, with the exception of "Florian Geyer," which is now under way, is not so much a proof as a test of his international celebrity. The two volumes before us, comprising his social dramas, afford an opportunity for inquiring to what extent the problems with which Hauptmann's muse is chiefly concerned appeal to non-German taste.

The seven plays depict conditions and characters nothing quite analogous to which can be found outside of Hauptmann's fatherland. Like other masters of the naturalistic school, Hauptmann looks into the soul of his fellow-men and sees misery written large. Vice, it is true, is international, but he gives it an eminently German setting. The curse of alcoholism, the penalty of ill-regulated sexual passion, the tyranny of capital, the degradation of pauper labor, the temptations of an ignorant peasantry, the cunning of the criminal classes—these are the themes of which Hauptmann's social dramas treat. Collectively, they illustrate that phase of his literary activity which, in the opinion of his admirers, marks him as the greatest living exponent of realism on the contemporary stage.

It is characteristic of Hauptmann's restless versatility that his intellectual output, viewed in chronological order, shows no progressive development, no well-defined artistic or æsthetic aim, no consistent, philosophical, and ethical tendency. Romanticist to-day, he is realist to-morrow. The lyric beauty of the "Versunkene Glocke" and the touching symbolism of "Hanneles Himmelfahrt" present the greatest possible contrast to the grossness of most of his social dramas. He began as a full-fledged disciple of Tolstoy and Zola in his play, "Vor Sonnenaufgang" ("Before Dawn"), in which, to speak with one of Hauptmann's fervent though not wholly uncritical admirers, Paul Schlenther, "man is approaching the natural state of the beast." In this drama, so Schlenther asserts, Hauptmann did for the lowest strata of the German peasantry what Feuillet, Augier, and Dumas had done for the French *salon*. And Hebbel, Otto Ludwig, and Anzengruber, according to Schlenther, found a successor in Hauptmann, who, without being influenced by them, understood like them the passions and the speech of the plain people. Another critic, Arno Holz, himself a prominent representative of the naturalistic school, speaks of the play as "the best drama ever written in the German language."

Certainly no other dramatic genius ever burst upon the world with so dismal a tale. One single sympathetic figure emerges from the besotted and bestial population of one of those Silesian villages Hauptmann loves to portray—a pure, strong-willed maiden, whom a weak apostle of temperance and race eugenics for a moment thinks of marrying, but who is left, disillusioned, to commit suicide. German psychologists think it worth while to discuss minutely the scientific verisimilitude of the mental and moral ruin wrought by alcohol in the Krause family. Prof. Wilhelm Weygandt, a noted alienist, places Hauptmann above Ibsen in the accuracy of his description of the curse of inherited dipsomania, although he speaks of the play as one of abject despair, "the like of which is scarcely to be found in the bloodiest tragedies of all literature."

Hauptmann has, fortunately, in some of his later works not fully borne out his early promise. There is genuine dramatic power, deep human sympathy, and much technical skill in "Die Weber" ("The Weavers"), but with all this, his ruthless disclosure of the condition of the wretched Silesian paupers in the forties fails to interest English audiences of a later day. The play has neither hero nor heroine. Whatever moral force may lie in Spielhagen's exclamation: "You look for its hero: I have it! The hero is misery," dramatically the plea is weak. In Germany interest in the play is kept alive by its bearing on the political and social problems of the day.

"Rose Bernd," a drama of far greater artistic merit than either "Vor Sonnenaufgang" or "Die Weber," has met with less success on the German stage. In Vienna it was withdrawn from the Burgtheater after the fifth performance, in the interest of public morality, as interpreted, so it was said, by the highest circles. Yet "Rose Bernd" proclaims no dangerous social gospel, and the immorality of the play, though flagrant, is relieved by a remarkably well-drawn character, that of the wronged wife, who holds out her sympathy and aid to the girl whom her husband has betrayed, and whose end is despair and child-murder. The play has poetic touches, and the plot is ingenious, but its details are revolting to the last degree.

Theatrically, "Fuhrmann Henschel" ("Drayman Henschel") has scored a greater success than any other of Hauptmann's plays. There are few more "taking" rôles than that of the kindly, taciturn dreamer Henschel, who, having violated a promise to his dying wife, is driven by the brutality of her successor and by remorse and fear of ghosts to fury and self-murder. Much has been made by German critics of Hauptmann's observance of the so-called Aristotelian unities in "Fuhrmann Henschel," and the play is unquestionably better constructed than any other of his social dramas, but glorification of Hauptmann as the restorer of the classic *fatum* to its rightful place on the stage comes with ill grace from those who still speak of Grillparzer as the "Schicksalstragiker."

From a purely æsthetic point of view, Hauptmann's plays in a lighter vein are open to even greater objection than his serious social dramas. Three of his comedies are included in Mr. Lewisohn's two volumes—"Der Biberpelz" ("The Beaver Coat"), its continuation, "Der rote Hahn" ("The Conflagration"), and "Die Ratten" ("The Rats"). The "Biberpelz" has been styled by Hauptmann "eine Diebskomödie"—a comedy of thievery. He might more characteristically have called it "a comedy of German police stupidity," for its only value lies in the delineation—clumsy as it must seem to foreign audiences—of an overbearing police official utterly helpless in the presence of perplexities of the most puerile kind. It is absurd to compare, as has been done, Hauptmann's play with Kleist's "Der zerbrochene Krug." There is neither wit, sprightliness, nor beauty of language in "Der Biberpelz." All is coarse and wooden, and the heroine, an intensely vulgar, petty thief, cannot possibly engross the attention of a foreign audience with sufficient taste to discriminate between what is dramatically permissible and what is forbidden. "Stealing," says Schiller, in his essay on "The Use of the Vulgar and Low in Art" ("Gedanken über den Gebrauch des Gemeinen und Niedrigen in der Kunst"), "is something absolutely low, and whatever our hearts may plead in extenuation of the action of a thief, . . . æsthetically he remains low. . . . A person who steals is a most degrading object for any serious poetic representation."

In "Der rote Hahn" the heroine degenerates from a thief into an incendiary, and with it degenerates the plot of the comedy. Tiresome repetition takes the place of psychological development, and the play is dull and profitless. What there was of humor in the first part becomes stale in the second; the new episodic characters come and go without relation to the plot, and the German public which tolerates the "Biberpelz" for the scope which it

gives to good acting—"Mediocre plays," says Lessing, "are always acted best"—refuses to accept "Der rote Hahn" on any terms.

"Die Ratten" is reminiscent of the time when Hauptmann thought of preparing for the stage. Admirers of the play find something to admire in the figure of Hassenreuter, the ranting barnstormer and ex-manager, whose attic is stuffed with theatrical rubbish, both inanimate and living, and about whom group themselves, in confused relation, some of the most abandoned characters which the scum of a large city can furnish. A mother's struggle for the possession of her newly born illegitimate child, adopted by a woman anxious to palm it off as her own, constitutes the tragic element of the story, which, false in its pathos and forced in its humor, utterly fails to give reality to the "realism" of Berlin low life.

It was, indeed, a difficult task which lay before the English translator of these social plays. They were all written in dialect, mainly the Silesian, which is not always easy reading even for Germans, and in all of them great stress is laid on local color and flavor. Conscientious and intelligent as the work of Professor Lewisohn and his collaborator has, on the whole, been (Miss Mary Morison is responsible for the translation of "Die Weber"), the result was bound to be lifeless. No English reader will rise from the perusal of these plays with the consciousness of having been in the presence of a great dramatic genius, or the feeling that he has enjoyed a rare literary treat. Whatever of raciness there is in the original speech of the Silesian weavers would have been inevitably lost in any translation, but Professor Lewisohn at the outset made it impossible for himself to render Hauptmann's idioms into adequate English. He decided, as he tells us, "to invent a dialect near enough to the English of the common people to convince the reader or spectator, yet not so near to the usage of any class or locality as to interpose between him and Hauptmann's characters an Irish or a Cockney, a Southern or a New England, atmosphere."

Now, the invention of a dialect is a dangerous business and beyond the power of any man. It is difficult enough to render accurately in writing any existing dialect of one's mother tongue. Strictly speaking, Mr. Lewisohn has "invented" very little, but he has adopted from the illiterate talk of both Northerners and Southerners (including negroes), and from the current slang of the hour, whatever has seemed to him to be an approximate equivalent of the original.

All such blemishes upon a generally accurate translation appear insignificant in comparison with the lack of critical perspective shown by Mr. Lewisohn in his Introduction to the plays. There we are told that beside the speech of Hauptmann's characters "all other dramatic speech, that of Ibsen, of Tolstoy in 'The Power of Darkness,' or of Pinero, seems conscious and inhuman." What may be considered a defect in other dramatists becomes, in Mr. Lewisohn's eyes, a positive virtue, if applied to Hauptmann. "He shapes his material as little as possible." His fables "are simple and devoid of plot." And "it goes without saying that he rejects the monologue," though one cannot help thinking of Hamlet's "To be, or not to be" and remembers Diderot's question: "Why do certain monologues produce so great an effect?" Hauptmann's character drawing, so Mr. Lewisohn finds, has nothing in common with "the set phrases of Dickens"; he relies on "the high moral expressiveness of common things." And with praise for Hauptmann's negative merits is mingled unbounded admiration for his positive achievements. The blank verse of "Die versunkene Glocke" is "the best in the German drama." The public of the German theatres and some of the sanest critical judgment of Germany may have objected to the dramatization, with revolting details, of Hartmann von Aue's leper-legend of "Der arme Heinrich"; Mr. Lewisohn entertains "little doubt but that this play will ultimately rank as the most satisfying drama of its time."

In the surrender of the critical functions Mr. Lewisohn but reflects the attitude of many of the German worshippers of Hauptmann. They refuse to see in him a disciple or imitator of Ibsen and rate the vaporings of a Hassenreuter in "The Rats" more highly than they do the aspirations of a Rosmer in "Rosmersholm." Hauptmann is the fashion in the Germany of to-day, and as the recipient of a Nobel prize he is talked and written about in other countries; but with all his great talent and the excellence of some of his work, he has not touched the universal heart nor satisfied the thought of those who look beyond the fancies of the day—"le souffle vague d'une popularité trompeuse." The future is yet to speak, and the voice of the great past is still heard. Throngs may now attend the performances of "Vor Sonnenaufgang" and "Der Biberpelz," but the German people does not recite Hauptmann as it does Schiller and Goethe, or Heine and Uhland. Nor has Hauptmann enriched world-literature by one passage, one line, or one phrase. He is undeniably a force in a period of singular literary and social unrest; but he is not its poet; not even its eloquent spokesman. Above all, he has not given to the world beauty and wisdom, as have the masters whom all time reveres. He does not possess that quality which, as Sainte-Beuve says, we have the right to demand of every powerful talent: gentle moderation—"cette qualité que je demande toujours aux talents énergiques de mêler à leur force." Nor can we expect of the Hauptmann of the future what, with all his gifts, he has failed to produce in the past. Nearly all great poets have had their period of immaturity and turbulence, but genius steadily ripens towards perfection. Hauptmann has given us, years after the lyric charm of "Die versunkene Glocke," the ghastly modernism of "Gabriel Schillings Flucht" and the cheap flippancy of "Atlantis," which, but for its striking, though fortuitous, forecast of an ocean catastrophe, would rise in no way above the ephemeral novels of the day. The world of serious thought and immutable good taste has not yet learned to adjust itself to the new order of things which sees in the violence of naturalism the prophecy of the future. "We cannot yet afford," says Emerson, "to drop Homer, nor Æschylus, nor Plato, nor Aristotle, nor Archimedes."

Forbes-Robertson is devoting the whole of this week to an elaborate revival of Bernard Shaw's "Cæsar and Cleopatra," of which he produced a condensed version here eight years ago. Now he gives the whole play, without much profit to the entertainment by the restoration of the hitherto suppressed parts. Dramatically the piece is lacking in action, cohesion, credibility, and suspense, while historically it is fantastic. Essentially it is extravaganza of a very superior order. The satirically witty text, with its characteristically Shavian shafts directed against all sorts of British prejudices and conventions in the social, artistic, religious, and military worlds, is as fresh as ever, and, of course, in many instances, as disingenuous. The delight of the audience was manifested in continuous ripples of laughter. Forbes-Robertson's Cæsar is now an admirably finished impersonation and an almost perfect illustration of the manner in which the best burlesque should be played, that is, with absolute sincerity. Without losing any of the humor of a grotesque misrepresentation, he, by sheer acting power, gives the character consistency, vitality, and dignity. His masterly elocution, of course, gives the fullest effect to all the varied excellences of the lines. Miss Elliott's Cleopatra is not remarkable except for its physical charm, and the general support, though adequate, is not brilliant.

"The Great Adventure," a stage adaptation by Arnold Bennett of his story "Buried Alive," with which Winthrop Ames has opened his new Booth Theatre, is a badly made play. The construction, which is loose and roughly jointed, betrays the awkwardness and inexperience of the amateur, but the central idea is fresh and ingenious, the characterization is deft and animated, while the dialogue is lively and well charged with satirical humor. As the piece is described on the programme as fanciful, the incidents need not be judged by too precise a standard of reason. Manifestly the bare proposition that, in any circumstances, a painter of great fame and

genius—however shy, nervous, and irresponsible—would, or could, knowingly permit his dead valet to be identified as himself and be buried in his stead in Westminister Abbey, being content to take the valet's place as husband of the pretty, shrewd, but illiterate widow who responded to the dead man's matrimonial advertisement, is extravagantly preposterous. And there are other premises equally inadmissible. Mr. Bennett's object, apparently, was to contrast the vagaries of undisciplined genius with the more substantial virtues of a warm heart and a hard head, and this he has done in amusing fashion. But the chief merit of the piece resides in the vivacious satire directed against all kinds of British conventions and social hypocrisies. Some of this is somewhat trite, but most of it is smart and humorously effective. The ignorance of journalistic critics, Philistinism in art, social influence in the manufacture of fictitious reputations, clerical advertisement and insincerity, rapturous feminine gush, vulgar sensationalism, the rapacity of a certain class of picture dealers, the gullibility of some self-constituted connoisseurs, and the liberal bestowal upon the undeserving dead of praise denied to the worthy living, are among the topics of spirited ridicule. In almost every way the literary outshines the dramatic quality of the piece, which, however, is by no means devoid of interesting situations. The general representation is excellent, especially in the case of the subordinate actors, but Lyn Harding, clever actor as he is, scarcely does full justice to the very difficult part of the leading character. The superficial side of him, the intense nervousness, utter impracticability, and restless excitability, combined with a complete lack of self-dependence, he interprets with notable technical skill, but he fails to give any prominence to the finer underlying intellectual and emotional attributes essential to the presumption of genius and necessary to the creation of sympathy. So purely whimsical a person as he pictures would not be likely to win the whole-souled devotion of so level-headed a heroine.

Music

Studies in Musical Education, History, and Æsthetics. Seventh Series. $1.60.

The seventh series of Papers and Proceedings of the Music Teachers' National Association, issued under the general head of Studies in Musical Education, History, and Æsthetics, is no less valuable than its predecessors. While some of the proceedings recorded are of interest only to members of the Association, most of the papers appeal to all who use their brains in teaching or practicing the musical art, as distinguished from those to whom "the sensuous factor in music is the sole one," to cite the words used by the president of the Association, James M. Taylor, in his address of welcome, in which, among other things, he expressed regret that our colleges do not yet "rank the training of piano practice beside that of laboratories of physics and chemistry."

"Physics and Music" is the subject of an interesting paper in this volume by Prof. Edna Carter, of Vassar College. After speaking of the work of Helmholtz, whose acoustic doctrines have stood the test of time remarkably well, and of the lessons taught by the gramophone and the photographic records of modes of vibration, she describes in detail some important work undertaken by D. C. Miller, professor of physics in the Case School of Applied Science in Cleveland. The question he set to work to answer was: "Is the tone quality of a flute the tube of which is made of gold superior to that of a flute having a tube of silver or wood? If there is a difference, what is its cause?" He first thought to spend a few months on the problem, then decided it would take a few years; and now he plans to devote his whole life to it, if necessary, although he has already reached the conviction that the gold flute is best. Incidentally, the lecturer made a statement to which the attention of Oscar Hammerstein and other builders of new theatres or concert halls should be called: "Professor Sabine, of Harvard, has solved for us the important problem of architectural acoustics, and in future there will be no excuse for the construction of an auditorium of any sort whose acoustics are unsuited to its needs."

If there be any educators who still doubt the utility of automatic musical instruments, they would do well to read the paper on "The Regeneration of Philistia" by Prof. Leo R. Lewis, of Tufts College. In that college, as he points out, such instruments have been in use since 1899; there are now four, with nearly a thousand rolls. With a little preliminary guidance the students soon play, comprehend, and enjoy the scores of the great masters. Professor Lewis is convinced that if teachers prescribed a few hours' work each week with automatic players they would soon be "astounded at the advances made in real musicianship." Another way of making students acquainted with masterworks is suggested by Edward W. Bergé, who calls attention to effective arrangements of difficult and complicated pieces for two pianos, with two or four players.

Parents who mortgage farms to enable their daughters to study music in the large cities would do well to read Mrs. Caroline Gardner Bartlett's paper on "The Singer and His Environment," in which she points out the many pitfalls prepared for such girls by unscrupulous teachers. Of the other papers in this book the one which makes perhaps the widest appeal is by Prof. Leonard B. McWhood, who suggests, as a remedy for the raucousness of the average college yell, the substitution of a college call having musical value:

A friend recently said that he could think of nothing more inspiring than the shouting by 20,000 voices, at a football game, of the heavy "Rah! Rah! Rah!" of Harvard, or the sharp "Rah! Rah! Rah!" of Yale. The writer's reply was: "Imagine 20,000 Harvard or Yale men, under the same circumstances, singing out their university ideals in a musical call whose dignity and value should equal that of the Wagnerian motive of Siegfried, Guardian of the Sword!"

Other topics discussed in this volume (copies of which may be obtained of Waldo S. Pratt, Hartford, Conn.) are Church Music and the Gregorian System, Modern English Organ Playing and Composition, The Teacher and his Material, The History of Musical Degrees, The Possibilities of Thematic Indexing.

"The coming season will prove the richest in novelties and revivals of any at the Metropolitan since the beginning of my directorate," said Mr. Gatti-Casazza the other day. The opening week will witness a revival of Verdi's "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Caruso, Amato, Destinn, Matzenauer, Hempel. In the third week Strauss's "Rosenkavalier" will be staged, with Hempel, Case, Ober, Goritz. For Christmas week the novelty will be Montemezzi's "L'Amore dei tre re," with Bori, Amato, Didur. "Carmen," with Farrar, Bori, and Caruso, is booked for the first half of January, and the same month will see the première of Victor Herbert's new opera, "Madeleine," with Alda, Sparkes, Althouse, Scotti. Charpentier's "Julien" will be given before the end of February, the cast including Farrar, Caruso, and Gilly. Wolf-Ferrari's new opera, "L'Amore Medico," will be heard in March. Verdi's "Falstaff" will be the season's last novelty. A brilliant opening of the season is assured by "Manon," with Farrar, Caruso, Gilly, Rothier, and De Segurola.

Heretofore New York has been far behind Berlin in the opportunities to hear the best music performed in the best possible manner at specially low rates. From this point of view great interest attaches to two announcements just made by the New York Philharmonic, which is equal in make-up to any orchestra in Berlin, or any other city, abroad or at home. During the present season the Philharmonic will affiliate with the Wage Earners' League in three monster concerts at Madison Square Garden. These concerts will be given with an increased orchestra and celebrated artists as assisting soloists, and they are intended to further the educational policy of the Philharmonic Society by placing the highest class of music within reach of wage earners of limited means. The prices of admission will be so small that only the enormous seating capacity of New York's great amphitheatre makes the scheme a possibility.

In further pursuance of its educational policy, the Philharmonic Society announces that this season, at its regular Thursday evening and Friday afternoon concerts 250 seats will be available to music students and pupils at 25 cents each.

The attempt to produce "Pelléas et Méli-

sande" and the "Rosenkavalier" in English has not proved a success in the English provinces. "Half-filled houses" have greeted Mr. Denhof and his company at Birmingham and elsewhere. He has an expensive orchestra, and he charges $3 to $5 for the best seats, which helps to explain the situation.

Edyth Walker, who, some years ago, won deserved popularity at the Metropolitan Opera House, and then left her native country to sing in German opera houses, where she soon was rated in the front rank of dramatic vocalists, has lately been winning fresh laurels in England. Of her singing of a scene from "Oberon" the London *Times* said: "The splendid quality of her voice, the breadth of her phrasing, and her dramatic intensity made her performance one of the most striking features of the whole day's work."

Art

SPANISH MASTERS.

LONDON, October 11.

An interesting exhibition of Spanish old masters has just been opened at the Grafton Gallery, and is to remain open for three or four months. Its object is the support of the National Art-Collections Fund in England and the Sociedad de Amigos del Arte Española in Spain. Its reason, according to the Historical Introduction to the Catalogue, is that the time is ripe for such an exhibition. To those who are not responsible for the show, this reason is not so obvious. There was a fine exhibition of Spanish masters at the New Gallery in 1895-96, and again at the Guildhall in 1901; the Royal Academy has given much space in its winter exhibitions to the Spanish pictures owned in England. But maybe it is not so much the British public that has been taken into consideration—not so much the British public for whom the time is ripe—as the little group of experts and critics who see in these historic exhibitions a splendid field for their Battle of Attributions, and the little group of private dealers who have no objection to making use of them if the opportunity offers. However, it does not so much matter what the reason is or may be, when the result is of such value to the few with a genuine love for art. It would have had greater value had more care been shown in the selection, and had perhaps one-half the number of pictures now on the walls been hung. But the inferior work can be forgiven and passed by because of the masterpieces.

The care seems to have been rather to make the show as official and socially correct as possible. The King of Spain is the patron. The list of the committee bristles with distinguished names, both English and Spanish. Mr. Herbert Cook is the chief organizer of the exhibition; Mr. Maurice W. Brockwell has prepared the catalogue. With two or three notable exceptions, all the owners of Spanish paintings in England have contributed, from the King at Buckingham Palace to so little-known a provincial source as the Bowes Museum at Barnard Castle. Several Spanish collectors are also among the contributors.

And if the standard might have been more rigorous, at least a collection has been got together that ranges over a period beginning with the Primitives of the thirteenth century and ending with the master of the nineteenth, Goya. The group of Primitives, however, is disappointing, not only because it is small, but because it contains little of very great distinction. No doubt some of the panels in their original place over an altar, or decorating a shrine, made their effect, and certainly all have an historic value. But one picture alone among them stands out as the work of an artist, as well as of the skilled craftsman trained in the traditional school, and this is the St. Michael by Vermejo, splendid in design, the figure spirited and full of action, Satan beneath the Saint's feet squirming to fine decorative purpose; but this panel was in the same gallery two years ago, when I remember writing in detail about it. The Spanish Primitives are not so easy to see in London as the Italian, and the series, if incomplete, will be of use to students by enabling them to follow the development of Spanish art from its earliest days and trace its inspiration if they choose, partly to the Italians who at that remote period visited Spain, and partly to Jan Van Eyck, who also was a visitor to the country. It is astonishing how far artists travelled at a time when travelling was anything but easy, so that any one school could never be quite independent in its ideas and methods.

After Vermejo come the portrait painters of the sixteenth century, they in their turn owing something to Antonio Mor, who was received at the court of Philip II. The series by Sanchez Coello show that Velasquez had a predecessor who understood how to give dignity and distinction to royal and imperial sitters, and sometimes a splendid technical touch and splendor of color to their dress. There is a portrait of a youth, who may or may not have been a Spanish prince, that is simply extraordinary in the way the figure maintains its dignity and concentrates in itself the interest of the design, though the elaborate pattern of the cloak is worked out with photographic minuteness in its infinite detail. Examples of Navarrete, too, are here. Also of Herrera the elder, whose small painting of a Partridge on the Wing, impressive in color and masterly in drawing, is a proof that Velasquez, in his first master, was more fortunate than many a young genius; while the Portrait of a Knight of Santiago by Pacheco testifies no less to the ability of the second master of Velasquez, from whom it is evident he had nothing to unlearn, though he carried the old tradition far beyond Pacheco's reach.

All the same, in the present exhibition anyway, the one artist of the sixteenth century, the one artist after Vermejo, who towers before Velasquez appears (that is, in order of time, not of the hanging), is El Greco, who, if Greek by nationality, was Spanish by choice, and is always ranked with the Spanish school. It has become the correct thing to talk of him as the first Post-Impressionist—a Post-Impressionist born four centuries too soon. The sixteen examples at the Grafton—of such varying merit that I wish they could have been reduced to half a dozen—hardly justify this appropriation, nor do any others that I have seen. El Greco had the individuality in his point of view and his method of expression that most Post-Impressionists struggle for by scrupulously imitating somebody else; but no great artist ever yet achieved greatness except by the development of his own individuality in his work. Velasquez might as well be called a Post-Impressionist as El Greco. Like all other great artists, El Greco's earlier paintings show the influence of the masters of his day, and there is at the Grafton a small Christ Driving the Money-Lenders out of the Temple which, in the color, the types, the movement of the figures, is distinctly Venetian. Indeed, in two paintings of St. Peter and St. Francis, he barely escapes the sentiment and sweetness of the Spanish painter of religious subjects, and in the strange Christ Led to Calvary, it is rather because of the entirely individual and chilling color scheme and the astonishing realism of the arrangement, than any of the exaggeration, the restlessness, of drawing usually associated with his name, that a personality may be seen breaking through school conventions. The beautiful portrait of his daughter, which no one can forget who visited the Guildhall Exhibition in 1901, is as full of dignity and restraint as a Velasquez. It is only when you come to the Supper in the House of Simon, shown already in the Grafton two or three years ago, that you find the peculiar exaggeration, restlessness, distortion almost, in the drawing of the figures and the spacing of the color, that has misled Post-Impressionism into looking upon him as their prophet. This exaggeration, found also in two or three portraits in the series, has been by some authorities accounted

for by astigmatism of the eye. But though the chief cause might have been a physical defect in his vision, it seems more probable that the style he eventually developed came from the over-emphasis in characterization that grew upon him, as a painter's mannerisms will. As, in our own time, Carrière insisted more and more upon atmosphere until at the end his figures were in danger of being lost in fog, as Matthys Maris grows more and more mystic until such of his later work as he shows remains an enigma to which he alone has the clue; so it seems as if El Greco preoccupied himself with character and its expression until he verged upon caricature, for I do not know what else to call it—not the cruel caricature of the satirist, not the tender caricature of the humorist, but the caricature of the earnest student seeking beauty in character and striving to get at the very essence of truth in his record.

The supreme masters have always escaped the pitfalls of exaggeration and mannerism. It is a relief to turn from El Greco, who at his best is disquieting, to Velasquez, who, in his superb repose, towers above all his countrymen of whatever age or school. The modern critic, busy grinding his own axe, has been guilty of many absurdities, but never of one greater than when he would dethrone Velasquez and exalt El Greco in his place. Twenty-seven paintings in the collection are attributed to the master, but in many cases the attribution is an insult. I suppose it would be a delicate matter in a Loan Exhibition to take from a picture the name of the artist which the owner tags on to it; on the other hand, it would be simple to refuse the picture. However, in the most glaring instances even the credulous public will not be deceived. Some of the finer examples in the country are missing, especially those from Kingston Lacy and Dulwich. But Apsley House and Dorchester House have contributed from their treasures, and if only quality had been preferred to quantity, an impressive group would have remained. For the expert, whose pleasure in a picture is measured not by its beauty but by the chance it gives him for a display of his own erudition, the interest centres about three paintings which I believe have not been hitherto exhibited or known. One is The Dying Gladiator, lent by Mr. F. D. Walenn, recently discovered, the catalogue states, in private hands in Sweden: a study of a nude, the pose presenting a most difficult problem in foreshortening, which is solved with such knowledge and good painting that no harm would be done to Velasquez's fame if it were finally catalogued with his school work, though other accomplished painters of his generation might have produced just such an "academy." The second is The Kitchen Maid from Mr. Otto Beit's collection, a long, narrow panel, full of masterly detail and beautiful in tone, that may well belong to the early period when Velasquez painted the Duke of Wellington's Old Woman Frying Eggs, now hanging close by. The third is The Angels Appearing to the Shepherds, a discovery of Mr. Marion H. Spielmann's, who seems to have a talent for discovery. I understand that some critics have accepted his present attribution, but those who look for proofs in the painting itself rather than in its pedigree will probably not be so easily convinced. Two shepherds rest by a stream where their sheep are drinking, while above in the sky float two little cherubs in a swirl of drapery. The whole arrangement is a triumph of what an early school of writers on art used to call *chiaroscuro* and much admire. Out of all but impenetrable shadow, the high lights on one of the cherubs, on the uplifted hand of the shepherd in the foreground, on the backs of the sheep, jump out with a violence that I have never yet seen in a Velasquez. There is no breadth in the handling, the drawing has not the master's touch. It frequently happens in the game of attributions that the pedigree may be all right, but the picture all wrong. However, I willingly leave the dispute to Mr. Spielmann and his experts and authorities, for surely it is waste of time to hunt for Velasquez in an uninteresting canvas when he asserts himself so triumphantly, so without the shadow of a doubt, in a long succession of masterpieces.

Here the notable examples of his art are the Portrait of Quevedo, the Portrait of a Spanish Gentleman, one version of the Pope Innocent X from the Duke of Wellington's collection, the Queen Mariana from the Ford collection, A Lady with a Mantilla from the Duke of Devonshire's, the early Philip IV of Spain from Sir George Holford's. All these are known and have been seen in comparatively recent years at the Academy, the Guildhall, or the New Gallery, but the opportunity to see them again is one that no lover of art can afford to miss. The Philip, a large, life-size, full-length standing figure, young, the face still, firm, and fresh, a richness of gold and crimson in the dress that Velasquez did not always allow him, rules it in the Gallery as the King who posed once ruled it in the Court of Spain. And the Spanish Gentleman, to the right of the Philip, severe, sombre, only the simple white linen collar relieving the severity of his black robe, is as commanding in his own way, and if less splendid a figure, as beautiful in his sober dignity. It would be better if these two portraits were come to in the very last of the galleries, for it must be confessed that the work of Velasquez's successors does not bear the test of comparison.

Murillo is almost as plentifully represented, but it is seldom that his large religious paintings excite any emotion save admiration for their dexterity. If his beggar boys could have been sent from Dulwich, another impression might have been given. As it is, most of his big canvases leave one cold, with no desire to pause except before that excellent but affected half-length portrait of himself, seen through an oval with an inscription below, made familiar by reproductions, and before the full-length, life-size Portrait of a Man in picturesque dress of black and white, which, after the Velasquez, is among the best portraits in the exhibition.

If Murillo leaves one cold, the painters who follow do not call for any recognition, negative or otherwise. It may have been thought advisable to include them for the sake of the historical sequence, but they add nothing to the artistic interest, and I doubt if a visitor in a hundred stops to look at them. Some of their paintings struck me as little better than the old masters, as they looked under time's coating of dust and grime, that used to hang in the typical London lodging-house of twenty-five or thirty years ago. These painters give the greater value to Goya when, finally, Goya is reached.

With Goya a new individuality appears in Spanish art, a painter with no less distinct a point of view of his own than El Greco. It is therefore to be wished that he had been better represented. One side of his art is seen, it is true, in two small studies of a madhouse and a prison, two small, cool, gray interiors filled, the first with fantastic figures, the second with writhing, manacled prisoners; while another side can be studied in four or five portraits: the Duchess of Alva with her dog, the painter's brother, the hard, dry-lipped poet, Melendez-Valdez, and, of more note apart from association, a Spanish Lady, with strange eyes gleaming from under her heavy black hair, thick and low on her forehead, long earrings dangling from her ears, a whitish gray shawl drawn tight around her shoulders, something defiant, something mystifying, in the ugly but interesting face which both attracts and repels. The group is one in which the student of Goya may rejoice; to any one ignorant of his art, it will not reveal either the extent of his powers or the reason for his reputation.

But Goya might be more adequately represented, El Greco might be seen only in his most individual work, and the splendid Philip, in the freshness of youth, the Spanish Gentleman, in the

austerity of years, would still triumph over the collection, as they do now.

N. N.

Finance

THE PRESENT MOOD OF WALL STREET.

The spirit of pessimism which has for some weeks past prevailed in Wall Street, and which embodied itself in a general decline on the Stock Exchange, has had several causes, of which perhaps the most weighty has been the discovery that the Balkan War, and the financial derangement which accompanied it, had left Europe's financial organism in a weakened condition. This found expression in the dearness of foreign money markets when autumn began, with a consequent reaction of foreign trade activity. It left the European investing communities distrustful, and all these foreign tendencies necessarily affected our own markets.

At home, we had to face two uncertainties—the question whether some unsettlement of business plans would not have to follow the lower tariff, and the question whether or not an acrimonious dispute would be provoked between banks and Government, if a banking bill unsatisfactory to the banks were to be enacted. So far as actual developments are concerned, the course of trade has been less disturbed by the tariff changes than there was reason to anticipate, and the recent trend of discussion on the banking bill has suggested that mutual compromises may smooth out the deadlock of opinion. But there was nothing visible, in either quarter, to excite immediate enthusiasm; both measures were bound to be more or less experimental, and meantime the country's harvest results for 1913, taken as a whole, have fallen below the best of recent years.

In a general way, these facts account for the unfavorable view of things which the Stock Exchange has been taking. But they are not the explanations which are most frequently heard on the Stock Exchange itself. In that home of restless conjecture, one would learn, last week, that the trouble lay in the "anti-Trust policy of the Administration" (particulars not supplied); in the plunge into fiat money if the banking and currency bill were passed; and, by way of embellishment, in the "rumors" that the Bank of England was about to borrow gold from the Bank of France and that the Pennsylvania Railroad had in view a billion-dollar loan.

The reason why people of experience and intelligence accept with reserve the current Wall Street explanations lies in their knowledge of Wall Street itself. Wall Street is remarkably quick in showing by the action of its market that something is wrong somewhere in the financial organism; but it is one of the slowest, blindest, and most credulous of all communities in pointing out what the trouble is. When all stocks advance on the Exchange, the explanation that capital, previously tied up against an emergency which never came, has been released for the market's purposes, may lie absolutely on the surface of things. But it is much more to Wall Street's taste to assume that St. Paul, Amalgamated Copper, Atchison, and United States Steel are rising because Union Pacific has talked of distributing its assets to its shareholders in an "extra dividend." When a great break in prices occurs, and the newspaper dispatches simultaneously report the possibility of a diplomatic break between England and Germany, it is quite as likely as not that Wall Street will see no particular connection between them. If rumors happen to be current as to an "anti-Trust suit," the trend of the stock market will be exclusively ascribed to it.

It is this perfectly familiar tendency which at the present time warrants skepticism over all prevalent "explanations" in the financial district. Proving a negative is not easy, particularly when every one admits that constant reiteration of a fanciful theory regarding causes of the decline will induce some timid souls to sell stocks on the precise grounds alleged. The disposition to put the blame on any concrete fact is also more natural when, as at present, the main troublesome influences are out of sight, and perhaps embody merely the automatic sequel to the formidable political and financial crisis which prevailed in Europe during so great a part of the past twelve months. It is an occasion on which, if nothing better offered, one can imagine the Stock Exchange ascribing the day's decline in prices to the vote of the Sulzer impeachment court. That was at least an event, and Wall Street insists on new explanations.

It is doubtless an unlucky coincidence that, with the general underlying conditions of the hour not very favorable, the controversy over the lower tariff and the currency plan should have been before us. Yet it may not be out of place to ask whether (Wall Street being what it is) these very same factors might not have been used to a purport exactly opposite, if the general position of affairs financial had been such as to cause enthusiasm. Supposing that Europe's affairs had reached an entirely comfortable status, and that our harvests had been in 1913 what they were in 1912—is it rash to suggest that the Stock Exchange might have been basing prophecy of "boom times" on the larger business possible when artificial tariff barriers had been cut down, and when a scientific system of centralizing our bank reserves and credit resources had been established?

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The Nation

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The Week

In spite of President Wilson's reaffirmation of his "warm advocacy and support both of the principle and of the bona-fide practice of civil-service reform," in the memorandum accompanying his signature of the Urgent Deficiency bill, friends of the merit system the country over will feel both regret and alarm at his action in the matter. The bill repeals, by the vicious process of a "rider," all the provisions of the Act of 1883 and of all subsequent civil-service-reform acts, so far as they may relate to the appointment or removal of deputy collectors of internal revenue and deputy marshals who are required to give bond for the faithful performance of their duty. That the President has power nevertheless, of his own motion, to place all or any part of these offices under the protection of the merit system rules is true enough; but the continuance of the system ought not to be dependent upon the good-will of the President for the time being. "There is no danger," says Mr. Wilson, "that the spoils principle will creep in with my approval or connivance"; but a merely personal guarantee is far from adequate compensation for a backward step taken in the law itself. And over and above the immediate mischief there is the evil of the precedent.

The schoolmaster in the White House knows how to deal with students who flunk—that is plain. His first veto, published on Thursday of last week, dealt with the case of a West Pointer who, having failed in his studies, cheerfully obtained an act of Congress to overrule the judgment of his teachers. But he forgot that he had to reckon with an ex-president of Princeton, and that gentleman has stood by the teachers. Finding there was good ground for believing that the Academic Board knew what it was about, Mr. Wilson decided against the student; in addition, he saw clearly that to grant this plea for another chance would be subversive of discipline at West Point, already weakened by Congressional interference. It is an excellent beginning of Mr. Wilson's vetoes—sound and clearly reasoned. Now, let us hope it will be followed by plenty of others—pension vetoes in particular, and vetoes of every raid on the civil service which may come hereafter—however cleverly concealed in appropriation bills.

To Secretary Daniels credit must be given for an eloquent bit of lip-service in the cause of the limitation of armaments. The moral argument against the insane competition in battleship-building is admirably put by our Secretary of the Navy when he declares that "the hysteria of naval preparations is proving too great a burden for the people." And the argument from common-sense is well formulated when he states:

> The world to-day is facing the anomaly of making its navy less adequate by increasing it. For when new vessels are built with their more powerful armament they render useless the smaller warships, except for coast defence.

Unfortunately, the same report that quotes Mr. Daniels as above goes on to say that Mr. Daniels is understood to favor a three-battleship programme, and has so told the President. Thereby, the Secretary of the Navy strikes the classic attitude of foreign statesmen whose pious wishes for the limitation of armaments are driven home by the fervent hope that the other fellow will be the one to show the way.

The respectful reception accorded by the Senate Finance Committee to Mr. Vanderlip's plan of a single central bank, under Government control, insures discussion which will in any case be useful; because all possible alternatives for which there is any valid argument ought to be fully debated in framing a measure of so great importance. For the present, we shall only say that, while the plan for a single central bank has certain undeniable advantages over any other, two grave difficulties have been encountered in all previous discussions of it. If, as the Aldrich plan provided, the bank was to be managed by appointees of the subscribing banks, a formidable centralization of power in the hands of the banking interests would be foreshadowed. If, on the other hand, it was to be controlled and managed by Presidential appointees, an equally formidable concentration of political power and patronage would be indicated. Mr. Vanderlip adopts the second expedient. His plan would have the central board consist exclusively of directors named by the President of the United States, while the bank's twelve branches would be managed by committees named by that central board.

Mr. Vanderlip's proposal is oddly out of line with the action of the American Bankers' Association, whose resolutions based their main objection on the fact that the individual banks "have no voice whatever in the selection of the Federal Reserve Board," although they would have to subscribe to stock of the regional banks. The principal speech on the resolutions declared that "management, ownership, control, and profit-sharing are the characteristics of the government monarchies of Europe, but they are not in accord with our institutions." Mr. Vanderlip suggests as one alternative complete ownership of the new bank's stock by the Government; or, if public subscription were to be preferred, he advocates that "all national banks be liable for the purchase of their pro rata proportion of any stock not taken by the public." Yet this is for an institution whose central board and whose branch directorates are alike to be managed exclusively by political appointees, as against the selection by the banks, under the present plan, of a majority in the managing boards of the regional banks! These are considerations which not only the Senate committee, but the banks, will have to take into view. We think it altogether fortunate, however, that the proposition should have been brought forward in such shape as to evoke intelligent discussion.

That the Census Bureau is more than a statistics-gathering machine is shown by the statement of the Chief Statistician to the effect that a man is not past his prime at forty. This is the sort of dictum that is worth while. It is all very well for the Bureau to issue its heavy volumes now and then, filled with figures, comparisons, and deductions regarding the number of foreign-born

white paupers enumerated in almshouses, the per cent. of their distribution by country of birth, by States, and by geographical divisions, or the still more exciting subject of the number of training schools for nurses, commercial schools, manual and industrial training schools, their respective enrolments by States and by geographical divisions; but there must be more persons interested in what the authorities have to say concerning the commercial and industrial value of the man of forty than the foreign-born white paupers enumerated in almshouses and the students in nurses' training schools, commercial schools, and manual and industrial training schools combined.

The forces of nature which work for consistency have seen to it that Col. Roosevelt should not spend many hours on South American soil without an opportunity to call some one a liar. This time it is the Brazilian correspondent of a Buenos Ayres newspaper, who reported the Colonel's speech at Bahia as containing a slur on the Argentine Republic by attributing to Brazil the leadership in South America. Mr. Roosevelt, of course, said nothing of the kind. Speaking of the leading nations in the Western Hemisphere, he coupled Brazil with the United States, just as, if he were speaking in Buenos Ayres, he would associate Argentina with the United States. It will not take long to clear up the misunderstanding, and the Argentinians will rise to him with all the more enthusiasm. Or if a few disgruntled voices are raised, it will only make the Colonel feel bullier than ever. At any rate, a start has been made towards the organization of a Latin-American chapter of the Ananias Club, and the people of the United States have been by so much brought closer to their southern neighbors.

The Becker trial evoked comment upon the new spirit that seemed to be animating juries in New York, and a similar thing is noted elsewhere. The Augusta, Ga., *Chronicle* remarks that in that State juries are laying aside their old sentimentality and tendency to leniency. There is a stiffening of the juror's backbone. Along with this development has come a new view of technicalities. "In our own State," says the Montgomery, Ala., *Journal*, "we have seen murder cases carried over from year to year." At first the convicted man is sentenced to the gallows, "but gradually, as the cases are reversed time and again, the people become discouraged, and after many years have elapsed and some of the witnesses are dead or moved away, the defendants are released." This condition is now to be changed. The Supreme Court of Alabama has declared against minor technicalities, and no more cases are to be reversed unless the error is such as to affect the verdict materially.

Concern is felt by observers in the South over the increase in the number of tenant farmers as compared with those who own their land. In North Carolina, thirty years ago, 33 farmers in every 100 were tenants; the number is now 42. In South Carolina, the increase has been from 50 in 1880 to 63 in 1910. In Georgia, the number has risen from 44 to 65; in Alabama, from 46 to 60; in Mississippi, from 43 to 66; in Tennessee, from 34 to 41; in Arkansas, from 30 to 50; in Louisiana, from 35 to 55; and in Texas, from 37 to 52. Since leases are on the one-year plan, it is to the tenant's interest to "skin" the land. No method is provided by which a good tenant may receive any reward for the improvement he makes in soil fertility or in the appearance and value of the farm. Students of the matter are convinced that it is only a question of time when the South must adopt the British plan of long leases, with credit to the tenant for improvements, and with penalty for any permanent injury which he does the land he hires.

If only a tithe of the charges against the city government of East St. Louis in 1911-12 are true, the case will make a new chapter in the shame of our cities. From Mayor to 14 out of 16 Aldermen, the 28 indictments blanket a whole Administration. The charge is not of stealthy conspiracy, of crafty pilfering by an inside ring, but of free-for-all grabbing. In all departments—Controller, Health Commissioner, Chief of Detectives, Superintendent of Streets, and Deputy Building Commissioner—startling irregularities are alleged. One man has made sworn confession of accepting $1,250 for his vote on franchise grabs; the Treasurer is charged with plain embezzlement; other officials with peculation in contracts; and the Aldermen with voting themselves illegal salaries. Defence seems pitifully lacking. Inasmuch as East St. Louis has no such unsavory machine organization as other cities point to as their undoing, her citizenship and whole civil spirit would seem to be facing trial along with her public servants.

A Chicagoan has discovered that only one large city in this country is well named. That city is, of course, Chicago. Some of her rivals, such as Boston, Philadelphia, New York, and New Orleans, have mere second-hand appellations, taken from more or less obscure places in the Old World. Others, like Baltimore, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, and Washington, are named "on a basis that is biographical." St. Louis and St. Paul "have the odor of hagiology." San Francisco and Los Angeles are open to somewhat the same objection. Kansas City and Jersey City suffer from tautology. Minneapolis and Indianapolis would do if they were not hybrids. Towards the smaller cities, the Chicago critic is more gracious. While he is a bit uncertain about Tacoma, Milwaukee, Detroit, and Buffalo, he hails Oshkosh and Kankakee with almost suspicious fervor. It may be admitted, however, as a writer in *Harper's Weekly* contends, that we have too many Cantons, Newports, Toledos, and Ninevehs, to say nothing of Portlands, Springfields, and Germantowns. The tendency to adopt a great name was rather ludicrously illustrated a few years ago in the suggestion that an Illinois village should be renamed London.

Far outside the circles of scholarship, the announcement of the death of Reuben Gold Thwaites will bring a feeling of distinct loss to the whole Middle West. More than to any man since Parkman, credit is due to him for the upbuilding of the romantic and colorful history of the Old Northwest. The interest of the States of the region in the French and British régimes virtually dates from his installation as superintendent of the Wisconsin Historical Society in 1886, and as editor of the Wisconsin Historical Collections in 1888. His many publications, his zeal as a collector, and his influence upon

historical scholarship at the University of Wisconsin have been a leavening force long and widely acknowledged. His chief fame, of course, rests upon his resurrection of the Jesuit Relations —a resurrection as striking as the more recent discovery, in southern Illinois, of the Kaskaskia Records. But better testimony to his powers and industry lies in the many State, university, and city collections of Western history built up after his thought, and the many lecture-rooms and studies in which research is carried on after his own spirit.

Not conference, but compromise, was the substance of Mr. Asquith's announcement of policy with regard to Home Rule and Ulster. The late conference fiasco on the Constitutional question, which served only to delay the enactment of the Parliament bill and to intensify party spirit, is still a fresh memory. If the Protestant sections of Ulster insist on being omitted from the scheme for Home Rule, Mr. Asquith intimated that a way for that might be provided under the bill itself. The mode of procedure would probably be by a clause in the bill making Home Rule non-effective in those counties where a popular referendum so decided. Virtually this was the scheme adopted in the organization of the Australian Commonwealth, and in the establishment of our own Federal Government. The north-eastern counties of Ulster might flock by themselves for a while; but Mr. Asquith counts upon the centripetal forces of nationality and common economic interest to bring the recusant Protestant minority within the fold. Upon the point that an Irish Parliament in Dublin there must be, the Premier was explicit. And he was equally clear-spoken as to the determination of the Government to put the bill into force over all Ireland if, before its enactment, the men of Ulster fail to take advantage of the escape offered them.

The honor of having been the scene of the whole life-work of Sir William Thomson, afterwards Lord Kelvin, is one that any city might envy Glasgow. That city has shown its pride by the erection of a statue to the great physicist. At the unveiling ceremonies the other day, Mr. Balfour was the orator; a sufficient guaranty that the address would be worthy of the occasion. He pointed out that Kelvin was, so far as he knew, a unique example of the combination in the same mind of the highest powers in the field of abstract scientific speculation with those practical instincts which enable the inventor to make use of the results of that speculation. But, so far from drawing from Lord Kelvin's life the moral, which a less sensitive intellect might have been tempted to draw, that everybody should be encouraged to think of the practical applications of science as the end and aim of scientific research, Mr. Balfour extracted from it quite the opposite lesson. The business of the man of science, he said, is only remotely and indirectly connected with daily work or practice, and the man who pursues knowledge must pursue it for itself—that he would pursue it with far poorer effect if he was always thinking of what its practical and pecuniary results would be. In point of fact, nothing was plainer in Kelvin's own case than that his intense interest in physical and mathematical problems, the almost childlike freshness of his enthusiasm about them, was wholly independent of his extraordinary practical and pecuniary success.

The attention of lawmakers, playwrights, and even journalists might well be asked to a recent statement of Mr. Karl Pearson, head of the Galton Laboratory of the University of London. Pointing out that the ideal of the founder of eugenics was racial betterment by the scientific study of heredity and environment, and then by a popular movement emphasizing the national importance of these factors and urging their consideration by legislators and social reformers, he went on to say that before his death Sir Francis Galton was depressed by the failure to perceive that much scientific progress must be made before men started rashly to apply conclusions. "Years of patient work," says Mr. Pearson, "in medico-social observation and genetic experiment are needed before the laws of eugenics can be dogmatically stated." How much loose thinking there is in America upon eugenics is evident to any one who picks up one of the recent magazines giving an account of the "eugenic" baby exhibition in Denver, attends a "eugenic" play, reads of the "eugenic" marriage laws of Pennsylvania and the West. The harm of such loose thinking was lately remarked upon by a scientist who noted a press statement that, "eugenically," a man weak in certain physical or mental qualities should find a mate strong in those directions. Even in the eugenic millennium men will have to use their minds.

The Kaiser's artistic views have always been at variance with prevalent tastes in the German art world. He has never hesitated to formulate his critical opinions, and his loyal subjects have responded in kind when the occasion offered. They are doing so now. William II has brushed aside the awards made in an open competition for designs for a German Embassy building at Washington, and has ordered his own court architect to draw up plans. Presumably, the Kaiser has felt that the theories of the advanced schools of architecture are not representative of the German nation as a whole. Whatever may be the case with his Ambassadors, he will not have his embassies go abroad to lie for their country. The incident will in all probability fail to shake the Hohenzollern throne, but for some time to come the artists on *Simplicissimus* and *Jugend* will have a delightful time designing imaginary embassy buildings in accordance with the Kaiser's ideas.

Probably the majority of middle-aged persons in this country, if asked about the population of the Russian Empire, would say it is somewhat more than a hundred million. That is the figure it reached about thirty-five years ago, and it was less than eighty million at the time that persons sixty years old or thereabout were learning their geography lessons at school. It is somewhat startling, therefore, to come upon the statement that the estimated population of the Empire on January 1, 1912, was 171,000,000. In 1897 the population was 129,000,000; in 1859 it was 74,000,000. The growth, therefore, in little more than half a century, has been nearly 100,000,000, or more than the entire present population of the United States. And this vast increase has been only in comparatively small degree due to absorption of new territory. Russia in Europe, taken by itself, is credited with a population of more than 140,000,000, so that less than 30,000,000 is to be set down to the whole Asiatic area.

THE PRESIDENT'S IDEAL.

President Wilson's speech at Swarthmore on Saturday appears to have been misunderstood. It certainly has been abroad, if we may judge by the comments on it cabled from London. It has been in some quarters at home. The trouble comes from not carefully reading Mr. Wilson's exact words. The hasty assumption has been made that he was laying down an actual programme for Mexico. But all that he did lay down was a guiding principle. Because he spoke of a "conquest," it has been rashly concluded that he had in mind a conquest by force of arms; whereas his very application of the word to William Penn should have been sufficient to show that he had in mind only the peaceful subjugation of the great continent put by Providence at the disposal of Americans. It was their original purpose which he lauded—their determination, namely, that this land should be the home of a free and self-governing people. Then the President went on to say that he "should like to believe" that the entire hemisphere is devoted to the same high ends, and that "nowhere can any government endure which is stained by blood or supported by anything but the consent of the governed."

This, in the nature of the case, was no more than a fine aspiration. It could not be a rule by which our international relations and our diplomatic intercourse are to be in all cases controlled. It was a noble sentiment which President Wilson uttered at Swarthmore, with characteristic eloquence, and the hope which he cherishes beats in the hearts of all true lovers of their country and lovers of mankind. The President struck a note like that often set vibrating in the speeches of John Bright. It was he, for example, who once gave it as his creed: "I most devoutly believe that the moral law is not written for men alone in their individual character, but that it was written as well for nations." From this no one will have the hardihood openly to dissent. But the difficulty comes in its specific application, just as it would come in the attempt to deduce a rule of conduct towards Mexico, or any South American country, from the pious wish which President Wilson expressed on Saturday.

To jump from it to the conclusion that he will, under no circumstances, recognize a Mexican Government "stained by blood," is probably the last thing that he himself would do. Earlier in the day, in his spirited address at the rededication of Congress Hall in Philadelphia, the President remarked on the fact that one in his position to-day got little practical help from the great general principles embodied in Bills of Rights and Constitutions. What continually confronts the Executive is the specific case. In deciding what to do with it, he must face the changed day and the new circumstance as well as study the old thoughts. They will teach him the spirit in which he ought to act, but not precisely how to act. And similarly, we may be sure, President Wilson would not find a sure or safe guide in the doctrine that no Government in Mexico ought to be recognized by the United States that had its origin in violence.

As a matter of fact, Mexico has known almost no other kind of Government, and there seems, unhappily, no prospect of any other for a long time to come. The real objection to recognizing Huerta—the real internationally valid objection—was that he gave no promise of stable and secure government for Mexico. The fact that he was a disloyal officer and almost certainly *particeps criminis* in a foul murder might indeed make us shrink away from him in personal abhorrence. But if even the vilest of men is acquiesced in as ruler by the people of his country; if his government keeps order and makes life and property secure; if the courts are open, if business goes on, if foreigners are protected, then there is nothing to do but to shut one's eyes to the personal character of the man and think of him solely in his official and representative capacity. It was not necessary or wise to do this in the case of Huerta, for from the first there was reason to doubt whether he could maintain himself. That President Wilson was justified in his early hesitations about Huerta the event has shown. Mexico does not accept him. The country is torn by revolutions amounting now to a civil war. Gen. Huerta has proclaimed himself Dictator, and now, by decree, would increase the army to 150,000 men—five times the number that was sufficient to keep in power the military oligarchy of Porfirio Diaz. Huerta may or may not be "stained by blood"; but it is obvious that his rule is one to which the Mexican people will not submit.

So far as one can now see, there will be no immediate necessity for President Wilson to change his waiting policy towards Mexico. The so-called Mexican elections give no promise of real relief. Even if there had been anything like a Constitutional vote in the States taking part, half the territory of the republic would not abide by the result. But while this Government is waiting, it is of the highest importance to have in mind what we are waiting for. It is not for the emergence of a morally impeccable President of Mexico. It is not our business to teach Mexicans morals or even self-government. All that we can ask is a settled government in Mexico, capable of uniting the country and of discharging all international obligations. To demand more—and even this minimum is, unhappily, not in sight—would be both futile and dangerous.

TAMMANY'S OVERPLAYED HAND.

The Tammany leaders in their city of New York have visibly waked up to a fact which must be the most mortifying possible to hardened political gamblers like themselves. They have bet too high on their cards. They have overplayed their hand. Seeking to win everything, they now see themselves in peril of losing everything. On all sides they perceive signs that their effrontery and their greed are provoking a tremendous reaction against them. The whole appearance of the city campaign has completely changed in a fortnight. Tammany is thrown into confusion and consternation by a series of terrific attacks. Up and down the city the name of Murphy has become the signal for cries of execration. Most alarming of all to the Tammany mind, the election betting odds have gone about and now favor Mitchel. Many who were expecting to vote for McCall are abandoning him. Evarts is said to have remarked to a Republican orator, about to make speeches for Blaine, that he could understand how a man might vote for Blaine, but did not see how anybody could defend him. In very much that plight stands the Tammany candidate, with the election only five days away.

Indications are not lacking that Tammany is at last conscious that it has been grossly overdoing it these past few

weeks. This is especially the case in the matter of its dealings with Sulzer. Its savage turning on an old "pal" like him now begins to appear a political blunder worse than a crime. The Tammany leaders thought that they could destroy Sulzer; but, like the assassin who rushed upon Giuliano dei Medici, in their fury they wounded themselves with their own daggers. The poorer a creature they made Sulzer out, the more despicable did they themselves appear. Sulzer has now only to harangue the East Side, and howls of rage at Murphy, with threats of vengeance on Tammany, fill the air. Never was there a clearer proof that those politicians do not know their own business who do not use their power moderately; that a grievance such as Tammany has given Sulzer is a powerful make-weight in politics; and that the unscrupulous and remorseless pressing of an advantage over an opponent in public life is the greatest mistake that anybody in public life can make.

To all this Tammany has finally become alive. No doubt it is *un peu tard,* as La Fontaine and Charles F. Murphy would say, but it has come. And the way in which the swinish rush now bids fair to be only down a steep place into the sea, is an example of human folly, and its punishment, from which Plato or Burke would not have disdained to draw wisdom. Even within Tammany the feeling is now obvious that it is a case of too much Murphy. Hence the renewal of the hints that he is about to retire as Boss; that he is anxious about his health, dejected by the assaults upon him, and so on.

But while such a result may be looked upon with unalloyed satisfaction, it is impossible to contemplate the process with unmixed pleasure. In some of its phases, it illustrates a deplorable condition of mind among large sections of the community; and in the conduct of Sulzer himself there is that which breeds not only displeasure but disgust. He is indeed "the same old Bill"—the same impudence, the same colossal conceit, the same want of regard for the truth. Let any man read the preposterous story which he has put out of the conversation between himself and Allan Ryan, and then read the plain, straightforward, and convincing reply immediately made by Ryan. No intelligent person can doubt which of these statements is the truth and which a fabrication; and this latest exhibition of Sulzer's quality cannot fail to give a new edge to the feeling of shame that such a man should have been chosen for the highest honor in the gift of the people of this State. But he might convict himself of plain ordinary lying a hundred times, as he has been convicted of making false returns of campaign contributions and of appropriating such contributions to his own use, without dampening in the least the ardor of his fanatical followers. Rabbi Coffee, of Pittsburgh, a man eminent in the work of social betterment and the fight against political corruption in that city, who happens now to be in New York, has raised his voice in protest against this blind frenzy to which more than one minister, Christian as well as Jewish, has lent countenance. "The rabbi," he declared, "must stand for moral ideas, must fight for eternal principles, never for men, and surely not for those found guilty after a fair trial." With the mass of the Sulzer enthusiasts, however, this will be but as the voice of one crying in the wilderness.

POLONIUS AND THE ZEITGEIST.

An evening with Mr. Sothern or with Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, at their respective play-houses, reveals the fact that there is one character in "Hamlet" whom it would be even more difficult to omit than the Prince of Denmark. We refer to the Lord Chamberlain at the court of Denmark. Study the people in the seats, and it will appear that no matter how acutely they respond to the solemn cadences of "To be or not to be," they respond more intimately, more easily, more humanly to Polonius when he speeds his son Laertes on the voyage to France. One can almost hear the sigh of satisfaction that runs through the auditorium, one almost perceives the general half-suppressed thrill of delight, the silent accompaniment of the lips, when the old man begins his familiar text, "Give thy thoughts no tongue, nor any unproportion'd thought his act." The roots of memory that run back into the schoolroom thrill with life again. At such a moment an audience of men and women enjoys that absolute absorption into the fable which is given only to very young children to enjoy when they allow themselves to be entranced by the words of a story which they know by heart.

It is the familiarity of the scene that grips the audience, and hardly its merits. Just why these lines of advice to Laertes should have been inserted in the text cannot be explained on any other ground than that the author had a few gnomic sentences in his head on the subject of success in life, and thought the third scene of the first act of "Hamlet" as good a place as any. The situation does not demand them. Laertes, it will be recalled, has already been to France, whence he returned to attend the coronation of Hamlet's uncle. Apparently, the upper classes at the time felt no obligation to see Denmark first. In the gay capital of Europe Laertes must have acquired a fund of experience and knowledge which his father, for all his years, could hardly match. All this advice, therefore, about how to wear clothes and to form acquaintanceship, while it might have been appropriate enough for, say, young Hamlet when he first set out for Wittenberg, must have been quite thrown away on the young cosmopolite Laertes. His sister was cleverer in this respect than her father. When Laertes, on parting, admonishes her to be circumspect with regard to Prince Hamlet, Ophelia makes it quite plain that she thinks his a case in which pious admonition should begin at home.

But this is somewhat beside the question. The salient fact is that a modern audience, even allowing for the spell of childhood associations, finds nothing ludicrous in the spectacle of a father offering advice to his son. Far from that, the audience looks forward to the scene. The habit of making it a parent's privilege and duty to bestow counsel upon his son when he sends him out into the world has persisted in spite of recurrent insurrections by the young. Every generation tries to oppose the desires and instincts of the young to the wariness and disenchantment of their elders, but paternal advice is as popular as ever. What an anthology of such paternal advice one might gather out of the world's novels and plays, from Proverbs to the infallible remedy against digestive trouble which David Balfour's mother bequeathed to him. The elder's privilege to warn and instruct has maintained itself as vigor-

ously as the young man's privilege to hear and forget.

Still, habits do die with time. How long will this venerable paternal prerogative endure? Possibly Polonius, in his heart of hearts, may have had his doubts as to what he really could teach this grown-up, travelled son of his. How much harder is it for the modern father, whose modern child is brought up on modern school programmes and reads the same modern newspaper that his father does! Is there anything, from the way apples grow and carbon is made to the mysteries of physiology, that Laertes to-day could not teach Polonius? Fortunate for the Lord Chamberlain of Denmark that he did not live to see the Century of the Child! His inability to distinguish a cloud from a camel and a weasel would have made him an object of derision to youthful classes in nature-study. The times will soon be completely out of joint for Polonius. The audiences still like him, but that is because "Hamlet" audiences are naturally old-fashioned.

MRS. WHARTON'S MANNER.

Mrs. Wharton's early successes as a writer of short stories were not the chance successes of a tyro. She had already served her apprenticeship, without making the public pay for the crude products of that trying phase of experience. She had learned what she wanted to do, and how to do it. She could take a situation or an episode involving two or three human figures, and wring the truth from it—the truth as she personally saw it. She could drive home her interpretation with witty phrase and epigram. She could make people "sit up," without the use of vulgar stimulants. If there was one quality which pleased her audience more than her brilliancy, it was her breeding. A final zest was given to the enjoyment of her style by the sense that it was gentlemanlike. That sense was misleading, of course, for she has always been strongly feminine; but it is possible for a voice a trifle deeper than common, a gesture somewhat more frank, to enhance the charm of femininity by its hint of contradiction.

But beneath the suavity and self-possession of her manner there has always been a restless spirit, and the time passed soon when the exercise of wit and adroitness could soothe it. She had, besides, the resources of the study, and the riches of art. Turning from the short story to the novel, she called them to her aid. She ranged herself in that school of sophistication, of finesse, half-lights, and rich, dim accessories, which was then ascendant. She knew her Meredith, her James, her Howells, and the greater masters of France—Bourget, Stendhal, and the rest. She wished to address herself to no vulgar audience. The very titles of those earlier books, "The Greater Inclination," "Crucial Instances," "The Valley of Decision," were a snub to the populace and a challenge to the fastidious. The populace does not deal in comparatives, *nuances*, reservations, compunctions.

There lies, however, between the reading masses and the small choir of the elect, a surprising body of persons, chiefly feminine, who aspire to sophistication and connoisseurship. The aspiration, as applied to literature, was more fashionable ten years ago than now, perhaps. Certainly a good many readers who aspired in that way were attracted to Mrs. Wharton's earlier novels. To wander through the pages of "The Valley of Decision," for example, was to breathe an atmosphere of polite and erudite adventure, in lands where life had become a finished thing long before American crudity began. It was not a very good story as a story; but the charm of its style, of its leisurely winding along paths of old-world glamour, was indubitable. There was something else—the occurrence here and there of an episode vivid and telling, the work not of the gentleman and scholar and agreeable cicerone, under whose guidance we seemed, for the most part, to be quietly progressing, but of Mrs. Wharton, the story-teller.

Looking back, from this remove, we suspect that those episodes, so incidentally and even negligently vouchsafed, were the most genuine part of the book: the rest, a brilliant *tour de force*. Its very elegance, its languor, its abstention from display of wit or from excess of any sort, mark it as a feat. For Mrs. Wharton is not a gentleman or a reflective philosopher. She is a nervous, cultivated American woman, an extremely clever performer on one of the favorite instruments of the hour: a virtuoso, but in the popular sense of the word. And she has been too clever not to find her way instinctively to the larger audience which was ready for her.

With "The House of Mirth" she captured it. Here, almost in the flesh, was that society to which striving America looks up with delighted consternation. Here was a story of the "Four Hundred" written from the inside, a moving picture of high life. It could have been the work of no one but Mrs. Wharton, and yet was plainly the work of another than the Mrs. Wharton of "The Dilettante" or "The Valley of Decision." Both her wit and her erudition were now under better control. She no longer sparkled for the sake of sparkling, or alluded for the sake of allusion. In fact, she must have had a pretty clear notion of the audience she was addressing and of its needs.

It was not an altogether different audience from her older one; but it was wider, more various. The novelist, like the playwright, must, if he expects to command a satisfactory hearing, appeal, in some sense, to the mass as an individual. What Mr. A. B. Walkley has said of the theatre audience applies, roughly, to what may be called the magazine audience. The element of physical contact and contagion is lacking; but the constituency of the news-stands does somehow pull together as one man. "A crowd," Mr. Walkley says, "forms a new entity, with a mind and character of its own; it differs from the individuals composing it, just as our bodies are unlike the cells of which they are made up, or just as a chemical combination is unlike its separate ingredients."

Before "The House of Mirth" Mrs. Wharton had not set herself seriously to the task of captivating the magazine audience. She had tickled its ears with her clever wisps of satire and badinage. She had gone over its head entirely with "The Valley of Decision," and the books on Italy which followed. Now, at one stroke, she succeeded in rousing it to excited attention with the "House of Mirth." Not that Mrs. Wharton abased herself to the magazine manner. Her style was as finished and urbane as ever. But at last its refinement was felt to be in keeping with the theme. Here, in elegant black and white, were the superior beings to whom democracy had hitherto been able to award only the humbler tributes of the society column and *Town Topics*.

The tale of Lily Bart could have been justified only as lifted to the plane of tragedy. In Mrs. Wharton's hands, adroit as they are, it remained sordid and vulgar. Something might have been done with it in the way of uncompromising realism; so, at least, a negative force and meaning might have been given to it. But in attempting to employ the machinery of tragic romance, Mrs. Wharton attempted the impossible. Lily is not a tragic figure, but a feeble and paltry one. Such glamour as she has is the meretricious glamour of social position; and this is true of all her "set."

Perhaps Mrs. Wharton felt the irony of Lily's fame. No doubt she was annoyed by the persistent attempts to give a local habitation and a name to each of her imaginary figures of New York. That was her penalty for not having made them also imaginative. At all events, in "Madame de Treymes" she withdrew to a safer and sounder field. Here, as in "Sanctuary," she challenged the closest comparison with Miss Anne Douglas Sedgwick (who, then irre-

proachable, has since gained popularity with "Tante"). A delicate study of old-world life on a comparatively small scale, "Madame de Treymes" went its quiet way. But in "The Fruit of the Tree" Mrs. Wharton again made, to speak coarsely, a hit. It was not precisely the same kind of hit as that which she had scored in "The House of Mirth." It lacked two elements of popular appeal which had counted in the earlier novel. It did not paint the society of our dreams—that of New York and environs—and it did not turn upon a problem of sex. But there was a problem—and it interested the public because it was a problem which everybody has attacked, however casually, and nobody has solved: is it right, under any circumstance, to put a human being "out of misery"? Unluckily, this is even less approachably a "well-made" novel than "The House of Mirth." Its six hundred odd pages contain material for two distinct novels—or perhaps we should say for a dozen short stories. And, as in "The House of Mirth," its material was presented with nothing more than cleverness—without the transforming touch of imagination.

In "The Custom of the Country,"* we are told, Mrs. Wharton has returned to the field of "The House of Mirth." We do not find this to be literally true. The heroine of this story is not a Lily Bart, but an Undine Spragg, of Apex City, Arizona. We find her in New York, to be sure, bent upon breaking in among the best people. In fact, when we meet her she has been there two years, with her attendant parents, and has not yet broken in. But she is on the eve of it. In a Bohemian circle to which she has penetrated, she meets a fashionable portrait-painter, Claud Walsingham Popple, and is much impressed with his fine presence and manners. Through him she meets, and is not impressed by, a real scion of the aristocracy, Ralph Marvell. He at once, without other excuse than her crude young beauty, falls in love with her; and as soon as she realizes that he is "the real thing," she succumbs.

Now, Undine Spragg is not a new type. We have met her recently in many novels—in Mr. Herrick's "One Woman's Story," in Mr. Dreiser, in the recent "Joan Thursday" of Mr. Louis Joseph Vance; in fact, wherever among our novelists realism continues to rear its head. She is the daughter of the plain people, forging towards success and happiness in the fashionable sense of the terms. The thing that is hard to pardon in her is that she appears a caricature instead of a refinement of that type. Undine Spragg is as hard, as vulgar, as calculating, as selfish as any professional daughter of pleasure could be. That she is physically cold does not prevent her being twice divorced in pursuit of the main chance, and finally falling back upon her first husband, because he is not only a multi-millionaire, but the only person who understands her. They are unmistakably a pair.

There is nothing to attach the deeper sympathies of the reader to this person or to any other in the book. Paul Marvell, who dies by his own hand, is well out of it, and that is all we feel: with his elegance and sensitiveness, he shows the futility that besets most of Mrs. Wharton's finer-grained male Americans. The Count de Trézac, who succeeds him, is of similar type, except for the fact that "the custom of the country," with him, makes the family of more importance than the wife, and so stiffens his backbone against her encroachments. Most of the other figures in the book are caricatured, from the masseuse and manicure artist, Mrs. Heeny, to the unspeakable Van Degen.

With all its amenity of manner, "The Custom of the Country" has a sharply satirical tone. The heroine is a mere monster of vulgarity; and Mrs. Wharton seems to feel a ruthless satisfaction in exposing her in all her enormity. The result is a defeat of what should have been the main purpose, to *interest* us in the Spragg. A caricature does not remain interesting to the length of six hundred pages. And there is no use trying to convey on paper the charm of a physical beauty which has no backing in mind or character. The mood of satire seems to be growing upon Mrs. Wharton, a dubious sign in a writer who has passed a certain age. It is hard to feel that, clever and effective and varied as her work has been, and is, she has ever yet veritably "found herself"—the self of assured power which seemed to exist potentially in her first books. Ten years ago, a stranger asking an American who was the most distinguished of our novelists would very likely have heard the name of Mrs. Wharton. It is not altogether due to the fact that other (potential) giants have arisen among us, that the answer would now hardly be the same.

H. W. B.

*The Custom of the Country. By Edith Wharton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The Washington Benevolent Society, hitherto almost unknown to history, was represented by a nearly complete collection of its publications at a sale at the Anderson Galleries on October 28.

Benson J. Lossing, in the "Cyclopædia of United States History," notes the existence of this Society in a few short paragraphs, and erroneously places the date of its organization in 1812. His account is copied in other works of reference. That the Society was founded in 1808 is clearly established by the first number of the above collection: "Washington's Farewell Address, to the People of the United States, Published for the Washington Benevolent Society. New York: Printed by J. Seymour, at Washington's Head, No. 118 Pearl-Street, 1808." On a fly-leaf is printed and written the following certificate of membership:

This certifies that *Augustus Fleming* has been regularly admitted a Member of the "Washington Benevolent Society," instituted in the City of New York, on the 12th day of July, 1808.

New York, *24th Nov.*, 1808.
Isaac Sebring, President.
G. C. Verplanck, Secretary.

Organized by the Federal party to promote the principles of Washington as set forth in his "Farewell Address," the Society soon began to exert a potent influence on the people. During the first four years branches were established in nearly every town and village of the North and East, and copies of the "Farewell Address" were presented to each member. It made "peace" its constant watchword and, until hostilities actually commenced in 1812, used every effort to avoid the approaching struggle. Even after war was declared many of the "peace at any price" adherents were found among its members. Each member was required to sign the Constitution and the following declaration:

We, each of us, do hereby declare, that we are firmly attached to the Constitution of the United States and to that of . . . [State] . . .; to the principles of a free republican government, and to those which regulated the public conduct of George Washington; that we will each of us, to the best of our ability, aid, and, so far as may be consistent with our religious principles respectively, preserve the rights and liberties of our country against all foreign and domestic violence, fraud, and usurpation, and that, as members of the Washington Benevolent Society, we will in all things comply with its regulations, support its principles, and enforce its views.

An oration delivered before the Society at Boston, by Josiah Quincy, emphasized their opposition to the party in power:

Our rulers—who are they, and what is true of them? Mr. Madison is President, Mr. Monroe, Secretary of State; Mr. Gallatin, Secretary of the Treasury; Mr. Armstrong, Secretary of War. Every man of them in Washington's day, the enemy of his policy. All of them laid the foundations of their present elevation on the ruin of his influence, and that of his selected friends.

The publications of the Washington Benevolent Society are of special interest, not only for the many rare imprints found in the collection, but for the great variety of Washington portraits, there being no less than fourteen different examples, some by unknown artists and engravers. The certificates issued with the volumes are of importance, as each was signed by the president and secretary of the local branch from which it was issued, men, in some cases, of national prominence. Troy, N. Y., appears to have been the next to issue a "Farewell Address," David Carlisle having published it in 1810. Hudson, N. Y., followed in 1811, with the certificate signed by Reuben Folger and William Hudson. In another Hudson copy the certificate is for the County of Berkshire, Town of Stockbridge, and is signed by John W. Hulbert, Henry Brown, and James Ball.

The year 1812 shows the greatest number of issues, the collection containing copies from Boston, Mass., printed by Buck-

ingham, signed by William Stedman and Daniel Waldo (prominent clergyman); Greenfield, Mass., printed by Denio & Phelps; Hudson, N. Y., printed by Norman; New Brunswick, N. J., Lewis Deare, printer; Springfield, Mass., Thomas Dickman, printer, signed by John Hooker and Edmund Bliss; Troy, N. Y., printed by Henry Stockwell; another edition from Troy, printed by Parker and Bliss; Windsor, printed by Pomroy; Brookfield, Albany, and Trenton. In 1813 there were issues from Hartford, Hudson, New Brunswick, Springfield, and Worcester. The last "Address" issued by the Society appears to have been from Hartford, Conn., in 1814.

In addition to Washington's "Farewell Address" the Society published "The Text-Book of the Washington Benevolent Society; containing a Biography and Character of George Washington, his Farewell Address, and the Federal Constitution. Concord, George Hough, 1812"; orations by William Sullivan, John Pierpont, and Josiah Quincy; badges on which were printed the portrait of Washington; and a medal showing Benevolence crowning the bust of Washington.

Throughout the War of 1812 the Society opposed, as far as possible, the work of the Administration, but they accomplished much good by their benevolence, and Washington Hall, in Philadelphia, stands as a record of their achievement. With the demise of the Federal party during Monroe's Administration, the Society disappeared, its various branches being either amalgamated with other local organizations or dissolved.

E. F. HANABURGH.

Correspondence

GETTING THE BEST OUT OF THE BEST.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: To get the best possible out of every human being—having regard to his endowment and environment—is a legitimate aim of economics, statesmanship, and education.

Look at the athletics in our colleges. They are organized upon an aristocratic system, to get the best out of the best. Skilled experts select from the entire student body those most richly endowed for their purposes in body, mind, and character. They then train them most carefully, and shower upon them all the advantages that money, time, and skill can give. The élite are now exercised, fed, and rested, then bathed, oiled, and rubbed, and sent off to Atlantic City or the Northern woods, as the highest judgment dictates. This exemplifies a principle in aristocracy—developing the best-trained powers of the best for the advantage of the race, and not fretting too much about the common crowd, but leaving it to take as much as it will out of the rich opportunities offered by the system at large. As a matter of fact, many think our athletics too aristocratically conducted, in that they do not afford out of their large receipts adequate facilities of grounds, buildings, and equipments for the participation of the commonalty in the sports so highly fostered.

I think this is the method of all the student activities at our colleges—athletics of every kind, drama, journalism, music, societies for literature and debate, or fraternities for social advantage. Nor can it be said that the system fails. All that look on, as well as all that take part, seem to agree that the best men for the purposes in view are found, trained to the highest point, and adapted to the objects in view.

But look at our education of the mind. In almost any educational convention, proposals to grade men in classes by merit rather than by age or alphabetized names, and to carry forward the superior men faster and further than their fellows, are quickly rejected as hostile to democracy and to the "American spirit"—in short, as "un-American." There is an implied theory—a kind of pseudo-democratic argument—which wishes to assume an "average mind" for all men of a given age, with an ability in everybody to reach the same standard, and even in the same time, if only the best teaching and training are employed.

It should seem to accord better with nature and science to find some way of separating, in each line of effort, those best equipped, most fond of the subject, most ready to work, from those who are less good or least good in these respects. An illustration may, perhaps, be found in the English system of university study and degrees, and again in the German system of treating the very youngest in their early classes at school. It was about 1809 that Oxford and Cambridge Universities in England discovered that the number of students relatively rich in purse but slow in mind, or unprepared, or indifferent to study was so greatly and rapidly increasing in the universities as to hold back in the several schools the highest training of the best endowed and most willing students. They did not see how to shut their doors against young men of means, though of small intellect and interest in study, who wished to devote such years of life to academic culture, even if the result of that culture was to be small; so they determined to separate the slow men and those willing to be satisfied with a minimum or "pass" degree, that is, with half-way excellence, from the eager, industrious, and able students who were ambitious of high honors. Thus were established the two sets of schools—the pass and the honors; and the system has been used from that day to this with general approval.

The present writer has no desire—he finds no one that has the desire—to diminish seriously the play of athletics or of other wholesome student activities. Athletics have done much, unquestionably, of good, not only for health of body and mind, but for good morals and vigorous qualities of heart and character, and the other activities have contributed to culture and to happiness. But is there any reason why—following the example of such student interests—the separation should not be made of those who make only moderate advance in higher education and those who are able to reach the utmost proficiency in specialized mental and professional work? The interests of both may, we think, be fully served together. And this recognition of intellect in turn would diminish any excesses of athletics or other student activities, and tend to restore to right limits and due prominence all interests together.

In the athletic world we see that the entire student body and the community at large are quite sure that the athletic system by its aristocratic principle has succeeded in picking out the best material and training it to the highest proficiency. They are also satisfied that the majority of low grade have every opportunity, and they worry no more about them. The university initial on a student's breast is accepted as marking first-class or highest excellence in the field of athletic endeavor. But is there any equally conclusive judgment in regard to mental results? Does the student body, or the student press, or the press of the community and the thoughtful public at large, know or recognize a corresponding and supreme distinction in the intellectual training and prowess of our "best"? One rarely meets such recognition in the talk of college students. *Cum laude* or *summa cum laude* goes for little with them. I hear them object that some such honor is awarded for the work of a single term; that the course was a narrow, specialized course; that the professor made the syllabus which the student had merely to commit to memory; that the professor made out the examination questions for his own course and perhaps marked the answer books himself; and then there comes a shrugging of the shoulders. Now in England the honor courses run two and three years, without an examination counting for the degree—in itself a test and guarantee of mental power—upon a single subject or a group of kindred subjects worked into a broad unity. At the conclusion of a course the students have a considerable series of written papers and supplementary oral examinations at the hands of a highly expert examining body, made up of men who have never taught the candidates or known them.

When a verdict is reached and judgment pronounced, the names of the first class, out of the four classes into which the honor candidates are graded, are accepted by the whole student body, by the press, and the community as representing men of first-rate, tried, and tested minds, as sure to succeed in mental aims in the world as the great athletes in the physical. And material emolument and desirable positions in a life career are at once put before them.

We cannot safely ignore the inequalities in man. Let the athletics take on more democracy for the physical training of the multitude, and let the real academics take on some aristocracy for the careful production of superior minds, educated to the highest point. Is not the best real progress always based on balanced combination and interlocking of these two great principles of humanity? Let us have "Pass" and "Class" in our colleges.

CHARLES S. KNOX.

St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H., October 22.

A GRIEVANCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am disappointed and aggrieved at the attitude which the *Nation* sees fit to assume towards the governmental action of the past few months.

I subscribed for your journal on the assurance of New York friends of mine that it was independent in politics, conservative in principle, and devoted to the interests of civil service reform. Yet I find it sup-

porting a President who in eight short months has shown more radicalism of spirit than was ever made manifest by any other of the country's Chief Magistrates in his whole term of office; who in his appointments has been guided by political expediency rather than inherent fitness; and whose methods in "driving" the Congress are more drastic than those employed by another incumbent whose course in this (and other) respects the *Nation* can hardly find language strong enough to condemn.

I find your columns silent—or feeble—in face of a Currency bill which threatens our gold standard, and a clause in the Tariff bill which recklessly and shamelessly sets at naught the principle of civil service reform; while your latest issue makes cheerful prophecy of the beneficent results of this same Tariff bill, one of whose leading provisions is the establishment of an income tax which is as flagrant an instance of class legislation as has ever darkened a country's history.

Your journal has thus given proof of being in effect only a party organ like many another which receives scant courtesy at your hands, and in my judgment differs from these other Democratic papers only in the grandiloquence of its professions, and the excellence (which it still maintains) of its literary style.

M. J. SITGREAVES.

Chestnut Hill, Mass., October 15.

MR. BAKER AND "AN ELASTIC CURRENCY."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Herbert L. Baker, in a letter to the *Nation* for October 16, seems to have hit upon an important discovery. This discovery is that "an elastic currency" is "a contradiction in terms—a vicious absurdity," "a manifest impossibility," etc. Now we would first premise that when a phrase of this kind has gained a firm foothold in the language, has become a part of the established vocabulary of all literature on the subject, prudence should dictate some caution in applying such harsh epithets to it. It must be performing some useful function, or all economists and writers on banking would not concur so universally in employing it.

We quite agree with Mr. Baker that stability is a prime requisite of any circulating medium, but stability of value or purchasing power, and not stability of volume. In order to preserve stability of value it may be, and often is, necessary to change the volume. I think he has confounded two very different kinds of increase in volume. One is a large increase in volume extending steadily over a period of years without regard to business needs for more money, as an irredeemable paper currency, or an increase in the output of the precious metals from mining. This may or may not be a question of banking. On the other hand, there is an increase in volume demanded by an increase in business operations which require more money for their management, money "to finance prosperity." A currency which expands in response to these needs, and does not go beyond them, is said to be "elastic." It maintains stability of value, does not destroy it, and the principle is recognized in every economic theory and banking system of modern times. Without it, whenever business becomes active, money gets "tight," and conditions at once arise which hinder the further progress of business. Business activities are constantly varying, and therefore the volume of money needed to carry them on should constantly vary. Otherwise the fluctuations in the value of money will be just in proportion to the rise and fall in demand for it. The only way to keep the value stable is to preserve a happy balance between supply and demand. An ideal currency is one which automatically expands and contracts, according to this law. Take the familiar instance of the South and West in late summer and autumn. There is an unusual demand for money to "move the crops," it being customary to pay wage-earners in cash. After this season less money is needed for ordinary business. Whenever business is active for any length of time over any considerable area there will be a similar need of money. A currency which readily expands and contracts to meet such needs is said to be "elastic."

The want of elasticity is the chief point of attack on our present national bank system. It is thought to procure this very feature, but by making United States bonds the sole basis of issue, it has been found in practice that instead of expanding and contracting their issues to meet the needs of business, the banks are influenced too much by the variation in the price of United States bonds. When there is an issue of bonds offering a good investment, they are gobbled up by the banks, and issued in the form of notes regardless of business needs for more or less money. The Aldrich act of 1908, suggested by the panic of 1907, was intended to remedy this defect by allowing banks to issue notes on other collateral, State, county, and municipal bonds, or even on personal endorsement, but it was coupled with other provisions which wellnigh defeated the aim of the bill. The intention of the Aldrich act conforms to the Canadian system, which is highly elastic and serviceable.

Elasticity is one of the chief aims in every currency system. It seems to have been attained in Europe by a centralized banking system, as the Bank of England, Bank of France, Reichsbank of Germany, all of which have almost exclusive power of issuing notes in their respective countries. Even Switzerland very recently has changed from the decentralized to the centralized system. It formed the keystone of Alexander Hamilton's financial system, and the adoption of such a system in our own country would be only in keeping with the trend of modern banking in all the most advanced commercial nations.

GLANVILLE TERRELL.

Lexington, Ky., October 21.

A QUERY ABOUT THE CURRENCY BILL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As I began to take your paper at its beginning in 1865, and have never since been without it, even during foreign journeys, you will not doubt my great enjoyment of it. One of the features introduced a few years ago which greatly interests me is the finance department. Just now I am solicitous as to the effect of the new Currency bill; soon, I suppose, to become law in some shape.

I write to ask if you cannot give us some statement of your opinion as to the probable effect of two of the features of the law about which I feel some anxiety. These are the issuing of notes by the Government, instead of by the banks, and the apparent determination not to state squarely that the notes are redeemable in gold.

CHAS. A. BURDITT.

Boston, October 21.

[The Government, under the terms of the pending House bill, would not "issue" the new notes in any different sense from that under which it issues the present bank notes. The present law provides that a national bank, "upon the deposit with the Treasurer of the United States . . . of any bonds of the United States," "shall be entitled to receive from the Controller of the Currency circulating notes . . . equal in amount to the par value of the bonds" thus deposited. The pending House bill provides that "any Federal bank may, upon vote of its directors, make application to the local Federal reserve agent for such amount of the Federal reserve notes hereinbefore provided as it may deem best." The collateral (rediscounted notes and bills) is to be deposited with the agent of the Federal Reserve Board, who is chairman of the regional bank's directorate, just as United States bonds are now deposited with the Treasurer of the United States. The Federal reserve bank keeps in its vaults the prescribed money reserve against outstanding notes, and will naturally "take out circulation" (the phrase used of the present system) only as an individual bank requests it. In all this, the Government would have no part whatsoever, except to prepare and deliver the actual notes, as it does to-day, and to see that the security is kept good, as it does to-day. The Federal Reserve Board can put a limit on outstanding notes; it cannot increase them.

The provision that the notes "shall be redeemed in gold or lawful money on demand," is some improvement on the present law, under which, when national bank notes are sent to the United States Treasurer for redemption, "the same shall be redeemed in United States notes"; the 5 per cent. reserve kept by each bank with the Treasury, for redemption purposes, being "in lawful money of the United States." But the new law ought undoubtedly to stipulate gold alone. Evidently, some of the authors of the bill wished to do so; otherwise, why say "gold or lawful money"? The only gold in which redemption is possible would be *ipso facto* "lawful money."—ED. NATION.]

MIXED ENGLISH.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The following is from Gouverneur Morris's story in a recent issue of the *Saturday Evening Post:*

In a grove of hawthorns, kneeling, sitting upon her heels and contemplating her Oriental charms in a deep pool, he came suddenly upon the Princess Lo and her little green monkey.

I have tried to visualize the hero in the act of sitting upon the princess's heels, but must admit that my imagination is too feeble to paint the scene. Why did he not sit upon his own heels? Then again, if he was sitting upon her heels, how could he suddenly come upon her? Or can it be that she sat upon her own heels, contemplated her Oriental charms, and he did the suddencoming? If it is this that Mr. Morris intended to say, he certainly did not succeed in the sentence quoted.

One wonders what has become of our respect for our mother tongue when one comes upon such monstrosities of English in a fairly representative magazine. If our writers exercised a little care in the preparation of their manuscripts such instances of bad grammar would not find their way into print. For surely a writer of Mr. Morris's standing has a better knowledge of grammar than he exhibits in this specimen. My professor of Latin was accustomed to say: "To abuse the English language is as immoral as to steal sheep." I am half inclined to think he was right.

David Fichman.

Lexington, Ky., October 20.

Literature

DANTE'S PHILOSOPHY.

Dante and Aquinas: Being the Substance of the Jowett Lectures of 1911. By Philip H. Wicksteed. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2 net.

"I think it may be said without due sacrifice to the love of antithesis that Aquinas regards the whole range of human experiences and activities as the collecting ground for illustrations of Christian truth, and Dante regards Christian truth as the interpreting and inspiring force that makes all human life live." Mr. Wicksteed's lucid and suggestive book is the development of this antithesis. He leaves us persuaded of its essential truth, although at times his greater sympathy with the poet may render him not quite fair to the ecclesiastic.

For Dante "Christian truth" is, on the whole, authoritatively defined by Aquinas, who had single-handed made "warp and woof of a single web" the body of dogmatic belief accepted by the Church and the newly recovered philosophy of Aristotle. But Aristotle's doctrines had been as profoundly transformed by the Arabian philosophers as Christ's teachings by the Church Fathers. Each had, in effect, been assimilated towards a Platonic, or Neo-Platonic, absolutism. Plato's "ideas" and Aristotle's "forms" had been rubbed into quasi-indistinguishableness. Aquinas had to bring into conformity with Christian revelation an already existent amalgamation of Plato and Aristotle. To understand his amalgamation, therefore, we must be made to understand that earlier one, which, in relation to the fundamental problem of Form and Matter, leads back in its turn to the beginnings of Greek thought. In three highly succinct chapters, accordingly, Mr. Wicksteed follows the gleam of this problem from Greece to Alexandria and Mesopotamia, and thence back again to Europe; and makes the intellectual journey fascinating, almost romantic.

As to the indebtedness of Dante to Aquinas, he deprecates the hunt for mere borrowings. "It is always more important to know what Dante does with an idea or a phrase than to know where he got it from." The emphasis marks his method. He illustrates, indeed, the influence of Aquinas over Dante from the "Vita Nuova" on, but he is more interested in the disciple's departures.

Indeed, in that very central issue of Form and Matter Dante, we are told, departs not only from the doctrine of Aquinas, but from that of the Church itself. One of Dante's conclusions is declared "philosophically heretical," but the saving qualification hardly seems justified. Dante, says Mr. Wicksteed, "repeatedly asserts or implies that there was a distinct creation of first matter as a pure potentiality." The principle accepted by the Christian Aristotelians and ratified by the Church was that "matter without form cannot exist." The antithesis appears absolute; and Mr. Wicksteed by no means stands alone in drawing it. But he frankly and convincingly points out the result. "It almost seems as if in departing from the teaching of Aquinas on form and matter at the first creation Dante had never related his own views on the subject to the general body of his thought, and fell into inconsistencies of which he was not himself aware" (p. 150). This is indeed "startling"—especially when we are reminded that it is the unique instance of loose thinking by Dante, and also that the issue was a fundamental one, and one to which he confesses he had given strenuous attention. It seems imperative, therefore, to reconsider the facts. Although no extended discussion is here possible, it may be permissible to raise a doubt as to the inevitableness of the supposed "heresy." Evidence that Dante rejected the established principle that "matter without form cannot exist" is summarized by Mr. Wicksteed as follows:

> . . . Dante tells us in the seventh canto of the "Paradiso" that the elements were informed by created power, though the matter which was informed was directly created by God. Accordingly, the elements will be dissolved and they endure but for a space, which is directly counter to the teaching of Aquinas at the end of the last book of the "Contra Gentiles," for example. Nor is this a casual expression of Dante's, for in "Paradiso," xxix, 34, we are told that "pure potentiality," which line 22 identifies with pure or formless matter, was separately created and occupied the centre of the universe. It would be impossible to conceive a sharper contradiction of the principle *materia sine forma esse non potest* (p. 147).

In fact, however, are we told that the elements shall cease to exist, shall revert (apparently) to "pure potentiality"? Beatrice puts into her disciple's mouth the words: "I see the water, I see the fire, the air, the earth, and all their combinations come to corruption and endure but little." She proceeds to distinguish between these as "creatures" mediately created and man immediately. But do the words put into Dante's human mouth—"come to corruption and endure but little"—mean what Mr. Wicksteed understands? Does a human being ever "see" the elements in themselves formally cease to exist? He does see them in perpetual flux and change, and this flux and change will cease when the heavens cease to be revolved; but the elements will eternally abide—each in its proper place. Indeed, Mr. Wicksteed elsewhere in the book seems to admit just this: "When the tale of saints is complete, and the whole cosmic process has achieved its work, the angelic powers will cease to revolve the heavens; the elements, no longer disturbed, will each find its perfect place of rest" (pp. 143-4). But how can they, if "they will be dissolved and they endure but a space"?

What Dante means by mediate, or secondary, creation is more sharply brought out in the second passage adduced. There Dante conceives the primary creative "ray," as, so to speak, tri-colored, symbolizing "pure act," "pure potentiality," and the mixture of both. In the plan of the universe, "pure act" held the highest place, "pure potentiality" the lowest, their mixture the middle. But Dante is careful immediately to contradict St. Jerome's opinion that a temporal interval occurred between the creation of the angels, who are "pure act," and the "other world," that into which "potentiality" enters. The angelic activity, therefore—*i. e.*, the informing of the "first matter"—is simultaneous with the creation of the angels. The informing ray, transmitted through them, penetrated instantaneously throughout the whole lower universe. There was no smallest instant of time then when matter without form existed. Supposing this analysis to be correct, if Dante departed from the Christian Aristotelian notion at all, it was only to the extent of a distinction without a difference. His position is apparently like that of St. Augustine, and af-

ter summing up the latter, Mr. Wicksteed remarks: "But there is little real difference between Augustine and the schoolmen."

Another departure from Aquinas, according to Mr. Wicksteed, resulting in unresolved inconsistency, is Dante's conception of the true heaven as spaceless. How is that to be squared with his full acceptance of the resurrection of the material body? Verbally, indeed, there seems a puzzle! but Mr. Wicksteed himself might find a possible answer in his own words. "To Dante, if I understand him rightly," he says, "space is objective to us in our earthly state, but it is subjective to God, existing only as his thought" (p. 265). Now, in degree as the blessed become one with God, space will be subjective for them also; but such merging of the soul with God is never absolute, otherwise individuality would be lost, and personal immortality in the Christian sense impossible; so that in the degree of their blessedness spirits reunited to glorified bodies will largely transcend the limitations of space, but not entirely. In other words, the true heaven is not in itself spatial —that is, not for God; yet is spatial for its finite, though miraculously endowed, inhabitants. If we supplement Aquinas's logical acceptance of a spatial heaven by his doctrine of the miraculous gifts of the glorified body, we should arrive at a conclusion substantially similar.

Again, Mr. Wicksteed draws a sharp contrast between Dante and Aquinas in respect to their conceptions of hell. "Dante does not explain hell, though he informs it with a solemn meaning. Aquinas does not make it mean anything; but he explains it as included in the act by which God wills his own goodness" (p. 201). Doubtless Dante gives a greater dramatic significance to the infernal torments by making, symbolically, "the punishment fit the crime." His sinners get not only what they *deserve*, but what (without fully realizing it, we must admit) they *chose*. This point is well taken, but the point about explaining hell is less convincing. "Since he [Dante] has not explained it, we can treat it as a mystery. In the ineffable Presence we forget it, but we carry with us the insight we gained as we put the spirits to question 'in the deepest pool of the universe.' And when the *thought* of hell is drowned in the light of heaven, the transfigured *experience* of hell is absorbed into it" (p. 202). This seems rather ostrich-like: because a hateful thing is not looked at clearly, we forget its presence! But, in fact, Dante is far from slurring the explanation of hell. Over its gate is written: "Justice moved my High Maker; Divine Power made me, Wisdom Supreme, and Primal Love." No doubt Dante showed tact in letting it go at that; but, theologically speaking, can we treat his hell as a mystery? Is there not inescapably implied in the inscription, if not Aquinas's own explanation, another like unto it? Mr. Wicksteed seems to imply that Aquinas does wrong in attempting to justify the dogma to "the human reason and sense of fitness," but that is just Aquinas's business. He does the best he can, fully recognizing the fallibility of his human reason. Elsewhere Mr. Wicksteed indeed praises this combination of "unflinching honesty" and modesty (p. 112).

Whether or not Dante ever really stepped outside the Aquinian theology, he certainly moved most freely within it. His dramatic needs led him to endow his angels and spirits with bodies, human-like though aerial. It seems a bold invention, yet logical justification lay in Aquinas himself, who had suggested that the waxen images, by injuring which witches injured their real victims, might be regarded as vicarious bodies of the latter united to them by a bond analogous to the bond (*alligatio*) between soul and body, but temporary. Or by logical extension again Dante notably enriches Aquinas's doctrine of the Atonement, itself developed from Anselm. Urging that not only must all human nature have been represented in the Atoner, but that the act of atonement must also have been sanctioned by the authorized representative of all humanity, Dante finds in Pilate, representative of the universal Roman Empire and Roman Law, the instrument preordained for that supreme act of justice. Thus the central doctrine of the Christian faith is made to give "the ultimate rationale of the temporal as well as the spiritual evolution of history," and is fittingly expounded to Dante by the emparadised Roman Emperor and lawgiver, Justinian.

This bold and apparently original synthesis has a further significance. It is the theological climax "of Dante's persistent attempt to draw the secular life into fuller and worthier partnership with the spiritual." An interesting phase of the same attempt is the Dantesque Purgatory. For Aquinas "purgatory is a sort of cavern in the bowels of the earth, in the purlieus of hell"; for Dante it is "a sunlit hill rising out of mid-ocean at the exact antipodes of Jerusalem," and crowned by the Garden of Eden. Aquinas also (although Mr. Wicksteed does not note this fact) conceives Eden as situated on the summit of an island mountain; Dante in effect transfers purgatory to its empty slopes, probably, as Mr. E. G. Gardner has shown in his recent book, "Dante and the Mystics," taking the hint from Hugh of St. Victor. But through thus making Eden, or the state of innocence, the goal of purgatorial experience Dante is able to give an entirely new significance to that experience. By the guidance of Reason, symbolized by Virgil, and through the gift of Grace, mankind may reach again that perfect harmony with God which for some six hours Adam and Eve enjoyed before the Fall. As truly on earth as in heaven is there a paradise to be regained. When the *Veltro* shall have come to drive away the Wolf of Greed from the hearts of men, each shall be "crowned and mitred" over himself, and all in peace coöperate towards that perfect actualization of all human powers which, sanctified by faith, hope, and charity under the guidance of the Church purified, shall make this earth, as was intended in the beginning, a fit vestibule for the courts of heaven. This is Dante's most intimate message. Poet and theologian, he is most truly in the fullest Hebrew sense a prophet. Aquinas is unconcerned with any earthly and temporal paradise. He is only anxious to get souls from earth to heaven, from time to eternity, as expeditiously as possible. Only the pure in heart shall see God, and few indeed in this life achieve purity. Therefore, though one may repent *in extremis*, and be absolved, yet satisfaction to God remains to be given. Purgatory is appointed for payment of that satisfaction in the currency of pain. Taking this narrowly legal and punitive view, Aquinas might well set purgatory "in the purlieus of hell." Dante's Mount is truly sun-lit with present joy. There penitents are not resignedly "doing time, not working out fines imposed by an external judge, but eagerly embracing the merciful opportunity of cleansing their souls from the stains of earth and the past. The pain of the operation is not merely negligible, it is welcomed as a sign of thoroughness. Theirs is "an inner reversal," not, as with Aquinas, merely "an outward cancelling," of sin. And we may all climb that Mount—now and here.

This ethical contrast is probably Mr. Wicksteed's most valuable contribution, and most fully justifies the antithesis quoted at the beginning of this review. Thomist as he was, theologically speaking, Dante nevertheless gave an entire revaluation of human life on this earth, esteeming it indeed a preparation for a better life in the hereafter, but not merely that. He took the announcement of the angels—"On earth, peace to men of good will"—literally. This life is worth living—if men have the will to make it so. So saying, Dante parts company with Aquinas, to herald the Renaissance.

CURRENT FICTION.

By the Open Sea. By August Strindberg. Authorized translation by Ellie Schleussner. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

Axel Borg of the present story, a man in the thirties, has been appointed superintendent of fisheries on one of the

small islands in the Stockholm Archipelago. Like Strindberg at that age, he is a prophet without honor, his achievements having won him distinction only in foreign countries. On the island he has to combat pigheadedness and ignorance, and is settling down with much self-pity to a long grind, when that creature whom he classifies as only a short remove from the child comes to cause further disturbance—a woman. For a time the uninitiated will suspect that a pretty love-story is making, but others will observe the scientific analysis which Borg applies to even his happiest moments. When Marie smiles it is, of course, because she is about to wheedle; when she objects to his cynicism she is superstitious. As a picture of the ordinary woman's mind the description shows undeniable keenness, but in denying the value of intangible emotions, the "faint alarms," in woman, the author falls into his usual error. The reader, if not the author, may sympathize with Marie when, even after her betrothal to Borg, she turns for a momentary flirtation with a newcomer. The relief at being with a normal person might partly account for the guilty length to which the affair went.

This is not a pretty story; it is not great, though the materials of greatness are present. The main impression which it makes is one of huge waste of precious matter; and the feeling grows, as Strindberg's works continue to appear, that only perversity deprived him of the possibility of real eminence.

Hagar. By Mary Johnston. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Is there to be an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in behalf of woman's suffrage? Ellen Glasgow, Elizabeth Robins, and numerous others have written earnestly for the Cause, but the fire which they struck was not overwhelming. Miss Johnston has laid new hold on the situation, and if the state of growing girls is the slavery which she describes—why, it is slavery.

Miss Johnston understands the secret—part of the secret—of artistic exaggeration: it must be logical. Examining the plight of average women to-day, she concludes that their childhood could never have held the bright happy days which one is apt to recall. If as adults they are fettered, what must have been their state of servitude as children! Ergo—some will balk at that ergo—any pitiful case of hardship may pass as typical.

Hagar, a girl of twelve when the story opens, lives on the Ashendynes' traditional estate at Gilead Balm, in Virginia. Her father, ill-mated, dwells abroad, and her mother (from whom she has inherited her mental worth!) does not long survive the cramped circumstances imposed by her husband's parents. Hagar is thus left with the germ of self-enfranchisement all but extinguished. When she is found examining Darwin's "Descent of Man," she is severely punished; an honest love-affair at boarding-school brings upon her the thunderous wrath of her Colonel grandfather; when she wins a money prize for a story, she is told that in the South the idea of women writing is deprecated.

But when her father marries again—this time a rich widow—and provides that Hagar, now a girl of twenty or more, shall live in New York, her higher development begins. Following her interests there amounts to summarizing most of the large questions of the day—literature, for she has become a distinguished novelist; settlement work, Socialism, equal rights, judicial corruption, moral filth. The last-mentioned problem is lugged in in the form of a "damaged goods" episode. At last Hagar sees the world, while travelling with her father, who has been invalided by an accident and bereft of his second wife. When he, too, dies and leaves all to Hagar, the cause of suffrage is enriched by fifty thousand or so a year. This she makes plain to the man of her choice, a bridge-builder and a late-comer on the scene: "And you're aware that I shall work on through life for the fairer social order? And that, generally speaking, the Woman Movement has me for keeps?" And at this moment of calmest betrothal Hagar remembers another duty: "Her candid eyes continued to meet his. 'I wish a child. While it needs me and when it needs me, I shall be there.'" If from a horrid beginning she developed to this, what might she not have become with a fair show! is the inference.

The Way Home. By the Author of "The Inner Shrine" (Basil King). New York: Harper & Brothers.

This is a story of considerably greater dignity than its predecessors by the same author. It is still emotional, but it is less hectic, less clearly aimed at the facile responses of the gallery. The theme is as "timely" as that of Mr. Churchill's "Inside of the Cup"—and akin to it. What is modern life to do with religion—or without it? Both novelists have usurped the recognized license of the playwright in beginning with an assumption in itself slightly absurd. Mr. Churchill postulates a clergyman of naturally intellectual bent arriving at maturity without knowing anything about the modern view of dogma, and without having observed that many professing Christians are hypocrites. Problem: to enlighten him, and to suggest what a man so enlightened ought to make of himself and his world. Mr. King shows a young collegian, son of a clergyman, and destined for the church, suddenly throwing over religion as a feeble sham and determining to live for himself alone. Why? Because he suddenly perceives that Christians are selfish hypocrites. And how does he come to see this? Because the parish which has supported his worthy but unprogressive father for forty years ventures to see the need of new blood, and to make him pastor emeritus on a reduced salary!

If the reader can accept this situation, he will find it worked out with a good deal of force.

Sonnie-Boy's People. By James B. Connolly. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Most of the stories in this volume are of the type Mr. Connolly has accustomed us to expect. Some are distinctly better than others, but all of them make interesting reading. The title-story should be read last; it has a somewhat mawkish note, not in accordance with the virility of such companion-pieces as "In the Anchor Watch" and "The Last Passenger," the latter a story of the Titanic disaster, which stands out as a remarkable example of restraint in narration. "In the Anchor Watch" is a story of the navy, of husbands and wives parted for five long years and babies that grow up looking for fathers of the sort depicted in bust portraits, devoid of legs. Mr. Connolly knows his man-o'-war atmosphere, and one always enjoys such excursions under his guidance, save when he descends to slap-stick bathos as in "Killorin's Caribbean Days."

The Story of Waitstill Baxter. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

This story is not without its strokes of wit—like this reflection of a henpecked philosopher: "A tantrum once a year's an awful upsetting kind of thing, but a tantrum every twenty-four hours is just part of the day's work." But, on the whole, this is less enlivening than other books from the same pen. We somehow miss the effect of graceful spontaneity, the secret of which we have always regarded as this author's own particular magic. It is not that Waitstill is an uncommonly serious-minded heroine, for her younger sister Patty is sufficiently volatile to offset any possible disappointment on that score. It is not that Deacon Baxter epitomizes all the meannesses that have ever been attributed to the down-cast Yankee. Stern, miserly fathers are familiar figures of comedy. But there are circumstances embodied in the story that do seriously militate against the success of the fairy-tale method.

The handicap of filial obligation under which Waitstill's lover labors is the result of a peculiar misfortune which separated his parents in his boyhood

and left his mother mentally broken and wholly dependent upon him. The cause lay in a curious passage of local history—the strange heresies of one Jacob Cochrane, who raised with his preaching a great wave of religious fanaticism in the community, left the seeds of strange doctrines planted behind him, and even led some to forsake their homes and follow him as his disciples. Thinking of the story that might have been wrought upon this theme, we can have little appreciation to spare for the story before us. Nor would we allow that this is at all an injustice to the author's present performance, for although she has sketched in this arresting outline with the lightest possible strokes and a complete absence of sinister emphasis, she has still not succeeded in making it the inconspicuous background that a pretty picture requires. Nor, as we said before, has she herself been able in its presence to exercise her accustomed graces of execution.

THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE.

The Government of the Ottoman Empire in the Time of Suleiman the Magnificent. By Albert Howe Lybyer, Ph.D. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. $2.

Though provided with two rather sketchy introductory chapters, dealing with the Turkish Empire as a whole, the origin of the Ottoman Turks and their culture, and the countries and nations subdued by them, this book is essentially a monograph on the organization of the government in the time of Suleiman the Magnificent. This governmental organization was divided into two parts: what Dr. Lybyer calls the Ruling Institution, corresponding, as much as may be, to our State, and the Moslem Institution, with a similar correspondence to our Church. Five chapters are devoted to the former and only one to the latter.

Suleiman's reign, of almost half a century (1520-66), represents the complete development of the Ottoman ideal and its fullest success; and it is from his reign first that we have sufficiently detailed records to render possible the reconstruction of this most remarkable institution. The Ottoman Empire of Suleiman was an absolute despotism, ruling free Moslems and subject unbelievers by an army and a court of abducted and in general forcibly converted Christian slaves; a despotism in which wealth and rank were conferred by the Sultan, not on the free-born natives of the country, but on enslaved foreigners, a Moslem Empire in which free-born Moslem citizens were excluded from the opportunities of advancement in military and governmental careers. No more singular institution has ever been developed. Indeed, it seems incredible that a great state could have been created by such a means, and yet, in point of fact, in Suleiman's time the Ottoman Empire was probably better governed, better organized, and better educated than any part of Europe.

A certain number of Christian slaves were acquired each year by the Sultan as tribute, by capture or by purchase. By a careful system of training and education of body and of mind they were prepared for various functions: soldiers, constituting the kernel of the army (Janissaries and Spahis); officers, commanding the native levies; administrators, filling all the offices of state from grand vizier downward; personal attendants to the Sultan in all sorts of capacities. These slaves, however high they might rise, however great the wealth they might acquire, possessed no rights except such as were given to them personally by the Sultan, which, as they were all his slaves, still belonged to him. They could not hand down their rank or even their slaveship, if one may so put it, to their children. Made Moslems, the children born to them could not be slaves, but became part of the free Moslem citizenship of the empire. The free Moslem citizens held the offices of the church and, as law was part of the church, the offices of the law. The law, however, the great unchangeable traditional law of Islam, was theoretically greater than the Sultan, which, if he broke, he might be deposed. This was the Moslem Institution, as over against the Ruling Institution of the Sultan and his slaves (*kullar*).

The two institutions, each having the Sultan as its head, were thus in curious conflict. The well-being of the state depended upon the equilibrium of the two. Suleiman's reign represents the time when the Ruling Institution had been developed to its fullest power and the two conflicting elements were at equilibrium. Incidentally, the exposition of the system shows its inherent weakness. It had reached its climax in Suleiman's reign, in the same sense that French despotism reached its climax in the time of Louis XIV. The wealth, the splendor, the extravagance, the very conquests of Suleiman prepared the downfall of the system.

Of the later decay of the system the writer has little to say, as he has little to say, and that not altogether satisfactory, of its origin and development. In an appendix he seeks to compare, but with confessedly inadequate material, the government and the constitution of the contemporary and kindred Mogul Empire in India with the Ottoman Empire under Suleiman, a comparison which, if imperfect, is nevertheless extremely interesting.

This monograph is a development from Dr. Lybyer's thesis for the degree of doctor of philosophy at Harvard University. It gained the Toppan prize, as we are informed in the preface, and is now published as Volume XVIII in the Harvard Historical Studies. The author is professor of European history at Oberlin College. Because it deals with Turkey and Ottoman institutions, the work seems to have a special timeliness. In point of fact, however, the Ruling Institution, the slave despotism, here described, vanished long ago, the last remains of it having been abolished with the destruction of the Janissaries by Mahmud II, in 1826. At that time the Moslem Institution achieved its final predominance. By its attitude towards the *Sheri*, or sacred law, as a finality, incapable of progress or development, it has condemned itself, in spite of the great achievements of the past, to barrenness, decay, and death. It is the chapter dealing with the Moslem Institution which is timely, and it is the principles of that institution, as there set forth, which make those who would really like to see a reformation of the Turkish Empire despair. There seems no outlook, except a revolution which shall utterly overturn the system on which the Moslem Institution is founded.

Arbella Stuart: A Biography. By B. C. Hardy. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $4 net.

Princess and Queen of England: Life of Mary II. By Mary F. Sandars. New York: Duffield & Co. $4 net.

To the rapidly increasing mass of Stuart literature these two substantial volumes bring reinforcement. Each author, curiously and perhaps appropriately enough, has already made a trial flight in foreign, which is to say, French airs; the one in a biography of the Princess de Lamballe, the other—strange combination!—in studies of Balzac, Lauzun, and Louis XVIII. Each has now produced a thick volume of more than three hundred and fifty pages; and both have confessedly relied on the scholarly work of others for the bulk of their material. Moreover, both have written "sympathetically."

Many years ago Walter Bagehot described this sort of work with much truth and more humor. History, he wrote, whatever its uses in the abstract, is certainly of great use relatively and to literary men. Consider a man of that species. He sits beside a library fire with nice white paper, a good pen, a capital style—every means of saying everything, but nothing to say . . . one cannot always have original ideas. Every day cannot be an era; a train of speculation very often will not be found. . . . What a gain if something would happen! then one could describe it. Something has happened and that something is history. On this account, since a sedate Greek discovered this plan for a grave immortality, a series of accomplished men have seldom been found want-

ing to derive a literary capital from their active kindred.

Even supposing it has all been set forth before, all investigated, material exhausted, nothing new to tell; even so one need not hesitate, much less despair, for generations change, every quarter of a century or so a new buying public appears, always readier, apparently, to purchaso a new book, whatever its quality, than to read an old one, however good.

All this is perhaps not wholly fair to the authors of these two volumes—but it is not wholly unfair. All, or nearly all, they have written has been said before, a good deal of it certainly as well if not so gracefully or sympathetically, nor embodied in such attractive form. One cannot but wonder whether if Miss Cooper, and in particular Mrs. Murray Smith, who did the research on Arbella Stuart, had not written, the present author of the unhappy Princess's life would ever have produced this or any similar book. From this standpoint Miss Sandars has more defence, for, though she has relied very largely on Doebner and Kraemer and Countess Bentinck, Klopp, Macaulay, and others less known, she has been fortunate enough to have access to unpublished correspondence between Queen Mary and Lady Bathurst. This, though it adds little that is new or important, has some interest and affords corroborative evidence of matters known hitherto only from Dutch sources, while her book has the additional interest of reproductions from contemporary prints and portraits in private collections, as well.

In short, what we have here is a more recent account of the Princess Arbella, superior only in form to its predccessor, and the fullest and best life of Queen Mary in English. For each we may return a measure of thanks, tempered by the reflection that there are two more sturdy volumes to be taken account of, and enlivened by one good anecdote—the command laid on tho dramatist, Crone, to write a masque for the young Stuart princesses in the form of "a clean, decent, and inoffensive play on the story of a rape."

English Epic and Heroic Poetry. By W. Macneile Dixon. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50 net.

"On the whole our scholars write better, and seem to keep closer to the work of art they study, than the Americans, who are prone to relapse, in protest against the glare of their popular style, into a decent and whity-brown academic diction." These rankling words may be found on page 137 of "Modern Studies," a substantial and stimulating volume put forth in 1907 by Oliver Elton, professor of English literature in the University of Liverpool. The sting of the comparison for American scholars may be mitigated but hardly removed by reference to the preceding paragraph in which our scientifically trained investigators are commended for their "clear and strict method, fresh digging, sober statement, and real progress."

These passages recurred to the reviewer's mind as he laid down the work of Professor Dixon (University of Glasgow) and considered how differently an American professor in good standing would have performed the task. From one of our men we should expect, in the first place, an elaborate classification of the "types" of epic and heroic poetry, and a rigorous subordination of the individual poet to the type. We should expect, also, a diligent—so far as possible, an exhaustive—discussion of the English and Continental sources and analogues of all the important specimens. We should expect to find the pages dense with dates and chronological problems and strange new names and titles of old forgotten poems, freshly dug from the grave of oblivion. We should expect our attention to be directed in an emphatic manner to the historical significance of this new material. We should not expect the author to betray any personal feeling, except that perhaps he might remark in passing that the death of Beowulf is "finer than anything in Homer." The result would be a "contribution to knowledge." We should not expect any one to read it. But it would be "invaluable as a work of reference." Perhaps, however, we ought to add that we do not think at this moment of any one of our men in good standing who would undertake to deal in this thoroughgoing scientific fashion with "Beowulf" and Spenser, Layamon and Cowley, Milton and Blackmore, Glover and William Morris.

In our academic sense, Professor Dixon's book is not notably "contributive." It utilizes some of the "spade work" of recent years, but gives little evidence of that "fresh digging" and "strict method" for which our men have been praised. It is quite readable from beginning to end, even when it treats of the great dead epic monsters of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. It is as much criticism as history, and it is written—let us quote Professor Elton again—in the recognition "that criticism is at last a fine art like friendship, and requires color and personality." It is, in brief, the sort of book that we do well to leave to our English friends across the water. For Professor Dixon's strength lies not in his curiosity and industry but in his taste and judgment. He is less interested in the evolution of *genres* than in the persistence of the spirit of poetry through all *genres*. He keeps close to the work that he is studying, asking of each: Is this poetry? What are its special virtues? How does it rank with other works of similar character? How does it stand the highest tests? Baptized and confirmed in the classic faith, moving through the highways and byways of English narrative verse, with the "Iliad" in his ear and in his heart, he constrains us through the whole course, from "Beowulf" to "Sohrab and Rustum," to keep in mind the form and feeling and style of the great classics.

Let us continue our thesis by illustration. We should not expect our scientific American student of the epic to divine that "The Faerie Queene" is "the fruit of solitude and long stretches of solitude," nor to call it a "picture-book of the spiritual life," nor to attempt any such characterization of it as follows:

> Knighthood is his theme. But while his contemporary, Cervantes, *"smiled Spain's chivalry away,"* and noted with melancholy Castilian humor how remote and impossible its ideals had become in a world grown practical and materialistic, while the Italians, like Ariosto, viewed the old order as a man might view the games of children and consent to play them for the amusement of his leisure, Spenser believed the Middle Ages had seized, by a kind of divine instinct, upon a portion of eternal truth, surely divine and enduring. The ideals of chivalry he separated from the actual age that gave them birth, in which they had never, indeed, been more than counsels of perfection, and set forth the celestial pattern as a thing of unceasing worth. It is his peculiar, his crowning glory that he, beyond all other poets, or for that matter, philosophers, perceived the splendor of that immense structure of mediæval idealism, perceived beyond orders of knighthood, courts of love, crusades and quests and mysteries the true import of the visionary scheme.

Still less should we expect our "whity-brown" academic historian—supposing him to have seen the "crowning glory" of Spenser—to execute a critical return like this:

> Spenser is inconclusive. Nothing really happens in his poem, nothing is done. "The Faerie Queene" is like a labyrinthine flower, whose unfolding we can watch, or a liquid evening sky upon which, as we gaze, the magic rose appears, to glow and fade. If this be a national epic, it celebrates no national undertaking or achievement. No foundation is laid of city or state, no *imperium* established, no Ilion besieged, no Jerusalem captured. It would seem as if we had here a poem typical of the inconclusiveness of all romance, beginning nowhere and leading nowhere; it would seem as if the poetry of romance must logically end in a preference for the dream to the act; must, like the youthful Keats when he cried,
>
> Hence, pageant history, hence gilded cheat!
>
> look upon events as so far and no farther of interest or importance than as matter for the poet's vision. Then romance is parasitic and the antithesis of epic. For epic values the act, as drama values it, knowing that in the act, and not in the emotion which may accompany it, the prompting of the god appears.

The sustained interest of Professor

Dixon's work arises from the continuous presence in it of that un-American thing —an idea. We have seen how he applies it to the study of Spenser. Here are three other applications of it:

Take what side you prefer in such a debate, the infirmity of narrative poetry in the last century—who can be unaware of it?—is the infirmity which springs from the insistent, overwhelming presence of the artist in his work. Whether we take Byron or Keats, Tennyson or Browning, the reader never escapes the poet.

He [Scott] only in the century to which he belonged desired passionately and sincerely to display an age and a society rather than himself, and in his eagerness to revive it surrendered, as it were, consciousness of his own personality.

Who now among the poets puts himself to school with Milton? To-day we have with us the ritual of the soul and its sorrows—"the dialoguo of the mind with itself has commenced"; wo have the wistful speculation, the vague desire, the frail wayward charm, the delicate nuance, the dim halftones, "an exquisite faintness, *une fadeur exquise.*" To the *poésie intime* they belong and you prefer them, *le naïf*, the strange, the subtle; you prefer the enchanted reverie.

You object that the beauty of "Paradise Lost" is outward, not shy, modest, sheltered, elusive, pensive. What you say, however, is true also of the Parthenon.

Diary: 1818-73. By Lady Frances Shelley. Edited by her Grandson, Richard Edgecombe. Vol. II. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50 net.

The second volume of Lady Shelley's diary is more interesting, in some ways, than the first. It is the journal of a mature woman who has not lost the enthusiasm of her girlhood, and who is daily thrown with some of the greatest persons of her time. The earlier volume, it will be recalled, was in large part a record of her devotion for the Duke of Wellington. Though happily married to an amiable man, the fervor of her feeling was for the hero of Waterloo. Much of the present volume is taken up with him also. For many years Lady Shelley could (and did) boast herself among his most intimate friends. Lady Wellington was impossible, and the Duke, if not quite a philanderer, was fond of pretty women, and depended on them for much. In the correspondence with the Duke here reprinted there are a hundred allusions to another married woman with whom the Duke's relation was even closer. She is spoken of as "the Tyrant"; the Duke complains, with somewhat heavy-handed facetiousness, of her exactions and her jealousy, and Lady Shelley pretends in turn to commiserate him, and to envy "la Tyranna." Lady Shelley survived her, but was destined to lose the Duke's friendship. The incident may fairly be called the tragedy of her life. The Duke had written a long and detailed letter on England's weakness in coast defence. The letter was addressed to a subordinate, and was intended to be confidential. The subordinate showed it to Lady Shelley, and she made the fatal mistake of fancying that the interests of the Duke and of the country would be served by widening the circle of its readers. The matter comes to the ears of the Duke, and he is furious. His letters to the poor lady are fairly brutal in their scorn and resentment, and no pleas for forgiveness move him. After some time his resentment seems to have cooled, but the intimacy was never resumed on the old footing. Nevertheless, as in her girlhood she had worshipped him as the greatest man that had ever lived, so on his death she laments him as the greatest and best of men.

Lady Shelley was not given to indiscriminate idol-worship. In the year 1819 there are some amusing entries about Sir Walter Scott, then famous as a poet, but hardly as yet suspected in connection with the Waverley novels. After dining with the Scotts she writes: "The only drawback to Scott's society is his wife, who is universally acknowledged to be the greatest bore in Europe. Scott himself speaks with a tiresome drawl. This gives a monotony to his voice which, like the drone of a bagpipe, provokes a yawn, even when one is amused by what he is narrating." Presently the conversation, which was general, turned on "Waverley" and the Scotch novels. "I ventured to say," writes the diarist on the following day, "that, in my opinion, their heroes and heroines are for the most part insipid, and that sufficient justice had not been done to the female characterization. Scott said that the fault was probably due to the author's fear of being charged with immorality; he therefore made his characters as blameless as possible."

The passage leads one to turn to Lockhart, where are several mentions of the Shelleys at about this date. Scott values Sir John for his knowledge of horseflesh (he was long famous on the turf), and—"I like his lady very much. She is perfectly feminine in her manners, has good sense, and plays divinely on the harp; besides all which, she shoots wild boars, and is the boldest horsewoman I ever saw." Of Shelley the poet, a cousin of Sir John's, Lady Shelley makes casual mention from time to time, but with no evidences of pride in him as a person or a poet. The great world in which the Shelleys moved was in another system than "young Bysshe Shelley's" world of dreams.

Half-Lengths. By the Right Hon. Georgo W. E. Russell. New York: Duffield & Co.

This is another volume in a series which opened with the admirable "Collections and Recollections" of fifteen years ago. Inexhaustible seem Mr. Russell's reminiscences, mingled with criticism, of British men and events during the nineteenth century. And no wonder; for Mr. Russell, a grandson of the Duke of Bedford and a grandnephew of Lord John, inherited two generations of memories, political and social traditions, and the great Whig gospel. To these he has himself added rich stores, derived partly from personal experience and partly from wide reading. In this volume he draws a contrast between Newman and Manning which reveals afresh the tragedy of Newman's disillusion and the truculence of Manning's curialized zeal. It would be difficult to quote a single passage in which Newman is more keenly analyzed than the following:

Newman was too much of an Idealist. He idealized the Calvinism in which he had been brought up, but soon found that it was hopelessly inadequate to the demands of the intellect and the broad facts of human life; and in his reaction from it he went perilously near the ways of thought which a few years later were stigmatized as Liberalism. When he adopted the Tractarian position, he idealized the Anglican Bishops; and the dissipation of that ideal by contact with Episcopal realities is the history of his submission to Rome. As a Roman Catholic he found even larger and more promising scope for Idealism, and disillusionments even profounder and more grievous. That to the end he idealized the Church of Rome—"the one oracle of truth and the one ark of salvation"—I cannot doubt, but he soon ceased to idealize Roman Bishops as he had before ceased to idealize their Anglican brethren; and to these must be added Cardinals, and Jesuits, and politicians, and editors, and, in short, all the agents by which the Church of Rome does its practical work.

Mr. Russell also contributes considerable sketches of the eighth Duke of Devonshire (Lord Hartington); of the first Lord Coleridge, "the most interesting" of the "great" men whom the author has known; and of Labouchere. The last is the freshest and most entertaining, and this sample note from Labby to Russell, when the latter was remonstrating against *Truth's* strictures on the Gladstone Administration in 1892, will show its quality:

My dear Russell—Never be drawn. Let a licentious and scurrilous Press say what it likes, and sit tight. . . . My radicalism goes to the utter destruction of the aristocracy. So, of course, I call attention to young patricians, and compare them with those children of the people, [H. P.] Cobb and [F. A.] Channing. This is involved in being on the side of destruction.

On these longer memoirs there follow fifteen "miniatures" of persons as unlike as the Duchess of Buccleuch and Adelaide Procter, Lord Kimberley, Henry Kingsley, and Baron Ferdinand Rothschild. Papers on Cambridge and Oxford, and slighter *causeries* on a doz-

en miscellaneous topics, complete the volume, which has, so far as monologues can have, much of the charm of mellow conversation.

Notes

On Friday of this week Putnams will bring out "The Lure of the Little Drum," a story of India by Margaret Peterson; "Collected Poems" of Grace Denio Litchfield, and as Volume VII of the work "A History of England," by various authors, "England Since Waterloo, 1815-1900," by J. A. R. Marriott.

"The Story of Helga," which has been translated by Adèle Lewisohn and will be published by Dutton in November, is by Rudolph Herzog, one of the most widely read novelists in Germany.

Macmillans have in preparation "The Stranger at the Gate," a novel by Mabel Osgood Wright.

Dr. I. M. Rubinow's "Social Insurance" will be issued the first of next month by Holt.

Among the books which Houghton Mifflin will have ready next week are the following: "A Life of Harrison Gray Otis," by Samuel Eliot Morison; "A Little Book of Modern Verse," edited by Miss Jessie B. Rittenhouse; "Hawthorne and his Publisher," by Caroline Ticknor; "The Greatest Books in the World," by Laura Spencer Portor; "Our Common Road," by Agnes Edwards, and "Personal Recollections of Vincent Van Gogh," written by his sister, Elisabeth Du Quesne Van Gogh, and translated by Katherine S. Dreier.

Mosher reprints include this season: "Songs of Adieu"; "The Growth of Love," by Robert Bridges; "Dreamthorp," by Alexander Smith; "Andromache," a play in three acts, by Gilbert Murray; "From the Upanishads," by Charles Johnston; "Songs from an Italian Garden," by A. Mary F. Robinson; "The Lyric Garland," and "The Pierrot of the Minute," a dramatic phantasy by Ernest Dowson.

On the day last week when the new group of buildings was dedicated at Princeton the University Press brought out a slender volume by Dean West on "The Graduate College of Princeton," in which the purpose of the resident graduate school is set forth with, as the subtitle properly adds, "some reflections on the humanizing of learning." Illustrations of Thomson College, Procter Hall, and the Cleveland Memorial Tower have been furnished by John P. Cuyler. It is an attractive memorial volume, but neither the Dean nor the Press should have allowed two wrong French accents on a single page.

The Oxford University Press has added to its cheaper editions the "Poems and Translations of Dante Gabriel Rossetti," including all his work in this field published between 1850 and 1870, and also the prose story, "Hand and Soul." As in all the volumes of the series the print is clear.

The Oxford Press has also taken over the Snowy River series, which was formerly issued by Penfield & Co., of Sydney, and Angus & Robertson, of London. Two of the Australian volumes that now come to us are "Hearts of Gold," by Will H. Ogilvie, and "The Poetical Works of Brunton Stephens."

A novel, interesting, and useful pamphlet has been prepared and published by Frances Ellis Sabin, head of the department of Latin in the Oak Park & River Forest Township High School, with the assistance of Loura B. Woodruff. It is called "The Relation of Latin to Practical Life," and is designed to show teachers how they may make "an exhibit which shall answer in concrete form the high-school boy's question, 'What's the use of Latin?'" To this end a large amount of information is brought together displaying the infinite ramifications of the classics in the languages and literatures and ways of thinking and acting of modern peoples. Together with this information, surprising in its variety, methods are given for presenting the matter graphically and pictorially to the doubting pupil. We commend the little handbook to those who are concerned in the question at issue.

"Education and Ethics" (Macmillan), by Emile Boutroux, translated by Fred Rothwell, consists of four lectures on the principal types of ethics and four on educational subjects, given at various times before the pupils of the Fontenay Training School for Teachers. Not precisely weighty, they are "familiar and homely chats" which reflect a delightful personality whose words are always inspiring and often impressive. Nothing could be finer than the author's repeated warning that the first duty of the teacher to the pupil is honesty. For him the embodiment of all dishonesty in education is—pedagogy. Pedagogy is a system of devices for stimulating the interest of the pupil upon false grounds. The only true ground is the intrinsic interest of the subject and its value to the child; and the genius of the teacher is shown in his ability to recommend his subjects upon precisely this ground. But no teacher can do this who is not master of his subject and who does not sincerely believe in the value of what he has to teach. So much for "The Motives of Study." The lecture on "Reading Aloud" is worth reading if only to appreciate the author's enthusiasm for the rhythmic beauties of his French tongue. Apart from this, it is an important lesson in the significance of style. The pedagogical theory of reading which is just now fashionable with us holds that the art of reading consists in the ability to cover the greatest space in the shortest time. This is "education for efficiency." To the victims of this desolating efficiency we recommend M. Boutroux on "Reading Aloud."

The second volume of "Cicero's Letters to Atticus" in the Loeb Classical Library (Macmillan) maintains the character of the first. The translation, by E. O. Winstedt, is on the whole satisfactory, though it cannot be said to succeed always in transferring the subtler qualities of the original, whether formal or familiar, to the English language. For example, the attempt to convey the familiarity of the clause, "qui illos libros devorasti" (p. 20), is manifest in the version, "you devourer of those books of mine," but the result does not indicate much feeling for English idiom. Such awkwardnesses, however, are not common enough to be very annoying. On the whole, Mr. Winstedt has shown a good deal of ingenuity in using French phrases for Cicero's Greek. But it is unfortunate that twice he should write *à l'outrance* for *à outrance*. The period embraced in this volume (Books vii to xi) carries us through the civil war between Pompey and Cæsar and the fall of the Republic. It would be ridiculous to try in such a note as this to characterize the letters themselves or to say anything of their marvellous exhibition of many phases of human character; but we may promise any one who has a remnant of Latin left that with this volume in his hand he may give himself such a treat as few things in literature can afford.

We have now the completed four volumes of the Loeb Library containing "Appian's Roman History" with the English translation by Mr. Horace White. A note conveys the information that the third and fourth volumes have been revised and prepared for the press by E. Iliff Robson, of Christ's College, Cambridge, but as the nature and amount of the revision are not indicated, we are justified in giving to Mr. White the credit for what is on the whole an admirable piece of work. Appian's Greek is ordinarily clear and straightforward, and these qualities have been well caught in the translation. The chief difficulty was to find English sentence forms equivalent to the piled-up participial phrases which are the curse of Greek in its later stage; in meeting this difficulty the translator has been eminently successful. We may commend Appian's vivid and human story of the Civil Wars as admirable parallel reading with Cicero's letters. But we cannot refrain from adding that in some details this edition of Appian calls for sharp criticism. The printing of the Greek is altogether too careless and has admitted a vexatious number of misprints. In this particular Appian has suffered more than any other Greek author in the Library with which we are familiar.

In another and even more important matter the volumes of Appian sin in company with their Greek companions. Let us say it without qualification, the typography and paper used in most of the Greek authors are detestable. For this we assume the general editor, Mr. T. E. Page, is to be blamed, unless we must carry the quest further, even to the generous patron of the enterprise. However that be, the person or persons responsible should know that the usefulness of these publications is seriously impaired by their form, for, after all, it is more important to keep one's eyes in one's head than to read Greek. One improvement is obviously needed and easily obtained. By including fewer pages in a volume a paper might be used which would permit of a clear impression. For example, the volume of Cicero now before us runs to 439 pages, whereas the fourth volume of Appian goes to 567. A better font of Greek type could be used (compare, for instance, the Loeb volumes with the Oxford texts), and better printing insisted on. If Mr. Heinemann, the responsible London publisher, cannot command better work, there are plenty of other publishers here, as well as in England, who would see that the manufacture was properly managed. If the flimsiness and poorness of the books are

due to a need for economy, then the scope of the enterprise had better be reduced and the quality improved. The Latin volumes are notably more satisfactory in form than the Greek.

The subject of the monograph "The Life of Robert Toombs" (Macmillan), by Ulrich Bonnell Phillips, was an able and picturesque Georgian. He was born in 1810 and came to manhood just when his State was mad for State rights in connection with the Cherokee question. He disliked Jackson and became a Whig. He was a fluent and able debater and was well informed. He entered Congress in 1845, when the Wilmot proviso was about to open the last stage of the slavery controversy, and served until 1861. Like other Whigs, he opposed the early pro-slavery agitation and accepted the compromise of 1850; but he approved the Kansas-Nebraska act, joined the Democratic party in 1855, and followed the extreme Southerners as rapidly as could be expected from a man who had an unusual sense of his own dignity. He was mentioned for the Confederate Presidency, became Secretary of State, and resigned his office to be a brigadier-general. After the war he refused to ask for amnesty and died an unpardoned Confederate. To write a satisfactory life of such a man demands wide knowledge and scholarship. Professor Phillips has shown himself well fitted for the task. He is an authority on Georgia history; he has the scientific spirit, and he has the touch of an able historian. The book is an agreeable and valuable contribution to the history of the great sectional controversy.

Professor Phillips does not, however, undertake to discuss Toombs's shortcomings, and the distinguished Georgian had some deficiencies. His speeches, even those his biographer finds very able, are unpleasantly subjective. They abound in "I" and "we." They are always forceful and deal with many subjects, but they do not always show careful study of facts; *e. g.*, the assertion (p. 149) that "the protective Whigs" desired "no more revenue than the economical wants of the government required, and in levying that revenue to discriminate for our infant industries." Toombs was too much of an individualist to work harmoniously with others. He could not be content as a Secretary of State to follow Jefferson Davis, and became a brigadier-general five months after he entered the Cabinet. As an army officer, he displayed ecurage on the battlefield, but he chafed in the intervals between battles and criticised the conduct of the war openly. He opposed the accepted policy of restricting cotton production and defied the execution of the law. When the war was over, he washed his hands of the problems of restoration and did not try to build up what he had done so much to destroy. Honest in public life, bold in uttering his views, he was nevertheless an egoist, and he had the shortcomings of an egoist. All this appears in Professor Phillips's excellent narrative, but the reader is left to find it for himself. Perhaps it would have been better if some careful balancing of good and bad characteristics had been made by the author.

Dr. William S. Stevens's recent work on "Industrial Combinations and Trusts" (Macmillan), though one of the least pretentious publications on that subject, is most useful. There is a refreshing absence of polemics, the author being obviously of the opinion that what the reader desires is facts. Dr. Stevens, in short, furnishes the Trust theorist with all the tools he needs and leaves him to use them in accordance with his common sense. By so doing he has earned the gratitude of busy persons, who are unable, by their own efforts, to keep their office and library filing cases adequately supplied with the proper records of industry, the enactments of legislation, and the decisions of courts. He provides us with typical pooling contracts, with the agreements on which certain representative Trusts were founded, with various enactments showing the character of legislative opposition to the Trust, and with citations indicating the nature of the judicial attack. All this, however, but faintly indicates the wealth of perfectly authenticated information. If anything has been said or done relative to the formation of Trusts or to the course which they should conceivably be made to follow in the future, the reader will be likely to find a record of it here. He will keep the book near at hand, in company with his dictionary, his Statesman's Year Book, his Poor's Manual, and other works of frequent reference.

In its Camden Third Series the Royal Historical Society continues to issue volumes of variety and interest relating to aspects of British history. Following the publication of the Register of John of Gaunt (Vol. XXI), two new volumes have appeared (Vols. XXII and XXIII, London, office of the Society), one containing the official diary of Lieut.-Gen. Adam Williamson, deputy lieutenant of the Tower, 1722-1747, and the other extracts from the archives of the Marquess of Bute relating to English merchants and the Spanish Inquisition in the Canaries during the years from 1586 to 1594. The value and novelty of the material thus rendered into print and the large number of similar inedited documents that are known to exist, awaiting publication, give to English history a special charm for the student. England has always excelled in the number of her serial publications established especially for the issue of manuscripts and edited texts. Among these serial issues that of the Camden Society, now for some years united with the Royal Historical Society, holds a high place. Its third series has reached the twenty-third volume and enough material is at present in the hands of editors to meet the demands of three or four years to come.

Gen. Williamson's diary has for a frontispiece the admirably clear drawing of the Tower and its liberties, made for the information of the Privy Council, by order of Lord Dartmouth, major-general of the Ordnance, between 1681 and 1689. The plan had already been reproduced by the Society of Antiquaries in the fourth volume of its well-known *Vetusta Monumenta*. The diary itself is of some importance for the career and idiosyncrasies of Williamson, who had served under Marlborough, and more for the history of the Tower, at a not unimportant period. It presents also a view of some contemporary events from a new point of view. In general, however, its value is rather antiquarian and biographical than historical, though in an appendix of notes, filling nearly half the volume, John Charles Fox, a master of the Supreme Court and the editor, has gathered a large mass of useful information and has printed many supplemental documents, chiefly relating to Jacobite movements and prisoners during the dates of the volume. The volume of "Canary Inquisitions" forms a kind of appendix to Lea's "History of the Inquisition of Spain," though only such parts of the Inquisition Records have been printed as concern English merchants during the period of the Spanish wars in Elizabeth's reign. The extracts are interesting not only from the religious but also from the commercial point of view, as affording an instance of the difficulty Governments have in repressing trade, when the general interest of the traders is against them. The text, in Spanish with an English translation, is of importance for the history of early English commercial ventures in Africa and the West Indies.

As illustrating the treasures of the muniment rooms of England, attention may be called to the report of the Historical Manuscripts Commission on Manuscripts in Various Collections, the latest volume of which, the eighth, has just come to hand (Wyman & Sons, volume seven not yet issued). In these volumes, the publication of which was begun in 1901, have been calendared the manuscripts of forty-two corporations, chapters, and private persons, all of which throw light, and some a flood of light, on phases of the history of England. The eighth volume contains calendars of the manuscripts of the Hon. Frederick Lindley Wood, M. L. S. Clements, Esq., and S. Philip Unwin, Esq. The first is particularly rich in the section dealing with the rebellion of 1745, forming an almost continuous narrative of events from the eve of Prestonpans to the morrow of Culloden. Though the papers do not modify or even materially add to our knowledge of the '45, they do furnish a number of fresh and interesting details and serve to correct sundry small misconceptions. The most interesting portion of the second series concerns the Irish and English Parliaments of Charles I, and includes a manuscript journal of the Irish House of Lords for the period 1640-1641, which contains a number of passages not to be found in the printed edition or elsewhere. The third series describes two diaries of a weaver, John Bufton, at Coggeshall in Essex, recounting events of the last half of the seventeenth century. The contents of the second diary, containing certain guild rules and other similar details, has been printed very nearly in full.

"Deck sports filled up another day. An extremely unpleasant young woman with a horse-laugh carried all before her, and once we saw three birds and a seal" (H. Frank Wallace's "The Big Game of Central and Western China," Duffield). When, in an opening chapter, one finds sentences and sentiments such as these, stylistic and personal prejudices tempt one to close the book. Mr. Wallace is unhappy in tact and in expression until he reaches the scene of his hunting grounds in central China. Here we cease to skip and find interesting facts and good diction. His description of a native Chinese hotel is excellent, though it can be fully appreciated

only by those who have experienced its sights, endured its dirt, and sensed its odors. His enthusiastic eulogy of Hwashan, the flower mountain, makes good reading: "Wild thyme and sweet-scented, star-like jasmine perfumed the air, and on the emerald banks, little scarlet lilies made crimson spashes. Indian pinks nestled by the pathway, and over all lay the solemn, inspiring stillness of a mountain." The central purpose of the book is confined to a very few chapters, those relating directly to the big game. Of each group of animals we find an excellent summary of appearance, life, and habits, followed by a detailed account of the stalking and procuring of the game written in a manner to delight the hearts of all sportsmen. Among the more important of these wild creatures are such rare and interesting types as the takin, the Kansu wild sheep, and wapiti; the white-maned serow, Lord Bedford's roe-deer, and the Mongolian gazelle.

Eight takins, one of the least-known of large mammals, were in sight one day, three bulls, three cows, and two calves. Two of the bulls were sparring, while the calves were frisking among the rocks. A stalk was decided upon, and an hour and a half later the hunters reached the summit of the mountain, an altitude of eleven thousand or twelve thousand feet:

> The ascent was very similar to the country over which we had already come. In the saddles, open grassy patches. Leaning on the stunted larches which bordered the edge of these little glades rested long roof poles and coffin boards, for the country swarmed with woodcutters. No tree was of any size, for in a country where fuel is precious, every large tree, with a happy disregard for the future, is chopped down and cast into the fire. Others are sliced into coffin boards and carried down the hillside on men's backs, and so by mule to Sian-fu. Replanting is unheard of, and to exemplify the deforestation of the hillsides, the first remark a Chinaman will make on seeing any well-timbered country which is new to him is, "Ah, there are some good roof poles!" or "What splendid coffin boards!" according as he is of an optimistic or a pessimistic turn of mind.

The remainder of the adventure deals with the actual stalk. The remarkable ability of the author to detach his mind from the excitement of slaughter of the animals to a comprehensive consideration of the environment is an example which a host of writers upon sport might follow. It gives to the volume an interest which holds almost any type of reader, while the careful, detailed observations of the animals themselves make the book a valuable addition to science—the new field-science which is so necessary now that mankind is so rapidly inheriting the earth and elbowing off the splendid beasts which have evolved with him through the ages. The pencil sketches of the author and many photographs round out these notes. A map clarifies the route and the position of the larger Chinese towns; three appendices treat respectively of field measurements, etc., estimate of expenses, and tables of distances and stages, while an excellent index facilitates instant reference to all the subjects of interest.

Brentano's has brought out in an edition uniform with the recently republished novel, "Spring Days," George Moore's "Impressions and Opinions," which made its first appearance in 1891. The author adds a couple of new articles and a preface, in which he suggests that the two volumes may now be laid "upon a satinwood table, while the reader dozes or lies back to consider whether he prefers our earlier to our later style." There can really be no question that "Hail and Farewell," the three-volume work on which he is now engaged, exhibits him in a more silken, clinging, stylistic garment than this early collection of criticisms. In compensation, "Impressions and Opinions" is addressed less exclusively to those who are enamoured with the supple personality of the writer and who share his languid disdain for all things English save the works of George Moore. In 1891, Moore was a young man, an aggressive æsthete, a hater of commerce and convention, charged with fresh memories of French art and letters, eager to make his mark, writing with something of the precision, vividness, and tang of Hazlitt finishing off Gifford or distilling the conversation of authors. His truculent assault upon "our dramatists and their literature" and his papers in behalf of a free theatre may still be relished. The articles on Balzac and Turgueneff show the insight and intense appreciation of a fellow novelist who has passionately studied these masters to steal the secret of their technical triumphs. But the prize pieces, we should say, are My Impressions of Zola, Meissonier and the Salon Julian, and Degas. Here, as distinguished from the filmy caricatures of "Hail and Farewell," we find an earnest and incisive definition of the talents in question, and full length portraits, drawn from the life, a little harshly outlined, perhaps, but brilliant, speaking, and permanent. Mr. Moore has put a sentence into his preface which he hopes we will quote—why not indulge him? When he was "sinking in a flood of public disfavor caused by 'Spring Days' . . . 'Impressions and Opinions,' like a big Newfoundland dog, dived after him and brought him to shore."

Members of the Gesellschaft für Typenkunde des XV. Jahrhunderts have recently received three very interesting issues, 1912: 3, and 1913: 1 and 2. The first named is accompanied by an index of Cologne printers, referring to type-facsimile sheets edited by Ernst Voulliéme and published in several earlier issues. (A separate title page for these sheets accompanied the double number 1912: 1-2.) The same issue, and 1913: 1, contain facsimile reproductions from Augsburg and Ulm printers, edited by Dr. Voulliéme, and of Leipzig printers, edited by Konrad Haebler, as well as of printers from smaller cities. 1913: 3 is exclusively the work of Victor Madsen, of Copenhagen, and gives specimens of the work of a number of Italian, chiefly Venetian, printers, from the collections in the Royal Library of Copenhagen. In addition to these regular publications, the Society this year has distributed among its members some original leaves from fragments of incunabula placed at its disposal for the purpose.

Reuben Gold Thwaites, writer, and lecturer on American history at the University of Wisconsin, died on Wednesday of last week at his home in Madison. He was born at Dorchester, Mass., in 1853, and received a common-school education. He took a course at Yale in post-graduate work in 1874, and received the degree of LL.D. from the University of Wisconsin in 1904. In 1886 he became secretary and superintendent of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin. For ten years he was managing editor of the *Wisconsin State Journal*. Among the books published by Mr. Thwaites are: "Down Historic Waterways," "The Story of Wisconsin," "The Colonies, 1492-1750," "On the Storied Ohio," and "Original Journals of Lewis and Clark." The work that gave him his chief note, however, was the editing of "The Jesuit Relations," in seventy-three volumes, a task which occupied five years (1896-1901) and which resulted in throwing a flood of new light upon early Western history. As editor of seventeen volumes of the Wisconsin Historical Collections, and head of the State Historical Library, he was responsible for a new Western interest in the amassing of historical data; while his connection with the University of Wisconsin enabled him to turn many scholars into the field.

The Hon. Emily Lawless, daughter of the late Baron Cloncurry, died last week in London, England. She was a writer of novels and verse. Born in Ireland, she lived at Hazelhatch, Gomshall, Surrey. Her published works include "Hurrish," "Major Lawrence, F.L.S.," "Plain Frances Mowbray," "With Essex in Ireland," "Grania," "Maelcho," "A Garden Diary," "With the Wild Geese," "Maria Edgeworth," and "The Book of Gilly."

Ludwig Max Goldberger, Commercial Privy Councillor and formerly president of the Permanent Exposition Commission, died last week in Berlin. He was the author of "The Land of Unlimited Possibilities," a book on contemporary American affairs. He was born at Tarnowitz, Silesia, in 1848.

Science

Mr. Abraham Flexner is at work on the second of the series of books which the Century Company is publishing for the Bureau of Social Hygiene. The volume deals with prostitution in Europe.

"The Constitution of Matter," by Prof. Josepb S. Ames, is announced for issue next week by Houghton Mifflin.

Wonderful progress made in the science of genetics during the last three years makes it almost obligatory for an author to rewrite a general treatise on the subject as presented in 1909. This Mr. William Bateson frankly admits in a note to the third impression, printed in 1913, of his book on "Mendel's Principles of Heredity" (Putnam). An effort is made to bring the subject up to date by the addition of some eighteen pages of notes to be used as appendixes to the several chapters, but the essential changes in point of view and general biological interpretations of the accumulated mass of details scarcely make the effort successful.

For many years Prof. Marcus Hartog, of University College at Cork, purposed writing a general treatise on reproduction suited for laymen having interest, but no technical training. Finding himself at last unable to complete such a work, he has made a compromise in a book entitled "Problems of Life and Reproduction" (Putnam). Here

are brought together eleven essays which he had published in various journals and reviews, mostly in the past dozen years, but three of somewhat older date. There is considerable revision and annotation that the essays may include new discoveries. One on fertilization has been largely rewritten, and another extensively remodelled in order to bring out the author's doctrine of "mitokinctism" as the action of a new and peculiar force by which he conceives the phenomena of mitosis may be explained. Those who are interested in Hartog's views will be glad to have these papers collected in this handsome form, and others may read them with profit, but it is an occupation that for the most part may not be undertaken light-heartedly. There is an extraordinarily copious index.

"Vertebrate Embryology" (Frowde), by J. W. Jenkinson, is an effort to state the present view of a limited portion of the subject with abundant and often very excellent illustrations. It deals with the structure, origin, maturation, and fertilization of the germ cells, the mechanism of segmentation, and the formation of the germinal layers. The development of the embryo is followed only in the early stages, but with some explanatory extension, and for the purpose of giving a sound basis for the medical man, the detailed organogeny being reserved for a later volume. Much space, about a quarter of the book, is devoted to the fœtal membranes and to the placenta. American authorities are cited, but the reader is left with the impression that the author is not very familiar with the contributions from this side of the Atlantic.

Written as an obvious protest against the modern methods of teaching botany, F. L. Sargent's "Plants and Their Uses: An Introduction to Botany" (Holt) presents a curious and perhaps helpful point of view. The author begins with the assumption that the obvious and most interesting questions to ask about a plant are "What is it? What is it good for? or What does it do?" With these as a guiding principle, it follows that the work differs radically from any of the textbooks now in use. For it lays emphasis, not upon processes such as photosynthesis, respiration, reproduction, and so forth, but upon the plants that touch the every-day existence of all of us, such as the foods, beverages, drugs, fibres, and the like. The first half of the book is taken up with descriptions and historical notes upon the introduction into cultivation of all the better-known economic plants. The usual routine ground is covered, but tersely and with some haste, and the chief emphasis is laid on industrial botany, if there be such a science. It is unfortunate that the first modern textbook that approaches botany from this side should have inaccuracies of statement and a certain lack of perspective. For instance, opium is a narcotic, not an intoxicant (p. 184); the Para rubber tree is *Hevea brasiliensis*, not *H. guyanensis* (p. 281), and there is no mention of the Straits Settlements' great new rubber industry based on this Brazilian plant, no mention of the important Mexican rubber *Castilla elastica;* among the fibres, the sisal hemp, which has controlled the economic destiny of Yucatan, is not cited; and also the statement about the origin of peat and coal (p. 298) perpetuates a very general misconception that one might have expected the author to correct. These valuable fuels arise not by the accumulation in bogs of vegetable matter and its slow decomposition "in the presence of water," but by a partial decomposition, ultimately stopped by the water acting as a barrier to the oxygen of the air. A considerable part of the book is devoted to systematic botany, and this section is a distinctly disappointing feature. There seems to be no real attempt to clarify this phase of the subject, and, surprisingly enough, there is no mention of the sequence of plant families, now so generally adopted, based on the great work of Engler and Prantl. Also, pages 404 to 427 are rather needlessly taken up with a wholly original system of cabalistic characters, the written equivalents for which would have occupied scarcely more space, and have been immediately intelligible. The book is very carefully indexed and will undoubtedly fill a useful niche as a general work of interesting information about plants.

A welcome announcement of cartographic progress in Argentina is made in a recent publication of the official Geographical Military Institute, entitled "La Carte de la République Argentine," by Col. B. G. Aparicio (Buenos Ayres, 1913; 110 pages, many maps). The volume contains a scholarly review of work already accomplished, with a valuable list of all maps that have appeared and a useful bibliography of works on Argentina. Index maps are included to show the distribution of sheets in the proposed map of the republic on scales of 1:1,000,000 and 1:100,000. Samples of the proposed maps are included at the end of the book, from which it appears that the 1:100,000 sheets of the standard map will be printed with brown contours and hill shading, blue hydrography, and black roads, names, etc. The contour interval appears to vary in different districts, but will be at most 20 metres; hachures in black will indicate exceptionally strong slopes.

An echo of the Transcontinental Geographical Excursion of 1912 has lately appeared in the proceedings of a meeting held near the end of the excursion at the University of Virginia, under the auspices of the Philosophical Society of that University. The intention of the meeting was to promote the cultivation of geography as a subject of university study in the United States, and with that object addresses were made by Professors Partsch of Leipzig, Oberhummer of Vienna, Gallois of Paris, Chisholm of Edinburgh, and Chaix of Geneva, all of whom briefly described the status of geography in the universities of their respective countries. It was particularly appropriate that these addresses should be delivered at the University of Virginia and that they should now be published for extended distribution through the Southern States, for no college or university in that part of our country has yet recognized geography to the extent of making it the subject of a professorial appointment.

The death is reported from Baltimore of Dr. Philip Reese Uhler, a noted scientist and for many years provost of the Peabody Museum of that city. He was born in Baltimore in 1835. He had spent three years at Harvard as assistant to Prof. Louis Agassiz, and later was an associate in natural sciences at Johns Hopkins. Among the learned societies of which he was a member were the Royal Society of Arts, London, and the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences.

Just Lucas-Championnière, surgeon, died in Paris on Wednesday of last week while he was reading a paper on "Prehistoric Trepanning" before a committee of the Academy of Sciences. He was born in 1843, and was a member of the Academy of Medicine. His father was the founder of the *Journal de médecine et de chirurgie.* He himself was a member of the Académie de Médecine.

Drama

WILLIAM WINTER'S REMINISCENCES.

The Wallet of Time. By William Winter. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co. Two volumes. $10 net.

In these two handsome and substantial volumes, comprising more than 1,350 pages, Mr. Winter gives a comprehensive survey of the American stage as he has known it during the period of nearly sixty years in which he has been actively engaged as a dramatic critic. No man living is better qualified by experience and ability for such a task, and this instalment of it—for the work is not yet completed—is notable for its literary quality and the fulness and accuracy of its detail. With the exception of Edwin Booth, Joseph Jefferson, and Richard Mansfield, of whom Mr. Winter has already published separate biographies; Henry Irving and Ellen Terry, upon whose lives he is now busy; and Lester Wallack, William Warren, W. E. Burton, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, and some others of lesser note who are to be considered in a sequel, all the more prominent players of the last half of the nineteenth century, who have appeared in this country, are dealt with in this book. The work is further enriched by miscellaneous essays on various aspects of the theatre, managerial developments and policies, the art of acting, the interpretation of famous characters, the modern social and sexual drama, and so forth, all of which are written with the vigor of intense conviction and an eloquence that charms even in those occasional instances where it may fail to convert.

In compiling this work Mr. Winter has not hesitated, as he tells in his preface, to make use of his earlier writings, many of which are now out of print. It is not likely that the revision of them cost him much trouble, for his attitude to the theatre has not changed in the lapse of years. Nor is he afraid of being called a *laudator temporis acti.* He knows, as all old playgoers know, that except in contemporaneous drama, the actors of preceding

generations were more capable and more versatile than those of to-day, because in the old stock companies they had opportunities of improving their faculties which no longer exist. His denunciation, upon purely artistic and other grounds, of the present system of ignorant and conscienceless commercial management, is as sound as it is trenchant. The system has spelled ruin and disgrace for the theatre wherever it has prevailed. The only hope of a theatrical revival lies in the success of that revolt against its domination of which, happily, there are signs in many directions. And it is encouraging to find a man of his experience and authority speaking out so clearly and so boldly concerning the higher and most legitimate functions of the stage as a potential agent in the promotion of right standards in taste and ethics, and concerning the heavy responsibility that rests upon all—whether managers or critics—who connive at a profitable degradation of public morals. At the same time he is careful to explain that it is not the mission of the stage to be didactic, but, under the guise of honest and rational—not necessarily highly intellectual—entertainment, to suggest what is wholesome, good, or noble. Some strange reflections are aroused by his summary of the proper qualifications of a dramatic critic. There is undoubtedly a need for a few such paragons.

Not every reader will agree with all of Mr. Winter's estimates of the players whom he celebrates, but even those who differ from him will admire the analytical skill and descriptive power with which he supports his opinions. And his intimate acquaintance with the theatrical world enables him to flavor his biographies with the attractive spice of personal reminiscence. Thus he gives a most interesting account of the eccentricities of that great actor, Junius Brutus Booth. An admirable analysis of the Falstaff of Hackett, commonly accepted as one of the finest embodiments of the character ever given, furnishes another admirable chapter. His essay on Edwin Forrest, as man and actor, is a most striking bit of distinctive, yet judicious, criticism. "A vast animal bewildered by a grain of genius" is one of his felicitous phrases. On Charlotte Cushman he pens a glowing eulogy, and he pays a tribute of loving appreciation to that rare old artist, Mrs. G. H. Gilbert. The comic genius and remarkable versatility of John E. Owens receive a recognition as just as it is generous. He praises the romantic powers of Charles Fechter very highly, but disapproves strongly of his Hamlet, an impersonation which has been vastly admired by other competent authorities. It should be noted, however, that Fechter was in his decadence before he reached this country. Upon the splendid achievements of Salvini, in such parts as Conrad, Saul, Niger, and Ingomar, he bestows the most eloquent laudation; but towards the Shakespearean performances of the great Italian he is more than cool. That in these assumptions Salvini, who knew no English, and very little about British commentaries and traditions, departed widely, in form and spirit, from established conceptions, may be granted readily. His Hamlet, indisputably, was utterly un-Shakespearean, but his Othello, surely, was a masterpiece, at all events from his own point of view. In his broad contention that English actors are, almost of necessity, the best interpreters of English poetic masterpieces, Mr. Winter is on tolerably safe ground, if a possible exception be made in the case of the Germans; but there are exceptions to most rules, and there is no particular reason why an Italian, for instance, should not comprehend such parts as Othello and Coriolanus.

Two of the most notable chapters are those on Modjeska and Sarah Bernhardt. To the former he awards the highest rank as woman and actress, extolling especially her Adrienne, Camille, and Portia. He is more reserved in his praise of her Juliet, which he characterizes as too mature; her Viola, which he calls "finical, indefinite, and therefore abortive," and her Rosalind, in which he notes a deficiency of exuberant physical life. These will be hard sayings to many. To the present writer the Rosalind of the gifted Polish woman was the most poetic known to the modern stage, and, barring the broken English, perhaps the nearest to the Shakespearean ideal. In dealing with the career of Sarah Bernhardt, Mr. Winter is just, if severe. The most fervent worshippers of that remarkable woman could not ask for a more hearty recognition, than he accords, of her extraordinary histrionic talents and her mastery of technical resource; but he asserts, what is the inexorable fact, that her art, in the main, has been devoted to ignoble and pernicious ends, that she has never furnished a single study of chaste or exalted womanhood, and that there is no reason for supposing that she could do so. Moreover, she has not scrupled to seek profit in rank sensation and advertisement; and he argues that she has only succeeded in acquiring notoriety at the expense of permanent fame. Money, he remarks, is always to be made from incursions into the sewers.

Although he selects Bernhardt as a flagrant example of the harm done by purveyors of the modern feverish and unclean drama, he does not spare less conspicuous offenders. He berates some of his most esteemed performers for their traffic in such pestilent stuff, and he is especially energetic and caustically humorous in his castigation of the hypocrisy that, under the pretence of dramatizing literary masterpieces, extracts particular incidents for exhibition for the gratification of a vulgar taste. His comments upon certain specimens of the "advanced" English, French, German, and Scandinavian drama afford entertaining reading. Further reference to them, or to the many excellent biographies of which no mention has been made, is impossible at this time. The general nature and quality of the book have, perhaps, been sufficiently indicated. It is full of good things for the general reader as well as the theatrical enthusiast.

Augustus Thomas's latest play, "Indian Summer," produced in the Criterion Theatre on Monday evening, is of a rather disappointing character. The first two acts are in his very best manner, and constitute first-class comedy, but the third act degenerates into somewhat cheap and conventional melodrama, while the fourth is hazy and inconclusive. Those scenes which deal with the development of a romance between a middle-aged artist and a young girl, in whom he has found inspiration and rejuvenation, are wholly charming. They are written with fine feeling and imagination, they are clever studies in characterization, and are admirably acted by John Mason and Martha Hedman. The melodramatic incidents which temporarily threaten to keep the lovers apart are of wholly subordinate interest. Incidentally Mr. Thomas enters a plea for the charitable treatment of erring women by sisters who have not succumbed to temptation, or, perchance, have been less tempted. The first half of the piece was received with an enthusiasm which was not maintained during the later acts.

Winthrop Ames has opened the season of his Little Theatre with a production of the "Prunella" of Laurence Housman and Granville Barker, which was played originally, with marked success, under Mr. Barker's management in London. It is a piece of excellent literary quality, written partly in verse, containing an attractive mixture of quaint characterization, satirical humor, and pretty sentiment. Archaic in form and romantic in many of its details, it is completely modern in spirit. The theme of it is the peril that ignorance may bring to innocence, and the satire is directed against the old puritanical system of domestic education. Prunella is a little orphan maiden, daughter of a confiding mother and a vagabond artist, who has been reared in the strictest seclusion behind the walls of an old-world garden by three maiden aunts, Prim, Prude, and Privacy. She knows nothing of the world, or of evil, and has never seen a young man. Therefore, when Pierrot, the chief of a band of strolling players, comes by chance into her sanctuary, she regards him as a divinity, and, being persuaded to give him a kiss, in all simplicity, is made free of love's mysteries and is ready to follow him, as Pierrette, to the end of the world. Three years later, having been deserted, but still loving, she returns to find the old garden a ruin. Thither also presently comes Pierrot, satiated and morose after a life of selfish self-indulgence, and mourning Prunella, whom he supposes to be dead. His old

roystering companions, types of vice and folly, try in vain to rally him. When his lost love reappears he takes her for a ghost, and when she holds out her arms to him, he believes that she is asking him to die. For her sake, being regenerated by the true love that has succeeded to the dead passion, he is even willing to do this, and, his sincerity being thus proved, the curtain falls upon a scene of reconciliation. This is the merest skeleton of a fable which is embellished by many strokes of happy fancy and some scenes of moving sentiment. The moral of it all seems to be conveyed in the discourse of an ancient gardener, admirably sketched, who explains that nature will overrun everything, if it be not kept within bounds by proper pruning. Fantastic as the piece is in its general structure, it is by no means devoid of realism or of genuine dramatic force, while the particular lesson which it inculcates is undeniably sound. But plainly, in the case of youth, too much knowledge of a certain kind may be as mischievous as excessive pruning. As a specimen of the literary and intellectual drama, however, "Prunella" is a welcome addition to our stage, and it is beautifully mounted and, on the whole, well acted at the Little Theatre, although the elocution, as is almost inevitable now in a poetic play, leaves much to be desired. The merit of some of the verse is greatly obscured.

Mr. F. R. Benson, the distinguished Shakespearean actor-manager, sends the following letter for publication:

I do not understand why at the moment I am undergoing a somewhat unenviable notoriety in stage journalism, as I have never given utterance to the expressions attributed to me concerning either the New York theatres or the New York public. In fact, I cannot remember having referred to them recently in any public lectures or press interviews. I have not had the pleasure of being much in New York, but I have passed three or four very pleasant evenings in its theatres, listening to the work of my fellow-craftsmen, and I should be loath to be put in a false position in their eyes. I have often said and still hold that it is hard for any large modern city to be a suitable nursery or cradle for art, because of the ugliness and inhumanity of modern cities as we know them to-day, not, as I believe, as we shall know them to-morrow.

It is pleasant to be assured that Mr. Benson has not been making impolite utterances about the New York theatres and the New York public, but what most persons interested in the theatre wish to know, and what this letter does not tell, is to what extent he is associated with the reported determination of the Stratford management not to permit the company of which he is the head to give the city a taste of its quality. New York may not be suitable for a nursery or cradle of infantile art, but it knows how to appreciate and reward the finished artist. It is incredible that Mr. Benson should be afraid of submitting his players to the test of criticism by audiences accustomed to the standards set by Edwin Booth, Salvini, Henry Irving, Ellen Terry, and Forbes-Robertson.

"Interlopers," having failed at the London Royalty, will be followed there soon by "The Pursuit of Pamela," a new comedy by C. B. Fernald. The heroine is a young lady, married at the early age of sixteen, who, in her flight from temptation, provokes the hero to a series of adventures extending to the furthest corners of the earth. The first act takes place in Honolulu, the second in Japan, the third in Hongkong, and the fourth in Canada. This lady is to be played by Gladys Cooper, lately appearing in "Diplomacy" at Wyndham's, where her place will be taken by Marie Doro. Dennis Eadie is to have an important part.

Charles Hallam Elton Brookfield, joint examiner and censor of plays, is dead in London. Mr. Brookfield, who was born in 1857, went on the stage in 1879, and until he retired, in 1889, he was associated with the Bancrofts, the Kendals, and Sir H. Beerbohm Tree. He played in almost everything from farce to Shakespeare. His appointment as joint censor with G. A. Redford was made on December 8, 1911. He wrote and produced nearly fifty plays, of which "Dear Old Charlie" was the most frequently mentioned at the time of his appointment.

Music

After twice hearing Elgar's new orchestral work, "Falstaff," Robin H. Legge, of the London *Telegraph*, could not make up his mind whether he quite liked it or not. He found in it "a vein of quaint humor, as when Falstaff sleeps; of rare beauty and charm, as in the interludes; and even more in the exquisite closing scene of the fall and death of Falstaff." The whole is "a masterpiece of music, prodigiously stamped with Elgar's own remarkable personality." But it is all extremely complicated, and much of it seemed so obscure that this critic concluded that the fault lay in the fact that Elgar, who conducted the novelty at the Leeds Festival, "is not the best explainer of his own music."

From the Government Printing Office in Washington we have received a "Catalogue of Early Books on Music," by Julia Gregory, prepared under the direction of O. G. Sonneck, chief of the Division of Music. In 1902 the library began systematically to collect old books on music published before 1800 in various languages. The collection now embraces probably more than a third of the entire output before that year, and it was deemed that publication of a catalogue was advisable in the interest of musicology at home and abroad. To students this volume will prove invaluable, for, whereas the compositions of the old masters have been printed abroad in monumental editions under the editorship of competent musical scholars, it is entirely different with the old books on music, few of which are accessible in modern reprints. The aim of Mr. Sonneck has been to get as many of these books as possible rather than first editions when there was no intrinsic reason for favoring these. An index to anonymous works follows the regular text.

Part iv of Vol. II of the Catalogue of the Allen A. Brown Collection of Music in the Public Library of Boston has been issued. It includes the names Penseron to Rossini. Among important heads are Part Songs, Periodicals, and Pianoforte.

A new edition of Finck's "Success in Music and How it is Won," with a chapter on Tempo Rubato by Paderewski, has been issued by the Scribners at a price within the reach of all music students. From the same publishers we have received reprints of Fuller-Maitland's "Schumann" and Sir Julius Benedict's "Weber," two books which, though written a number of years ago, are still the best on their subjects in our language. While Schumann holds his own, Weber is unjustly neglected, especially in the opera houses. A perusal of Benedict's pages brings to mind how much we lose by this neglect.

While some London theatres have entirely abolished music between the acts, partly from motives of economy, partly because nobody seemed to listen to it, others are encouraging it by introducing new features. Thus, the Comedy Theatre announced that "The orchestra will commence at 8 P. M., followed by Miss Evelyn Tyser, violinist." The Queen's Theatre has engaged, besides the usual orchestra, which plays between the acts, a string quartet, which plays in the foyer in order to interest the ladies who may wish to leave their seats.

Cleofonte Campanini will conduct personally the three performances of "Parsifal" to be given in Chicago this season by the opera company of which he is now the general director. He will also produce Massenet's "Don Quichotte," besides "Monna Vanna," Franchetti's "Cristoforo Colombo," Grecchi's "Cassandra," and Leoncavallo's "Zingari." Among the new singers engaged are Florence Macbeth, Rosa Raise, Marta Dorda, Beatrice Wheeler, Amy Evans, Giovanni Martinelli, Lucien Muratore, and Rolf Errolle.

A Verdi document of historic importance is described in foreign journals—a copy of the vocal score of "Lohengrin," with Italian words, which was used by Verdi to follow the performance of that opera in Bologna in 1871, and which he copiously annotated in pencil. It shows no lack of appreciation for the music. The word "bello" occurs frequently, and he has even a "bellissimo" for the dramatic climax of the first scene of Act III. There are some adverse criticisms, too; he finds fault with the slowness of the declamation, particularly in the speeches of the King and the Herald, but this slowness was a fault of the singers which Wagner himself severely censured at other performances. Verdi also points out that the long ensemble which follows the King's prayer has no dramatic value, and makes the scene halt—"fredda la scene" is a note which occurs repeatedly. Evidently the performance was most defective. Verdi notes all the cuts, remarks that the *tempi* were often hurried, and that the chorus at almost every entry sang abominably out of tune. To Wagner, nevertheless, these performances at Bologna, being the entering wedge for his operas in Italy, seemed so important that he wrote about them to his friend, Arrigo Boito, an appreciative letter, which is published in his collected works.

Probably no other conductor is in such demand as Arthur Nikisch. He has been invited to conduct "Parsifal" next year in Barcelona, Madrid, Rome, Milan, Paris, London, and Buenos Ayres. But he has refused all these offers because of his regular engagements in Leipzig and Berlin. These allow him, however, to preside over the season of German opera in Covent Gar-

den next spring, when Londoners, who have often admired the interpretations of "Tristan" and the Nibelung operas, will have their first chance to hear his "Meistersinger" also. The other day, after conducting at the Leeds festival, Nikisch left London at nine o'clock, and twenty-five hours later he was rehearsing the Gewandhaus orchestra in Leipzig. Nikisch evidently has taken Hans Richter's place as the idol of England.

Art

AUSTRALIAN PAINTING.

SYDNEY, October 1.

An "exceptionally strong" annual exhibition affords an opportunity of noting some advances in Australian methods of painting. At the same time it is observable that the greatest advances are those made by Australian artists in England. Denied adequate encouragement by the communities that reared them, the best painters have gone to Europe, first to learn their art, and then to breast the competition of their rivals in the Old World, as American painters had once to do, and as Australian men of letters still do. There some of them have been wonderfully successful, as Australian singers have been. One has received the bronze medal of the Paris Salon; two others have gained enviable distinctions there; a fourth, Mr. Lambert, is said to be taking in English portraiture the place left vacant by Mr. Sargent; while others have had their pictures hung "on the line" at the exhibitions of the Royal Academy. Some of these have come back to Australia, "bringing their sheaves with them," but the best remain to reproduce, as Lord Beaconsfield hyperbolically (and, as is known, insincerely) said, "the glories of ancient Greece under the murky skies of England."

Easily the chief of the small Australian band, Mr. Lister-Lister, the president of the Royal Art Society, once more fills the central space of the gallery with one of his huge canvases. Naturally, the site selected as the seat of the Federal Government has waked the rivalry of two artists, and two large pictures perpetuate a scene that will soon have ceased to exist. The verdict of every spectator is expressed by Mr. Griffin, the American architect from Chicago, who has designed the laying out of the ground and the erection of the more imposing structures—that it is an ideal site for a capital city. So it appears, as we gaze. A vast expanse of fairly level country, suited to afford the "magnificent distances" of Washington, meets the eye, and seems to crave exploitation.

Mr. Lister has evidently striven to give his picture the artistic unity that nature has denied to the scene. What he has accomplished in this direction will be the more visible if we contrast his painting with a rival work of more than equal dimensions on the same theme. This is fuller of detail, and delineates the church and village and the farmhouses that dot the landscape. These have disappeared from Mr. Lister's picture, painted from a different point of view, but the work gains by their exclusion or omission. Here we have only nature. The blue of the distant foothills, the deep blue of the sky, the deeper blue of the Molonglo River that winds through the scene, and the white gum-trees in the foreground, lend it a unity, though it is the unity of a few elements.

The scene is characteristically Australian. Yellow, which science tells us is the real color of the sky, still dominates the land, as in so many Australian pictures—whether arising from the lovely wattle, or from the thickly sown Pride of the Heath, or from other wild flowers still. It takes long to accustom one's self to that Chinese dominant, or to blend it with the blues of river, hills, or sky. The blue-birds hop trustfully quite near the spectator, as they do everywhere in Australia, where nature still lords it over man. There, too, are the white gum-trees in the foreground, resembling no other tree, and proclaiming the spirit of endless division—the bole sometimes dividing into two trunks, each bough into half-a-dozen boughs, and every bough into an infinity of branches. Nowhere else in the world, perhaps, are there such trees, with their contorted forms and the wreckage of brittle boughs at their foot.

Some water-colors by the president are still finer than his oils. That of the breakers on the rocks reproduces an everlasting scene, yet it is here "as fresh as on creation's day." The boulders on the sea-beach have an individuality of their own, dyed green with algæ and richly browned or umbered by lichens. Even the sea-pools on the sand, rightly or wrongly, are sky-blue. The Great Australian Bight, by Mr. Will Ashton, is the finest seascape in the exhibition, and the drawing and coloring are doubtless impeccable. The falling of luminous tints on the waves from a few rosy cloudlets in a clear sky is a truly picturesque incident. A parallel scene, by Mr. James Ashton, skilfully shows the gleams of a tropical sunset tinting the indigo-blue waves of the Indian Ocean. Neither is hackneyed, yet neither compares with a sea-view hung some three years ago, and then commented on in these columns, where moonlight on the sea was a dream of beauty.

Two well-known scenes in the Blue Mountains are the Orphan Rock at Katoomba and the Three Sisters at Wentworth Falls, three towering monoliths that bear traces of much weathering and are richly colored. They are only the most conspicuous objects in a rockscape where almost everything is conspicuous. To the right we observe, high up the mountain, a granite physiognomy that reminds us of Hawthorne's "Great Stone Face"; to the left are, as it seems, though seventy miles distant from the sea, large stretches of sea-waves, which are probably but the haze hanging over the mountain slopes; and behind are precipitous cliffs, with a sheer fall of 1,000 feet. Other landscapes are fine enough, but have little in them that is distinctive of Australia. A few foreign scenes—English, Tyrolean, or Italian—might belong to another planet, so alien are they.

To a foreigner, looking at it with eyes trained to other aspects of nature, we owe our introduction to the romance of the bush. Mr. Blamire Young had added a new quality of beauty, hardly to be discerned even in the paintings of Streeton, by a fresh handling of the hard Australian light. But Hans Heysen does something more than this. He infuses or expires a new atmosphere. Have we not wandered through that tract of bush many a good time before? We have, and we have not. We saw those strange trees, but saw them with our natural eyes—at best, with the keenly penetrative eyes of a Lister or an Ashton. Now we see them with the unscaled eyes of the spirit, or at least of Mr. Heysen, who has painted such gum-trees as were never before seen, save in "faëry lands forlorn." Are they illusions? We had best cherish them, for they will soon be gone. Meanwhile, we willingly remain under their spell.

For the first time, the portrait-portion of the gallery is adequate. Unhappily or otherwise, we have among us no Watts, with his "passionate pursuit of strength," as Carlyle said of him; and these portraits are purely naturalistic. In Sir Normand MacLaurin, once of the Challenger Expedition, now the honored chancellor of the University and president of the Royal Society, we see the strong face of one who has had many a tussle with the inequities of things and the perversities of men, but has held on his course unflinchingly, while the Senator has found trenchant utterance for his robust convictions. To this striding ruler a delicate portrait of the late Mr. Broinowski, long the foremost ornithologist of Australia, furnishes a fitting counterpart. It embodies at once the extreme frailty of age, "like an old lady washed in milk," as was said of Cardinal Newman, and the life-long grief of the Polish exile.

The *genre* paintings are various, but the best of them are again the work of a foreigner. Signor Dattilo-Rubbo delineates the most characteristic types that have ever been produced in Australia.

No other Australian painter could have so powerfully exhibited the Aftermath of the Strike. Everything in it is deeply realist; the disused pick and shovel, standing idly against the wall of the poor cabin, the unused teapot and cup, the belted trousers, and the upturned toes of the boots appeal powerfully to the spectator, while the miner sits bitterly reflecting, with chagrined face. Perhaps in the belief that it may have an educational effect, the picture has been bought for the National Gallery.

Is it not the same head and face, the same personality, in fact, but slightly disguised, that we discern in another masterly delineation? Those six gamblers—are they not the striker over again? A lady of our acquaintance reduces the six to two, and these possibly to one. And as we turn to the portrait of the painter, we are confronted, we feel, with the true and only source of both or all the types. A man can paint no one and nothing but himself, and the striker, the gamblers, the dead-beat, or stone-broke old man in another character-painting, and even the old woman in a companion picture, are all alike variations of the Neapolitan immigrant painter's Protean personality. J. C.

Finance

THE MEANING OF THE PRESENT INACTIVE MARKET.

If it is to be assumed—as it sometimes seems reasonable to assume—that a continuous movement of prices on the Stock Exchange foreshadows the subsequent general course of events in general industry, then the inference from the market of the past two months would naturally be this: The sharp Wall Street recovery of September should have prophesied a generally favorable turn of events in trade; based, like the September stock market, on the two facts that the predicted autumn money stringency had not occurred, and that the uncertainty as to what the new tariff's provisions would or would not be was at last removed. But the further inference, strictly drawn from the later markets, would also be that this show of reviving cheerfulness in business circles would be comparatively brief, and would be succeeded by a spell of despondency, repeating the Wall Street despondency of October. In due course, if the market were still to be taken as a forecast, this spirit of reaction and doubt would be arrested by the discovery that it had been carried further than circumstances of the industrial situation warranted.

It is conceivable that this will be exactly the sequence of events in general business, as it has been thus far on the Stock Exchange. But it is scarcely true that the stock market necessarily, and in all respects, foreshadows the casual fluctuations of industrial activity. The business history of the past six months, for instance—in this country at any rate—has by no means fulfilled the prophecy of the agonized stock markets of the first few months of 1913. The trade developments at the end of 1911 and the beginning of 1912 were not such as might have been predicted from the violent collapse on the Stock Exchange, in the preceding August and September. That was no doubt because, on both occasions, the primary source of the Stock Exchange disorder was the condition of things in Europe, not in the United States. Nevertheless, the general fact remained, even then, that the course of Wall Street prices marked out tendencies, temporary if not permanent, in the broader field of trade.

Perhaps a more important matter for consideration on such occasions is the question, exactly what the causes were behind a given decline on the Stock Exchange, and exactly how far those causes, taken by themselves, were bound to influence trade prosperity as well as the course of financial values. In the present case, causes at work are admittedly numerous. Judge Gary, in his speech to the Iron and Steel Institute on Friday of last week, asked and answered, from his own point of view, the question, "Why is business prosperity so frequently and seriously interrupted?" His judgment was that "it is largely because of much unnecessary agitation and ill-considered criticism by those who have not the nation's best interests at heart"; that "capital, always timid, has been seriously affected by this unreasonable and uncalled-for agitation and attack," and that consequently "it is becoming almost impossible to procure on fair terms, on good security, and at a reasonable rate of interest, the necessary capital to equip or liberally maintain going and successful properties."

The judgment from so high a quarter commands respect, and even those who may not concur in it, as a final explanation of the existing state of things, will agree that anything which increases timidity in the domain of capital must be an aggravating influence. Yet two other facts must be considered with it—one, that the same condition of the market for corporation loans exists, in much more disconcerting shape, in foreign money centres where a wholly different explanation is current for it; the other, that Judge Gary's explanation, taken by itself, would have left no excuse or apology for any different condition during the past ten years. Agitation and criticism, often far more angry and embittered than at the present moment, have existed throughout that stretch of time; but the same period has comprised advancing Stock Exchange prices, booming trade, and an investment market which has absorbed wholly unprecedented quantities of new corporation securities.

The usual habit of economic reasoning, in problems of this sort, is to consider, first, the conditions which exist in the world as a whole; secondly, the extent to which those conditions, in the markets where they are most emphatically in evidence, have affected the course of things in all other markets, and, finally, the prospect for finding a way out of the embarrassment for all the communities involved.

Thus considered, the problem is a large one; not capable of solution by any such simple formula as Judge Gary's. The inference, in the light of past experience, is that the situation must be watched and studied in the quarter where the unpleasant phenomena are most in evidence—in England during 1899, in the United States during 1903 and 1907, in Germany during 1911, and in Europe generally at this moment. There is thus much of distinct encouragement, in the present perplexing situation, to American observers—that, by common agreement of all European economic critics, the position of the United States is to-day intrinsically the strongest of any great market in the world.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Albery, F. F. D. Michael Ryan, Capitalist. Columbus, O.: Rowfant Press and Bindery.

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Cleveland, Grover. The Independence of the Executive; The Government in the Chicago Strike; The Venezuelan Boundary Controversy. Princeton University Press. (Stafford Little Lectures.) $1 net each.

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1913.

The Week

Under ordinary circumstances the elections held in the November following the inauguration of a President are not looked to as furnishing any strong indication of the feeling of the country towards the new Administration. But in the present instance the circumstances are not ordinary. As a personality, President Wilson has asserted himself in a way that is highly unusual, both in manner and in matter. He has performed the unprecedented feat of holding Congress in continuous special session not only through the summer, but through the autumn months, and this in spite of the completion two months ago of the great task for which it was primarily assembled. Apart, too, from any personal aspect of the situation, the country has now had two months in which to consider a reduction of the tariff so radical as to afford a searching proof of the reality or unreality of that feeling of alarm which protectionists have always said was bound to seize upon the country when face to face with such a change. In view of these rapid and signal developments, it was inevitable that the elections in many parts of the country should have taken on a special significance. The outcome in each separate instance is, of course, determined in the main by local factors. But taken as a whole, the country will not fail to read, in the result in New York city, in New Jersey, in Massachusetts, in Maryland, and elsewhere a victory for the Wilson Administration. The prestige of the President comes out of the test distinctly heightened.

Next in interest to the question whether the elections would show any indication of a reaction against the new Administration at Washington and the work of the Democratic Congress was that of the light they might throw on the status of the Progressives. The nearest approach to encouragement for the party was given in Massachusetts. In that State Mr. Bird, the Progressive candidate for Governor, polled about 10,000 votes more than Mr. Gardner, the Republican candidate; but this showing is attributable to the personal strength of Bird and the opposition aroused by some of Gardner's utterances and by his stand as one of the leading advocates of severe restriction of immigration. The vote for Bird, however, fell about 54,000 short of that for Walsh, the Democratic candidate. Apart from this one bit of encouragement, the Progressive vote of Tuesday confirms the conclusion, to which enrolment figures and scattering elections have been so distinctly pointing ever since the Presidential election, that the hold of the new party on its following is steadily declining. And the exhibition of strength which the Democratic party has given is bound, in the nature of things, to accelerate this process. These State elections are demonstrating, beyond reasonable doubt, what the Presidential election showed plainly enough—that in a three-cornered fight the Democratic party is sure to be overwhelmingly victorious unless one of its two opponents is reduced to insignificant proportions. And of the two it is certainly not the Republican party that will efface itself. From now on, the gravitation of the Progressives towards their old Republican attachments is likely to be more pronounced than ever.

The blow which the voters of New York laid upon the skull of Tammany this Tuesday is the most smashing which was ever dealt the Hall. Crashing majorities overwhelmed it from every side. It could not even elect a Sheriff in the County of New York! No such splendid opportunity had ever before come to the outraged people, and they seized it eagerly and with joy. The election returns yield evidence of what was suspected in advance, that thousands of even nominal Tammany adherents jumped at the chance to repudiate and destroy the stupid and sordid leadership of Murphy. Upon that Boss at Baltimore last June hisses and execrations were poured from all parts of the Democratic National Convention. Yet he then met them all with a face of brass, secure, as he thought, in his control of the city of New York, and of the State Legislature. But now all this power has been dashed from his hand, his own familiar friends have lifted up their heel against him, and even among his Tammany intimates he can expect only averted looks and reproaches.

At the Southern Commercial Congress at Mobile, now ended, there was an almost unprecedented display of the interest of Americans in South America and South American trade. Besides President Wilson and other officials, the delegates heard representatives of Brazil, Argentina, and the Central American and Pacific States. Señor Pezet, of Peru, invited them to send their "men into Pan-America to ascertain what is needed there." A recent Government report shows our exports to all Latin-America for the last fiscal year to be approximately $335,000,000, against $123,000,000 in 1903, a gain of 183 per cent. During the same period exports to the rest of the world increased only 64 per cent. But the figures are deceptive as to Yankee enterprise, for they prove simply how the consuming power of the republics south of us has increased, and disclose nothing as to the *share* the United States has supplied. Indeed, this share, as the Bureau of Commerce has just ascertained, was in 1911 no larger than in 1901.

On Saturday, November 1, the process of "collecting at the source," a cardinal feature of the income-tax law, went into active operation. Although it is also a salient feature of the law that the tax will hit only some four hundred thousand individuals, those who counted on the popularity of the bill with all the rest of the hundred million people of the country, on the ground that it does not trouble them at all, will find their expectations in a considerable degree disappointed. The vexations attending the process of exemption will affect, in one way and another, millions of persons. This may have been quite unavoidable if the double purpose of collection at the source and of a high exemption from the tax was to be fulfilled; but, avoidable or not, it will be found a great nuisance, and, until the people get accustomed to it, will provoke an enormous amount of irritation. Americans

spend money cheerfully, but they dislike extremely to be compelled to take a lot of petty trouble to comply with official forms, and especially when that compliance involves the making of declarations about their personal affairs.

Some of the faulty provisions of the section were amended in the House; but the general imperfection of its workmanship was left uncured. It was widely expected that the form of the section would be thoroughly recast in the Senate; but nothing of this kind was done. The result is that, after the lapse of months during which the Treasury officials have had the opportunity of anticipating and straightening out every probable difficulty, their efforts have fallen so far short that the law goes into effect with the financial world at sea over its requirements. The experience is not without its lesson in regard to the banking bill. Imperfections in that measure may be lightly brushed aside by Congress or the President, but that will not prevent the working out of their natural consequences if retained in the law. And while the imperfections in the form of the income-tax bill entail, after all, nothing more than a certain amount of worry and inconvenience, the defects that have been pointed out in the banking bill are capable of producing evil results of a most substantial and lasting nature.

The Secretary of the Navy's endorsement of Winston Churchill's propos for an international sabbatical year in the matter of battleship building has in turn been endorsed by Congressmen with a unanimity which may have come as a surprise even to Secretary Daniels. We do not recall when Speaker Clark has said anything to better purpose than his forcible arraignment of the craze for naval construction. Between Mr. Clark and Mr. Mann, who pointed out that large navies are partly to be explained by a desire for contractors' profits, there was left little to be said. If steps towards a formal agreement among the nations for a temporary suspension of naval armament increase are to be taken by any Government, the initiative should come from ourselves. Emanating from Washington, the proposal is not likely to arouse the jealous fears and suspicions which make up the International state of mind in Europe. But one caution is necessary: in suggesting a naval holiday to the nations, this Government must not in any way imply that in its own case there are certain extenuating circumstances which unfortunately, etc. It is this readiness to legislate for others that makes the peace proposals of certain statesmen ridiculous.

Mr. Bryan, replying to criticisms by the anti-saloon people in Maryland, who object to his stumping the State for Blair Lee, Democratic candidate for the United States Senate and a leading opponent of the State-wide Local Option bill, declares that local option is a State issue, and that therefore his present course is not inconsistent with his Nebraska record. The point is not only well taken, but should serve as a reminder of one of the principal benefits of the system of direct election of United States Senators. Under the old method, it would have been impossible for voters to act upon the United States Senatorship on its merits, either personal or political. In such a situation as the present one in Maryland, where the liquor question is a burning issue, they could not elect a State Legislature, on the basis of their views of this issue, and at the same time make effective their desires as to the United States Senate, on the basis of their views upon national issues. Under the direct-election plan, the matter presents no difficulty. The people can vote for State legislators on State issues and for United States Senators on national issues. In the end something of the same kind of benefit will result for our State governments as is coming to our cities through the growing separation of municipal questions from national and State politics.

That a serious movement is on foot at Washington to put a stop to the gross abuse of the franking privilege is pleasing information. The privilege of a free use of the mails within reasonable limits is to be continued to members of Congress under the plan proposed, but instead of an unlimited power of franking they will be entitled to a specified quantity of special stamps, after the exhaustion of which they will have to pay postage on any additional documents or letters they may wish to send through the mails. Along with this scheme of reform and economy, the Democratic leaders are working out a plan for the prevention of the great waste that goes on in the printing of needlessly large editions of public documents. While in this virtuous mood, the gentlemen who are pushing these reforms might well include a third in the field of their efforts. The leave-to-print abuse, which so mars the *Congressional Record*, has just been illustrated in an extreme form. A Missouri Representative, having got the customary "unanimous consent" for leave "to extend his remarks," procured the insertion in the *Congressional Record* of a eulogy delivered by ex-Secretary Nagel upon the late Adolphus Busch, the St. Louis brewer.

The opportunity for an excellent test of one of the principal formularies in the Progressive creed is afforded by the Government's suit for the dissolution of the Harvester Trust. In Attorney-General McReynolds's brief, George W. Perkins is named as the father of the Harvester Trust. When the suit comes to trial and Mr. Perkins appears in court, will his line of defence be that the International Harvester Company is not a Trust, that it does not represent monopoly, and that it has, in fact, encouraged competition—this being the latest ingenious argument in behalf of industrial combinations; or will Mr. Perkins exhibit the courage of his convictions and fight the Government's suit on the theory that the age of competition is dead and that coöperation has come to stay? This is the inconsistency observable in the usual procedure of Big Business in the face of Government prosecution. Out of court the Trust advocates never tire of inveighing against the outworn, mediæval theory of competition in contrast with the new and "inevitable" law of combination. In court, they usually argue that there is no such thing as monopoly, and that equality of opportunity in business flourishes under the stimulus of scientific coöperation; coöperation being that principle of business by which George W. Perkins, instead of competing with his rivals, works harmoniously with himself.

Wisconsin has issued its first life insurance policy, and hence has actually begun the experiment of State life insurance in this country. The law providing for it was passed in 1911. It issues seven different kinds of policies,

but at present they are limited to a maximum of $1,000. When two thousand policies have been issued, the amount will be raised to $2,000; and when three thousand have been issued, it will be increased to $3,000, which is the limit under the law as it stands. Premiums may be paid monthly, and profits are eventually to be returned to policyholders. Care has been taken to keep down the cost of operating the system. No paid agents are employed, but applications will be received by city, town, and county clerks and treasurers, officials in banks that receive State deposits, and State factory inspectors. No new offices have been created in connection with the plan. State insurance is not a new thing for Wisconsin, as it began to insure its public buildings, including those of the University, in 1903. The burning of the Capitol in 1905 left a deficit in the insurance fund of $190,000, but the State stuck to the system, and the accumulations in the fund since then have wiped out the deficit.

There is so much debate about mothers' pensions that the first definite report on the Oregon law will be of interest. Four months' operation has produced certain unexpected results. The first is the encouragement to fraud, 50 per cent. of the applications having been refused. "In many cases," according to the local investigators, "perjury has been committed, and false affidavits as to financial status made." On the other hand, deserving widows have shrunk from the publicity of asking State aid. "In the mass of inquiries confronting the pension officers it has been felt that there may be many needy and proud mothers whose wants are not even known." But a graver fault is attendant upon the stoppage of the old local aid within struggling families. Says the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer:*

> The law has filled the children's homes very nearly to capacity through the giving up to institutional charge of the children of unsuccessful applicants. Prior to the taking effect of the law, mothers made every effort to hold the children of the family together. When it was discovered that absolute penury is a condition precedent to the granting of a pension, families began to break up.

If not characteristic faults, these may at least be said to be fundamental difficulties in a scheme the objects of which all applaud. The scope of the Oregon law may be gathered from the fact that in the average county are 60 pensioners, costing $1,200 monthly, and that the State outlay for the year is estimated at $300,000.

Christabel Pankhurst is a resident of Paris, but in spirit and tone she is a citizen of New York. Can anything be more typically native than Miss Pankhurst's explanation of the criticism that has been stirred in this city by the nature of some of the articles in the *Suffragette?* It is all very simple, according to Miss Pankhurst:

> In New York, vice is organized, blatant, and powerful. There vice is a huge business. The people concerned in it believe the articles in the *Suffragette* are bad for the trade. These interests are now alarmed, and from the tone of some of the articles appearing, I believe a portion of the press is subsidized.

What is Christabel doing in Paris? Her place is in New York, where every protest against the exploitation of filth in the theatre obviously emanates from some one interested in the maintenance of white slavery; where every person who has his doubts about sex-hygiene in the public schools is directly interested in the perpetuation of the social evil; where every exception taken to the wild statistics of the would-be world-reformers is obviously dictated by personal interest in the maintenance of child labor, infant mortality, and tuberculosis in the tenements; where every one in general who disagrees with you is either vicious or subsidized. The slogan of the up-to-date crusader is no longer, "Whoever is not for me is against me," but, "Whoever is not for me is in the pay of the Tenderloin."

The bill to end the regency in Bavaria, and to permit the present Regent to proclaim himself King, has passed the lower house of the Bavarian Parliament by a vote of 122 to 27, two Democrats joining the twenty-five Socialists in the opposition. As the upper house has already sanctioned the measure, the termination of the reign of the crazy King Otto is at hand. That has lasted since June 13, 1886, when the tragic end of King Ludwig took place in the lake of Starnberg. The old Prince Regent, whose death occurred last year, was bitterly opposed to taking the royal title; not only thrice, but many more times, did he refuse the crown. The present Prince Regent has from the first been ready to have the title bestowed upon him, and as he is now nearly sixty-nine years of age, he was indisposed to have any delay interposed. While Bavaria can hardly be said to have suffered by the regency, it has involved much circumlocution and unnecessary expense. Curiously enough, the Regent for whom this Constitutional change is so cheerfully made is by no means as popular as his father, who would not accept the honor.

"Shortage of food and fuel," "general strike," "privations for the poorer classes"—these phrases occur in a dispatch, not from Pennsylvania or Massachusetts, nor yet from England or Belgium, but from New Zealand. A bitter struggle is going on there between the employers and the Federation of Labor. The Compulsory Arbitration and Conciliation Act was passed eleven years ago, and has doubtless been very effective in the prevention of strikes and lockouts; but it appears that the designation of New Zealand as a "land without strikes" was somewhat premature. As for the "poorer classes," who have been brought so quickly face to face with serious privations, we were almost led, not many years ago, to conclude that nothing answering to that description continued to exist in New Zealand after the labor party got control of affairs. New Zealand, like some of our Pacific Coast States, is indeed, as it has been called, a political experiment station, and the experiences of these communities will yield valuable instruction. But even in a laboratory of physical science it is usually necessary to experiment for a long time, to make all sorts of tests for verification and the elimination of chance factors, before one can arrive at a trustworthy conclusion. To clamor for the adoption of the single tax, or the initiative and referendum, here in New York, because of results alleged to have been shown by a few years' experience in Saskatchewan or New Zealand, is childish. A far more extensive experience would be needed to give force to such an argument, even if there were no other defect in it; but there is besides the question to what extent the facts alleged as to these distant places may be due to the advantages they possess in the shape of great undeveloped areas open to exploitation by a small population.

SANITY AND WORLD-BETTERMENT.

"The American mothers are unable to nurse their children for the necessary nine months. This is the cause of all the infant mortality we hear so much about." We find this in the report, in a Chicago newspaper, of the first of a series of lectures on sex hygiene which are given, for the benefit of fathers and mothers, in the public school buildings of that city. There are a number of sober and sensible things in the lecture. There are a number of other things which, like the part we have quoted, exhibit that taint of rash irresponsibility which mars a good deal of the very recent agitation for world-betterment. When the lecturer spoke of "the infant mortality we hear so much about," the mothers who hung upon her words could put but one significance upon what she was saying—that infant mortality is on the increase, and that this increase is due to our modern conditions. But what we actually "hear so much about" in the writings of health authorities on infant mortality is that the infantile death-rate ought to be cut down far below what it is, not because it is higher than it used to be, but for precisely the opposite reason. It is because infant mortality has been so decidedly reduced by modern effort that hygienists are able to insist on the practical duty of reducing it still more.

A certain amount of exaggeration, and especially of exaggerated emphasis, is to be expected in all reform movements. But the thing that we have in mind, which is encountered on all sides these days, and of which the assertion we have cited is a small but convenient example, involves something more than exaggeration. The state of mind behind it is something very different from the justifiable over-enthusiasm of the reformer. It amounts to little less than sheer irresponsibility, and it not infrequently betrays a want of fundamental soundness which, for lack of a better term, must be classed as a moral rather than an intellectual defect. It is a state of mind of which Felix Adler, in a recent address, discussed a number of significant illustrations. "Those," he said, "who seek, and we admit earnestly and sincerely seek, to promote the moral improvement of mankind are often themselves unwittingly sowing the seeds of moral evil." His instances were drawn from many sides—ranging from the moral confusion that has been shown in the case of Sulzer to that exhibited by a prominent social worker who, in connection with the minimum-wage agitation, declared that she regarded it an open question whether a girl was not justified in choosing a life of shame rather than struggle to get along with inadequate wages. He found an illustration of essentially the same false vision in the attitude of those who, having awakened to the fact that the country has suffered from fetich-worship of the Constitution, are ready to plunge into the opposite extreme, to deify the mother-wit of the masses and scorn the teachings of experience. And, in another way, the crude proposals of popular eugenics were held up as illustrating forgetfulness of the deepest and most precious elements of human life.

To the voice of sober criticism we are quite aware that the exponents of easy-going world-betterment have a ready answer. To find fault with them, to expose either the dangers of their proposals or the looseness of their assertions or the audacity of their arguments, is to write one's self down a reactionary. It is no doubt true that opposition to proposals of social-betterment often does rest on mere narrowness or obstinacy. But to put that brand on all conservative judgment, all careful thinking, is to exhibit once again the very quality of which we have been speaking. A man may be a sincere advocate of and worker for progress, yet be thoroughly impressed with the knowledge that the world was not made yesterday. When confronted with the proposal that the regulation of child labor should be made the business of the national Government, on the ground that conditions are getting desperate, it is not standpatism, but simply truth and soberness, to point out that, so far from conditions being desperate, remarkably rapid progress has been made in the matter without national interposition. When told that without the initiative and referendum nothing can be accomplished for the people against the wicked moneyed interests, it is merely sanity, not obstructionism, to point to things like the growth of effective control of public-service corporations in the principal States and in the nation, the smooth and rapid course of the comprehensive and radical factory legislation enacted in New York, the progress of the workmen's-compensation movement, the adoption of the income-tax amendment to the United States Constitution.

There is no institution of mankind, whether social or political, which cannot be shown to fall sadly short of ideal perfection in practice. It is easy to prove that marriage is a failure, that parental authority is a curse, that punishment of criminals causes crime, that respect for the law breeds injustice, that education stifles originality, that private property and the competitive system cause want and misery. All you have to do is to fix your mind on the cases in which these things are true, and refuse to balance them against those of the opposite kind, or to consider what evils are threatened by the alternatives. And to this must be added the more special, but still extremely important, confusion of thought to which irresponsible reformers are so generally addicted—the substitution of the assertion that an evil is growing worse for the mere assertion that the evil exists. Whether infant mortality is increasing or diminishing, whether conditions in our city tenements are worse or better than they were forty years ago, may be all one to the muckraker or the sentimental agitator; but to the sane thinker it makes all the difference between a case and no case for the advocates of rash or revolutionary remedies.

DETECTING THE DETECTAPHONE.

The use—and abuse—of the dectectaphone in the New York campaign has been such as to raise many queries. One of them relates to the morality of the whole procedure, as employed in politics, and in the case of men not suspected of being criminals. The historically-minded may well ask if we are not seeing the revival, in a modern democracy, of a method made abhorrent by ancient tyranny and oppression. Is not the detectaphone in an Executive office an artifice worthy of a Dionysius? Does it not remind one of an eavesdropping Grand Inquisitor? Yet what we all set down as an act of suspicion and cruelty in one age, some of us are ready to acclaim as one of the finest instruments ever invented for eliciting the truth.

But does it elicit the truth? This is a point more important than the other. In a mechanical age, it is easy to in-

duce people to believe that a piece of machinery is the best aid we have in sifting the true from the false. Wires and membranes cannot lie. Automatic records are more trustworthy than human testimony. Mechanism is surer than mind. But all such glib and comfortable assurances, easy as it is for the unthinking to swallow them whole, need to be examined. It is necessary to know, first of all, something about the mechanic as well as the mechanism. Proof by photography used to be thought infallible. But photographs can be faked. Dr. Cook had a photograph of the North Pole and also of the summit of Mt. McKinley, neither of which he ever saw. And it would appear that the detectaphone can be "doctored"—or, at least, directed. If left to work with mechanical accuracy, it yet cannot guard, more successfully than the telephone, against impersonations. We had last week the alleged record by detectaphone of a conversation between Sulzer and Delaney. The latter at once affirmed that it was forged; that if any conversation of the sort ever occurred, it must have been taken part in by somebody pretending to be Delaney; and then he added one convincing point. The record as given made Sulzer ask only a few brief questions. At the actual interview between them, Delaney affirmed, Sulzer talked an hour. This is a fine touch of verisimilitude. Sulzer was always talking an hour. If the detectaphone did not show this, then it was a lying spirit.

What we would urge is merely the folly of abdicating human reason in the presence of a machine. There is no mechanical road to the truth and nothing but the truth. In judging any kind of evidence, whether it comes from the lips of men or from films and registers, we simply have got to stick to what we know of probability and what we know of human nature. Some things are flatly incredible, even if a machine ticks them off to us. A sagacious mind will insist that a machine can get out of order, or be bedevilled, easier than the great maxims of human conduct can all be shattered. It is not a question of refusing to believe one's eyes or ears; it is simply the rational attitude of maintaining that when the eye or ear seems to report a huge improbability, it is necessary to scrutinize closely the apparatus—or its operator—by means of which we get the impression. Even in a detectaphone, things may not be what they seem!

Take the matter of some of the conversations which Sulzer alleges to have passed between himself and Judge McCall. The hint is given that, if their accuracy were challenged, a confirmation by detectaphone might be forthcoming. But a thousand detectaphones could not make a man in his senses believe that McCall ever used to Sulzer the language which the latter pretends to repeat. "Never mind the taxpayers," McCall is said to have urged the Governor. "If you will stop Hennessy and quit investigating graft, everything will be all right." There was much more of the sort. But Judge McCall was quite right in saying that it was needless for him to deny that he had ever uttered such words. It is not a question of character or of motive. Men simply do not talk in that way. If a machine says they do, then the machine lies. If that be libel, let the machine make the most of it—and sue!

Human credulity is, we know, almost boundless, but that is only a reason for resisting every attempt to impose upon it. And against these mechanical attempts we ought especially to be on our guard, since they are so insidious in an age which almost deifies machinery. There is no way of substituting anything for the human intellect as the final judge of what is true. All the aids and devices that can be invented are to be welcomed, but what they are able to furnish is, after all, only so much more evidence. And that evidence, with all the rest, has to be weighed and sifted by the mind.

AN OLD BUT DISAPPEARING TYPE.

There was buried on Sunday a man of great riches and great folly, dead at thirty-seven. His end was undoubtedly hastened by excesses, though these were not all of the vulgar, roistering kind. It was a case, rather, of temperamental debauchery, an entirely perverse and mistaken attitude towards life. His coming into control of millions of money went to his head. He could think of nothing but speed and glitter and splurge. For him travel must mean special trains breaking the record. The thing to do was to toss the waiter a $1,000 bill and tell him to keep the change. Son of a Stock Exchange "plunger," his sole idea seemed to be to make of life one prolonged plunge. Plenty of lights and a continual parade were closely bound up with his notion of human happiness. He ostentatiously took for his motto: "A short life but a merry one."

It was certainly short, but was it merry? Putting the matter merely on the ground of the "fun" to be got out of life, did not this man make a sad mess of his opportunities? Reckless prodigality and riotous living are often preached against and condemned as sinful, and so they are. But mere reproach on moral or religious grounds, or reminders of the fearful looking for of judgment which at times must haunt the sinner, cannot strike home as does the very spectacle of a mad career defeating itself and carrying its own punishment along with it day by day. With many, we think, a more powerful appeal could be made on the score of stupidity and futility than on that of wickedness alone. The argument underlies President Eliot's address on "The Durable Satisfactions of Life." Satisfactions may be sought, and pleasures, but they ought to be of the sort that go on mounting from year to year, and do not burn out miserably to the socket. What punishment of habitual sins could be more severe than the satiety which dogs them? A giddy youth cannot get flown with wine more than so many times; he cannot very long find exhilaration in lighting cigarettes with $100 bills; his most wild and foolish inventions in the way of indulgence and revelry soon pall upon him. An immense weariness inevitably descends upon him, and the moments recur oftener when he turns with something like loathing from the devices to which he has resorted in order to make his jaded sensibilities vibrate, with the mournful confession, "I have no pleasure in them." And often, as in the instance referred to, just as the period has been reached when plans should be maturing and the outlook for durable satisfactions broadened, the furies come and slit the thin-spun thread of life.

The rake is an old type. If we have the poor always with us, so we seem to have the gilded fool. But there is some comfort in the thought that the type is, on the whole, disappearing. Especially in this country has the placing of large wealth in the hands of a young man ceased to mean the almost inevitable

moral degeneration which was once thought of as the general rule. It is not so much an access of virtue which is responsible for the change, as an access of good sense, with improved social standards and new convictions of public duty. It is no longer "good form" to be a harum-scarum debauchee. Instead of being thought amusing, he is regarded as disgusting. And there is a gain in the very fact of being more accustomed to large fortunes. Our society is steadier about them now. They do not so frequently intoxicate youth coming into their possession. It would be possible to name a considerable number of young men, with a great deal of money at their disposal, who are among the most sober-minded of citizens, and who give their time and money to civic duties. If the old type of *jeunesse dorée* still lingers, with its warnings, the new type of steady-going and useful young millionaire is all the time becoming more abundant.

Fashion, even in morals, is a great thing to have on the right side; and in the matter of which we are speaking there can be no doubt that the fashion is better than it used to be. What we have still to contend against is a kind of surviving tradition in favor of the flamboyant young "spender." He is pictured as somehow far more genial than his opposite. Clive Newcome is pitted against Barnes. But we are coming to see the fallacy of all this. To be a "good fellow" does not necessarily imply that a rich young man must necessarily be a great fool. There can be as much real joy of life in the long and interested pursuit of some object worthy of human intelligence as in devotion to things that perish with the using. And the world is happily awaking to the need, in the face of all the discontent and political peril which the sight of misemployed wealth provokes, of insisting that *richesse*, too, *oblige*.

SOME SHIPPING PROBLEMS.

The passage by the Senate last Friday of Senator La Follette's bill for promoting safety at sea, and for improving the conditions of service of American sailors, abolishing arrest and imprisonment as a penalty for desertion, has been heralded as a long step towards making the ocean more attractive for young Americans. If the bill becomes a law, every one must hope that it will achieve the ends sought. There are those, however, who insist, from the shipowner's point of view, that the bill will hinder the long-deferred revival of our shipping. Mr. Robert Dollar, of San Francisco, to whose articles on the ocean-carrying problem we have already referred, declares that Senator La Follette's measure is "the most vicious and bad bill that has ever been aimed at our shipping." Whatever allowances must be made for such words, because of Mr. Dollar's personal interest as an owner, the fact remains that the readjustments called for by the bill, whether justified or not, will further handicap American ships in their competition with foreign vessels, by increasing the cost of operation.

Mr. Dollar's opinions are unusually weighty, for several reasons. He is sailing his steamers under the English and American flags, side by side, in the same trade, and is, therefore, able to give exact figures as to comparative costs. He is avowedly eager to have the service conditions of seamen improved, and he is absolutely opposed to subsidies from the Treasury of the nation. As to the latter, he expresses his views in the following vigorous language:

> To our Congressmen I cannot help repeating what I have said on many occasions. The shipowners want none of your subsidies or assistance of any kind or description. We have given up going to you as beggars, with our hats in our hands, and now tell you to give us no advantage of any kind whatever, but we demand that you put us on exactly the same footing as other nations put their shipowners; namely, permit us to buy our ships where we can get them cheapest, and to operate them under the same conditions as our foreign competitors are doing, and give us no better terms than they enjoy of any kind or description. The American shipowners will do the rest and give our country an American merchant marine worthy of the name.

Care in framing any legislation is further dictated by the fact that two of the three recent happenings of serious import to our merchant marine have resulted only in discouragement. Thus, when Congress made it possible to purchase ships abroad and obtain an American registry for them, it was believed that much of the 2,000,000 tonnage under foreign flags now owned by Americans would promptly hoist the Stars and Stripes. Not a single vessel has, however, availed itself of this legislation—the remedy upon which President Cleveland laid such stress in the eighties. Again, the Panama Canal is on the verge of completion, yet, despite the glowing prophecies of high officialdom, our shipyards are not teeming with orders for new vessels to use it. While there has been some talk of new lines, it has chiefly related to foreign vessels, and little or nothing has been done on this side of the ocean. Where is that wonderful trade to come from of which Mr. Wilson spoke on Monday of last week? Mr. Dollar declares that there is not one vessel in the great lumber-carrying trade of the Northwest which is large enough to make a profitable voyage with lumber from San Francisco to New York by way of the Canal. The length of the voyage necessitates big ships. There are only six American passenger steamers running to the Orient from our Pacific Coast, and, under the law, as they are owned by railways, they cannot use the Canal.

Obviously, if that new waterway is to have any great effect in building up our merchant marine, it must needs be a matter of slow growth. It cannot overcome the handicaps which Mr. Dollar holds responsible for the prostration of our shipping. He is equally skeptical as to the effect of the 5 per cent. rebate to American ships in the Underwood tariff. This he declares "is a joke and makes shipowners smile"; for it will only "in the slightest degree equalize the excessive cost of building and operating American ships as compared with foreign ships." The two millions of gross tons of American-owned foreign ships go profitably under foreign flags. The question, then, is how can they be assured the same profit under our flag? Is this possible, with due regard for humanitarian conditions and safety at sea? The question deserves most careful study and calls for a revision of our laws, not in piecemeal style, but as a whole. Mr. Dollar itemizes several governmental handicaps which the Secretary of Commerce ought to be able to mitigate or do away with altogether. Mr. Steven B. Ayres, lately Congressman from New York, thinks we should have a Commerce Commission to prevent rebating, and to exclude from our ports foreign ships guilty of this or of being part of any combination in restraint of trade. This seems to offer but faint hope of filling our shipyards and our harbors with American craft. It emphasizes again, however, the necessity of a prompt and

far-reaching inquiry into all phases of this difficult but vital problem.

CARD-CATALOGUING THE STAGE.

Theatrical managers have often on their lips the phrase, What the public wants. The layman has not always been convinced that they knew quite what is implied by it. He, poor man, in surveying any theatrical season, has seen little more than an unclassifiable variety of plays. Besides raw, so-called red-blooded, red-lighted pieces, he has observed spectacular phantasies, roaring farces, certain excellent subdued comedies, sometimes with settings as remote as the eighteenth century, with an occasional Shakespeare. He wonders whether popular tastes are sufficiently homogeneous to be embodied in the term "public," and concludes merely that a good play will nearly always go and that a certain number of poor plays contrive to have their runs. He is still sanguine to the extent of believing that the best in human nature can be stirred by the stage, but that, left to itself, the human-natured public will not always select the best.

But it now appears that the layman has been all wrong. While he has been groping, the theatrical manager has been employing such a scientific device as the card catalogue. Mr. George Cohan in the current *McClure's* has divided emotions felt by an audience into three large classes: tears, laughs, and thrills; and enumerates well-known managerial tricks to produce each. Some of the leading "tear-getters," to use his matter-of-fact phrase, are the following: "A child in a nightie saying his 'Now I lay me' "; "a little child dying on the stage"; "any love-scene played in the moonlight"; "an errant woman at bay and crying out, 'I am not a bad woman' "; "a lost child returned to its mother"; "a character laboring under great sorrow with a smile on his face." Nearly all these details are documented by reference to recent successful plays.

The "laughs" are too well known to need citing; most of them are varieties of slap-stick humor. The writer reckons, for instance, that "Mr. Field's favorite trick of poking his forefinger periodically in Mr. Weber's eye is worth a large fortune." But the layman will be surprised to learn of some of the ingenuous ways by which "thrills" are produced. Sometimes a pistol which has no part in the action is kept in sight to help along a dull scene, or the stage is darkened without logical reason, simply to create an effect of ominousness. In such a scene it is well to have a man carrying a lantern, because a human being's shadow on the wall never fails to thrill. Oddly enough, the indication of mere lapse of time has an exciting effect; that is the reason for the frequent use of a loud-ticking clock.

Other theatrical managers have attempted to explain the art of present-day drama, but we recall no such candid exposé as this. We suspect, however, that there is much more which has not been told, and that plans are making to consult the public even further. It is well enough to know what will make people laugh or weep, but what of the persons who hate above all things to shed a tear in public? What of others who laugh and then are ashamed to think of what has caused their merriment? "One character steps on the sore foot of another character, causing the latter to jump with pain"—what decorous lady cares to be caught in the act of shouting for glee over that? In some way the card catalogue must consult the public on these matters. Since moving audiences is a cold-blooded "proposition," nothing which will serve their convenience is too calculating. A hint might be taken from certain periodicals which in a preface explain to a reader how he should feel towards the story which follows. At least there could be an indication in advance precisely when the tears, laughs, and thrills were to be expected, that the audience might be properly braced for them; the stated times in conjunction with the ticking clock would, besides, be most effective.

The persons who will profit most by Mr. Cohan's revelations are, of course, the budding playwrights. To them these will be what the rhyming dictionary is to the aspiring poet, and much more. Let them remember that Shakespeare himself was economical, and was glad to borrow good old standbys. Knowing that a ghost was a "thriller," he promptly put one in "Hamlet"; only, the ghost, unlike the "pistol," really has something to do with the play. But our looser requirements make it much easier for the writer. Dramatic conscience is all right so long as the public desires it, yet what purpose will it serve if, just when the central character is developing into the quiet resignation which the theme demands, the audience is waiting anxiously for the smash of a flying water pitcher?

Mr. Cohan has at least furnished the explanation of a modern trait of the drama. It requires no more than a quarter-century of retrospect to see that the great run of plays to-day are a jumble of incoherent incidents. Even the lighter plays and musical comedies once had a definite fabric. "The Old Homestead," "Pinafore," "Robin Hood" reveal a conscience, with adherence to a central theme. The tripod and cauldron figure in "Robin Hood" because men must eat, not because at that point the public thought that a fire on the stage would look pretty. It is just possible that human nature has not changed much since those days, and that an audience would still be quite content to have even comic plays hold together. In that case the manager's card catalogue is an index simply of the things which have recently had some success on the stage, not of what might be successful. No embryonic Gilbert now living need despair.

STAMP-COLLECTING.

The grand prize trophy awarded at the International Philatelic Exhibition last Thursday evening was a bronze figure of Diana. Doubtless the goddess would be as astonished as pleased at this latest tribute to her, and yet what could be a more fitting symbol of the successful stamp-collector than an image of the patroness of hunting? Nor need even a resident of Olympus feel any humiliation in this association. Stamp-collecting is only a hobby, it is true, but how many other hobbies are honored with learned disquisitions in the encyclopædias? This is all the more notable when the youthfulness of the pursuit is considered. There is no ancient smell about stamp-collecting. Collectors of rare books may boast that their hobby goes back at least as far as the time of Henry VIII, but stamps are not only a modern, but a late invention. The first British penny and two-penny stamps were not issued until 1840. Here, however, the superior keenness of the stamp-collector's genius showed itself. Books, even printed books, were half a century old before any one bethought

himself of the delight of preserving the choicest of them for any purpose beyond that of merely reading them, and the idea might not have occurred to anybody then if a monarch had not strongly aided in its inception by wrecking the monasteries where they were chiefly to be found. But stamp-collecting began almost as soon as there were stamps to collect.

No less than three great British institutions lent their aid in the inauguration of this very modern hobby. It was an official of the British Museum who won the distinction of being actually the first to collect the new objects; the *Times* opened its columns as early as 1841 for an advertisement asking for gifts of cancelled stamps for a young lady; and the following year the new hobby was ridiculed in *Punch*. Under such auspices, the speedy establishment of the new interest as one of the most serious occupations in which man can engage was certain. Only twenty years after the gifts of cancelled stamps were sought for the young Englishwoman, Strasburg, then a French city, published a catalogue of stamps issued up to that time. Forty years more, and the overburdened collectors were considering the formation of a universal union in order "to discourage unnecessary or speculative issues." For by this time, the pursuit had gone such lengths that specialization had to be resorted to. As a scholar nowadays may limit himself to the genitive case in Anglo-Saxon literature, and his pupils confine themselves to the subjective genitive in the Anglo-Saxon "Chronicle," so most stamp-collectors were soon compelled to restrict their efforts to the issues of one country, or to some related but narrower interest, such as postcards or newspaper-wrappers.

Yet, no matter how small the field which the stamp-collector finally admits to himself is all that he can attempt, this element of completeness constitutes its glory over that of any other hobby to which his friends may be devoting their energy. For what is a stamp but a stamp? If it happens to be a work of art, or the opposite, or to be of an odd shape, this circumstance may add to its appeal to the eye, but that is all. Its place in the precious album is fixed, not by intrinsic value or artistic merit, but solely by the fact that its absence would leave a vacant space in the series to which it belongs. To some extent, this consideration applies to other collecting hobbies, but with two important qualifications. One is that indicated by the words, "to some extent." The other is of a more profound character. Whoever collects books, however ignorant or indifferent he may be regarding their contents, is reminded now and then that they once served, and quite possibly still serve, a higher purpose than that for which he desires them.

From such extraneous interests the stamp-collector is free. As he gazes with awe upon the one known copy of the one-cent stamp of the 1856 issue of British Guiana, his soul thrills with joy. He may be utterly oblivious to the shape, size, color, or decoration of the bit of paper before him. Its mere presence satisfies him. His album will never hold the priceless issue, but it is here, and that is enough. The heedless world has not lost it. Is there any other pursuit in life which is so absolutely detached from considerations of intrinsic worth? Collectors of gavels and canes and inkstands may protest that their affection is as pure, but their claims will not bear the slightest investigation. These objects were made to endure, and, though they have been raised beyond their expectations to the class of collected things, they are capable of use yet, if occasion require. But a stamp, which to-day is and to-morrow is cast into the cancelling machine, what hold has it upon immortality except just this, that it has lived?

MISCELLANEOUS GERMAN BOOKS.

Among the German writers whose fiftieth birthday gave rise to appreciative articles "Otto Ernst" is not a stranger to America, where his "Flachsmann als Erzieher" has been played and his autobiographical novel, "Asmus Sempers Jugendland," has had not a few readers. Ottomar Enking, in a sympathetic study, "Otto Ernst und sein Schaffen" (Leipzig: L. Staackmann), reviews the author's development (in life he is Ernst Schmidt) as suggested in that novel, and comments on the stately number of books of verse, drama, and fiction that bear his name. He does not belong to the vanguard of revolutionary Young Germany. During that storm-and-stress period he was absorbed in teaching and proselyting for a broader conception of the German "Volksschulideal." He wrote and lectured in favor of an æsthetic education, which, though indicated by Schiller, had been completely lost sight of; and he entitled one of his treatises "The Renaissance of Pedagogy." Ernst Schmidt the teacher is the best interpreter of Otto Ernst the writer. For though neither his plays nor his stories have a distinct Tendenz, they all hold a message and have a strong ethical quality.

The latest book by Otto Ernst himself, "Aus meinem Sommergarten" (L. Staackmann), is a remarkable specimen of his wisdom and humor. In these talks with his readers he treats a variety of homely topics: the follies of fashion and the vagaries of social etiquette, the relation between parents and children, the pleasant and unpleasant sides of summer travel, etc. But the most delightful papers in the book are those in which he seems to draw upon his experiences with children. In all these glimpses of child souls and pictures of child life there is a refreshing spontaneity. Ernst's prose is simple; it does not partake of the stylistic extravagances which frequently offend good taste and judgment in the writings of the younger men. Though he has no special creed to promulgate, he offers an abundance of suggestion.

Dr. Max Kemmerich, whose book, "Zur Geschichte der menschlichen Dummheit," attracted a great deal of attention, has published another volume of studies along similar lines, "Prophezeihungen: alter Aberglaube oder neue Wahrheit?" (Munich: Albert Langen). He has earned for himself a unique place in the German book-world, for his knowledge of the history, folklore, and religions of mankind is amazing, and his impartial attitude in the quest for truth is admirable. In a previous work he had collected data showing the range and the power of popular superstitions; in this book he produces abundant proof that there are "superstitions" with a grain of truth that can be verified by science. Among them is the gift of prophecy, not so long ago absolutely denied and now admitted to exist, though the inferences it suggests will not be applied to our reading of life until many more decades have passed. He closes his preface with a plea, not for faith in his statements, but for doubt; for doubt, as he understands it, is not satisfied with criticism of individual facts, nor stops with hypotheses, theories, or dogmas. Excluding all prophecies which through numerous revisions and modifications of their original form have lost their trustworthiness, he passes in review the prophets of antiquity, Hebrew, Greek, and Roman, and analyzes some remarkable examples from the Middle Ages and more recent times. About two hundred pages of the volume are taken up by well-substantiated reports of individual cases of historical importance. Such is the prophecy of an abbot in the convent of

Lehnin concerning the fate of the house of Brandenburg, of another seer who foretold the horrors of the Thirty Years' War, of Christian Hering of Saxony, who predicted the political events in Germany in the latter half of the eighteenth century; of Johann Adam Müller, who warned the King of Prussia of the Napoleonic menace, of Cazotte's vision of the French Revolution, and others. The final chapter deals with the relations of science and prophecy.

The literary life of Austria is so curiously centralized in Vienna that one rarely thinks of writers, publishers, and magazines in other cities of the Hapsburg empire. Yet Budapest has a dozen writers, like the Orientalist Bacher, the polylingual translator Wechsler, the historian and journalist Stern, the essayist Georg von Lukacs, and the clever contributor to *Simplicissimus*, Frau Marie Liebermann, known under the pseudonym "M. Roda Roda"; Graz has Peter Rosegger, Wilhelm Fischer, and Rudolf Hans Bartsch; Prague has August Sauer, Friedrich Adler, and Hugo Salus; Salzburg has Prince Wrede, Dora Hohlfeld, who, although of Wesphalian origin, is of Pan-German significance, and Hermann Bahr. Recently Innsbruck has come in for its share of literary activity as the home of a new magazine and a publishing house, *Der Brenner* and "Brenner-Verlag," which attract independents and secessionists from various standards, yet preserve a wholesome reverence for the masters of the past. Among the books published by the Brenner-Verlag that have aroused attention are two volumes of essays by Carl Dallago, "Philister" and "Otto Weininger und sein Werk," which have been highly commended for their impersonal philosophical spirit. Dallago is one of three authors whose names appear on the title-page of "Studien über Karl Kraus," the others being Ludwig von Ficker and Karl Borromäus Heinrich, one of the editors of *Simplicissimus*. The subject of these studies is a much-disputed figure in the literary world of Vienna, where he has long fought journalistic corruption and other abuses, and a writer highly appreciated as an ethical force in German letters by men whose judgment is not biassed by local prejudices. Dallago calls Kraus an "anti-intellectual," aflame with just wrath against the spirit of trade and barter which is no longer a characteristic of his race, the Jews, but of modern society, regardless of race. He recognizes a boundless human kindness as the fundamental quality of the character of Kraus, but a kindness which, when trodden upon, changes into hardness. He sees evidences of this in the style of Kraus, which could not be as polished as it is, were it not so hard. Dallago gives the outsider a key to the position of Kraus in the literature of Austria and Germany by quoting this passage from one of his writings:

> Wehe der Zeit, in welcher Kunst die Erde nicht unsicher macht und vor dem Abgrund, der den Künstler vom Menschen trennt, dem Künstler schwindlig wird und nicht dem Menschen.

Wilhelm Bölsche, who has traced for us the line of evolution from the bacillus to primeval man, unravelled the mysteries of love-life in nature, and told us the secrets of the star-world in graceful prose, has just published a new book. It derives its title "Stirb und Werde" (Jena: Eugen Diederichs) from Goetho's

> Und so lang Du das nicht hast,
> Dieses Stirb und Werde,
> Bist du nur ein trüber Gast
> Auf der dunklen Erde.

In the initial paper on the colors of the primeval world, he conjures before the reader's eye the survivors of the past or their descendants among the Saurians in the tropics. There are suggestive perspectives into the mimicry of nature, glimpses of the work of Luther Burbank, and reminiscences of the superstitious fossil-lore current among savage tribes and seriously believed by scientists only a century ago. The next paper deals with "moldavite," a puzzling glass-like mineral, which was referred to by Goethe and has since been recognized to be of celestial origin, having come down in a shower of meteors during the tertiary period. A chapter on the riddle of life begins with the experiments of Jacques Loeb and deals largely with the theories of Svante Arrhenius about the wanderings of life germs in the universe. A delightful paper, entitled "Kunckel mein Ahnherr," tells of a maternal ancestor of Bölsche, to whom the Pfaueninsel near Potsdam was given by the Great Elector in expectation of the services which the pseudo-scientist was to render the sovereign. For in this beautiful spot Kunckel conducted those alchemistic experiments which ended in bankruptcy, when the results turned out to be little more than bits of broken glass!

Helene Voigt-Diederichs has for many years been in the foremost rank of the women who are writing German poetry. Now she appears as the author of a slim volume of travel, "Wandertage in England" (Albert Langen), which as appropriate frontispiece contains a reproduction of Whistler's Chelsea Fishermen. It is an unpretentious book of random personal impressions, but it suggests a well-informed and finely receptive mind and a broad conception of life.

An interesting contribution to Goethe literature is "Frau Barbara Schulthess," by Gustav von Schulthess-Rechberg (Zürich: Schulthess & Co.). For in the circle of fair and clever women that entered into the life of Goethe, this Swiss matron deserves a prominent place, since it was in her house that the original manuscript of "Wilhelm Meister" was discovered some years ago, as also the "Gesang der Geister über den Wassern," which Goethe had written in sight of the Staubbach at Lauterbrunnen. Numerous letters from Frau Schulthess have been published in the Goethe Jahrbuch and have directed the attention of Goethe scholars to her remarkable personality. She was a sympathetic friend and faithful patron of Lavater, when he was pastor of St. Peter's Church in Zürich and an eccentric rather difficult in intercourse. Lavater's frequent reference to Frau Schulthess in his letters to Goethe led to a correspondence between her and the latter which soon acquired a degree of friendly intimacy. They met during Goethe's Swiss voyage in 1775 at the house of Lavater, and Goethe paid a high compliment to the judgment and the taste of his new friend by sending her copies of almost everything that he wrote in the following twenty years. Frau Schulthess was the type of Swiss common-sense, but she was intellectually and spiritually of finer fibre than the average Swiss woman of her social standing. A woman who could gather about her such people as Zimmermann, F. L. von Stolberg, Miller, Schlosser, the Duchess of Anhalt-Dessau, the Duke of Weimar, and keep for many years the friendship of Lavater, Kayser, and Goethe, must indeed have had a rare personality.

A. von Ende.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The bibliographical history of Thackeray's ballad of "The Three Sailors," or, as it is now more commonly styled, "Little Billee," is fairly well known, but the last word has not yet been said even on that subject.

Thackeray had attained a considerable reputation both as a *littérateur* and as Michael Angelo Titmarsh, art critic, when returning from Cairo he found himself at Rome something of a lion among the British artists in the Eternal City. He was called upon to preside over a festive gathering at Bertini's. The festive character of the proceedings was somewhat impaired by the general discontent over a recent official appointment to the British Academy at Rome, which was highly unpopular in English circles. After a good many grumpy speeches a fresh turn was given by an artist offering to take the bass part in a glee. This was followed by a call for a song from the chair. Titmarsh had to acknowledge his inability to sing, but offered to produce a recitation if a little time were given him for reflection. The result was the ballad of "The Three Sailors," which he recited or chanted in a deep and doleful voice to the great delight of the company. One of the artists present was Samuel Bevan, who has described the scene in his "Sand and Canvas," published in 1849.

Thackeray was very unwilling that the ballad should appear, but yielded to the insistence of Bevan, who printed it in his book. Its next appearance in print was in 1864 in the *North British Review*, in an article upon Thackeray, and later in the same year Bevan, who had preserved the original manuscript, sent it to the *Autographic Mirror*, where it appeared in facsimile. It is noteworthy that although Thackeray allowed Bevan to publish the verses he did not include them in any edition of his writings which appeared during his lifetime. They were first included in 1869. It is possible that this absence of an authorized edition led to the formation of many versions differing greatly from the original. One of these that was current in Oxford University in the sixties was communicated to me by the late Mr. E. W. B. Nicholson, Bodley's Librarian, and is printed in the "Papers of the Manchester Literary Club" for 1911. Manuscript copies were also in circulation; and one of these lies before me now. It has been doubled for insertion in the pocket to be produced when needed. And further, for its better preservation, it has been put into a limp binding, such as is often used for music. It varies in several particulars from the received text, perhaps the most interesting being the substitution of the name of Nelson as the Admiral who dispenses such even-handed justice in the last verses. This manuscript has at different periods been decorated by humorous drawings, not destitute of Thackerayan flavor. There is a facsimile in the "Editor's Box" (1880) of a drawing by Thackeray in which Little Billee stands between Gorging Jack and Guzzling Jimmee.

We may sum up by saying that there are two versions of "Little Billee" showing slight differences, and both vouched for by the author's manuscript, and also a traditional version which departs very far from the original.

A fresh and curious point remains to be considered. M. Gabriel Boissy contributes to *Les Annales* of May 4, 1913, an interesting article on the popular songs of Provence, in which he gives the words and music of several ballads that are current in the country of Frédéric Mistral. Among the specimens of the "période ancienne" is this ballad of "Notre Dame de la Garde," which, in modernized form, reads as follows:

Y a trois vaisseaux dedans Marseille—Qui sont partis pour Malacca.

Après trois nuits passées sur l'eau,—le pain, le vin vint à manquer.

On tira à la courte paille,—pour savoir qui serait mangé.

Quand eurent tiré la courte paille,—au capitaine elle a échu.

"Ah! monte, monte, brave mousse—dessus l'échelle du grand mât."

Quand fut monté dessus l'échelle,—le mousse se mit à pleurer.

"Ah! monte, monte, brave mousse—dedans la hune du grand mât."

Quand fut monté sur la pommelle,—le mousse mit à pleurer.

"Ah! monte, monte, brave mousse—sur la pommelle du grand mât."

Quand fut entré—dedans la cage,—le mousse se se mit à chanter.

"Ah! que chantes-tu, brave mousse,—que ta chanson me fait pleurer? . . ."

"Je vois Toulon, je vois Marseille—je vois la Seyne et la Ciotat! . . ."

"Nous ferons bâtir une chapelle—dessus la roche de la mer! . . ."

"Tous les ans on y dira messe,—et le mousse la servira"

It is quite clear that we have here a relation of Little Billee, though he has been trained to pious uses. The secular and warlike spirit evident in the British ballad are entirely absent from the French song. Here we have the little middy again the hero of the occasion, although there is no question of eating him. The French captain is prepared for his fate, and only desires so much of a respite as may give him a chance of being saved by proximity to the desired-for land. There are no imputations on the guzzling propensities of any of the sailors, who, indeed, are not even named. Gallic piety is vindicated by a desire to build a chapel in gratitude for rescue from the dangers of the sea. And the little middy instead of serving under a great admiral is to have the distinguished honor of serving a priest in the celebration of the mass.

A fair question for the Thackeray experts to discuss is the precedence to be given to these two youths—the pious French middy or the bold British boy ready to undertake anything, and, no doubt, with self-confidence enough to believe that he can be successful in everything he takes in hand. WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

Correspondence

SCIENTIFIC BELL RINGING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The recent notice by your critic of Walter's "Church Bells of England" contains some statements which fail to do justice to an art cultivated in England for more than two centuries and now practiced there by 30,000 devotees in some 3,000 towers.

It should be appreciated, by musicians at least, that scientific change ringing, designated in your columns as "a most singular sport, quite unknown here," is in reality a distinct branch of music constructed on mathematical formulæ and hence perfect from its inception. This remarkable discovery of producing with certainty on a set of bells all possible permutations, or sequences, of notes served to develop the full capacity and particularly the harmonies of the instruments, and thus awakened at once an interest in bell ringing and casting. The immediate result was that societies, or guilds, were formed for the study of the art, and have since continued to flourish. In England, therefore, as in no other country, there exists an impressive method of giving dignified utterance to occasions of festivity and mourning.

As regards long-continued peal ringing, this is infrequent, and generally restricted to towers detached from dwellings; service ringing at churches is of shorter duration. At St. Paul's Cathedral, for example, the twelve great bells are swung for twenty minutes for morning and afternoon service on Sundays, and a similar custom prevails throughout the island.

So far from being unknown in this country, change ringing has been practiced since colonial days. Thus the silver-toned bells of Christ Church, Boston, imported in 1745 from Rudhall's Gloucester foundry, were rung until the outbreak of the Revolution by a band of which Paul Revere was a member; and years later, in 1825, they played a part in the public reception given to Lafayette. The peals installed in Christ Church, Philadelphia, in 1754, and in Trinity Church, New York, in 1797, were consigned to the care of change ringers. Within the ringing chamber of the Philadelphia steeple, by the way, is preserved a tablet commemorating the achievement of a complete peal of 5,040 changes of Grandsire Triples in the year 1850, conducted by that erudite composer, H. W. Haley; and here to this day the regular religious services are announced by a local band attached to the tower. At Groton School scientific ringing has been systematically taught since the gift to the institution, in 1901, of a set of eight heavy bells; and the exercise is accepted as a substitute for gymnasium work.

To return to Boston, few more proficient associations can be found than the Boston Guild of Change Ringers, qualified by years of constant practice in England to handle bells of all weights, and execute compositions in all standard methods. Though rendering service at present in but three different towers, they have the prospect of adding in the immediate future three belfries to their list. That their music, by appealing to certain temperaments, meets a genuine demand in the community is demonstrated by the frequency of their appointments and the number of admirers attracted to the towers by these aerial orchestras. From the Boston Society of Architects, the American Bankers' Association, and other organizations for which exhibition performances have been given, they have received appreciative testimonials.

Your critic is likewise in error in imagining that swinging bells are more easily manipulated when their gudgeons, or bearings, are lowered by means of a curved yoke from the level of the crown to that of the waist. On the contrary, the effect thus produced is precisely the reverse; and our local founders have been compelled to adopt this method against their better judgment solely to enable the bungling sexton to substitute brute force for the skill which is acquired only by assiduous practice. Experienced ringers know that the suspension of the bell upon the principle of the pendulum reduces to the minimum the friction of movement; increases its velocity of revolution; imparts a light, elastic impact to the clapper upon the soundbow, and augments the propelling power of the sound waves. These factors all combine to produce that superiority of tone which distinguishes a set of bells rung in peal from our more familiar chimes designed for the tapping of hymns and tunes by a single performer. In respect to homogeneous castings and accurate attunement, the products of American founders are unexcelled; but by reason of their faulty hanging and lack of certain essential appurtenances, such as stopstays, sliders, ground shievos, etc., they are unavailable for scientific ringing.

Visitors to belfries are apt to manifest surprise at the moderate muscular force necessary to guide heavy bells, properly equipped, through the maze of an intricate peal. But it is the mental faculties which are chiefly engaged. Hence, the exercise is quite as appropriate for women as tennis, golf, or rowing. Indeed, one society in England is composed exclusively of that sex; and in illustration of their accom-

plishments it may be added that there has been recently unveiled in Christ Church, Isle of Dogs, a tablet to record a successful peal of 5,040 changes rung in three hours by eight ladies.

There are gratifying signs that this fascinating art which gives free scope to the intellectual faculties, and is also of value from an athletic standpoint, may receive more extended recognition in America. Its introduction would insure a needed reform in the treatment of belfries, and present a novel recreation to those individuals who possess the physical organization requisite for the apprehension of this particular music. ARTHUR H. NICHOLS.

Boston, October 29.

TEACHERS OF ENGLISH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The letter of "Middle West" in your issue of October 16 seems to me to make an important contribution to the discussion of the problem of required English in college. It is true that "freshman English" is often entrusted to the teachers of least experience, and it is equally true that satisfactory instruction in that kind and grade of work requires on the part of the instructor unusual skill and considerable knowledge of human nature. The difficulty is not that the instructor in "freshman English" knows too much about English literature or writes too well. The difficulty is usually that he is too young or too inexperienced, or both, to have acquired the tact, sympathy, and judgment necessary to deal successfully with such an intimate subject as composition. There is sometimes a second difficulty—that he has no clear notion as to the aim of the "freshman English" course. He does not realize what kind and degree of excellence he should require of his students. There is probably a third difficulty—that he is not in touch with the best and most progressive thought on methods of teaching composition. There may be even a fourth difficulty—that he is more interested in his own advanced research than in the gropings of the freshman mind and the falterings of the freshman pen.

In view of these difficulties, I have sometimes wondered if the following plan might not better existing conditions. If large schools must employ inexperienced teachers for freshman English, would it not be practical to put over them, as supervisor, a man or a woman of thorough training, of broad experience with men and schools, and of deep sympathies? The prospective young instructor might have a semester's course on aims and methods with this supervisor before he should be permitted to teach at all, and he might teach under careful direction until he should have found himself. The organization of the course and the management of delicate cases should be in the hands of the supervisor. The supervisor should be a person deeply interested in the problems of freshman English, and his time should be given exclusively to that course, as teacher and as director. Under his advice the young instructor could certainly avoid some of the mistakes that provoke such serious criticism.

If I may, I should like to add a few words about another topic much under discussion of late—the scholarship of the English teacher. None of us knows too much; there is not a day of a teacher's life that he does not wish he were wiser, better instructed, and more thoroughly trained. Why, then, these constant flings at young people who aspire to the training sometimes symbolized by the letters Ph.D.? All doctors are not dry-as-dusts, as every one knows who has had the good fortune to meet a fair number of them. No sensible person would contend for a moment that all scholarship is labelled with the Ph.D.; neither ought any sensible person to contend (as some seem to do) that scholarship, whether labelled with the Ph.D. or not, is a worthless and even worse than worthless product. Investigation stands for progress, and the advance of accurate scholarship in America is a matter for national pride. That is recognized abroad if not at home. Moreover, many of our greatest scholars are conspicuously broad, unassuming, sympathetic, and human in spirit, and clear and logical in method. Why be so bitter against a whole class because an occasional member of it fails to attain the high standard set before them? Surely there is nothing in scholarship and accuracy, *per se*, that prevents one's becoming a good teacher.

A TEACHER OF ENGLISH.

Ypsilanti, Mich., October 27.

CHURCH ADVERTISING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Is a tendency towards sensational advertising invading some of the Protestant churches? The papers lately brought in news of "a special baseball service" on a recent Sunday evening in one of the Methodist churches in New York city. The minister quoted from Connie Mack and John J. McGraw. Billy Sunday, now an alleged revivalist, wrote a strenuous letter, in the course of which he said: "I'll be working to beat hell all next week, but I'll lay off long enough to look at the scores." The service was attended by some of the famous players, all of whom, it is said, slipped out by a side door after the service to avoid the crowd.

This is quite interesting, and is, perhaps, typical of a tendency in some of the Protestant churches to resort to advertising methods which savor, at least, of moving-picture shows and the bargain counter.

The Protestant churches at present are in none too strong a position. Complaint is made that attendance is falling off, and some congregations bewail the scarcity of men at the services. Is sensationalism and blatant advertising a genuine remedy or merely a quack panacea?

Whatever may be the fundamental errors of the Roman Catholic Church, it nevertheless commands the respect of many Protestants, because, to a marked degree, it maintains an impressive dignity. It does not attempt to be a vaudeville or a circus, a cheap lunch counter, nor yet "a rubber-neck car" for travellers to the celestial city.

The Protestant Church still has splendid opportunities. She is to a marked degree divesting herself of many of the hideous doctrines of the old theology, and, apparently, to some extent is trying to adapt herself to theological conceptions which are both rational and spiritual. There is abundant work for her which can be most successfully undertaken in a quiet, dignified, and gentle spirit. Should not the church be a home, a place where little children are led into ways which are pleasantness and paths which are peace? Should it not furnish refreshment for the weary and a sanctuary for the oppressed? There those who battle in life should find inspiration and hope. There may fitly be spoken the final words of benediction for those who have reached the end of the journey.

The right conception is, I think, embodied in some lines of George Macdonald:

> Oh, holy Sabbath bells!
> Ye have a pleasant voice!
> Through all the land your music swells
> And man with one commandment tells
> To rest and to rejoice.
>
> As thirsty travellers sing,
> Through desert paths that pass,
> To hear the welcome waters spring,
> And see, beyond the spray they fling,
> Tall trees and waving grass,—
>
> So we rejoice to know
> Your melody begun;
> For when our paths are parched below,
> Ye tell us where green pastures glow,
> And living waters run.

CHARLES GIDDINGS.

Great Barrington, Mass., October 30.

MR. MOODY'S LETTERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your recent praise of "Some Letters of William Vaughn Moody" was, I think, exceptionally welcome in these parts. Only a few days earlier Mr. John Macy, a Socialist with a sprightly pen, discussing Mr. Moody's writings in the literary columns of a Boston newspaper, went out of his way to make a furious attack upon your reviewers. One of them, the late Dr. William Everett, he venomously described as "a dull scholar and a bad orator"; and he called your reviewers in general "a crew of desiccated academics," adding that "to be a member of the crew, the only requirement was, and is, to have one's brain covered with fungus (inedible)." His invective would lead the public to suppose that the *Nation* superciliously discouraged young American poets, and that it had treated Mr. Moody with envious contempt.

Mr. Macy could hardly have chanced upon a more inept proof of his accusation than your criticisms of Mr. Moody. To be sure, the *Nation* in 1899 briefly censured the florid style of Mr. Moody's introduction to an edition of Milton; but upon his really important works it bestowed from the beginning of his career the most cordial praise. As early as 1901, when Mr. Moody was almost unknown, it called attention in two appreciative reviews to his remarkable merits as a poet, and thereby it did much to establish his vogue. Throughout his career it greatly encouraged his lyric talents, and upon his death paid him a noble editorial tribute. Furthermore, we owe the only complete edition of Mr. Moody's works to another "desiccated academic," Prof. John M. Manly, who, like Mr. Moody, labors under what Mr. Macy regards as the fatal handicap of having graduated from Harvard and having taught English at Chicago.

That Mr. Moody was not at his best as a dramatist, that he created an unnatural character in the hero of "The Great Divide," that his true powers were those of a lyric poet, that his peculiar merit was to interpret lyrically the spirit of his own age—in short, every idea that Mr. Macy emphasizes in his criticism, the *Nation* reviewers arrived at long ago. If those ideas are sound, how did it ever happen that "desiccated academics" excogitated them? If they are "inedible fungus," how do they sprout in the brain of a social revolutionist?

ERNEST BERNBAUM.

Harvard University, November 2.

OPERA IN MUNICH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Munich has been getting so much harsh criticism—some of it quite deserved—at the hands of the American musical critics lately that I beg you to allow me to defend it from the charge of having "good second-class opera," which you make in the admirable article "High Music and Plain Americanism," printed September 25. Really it is not as bad as all that, for surely performances of "Siegfried" and "Meistersinger," to cite two examples which I recently heard, with Mr. Knote, Mr. Feinhals, Dr. Kuhn, Edyth Walker, Maud Fay, and Hermine Bosetti, deserve to rank as first class. And in ultra-modern works, such as "Salome" or "Elektra," even the Metropolitan offers nothing better; the orchestra, chorus, and scenery are also of approved excellence. That in French or Italian performanees Munich is behind New York goes without saying, but what European city is not? On the other hand, the Mozart operas, except perhaps "The Magic Flute," are better sung and better staged here than anywhere else.

JACQUES MAYER.

Munich, October 17.

Literature

EASTERN EMPIRES.

Empires of the Far East: A Study of Japan and her Colonial Possessions, of China and Manchuria, and of the Political Questions of Eastern Asia and the Pacific. By Lancelot Lawton. In two volumes. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $7.50.

Can sixteen hundred printed pages of document and discussion upon Asiatic problems be made entertaining? Mr. Lawton, the London *Telegraph* war correspondent in Japan, has the courage to think so, as is evident in his assembling of materials for an understanding of the political questions confronting the Powers concerned in the future of the Pacific. He has, however, enlarged upon them at such length that the ordinary man will despair of ever finding time to read these sober pages, while the special student is not likely to pay much heed to his personal opinions. To be plain at the outset, his work is too much of a brief to be satisfactory as a book of reference, and too heavily loaded with *pièces justificatives* to stand a chance of popular approval.

Yet there is much in these two bulky volumes that is admirable. They are mainly about Japan, and might well have been called a study of the Japanese *Welt-Politik*. From the standpoint of an Englishman who realizes the commercial nature of this *Politik* on the part of a sea-Power situated like herself, it excites apprehension, and the seriousness of his fear has disposed him to examine the problem with greater thoroughness than any publicist who has preceded him. If his labors have no other result than that of impressing upon his countrymen the folly of treating Japan as a negligible factor in the civilized world, it will have accomplished all that the author expects. But his attitude is rather too controversial to obtain for him a patient hearing from both parties. He has nothing good to say in behalf of the English alliance with Japan. It is his conviction, after several years of residence in the East, that it is a one-sided arrangement into which England was pushed by fears of Russian aggression and of isolation in Asia, from which, however, Japan has procured every advantage, chiefly through sharp practice. It remains today an alliance with irksome obligations that compel England to exalt the prestige of Japan at her own expense and to the detriment and cost of her own colonial possessions. Under its protection Japan has been free to intrench herself to the prejudice of every European state, including her ally, while the only Power that has shared with her any advantage obtained in Manchuria is Russia, with whom she has joined hands perforce in a grand robbery.

Without conceding the justice of the criticisms upon British policy in treaty revision there is fair ground on the part of the Powers for dissatisfaction with Japan's conduct in Korea and Manchuria, but the main source of the difficulty lies in the fact that she has sought for herself all the profits to be derived from intimate knowledge and propinquity, while the Western Powers are so imperfectly informed and so remote from the region of commercial competition as to be disadvantaged from the outset. The contrast between Japan's fair promises to preserve an open door and her brusque determination to keep it open for herself alone may not be moral, but it is extremely human. To call it "Asiatic" is only to say the same thing.

If England is unable at present to regain the benefits of equal opportunity in South Manchuria the ultimate solution of the trouble must be looked for in the countervailing efforts of Russia in the same territory. Nothing can be gained by denouncing the treaty and making an open enemy of Japan. Two equally selfish Powers like those now contending for mastery on the Pacific seaboard are bound, so long as they continue in rivalry, to leave some openings for outside influence. If the antagonism endures, the cost of military preparation will exhaust one party or the other until he is willing to purchase support from an outsider by commercial concessions; if it returns to normal economic conditions and exploitation is desired, the outsiders who have most labor and capital to offer are sure eventually to be called upon. In the latter case the Chinese will provide the labor and the Anglo-Saxon the capital.

In describing the efforts of Russia to regain her position in the Far East, Mr. Lawton provides an informing chapter on the projected Amur Railway. He does not appear to reflect that her faith in her own destiny, as shown by this colossal project, is a sufficient guarantee of her determination to hold Japan in check and, incidentally, to afford openings for foreign capital. In a paragraph, which does justice to Russia's ambition, we are told that

> her course is as irresistible as that of the mighty river along whose wild bank she will carve her way. Like the Amur itself, she has encountered, and will yet encounter, difficulties of the most stupendous character. Confronted by obstacles no less formidable in the sphere of human effort than those mountainous and rocky obstacles of Nature which checked the Amur in the mysterious, silent past, she twists and turns but does not retreat. She bores her path onward to the great Pacific outlet, and, like the Amur again, all the signs are that, having achieved her object, she will so broaden and deepen her course that never can human agency overwhelm or divert her. There is still in Russia the impatient, determined spirit of that Czar who flouted the perplexities of engineers by calling for a map and drawing a straight line between St. Petersburg and Moscow upon its surface, decreeing that this was the route for a railway. It matters not that the vast territories through which the Amur Railway must go are unexplored, or but partially surveyed; the construction of the line is resolved upon and completion is only a question of time.

Which means that Russia is prepared to expend upon 1,300 miles of railway through a wilderness under the Arctic Circle nearly as much as we have spent upon the Panama Canal, and thereby open to exploitation a territory about the size of Alaska and probably twice as valuable.

As an observer, Mr. Lawton has the advantage of a professional training and is at his best. Nothing in the book is so good as the chapters called Sidelights on the Russo-Japanese War, in which he tells us what he saw personally and describes the qualities of both

the combatants with candor and considerable acuteness of comment. As an historian, however, he displays a lack of the same degree of training. His résumé of the history of Japan and its change of government, though evidently submitted to competent critics and purged of prescriptive misstatements, is unsatisfactory, because it deals with historical material after the manner of the journalist. A single illustration of what is meant must suffice. The summary compares Japanese and European feudalism without noting the important difference that in Japan the Samurai collectively were professionals in a much stricter sense than were the knights, that they owned no land, and that the system there did not rest on tenure for military service, while the peasant, who had nothing to do with the military, held his fields direct from the overlord—a fundamental dissimilitude that rather vitiates the comparison. The chapters devoted to the Constitutional period afford a full and on the whole a fair account of the process by which Japan exchanged an antique autocracy for the machinery of Western governments. It does not appear from the author's description of the home politics of Japan to-day that parliamentary institutions there are in any adequate degree representative of the will of the people. It is still a country governed, as of old, by men who hold themselves responsible to their clans rather than to the nation, or even to the Emperor in whose name every measure is advocated. The adoption of European laws is regarded as equally abortive because "the code recognizes a European morality which must be impracticable for many years among an Eastern people with Eastern traditions, an Eastern temperament, and an Eastern faith; and it embodies ideals for which political parties with conscientious scruples have fought for long but never yet attained. It may be regarded as prescient rather than practical, but nothing could indicate more distinctly the difficulties which Japan has undertaken to surmount in order that she may preserve her position in an altered age."

From history and politics the author passes in turn to the question of Asiatic immigration and the attitude of America and the British colonies towards the Japanese. He does not believe that white men are the victims of blind folly or race prejudice in opposing Oriental labor. "They are merely asserting the principle which has governed nations from time immemorial, a principle which decrees that the peoples of the earth who have lagged behind in the scheme of civilization shall pay the penalty of their tardiness. If the Oriental races wish to override that principle, they can only achieve their object by force of conquest. If they choose this, the only means of attaining their object, will they find the white man prepared to meet them?" The proposition is at least frankly presented; the only solution suggested, until the struggle comes, is rapid white colonization. As a whole, the book, though prolix and venturing upon too many topics, is one of sufficient study and discernment to deserve a place among the best upon modern Japan.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Joy of Youth. By Eden Phillpotts. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

In "Widecombe Fair," we have been told, Mr. Phillpotts deliberately and definitely concluded his series of Dartmoor tales, intending to busy himself in the future with a very different sort of work. Different this story is, in setting and detail, but not, we find ourselves gratefully noting, in its human substance. We are unable to agree with his latest American publisher (oddly enough, he has had half a dozen of them thus far) that "in this new vein Mr. Phillpotts can hardly fail to attract a wider circle of readers." Such element of novelty as it has, unless its character of timeliness makes it carry, is not of a sort to tempt the palate of the general.

As usual with Mr. Phillpotts, the scene opens with a meeting between the hero and heroine. This time, to be sure, they meet not on some high tor or by some painted wood of Dartmoor, but in the cast-room of the British Museum. The background is as carefully arranged, and as important, in one instance as in the other; only here it embodies the majesty of Art as the more familiar setting embodied the majesty of Nature. The hero is, in fact, a young artist, a painter, paradoxically modern, who adores the Greeks and boasts himself one of them, and for the rest swears by Nietzsche and Schopenhauer. Scion of an English county family, and very rich, he has chosen Florence as his home, and merely happens upon the British Museum and the heroine during one of his flying visits to England. There, providentially, he "collides heavily" with that young lady; and talk ensues. They have not met, but have common acquaintance; indeed, she is betrothed to a man of his own county. She has an affection for that man, but there is young blood and new blood in her veins, while he is a reactionary, a Briton of the old school. That, at least, he is in feeling if not in act; the fox-hunting, for-God-and-country squire of old would never have permitted his lady such prenuptial freedom as Sir Ralegh Vane yields to his Loveday. But if the godlike young painter is to carry her off, Sir Ralegh himself is to be consoled with a mate of his own kind.

Meanwhile, the story. Loveday procures leave of absence, and wanders and worships in Italy, under chaperonage, with Bertram the painter. She is very beautiful, and he cherishes a dream of getting her to pose as Venus in his half-finished masterpiece. When he finally suggests it, she is affronted, but, presently discovering, on the eve of parting, that she loves him, she offers herself for his model, as the greatest service she can do him. He thereupon discovers that he loves her, and therefore cannot permit her to be Venus for his brush—pretty matter for a lover's quarrel, of which, with the aid of Sir Ralegh, the end is comfortably in sight.

This narrative is adorned with a great many pages of brilliant talk about "Ruler-Art," which may be enjoyed for their own sake by the few who know enough to enjoy them. In human substance, as we have hinted, the narrative is very much like Mr. Phillpotts of Dartmoor. Loveday, in her healthy innocence and beauty, is sister to his heroines of moor and tor; Bertram might, but for his education and special bent, be one of those forthright, independent shepherds and crofters of old acquaintance. Above all, these people have a frankness of speech and a directness of action which belong to a world, we suspect, purely Phillpottsian.

A Narrow Way. By Mary Findlater. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

It is an odd fact that while slow-witted people are often lovable, slow books very seldom are. Perhaps the reason is that when one finds a book dull one generally throws it aside before one has had time to grow fond of it, while in the matter of people one cannot be so reckless. Here, at any rate, is a novel which, while not brilliant and hardly even interesting, is sure to make a pleasant impression if one will give it a chance. The heroine in particular engages one's affections. She has been brought up by the strictest of maiden aunts in the narrowest of suburban worlds, but, unlike most modern heroines in such circumstances, she is neither melancholy nor rebellious. Her high spirits and warm affections outlast a childhood in which running is a misdemeanor, and going out when there are clouds in the sky a hazardous undertaking. Though not, so far as appears, as clever as we are told she is, she has a quick intelligence and a happy faculty for deriving amusement even from the most annoying circumstances.

It is Kitty alone that gives life to the book. (One wonders, by the way, whether the prototype of Kitty is not really the "old lady" to whom the very charming dedicatory poem is written.) The hero is not nice enough for her, and one cannot help feeling—though the thought seems not to occur to the writer—that he is rather selfish, under the circumstances, to snatch her up. Such is our

faith in Kitty's talent for happiness, however, that when the marriage is finally brought to pass it is not for her we are sorry, but for the merely hypothetical young wooer who should have appeared to claim her.

The Desired Woman. By Will N. Harben. New York: Harper & Bros.

Whatever qualities Mr. Harben's work may lack, it is at least as indigenous to America as "The Old Homestead" or "Way Down East." And it has not a little of that engaging crudity which helped to win those stage classics their enormous public. The style conforms to the best rural usage, hesitating between broad vernacular and the stilted and "elegant" speech which is supposed to belong to town culture.

The hero and the villain are Atlanta men, and partners in the conduct of a bank. The Desired Woman is a mountain girl of supernal beauty and amazing power of mind. The villain wins her heart, but casts her aside in order to make a rich marriage. The hero, who has long loved the girl in secret, resents this treatment of her, but apparently it does not occur to him to break partnership with the wicked one. He merely devotes his life to serving his adored at a distance, asking nothing. The villain has a suitably unhappy time of it in wedlock, but he is finally released by the death of his wife and child; whereupon the self-effacing hero fancies it is all over with his hopes:

"Oh, God, *is* it actually to be?" he groaned inwardly. "*Ought* it to be? Here am I, eager to gratify her every wish, while he can give her only the dry, crushed remains of his manhood, a bare scrap of his past affluence. He scorned the sweetest flower of womanhood that ever bloomed, and now crawls through his own mire to pluck it!"

RELATIONS WITH MEXICO.

The United States and Mexico, 1821-1848. By George Lockhart Rives. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 2 vols. $8 net.

The history of our Southwest is closely connected with that of Mexico. It is, however, usually found incorporated in the general history of the nation or grafted on the history of Texas. It is Mr. Rives's purpose to rescue it from such an environment and to make it a continuous and self-centred narrative. In his second volume he gives us a comprehensive history of the Mexican war, and in the first he treats with equal detail the story of the events which led up to that war. It is not a part of his plan to give merely the leading events; but there is care to tell all that seems essential to the correct understanding of the narrative. The scope of the first volume is seen from the fact that one chapter treats of the Florida treaty of 1819, another of the Mexican revolution against Spain, two of the characteristics of the Mexicans, another of northern Mexico, another of the settlement of Texas, while another, on Mexican politics, brings the reader to the beginning of the quarrel which resulted in Texan independence. To that struggle five chapters are given, Texan annexation and its diplomatic relations with the United States and Mexico are treated in six chapters, and the political phase of annexation gets five chapters.

Probably the first thing that impresses the reader when he takes up the book is the absence of that partisan tone which formerly made a treatment of this period either an anti-slavery or a pro-slavery argument. It is a pleasant surprise to find at last that we are dealing with a national movement, like other notable extensions of our frontier. Mr. Rives willingly admits that the South wished to extend the area of slavery, but he does not make that the occasion of arousing the resentment of the reader. His detachment is, no doubt, most unaccountable to certain older writers, but the modern student who believes that the sectional ebullition was a temporary though violent phase of our history will not be disappointed. Such a student may well ask that slavery be placed somewhat in the background so that he may see some of the other things which made up the history of the day.

Mr. Rives has written a scholarly and readable book. He has used the sources, manuscript and printed, with care and discrimination. He seems to have overlooked no important material. He has drawn from works in Spanish and French languages as freely as from English books. He has included many pertinent quotations. His characterizations of men and parties are vivid, yet judicial. The footnotes, bibliography, and index are excellent, and there are good maps.

A particularly commendable feature of the book is the full appreciation it shows of the point of view of the Mexicans. These people, we are reminded, are either full-blooded Spaniards, full-blooded Indians, or persons born of a union of the two stocks. They are high-spirited by inheritance. They do not employ reason when it is a question of preserving their national integrity. They consider their civilization the oldest and best in the Western Hemisphere, and they are not willing to accept the prevalent American feeling that they are inferiors in either courage or ideals. If we would understand the Mexican, we are told with convincing arguments, we must be able to take his point of view. It may be added that from the time when John Quincy Adams attempted to purchase Texas for a mere song to the beginning of the Mexican War our attitude was just that which would most irritate the Mexicans. Students of existing problems may find in the perusal of these pages some useful suggestions on a present vexing problem.

Mr. Rives has not hitherto appeared before the public as a writer of history. He is described as a busy man of affairs who has never written a doctor's thesis, although he has long been a trustee of Columbia University. It is undoubtedly a pleasant thing to have a good history on the old lines, one in which human interest is not slighted, and in which the political and military affairs of the actors of history are held to be as important as the wheat supply. It is also a wholesome thing that we have another good historical writer who is not at the same time a teacher of history. This can be said without reflection on the teachers. They have done a vast deal to advance the cause of sound history. Their burrowings have been remarkable, their insistence on method has been invaluable, and they have made excellent collections of sources. Most of their efforts have been without specific monetary reward, or the hope of it. But the teacher may be a very bad writer of history. The pedagogical temperament is frequently the opposite of the writer's temperament. It may stand for attention to detail, for evenness of emphasis, whereas the good writer must have power of synthetic arrangement and great facility of expression. Thus it has turned out that while we have had some excellent writers among the teachers, we have had many who made historical literature a dull and lifeless waste. Along with the rise of the new school came the tendency to push into the background the older type of historian. He who was not a professor dared not do more than prepare a memoir, or write popular narratives in some of the more realistic fields. Some eminent exceptions have occurred, as Mr. Rhodes and Mr. H. C. Lea. It is encouraging to see another effort like theirs. It is the opinion of the reviewer, though himself engaged in college teaching, that American historical literature would be enriched if we had more historians whose principal business was not history teaching. They would be men who could devote all their energies to the interpretation of the facts collected by the diligent university investigators.

Football for Public and Player. By Herbert Reed ("Right Wing"). New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $1.50 net.

Many persons think of football only as a spectacle attracting thousands, as the gladiatorial games attracted the

multitude in the Roman Empire. To others football is merely an expression of the vitality of youth and a manifestation of college spirit. Only a few realize the scientific nature of football preparation and play and the ethical value of its training. This volume, written by an enthusiastic believer in the game, one who has had experience as player, student of the game, and sporting writer, emphasizes these more important aspects. Though written both for public and for player, the book is neither a detailed and technical description of the fundamentals of the game nor a mere picturesque recital of the more dramatic elements. It assumes that the reader has a knowledge of rudiments and rules and that he desires to know something about the finer points of individual technique, of team play, system, and generalship. After reading the book the ordinary spectator will find his enjoyment of the game increased many fold; the lover of the game will be impressed with the enthusiasm, wide knowledge, and excellent judgment of the author.

An introductory chapter contrasts the English and American games of football, showing the suitability of the latter to American climate and temperament. This is followed by a very interesting, though somewhat overdrawn, parallel between football and warfare, in which the author compares line play to infantry, wide running to cavalry, and the kicking and passing game to artillery. The general similarity of the strategy and tactics of football and of warfare is pointed out, the use of the kicking or passing game as a "demoralizer," followed by the concentration of the greatest number of men upon the weakest point of the enemy when the time for "shock action" arrives, being a standard form of football generalship.

The greater part of the volume deals with football from the coach's standpoint, few persons having a wider acquaintance among football experts or a more comprehensive knowledge of leading styles of play than the author. The relation of captain and coach, the value of the trainer, the principles underlying the selection of material for the various positions, and the standard formations of attack and defence are considered in order. Numerous diagrams illustrate the formations and shifts used by leading teams, and more than a dozen excellent photographs of actual games bring out features of both individual play and concerted team work.

Perhaps the most interesting section of the book deals with the basic principles of generalship. The author divides the field of play into zones, taking into consideration the wind, and the distance of the ball from goal lines and from side lines, and outlines the general style of play that is most valuable and most objectionable in each zone. The author is a firm believer in the "loose ball" game, and for a team equipped with a good punter no fault with his general policy can be found, save that in football as in warfare the best strategist sometimes does the least expected thing, and success or failure rather than sound theory is occasionally the best test of generalship.

In a chapter intended for the ordinary spectator the author notes the mistaken policy of choosing seats near the side lines rather than high in the stands, and of watching the game as a whole rather than the work of individuals, of the line as a unit, or of the backfield as a team in interference. The ability to dissect the play of a team and to discover its elements of strength and weakness is most difficult for the ordinary spectator to acquire, but adds much to an intelligent appreciation of the game. A brief and convenient summary of the penalties that may be imposed is included in this chapter.

A number of broad generalizations are made concerning types of teams. The author notices that Western teams emphasize the offence and Eastern teams the defence, that the former are more radical and the latter more conservative in adopting innovations, and that the former depend much upon trick plays, the latter rather upon sound theory. Yale teams are characterized by "power and resource," Harvard by "brilliance," Princeton by "speed," and Pennsylvania by "variety." Yale is usually superior in line play, Harvard has better backfields, and Princeton excels in following the ball. The Army and Navy are well drilled, but erratic in execution, and the Carlisle Indians are noted for the variety of their attack, while seldom having a well-rounded team. Among the smaller colleges Trinity is mentioned as having the most distinctive system. The author notes, however, the general tendency towards standardization of play, and believes that the differences in the various systems of play are disappearing.

A brief chapter discusses genius in football, giving numerous examples of remarkable individual feats. Along this line Princeton has contributed more than her due share. The closing chapter considers the ethics of the game, commenting on the recent improved spirit of sportsmanship and of courtesy between contending teams and on the more satisfactory relations between athletics and scholarship. In physical makeup the book may be criticised for its too frequent typographical errors and for its lack of an index. "Touchdown" at the bottom of page 119 should obviously read "touchback."

The Poem Book of the Gael: Translations from Irish Gaelic Poetry into English Prose and Verse. Selected and edited by Eleanor Hull. Chicago: Browne & Howell Co.

The appearance of a new Irish anthology at once raises in the mind the query whether there is room for another such publication. With respect to Anglo-Irish verse, that is, to the English poetry written in Ireland, the answer might perhaps be in the negative. For many collections of Irish-English poetry have long been in circulation, and there exist two excellent anthologies of recent date, Brooke and Rolleston's "Treasury of Irish Poetry" and "The Dublin Book of Irish Verse." But with the Gaelic poetry of Ireland the situation is different. While some modern songs have long been popular in English versions, very little has yet been done towards compiling representative collections from the whole poetic literature, whether in the original Gaelic or in translation. Moreover, new pieces of value and interest are constantly brought to light by scholars, and the whole work of selection and translation will have to be done over repeatedly for many years to come. Irish prose, thanks partly to Miss Hull herself, and in still larger measure to such translators as O'Grady and Stokes and Lady Gregory, is already well known to English readers. Some acquaintance with the great popular hero-tales of mediæval Ireland has come to be a part of general literary education. But the Gaelic verse, which is still only imperfectly known to the specialist, is far harder than the prose to present to a foreign public. Apart from the universal and inevitable difficulty of translating poetry, the Irish metres are so elaborate, and the language is so different from English in form and syntax, that the interpreter is at a special disadvantage. Every skilful and intelligent attempt, therefore, to make this body of literature better known and understood should be heartily welcomed.

The books with which it is most natural to compare Miss Hull's are Dr. Sigerson's "Bards of the Gael and the Gall," published in a revised edition in 1907, and Prof. Kuno Meyer's "Ancient Irish Poetry," published in 1911. But her work differs in important particulars from each of these collections. Dr. Meyer's volume deals only with the older poetry, which it presents in closely faithful, though thoroughly idiomatic, prose translations. Dr. Sigerson includes selections from Gaelic poetry of all periods, translated by the author with much skill in imitation of the rhyme and metre of the original. Miss Hull's collection resembles Dr. Sigerson's in its range, but is rather more extensive and includes, in particular, a number of modern Irish pieces only recently made accessible. In her translations the edi-

tor follows no single method. Sometimes she uses metrical versions made by others, and among these are a number of good ones that have been hitherto unpublished. Often she makes her own rendering, either in verse or more literally in prose. It happens, consequently, that independent versions of some of the best poems are found in all three of the collections named, and it is often interesting and illuminating to compare them. Not because of essential differences in interpretation, for the day is now past when reputable translators from Irish indulge in wild guess-work, but because the varying versions may show the English reader exactly what the problems of the translator have been. In general, the metrical renderings are more successful in the case of the modern pieces, the rhythm of which is closer to English, than in the case of the ancient poems with their strictness of form and parsimony of words. But the effort to achieve the almost impossible is always tempting, and probably few students have ever read the Old Irish *jeu d'esprit* on the scholar and his white cat without trying to get it into English verse. Perhaps no one has succeeded better at this particular task than Mr. Robin Flower, whose version appears on page 132 of Miss Hull's book; but he has fallen far short of the neatness of the original. A number of the other verse translations from early classical metres are more successful, and one of the most notably effective is Miss Hull's own rendering of the remarkable "Song of the Old Woman of Beare" (p. 147).

Of some importance from another point of view is Miss Hull's opening selection, a translation of long portions of the "Saltair na Rann." This is a difficult old Irish poem of the tenth century, and her version, the first published translation of any considerable part of the poem, deserves favorable recognition as a *specimen eruditionis*. The place of the "Saltair" in Irish literary history is also important, but we should not say that its intrinsic excellence would entitle it to stand in a selected list of poems of permanent and universal interest. The same remark would apply to a number of the little prayers and incantations—interesting specimens of popular verse—included among the selections from Modern Irish. But Miss Hull doubtless did not mean to compile a strict sort of anthology on the model of Palgrave's "Golden Treasury." That engaging task is still left for somebody else to perform, and her collection will be of great help to the person who undertakes it.

Miss Hull's introduction does not attempt any historical survey, but comments with intelligence and sympathy on some of the characteristic features of Irish poetry. She speaks of its elaboration of form, which gives evidence of long and systematic cultivation of the art, and also of the range and refinement of the sentiments it expresses. And she insists particularly, we are glad to note, on the joyousness of much of the early poetry—"more robust in the pagan, gentler and more reflective in the Christian," production. Her observations on this subject, it is to be hoped, may help correct prevailing misconceptions as to "Celtic melancholy."

English Local Government: The Story of the King's Highway. By Sidney and Beatrice Webb. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co. $2.50 net.

The output of what is sometimes called "the Webb laboratory" continues to maintain its accustomed standard of excellence, even though Mr. and Mrs. Webb and their secretarial staff pursue their investigations somewhat after the manner of a tariff board drafting a report on the wool schedule. All these volumes on English local government have the earmarks of an official statement made to order with a proper background of historical investigation and a very unmistakable group of recommendations for improvement. In fact, we believe that Mr. and Mrs. Webb would frankly accept such characterization as true to their intention, and would agree that they deal with the past chiefly to show the need of reform in the present and to strengthen their argument as to the way such reform should be effected. There is no essential difference between the minority report of the Poor Law Commission, drawn up a few years ago by the Webbs and issued in a style uniform with the local government series, and the other volumes of that series, which deal with county, borough, manor, and parish. All are in the fashion of Parliamentary blue books, though the product of private enterprise and supported by ample private means.

In a series of studies, at once so comprehensive and inclusive, by-products are inevitable. One of the most notable of such by-products is that which forms the subject of the volume here under review: the King's Highway. To the Webbs its story seemed worth the telling as a study in administration. Therefore, before proceeding with the original plan of continuing their treatment of the structure of local government with a description of the various statutory local government bodies, which will form a third treatise supplementary to the "Parish and the County" (1906) and the "Manor and the Borough" (1908), they have issued in a single volume of more than 250 pages a history of road administration in England, and are to follow it up with a revised bibliography of roadmaking and maintenance which will include no fewer than 6,000 items.

To be attracted by the subject of this volume the reader need have little interest in the "problems" of the present or concern for the reformation of local methods of control, such as is sought for by the writers of all these volumes. He will find the novelties of the subject a sufficient inducement to peruse the work. The story begins with earliest times, though conditions before the sixteenth century are dealt with very briefly in a single chapter, and covers the days when roads were used only for foot service, of men and animals; continuing through the days of horse-drawn vehicles to the last half-century of bicycles, tricycles, motor-cycles, motor cars, and motor omnibuses, which are revolutionizing the whole method of road construction and control in the United Kingdom and Ireland. The bulk of the volume is taken up with the story of the turnpikes and the turnpike Trusts, the glorious era of the stage coach, the "calamity" of the railways, the work of "Pontifex Maximus" Telford and "the magician," Macadam, and the extraordinarily futile efforts of nineteenth-century statesmen to grapple successfully with a problem that was construed as a local matter at a time when increased governmental control had already become a necessity. The latest road-using vehicle, the motor omnibus, which is proving terribly destructive, not only to life and limb, but also to the road surfaces, is introducing a factor of tremendous importance to those concerned in the upkeep of the roads. Though England has to-day a larger mileage of dustless roads than any other country, and is spending for the United Kingdom nearly eighteen million pounds a year on the administration of highways, a sum apparently far in excess of the total road expenditure of any other country, yet the standard of maintenance is rising, and the demand for the future of a road that shall be a "solid, coherent, waterproof, convex-surfaced, decently side and subsoil drained mass, secured against elemental disturbances under suitably proportioned working heads," is raising a serious financial problem. To the solution of this problem the last chapters of this volume are an important and suggestive contribution, and they cannot but be of interest to every American reader whose pleasure or business it is to travel on the King's Highway, or who is called upon to face similar road conditions in his own country.

The Problem of Evil in Plotinus. By B. A. G. Fuller. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.25 net.

It is to be feared that the title of this book, to most of those whose eyes fall upon it, will suggest a work of highly specialized learning applied to highly abstract speculations. Those who for

this reason pass the volume by will overlook an excellent piece of literature dealing with the most poignant and human of philosophical questions and one of the most profound and human of philosophers.

The problem of evil, in the most general sense, is the heart of the religious problem; since religion is that part of human life which stands at the point where men's judgments concerning what is good, and their judgments concerning what is real, meet and press for final and practical adjustment. The question, therefore, is the one among the topics of philosophy which has, perhaps, played the greatest rôle in untechnical reflective literature. It is the theme of the three most typical and influential of English religious poems—one representing the Puritanism of the seventeenth century, another the Deism of the eighteenth, and the third, "In Memoriam," a phase of latitudinarian Anglicanism of the nineteenth.

The reasonings which enter into much modern reflection on this theme, as well as into such mediæval dealings with it as are exemplified in some notable passages of the "Divina Commedia," can be clearly traced back to those ideas of the Platonism of later antiquity which owe their fullest and most coherent expression to Plotinus. The connection between the thought of the ancient philosopher and the arguments of eighteenth century optimism, illustrated in the second of the English poems mentioned, is peculiarly close. If Pope learned the theodicy versified in the "Essay on Man" from Bolingbroke, Bolingbroke in turn evidently "conveyed" it from Archbishop King; and King, for the most part, merely transmitted the assumptions and arguments which had come down through the schoolmen from neo-Platonic sources. The favorite notion of the Enlightenment that the "best of possible worlds" must abound in all possible grades and diversities of being—and therefore all possible degrees of imperfection—was precisely the cardinal principle of the emanationism of Plotinus. But this notion yielded, so to say, diverse by-products, which had nothing directly to do with the problem of evil. It had, for example, a distinctly "romantic" tendency, quite out of keeping with the usual assumption of eighteenth-century rationalism, that all life, all art, and all institutions should be made to conform each to a single "standardized" model of excellence. There was, again, an odd incongruity between this assumption of Deistic theology, and the assumption of much eighteenth-century political theory, that the best of possible *societies* would be one in which all the members were equal—and as much alike as possible.

So wide-reaching are the historic bearings of the theodicy of Plotinus, of which Mr. Fuller has given us the first thoroughly satisfactory presentation in English. His book, however, is by no means of a purely historical interest. He deals also, penetratingly and honestly, with the great problem itself; and, like many of the most serious of contemporary writers on the philosophy of religion, arrives at a species of dualism as his conclusion.

Notes

The tenth volume of "The Cambridge History of English Literature," entitled "The Age of Johnson," is about to appear from the Putnam press.

The same house has in hand for this season: An illustrated edition of Thomas Hardy's "Under the Greenwood Tree"; "Ethics and Modern Thought: A Theory of Their Relations," being the addresses which were recently delivered by Rudolph Eucken at New York University; "The Book of the Dead: The Papyrus of Ani," a reproduction in facsimile, edited, with hieroglyphic transcript, translation, and introduction, by E. A. Wallis Budge, keeper of the Egyptian and Assyrian antiquities in the British Museum; "England Since Waterloo," by J. A. R. Marriott, the concluding volume of "The History of England," edited by Charles Oman; "Old Court Life in Spain," by Frances Elliot; "My Path," a volume of memoirs by Lilli Lehmann, and Byron's "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," edited by A. Hamilton Thompson, the last a Cambridge University Press book.

"The Colonizing Activities of the English Puritans" is the title of a book by Arthur Percival Newton, which is announced by the Yale University Press. The work has an introduction by Prof. Charles M. Andrews.

Prof. Eduard Prokosch will bring out, through Holt, a "Lese- und Uebungsbuch."

George W. Jacobs & Company have in preparation a "Life of Raphael Semmes," by Colyer Meriwether, and "Hunting in the Upper Yukon," by Thomas Martindale.

Mr. Reginald Wright Kauffman has completed a new novel of New York life, called "The Spider's Web." It will be brought out by Moffat, Yard & Company.

Smith & Elder are issuing this week the full account of the British Antarctic exploration, under the title "Scott's Last Expedition." The work is in two volumes, the first to contain the journals of Capt. Scott, the second the scientific investigations undertaken by Dr. Wilson and others of the party. This material has been arranged by Mr. Leonard Huxley, and there is a preface by Sir Clements Markham.

Prof. I. Gollancz has edited for the Oxford University Press "Patience, an Alliterative Paraphrase of 'Jonah' by the Poet of the 'Pearl.'" It is the first instalment of a series of Select Early English Poems of which Professor Gollancz is the editor. The next four numbers of the series will be "The Parliament of the Three Ages," "Winner and Waster," "Death and Life," and "Scottish Field." In each instance there will be a facsimile of the manuscript.

"Castelvetro's Theory of Poetry," by H. B. Charlton, is announced by the Manchester University Press.

The *Geographical Journal* for October contains an instructive account of the American Transcontinental Excursion of 1912 organized to celebrate the sixtieth anniversary of the foundation of the American Geographical Society of New York. Mr. G. G. Chisholm deals with the economic aspects of the excursion. Mr. H. O. Beckit, of Oxford, describes some of our national parks, and Mr. A. G. Ogilvie gives his impressions of the vegetation of the United States. A fairly realistic idea of the geography of our country is gained from them. There is also given Prof. H. N. Dickson's presidential address to the Geographical Section of the British Association, in which he discusses the urgent problem of "finding suitable accommodation" for the increasing population of the world. He believes that there will be an increase of the growth of immense seaports like London and New York, while the geographical causes for the establishment and maintenance of other great cities are steadily diminishing. Since we are making serious inroads on our resources, he holds that we should address ourselves to a stock-taking of them and suggests the formation of a committee jointly by the great national geographical societies for collecting the necessary information.

The relation of Rumania to the Balkan question is shown by Mr. Frederick Moore in the *National Geographic Magazine* for October. Although the existence of a secret treaty with Germany and Austria is doubtful, he says that Rumania is recognized as a "silent partner" of those countries. It has a remarkable prosperity, its rich soil ranking it among the great grain-growing countries of the world. Mr. George Kennan graphically describes his unusual experiences during a journey in the Caucasus. In its nearly twelve million people there are forty-six different nationalities, and the language "changed every ten or fifteen miles." He found a remarkable similarity of some of the mountain villages with an Arizona Indian pueblo, illustrations of both of which are given, and their folklore is strangely alike. The mysterious life of the common eel is the subject of an interesting article by Fish Commissioner Hugh M. Smith, and the wonderful success of the anti-typhoid vaccination in our army is described by Mr. A. G. Grinnell. There was not a single case of typhoid fever in the first nine months of the present year.

We may record here the appearance of two more volumes in Macmillan's Fiction Library: Pierre Loti's "Disenchanted" and Mrs. Humphry Ward's "History of David Grieve."

A collection of jests and funny anecdotes, suitable for the after-dinner speaker, has been made by Thomas L. Masson and published by Doubleday, Page & Co. Mr. Masson's connection with *Life* ought to make him a good judge in this sort of thing.

The scholarly monographs and notes of the late Prof. Frank Egbert Bryant, of the University of Kansas, have been put together in a memorial volume entitled "A History of English Balladry and Other Studies" (Badger). Everything contained in it has been printed elsewhere except

the essay which gives its name to the collection. This is a careful examination of the comparatively few popular ballads that come down to us from a period before the seventeenth century, and of many metrical compositions which in one way or another resemble ballads, but are not. Owing in part to the absence of convenient summaries and in part to the lack of any clear definition of the literary form under discussion, the essay leaves on the mind of the reader, in spite of interesting glimpses of the conditions surrounding the production of popular literature in England, a strong sense of agitation rather than advance. Much of this impression is doubtless due to the confessedly unfinished state of the author's manuscript. Probably he is more adequately represented by the only other paper of considerable length, a sharp criticism of the psychology of descriptive writing as formulated in Lessing's "Laocoön." The remaining notes serve chiefly to complete the record. Opinions may conceivably differ about the perfect good taste of the introduction, but there can be no question that no honor was done to the memory of a conscientious scholar by neglecting to correct in proof the quotations in Early English.

Failing to find in the Oxford Dictionary not only such "well-known words" as "Africander," "Africanderism," and "Africanderdom," but even "African," the Rev. Charles Pettman, a resident of the Cape for nearly forty years, has come forward to supply the lack a hundredfold. His bulky volume, "Africanderisms: A Glossary of South African Colloquial Words and Phrases and of Place and Other Names" (Longmans, Green), is full of interest for the philologian, while the American layman with any Dutch leanings can also spend a pleasant hour in its pages. Though there are relics, especially in place names, of several tongues in the language of the Cape—of Portuguese, French, Bushman, Hottentot, Bantu, etc.—it is the intermixture of Dutch and English words and idioms which constitutes the main basis of this study. Descendants of the good burghers of New Amsterdam will be pleased to learn that among the English on the Cape the "stoop" is a respectable, dignified part of a house, and will meet with a distant acquaintance in the "brandewijn" bush. Older generations of New Yorkers will doubtless not have to be told that "inspan" and "outspan" denote hitching and unhitching, respectively, and that "slim" and "stout" can conceivably mean cunning and impudent, respectively. But the New Yorker's interest in this volume will come not so much from finding parallels as from observing what his own speech might have become had English control of New Amsterdam been deferred for a century or so. He might still call the kick-off in football the "aftrap"; might ask a friend, "Are you going with (along)?" He might have to punish his child for "rolling on the floor and coming home full of mud," the "floor" meaning "ground," and "full of" being no worse than "splashed with." And anything not more than a moment old would be "splinter new." Devotees of last cries, by the way, will linger over another word in use on the Cape—"askockklop," a Hottentot dance, so named by the Dutch because of the similarity of the sound which it makes to that produced by knocking together cookies baked in wood ashes [asch+kock+kloppen].

One result of the *entente cordiale* has been to inspire Frenchmen and Englishmen with an inclination to arrive at a better understanding the one of the other. Not all of the books written to satisfy this laudable aspiration can be said to achieve the end desired. Such a volume, indeed, as Laurence Jerrold's "The French and the English" (Dodd, Mead) seems calculated in some respects only to darken counsel. Mr. Jerrold is partly the victim of his Chestertonian method, a tedious didacticism even in the hands of Mr. Chesterton himself, and holding infinite peril for one less skilled than he in the art of inversion. The method is simplicity itself: in differentiating the national qualities of the French and the English the author takes a characteristic that is commonly supposed to be peculiarly British and proves conclusively, to his own satisfaction, that it can more properly be applied to the Gallic nature. Then he reverses the process and demonstrates beyond the shadow of a doubt that some traditionally French quality is in reality one of the most conspicuous traits to be found in the character of the typical Briton. The principal result of two chapters of laborious epigram and antithesis is to inform the reader of the facts, with which he is possibly already familiar, that the Frenchman is an extremely practical person and that the Englishman conceals within his bosom some of the qualities of the visionary. Mr. Jerrold's volume is more exasperating than it might otherwise be, because one feels that he is really familiar with his subject, and that, if only he would avoid patent exaggerations and the temptation to excessive smartness, he might have written a book that would have been of value in interpreting French character and national life to English readers. The critical chapter on Poetry is good, and that on English Men and French Jeunes, contrasting the youth of the two countries, reveals insight and sympathy. But the work is crowded with statements unsupported by other evidence than the writer's own conviction of the moment. This is particularly noticeable when he is speaking of his own country, on which occasions the Chestertonian method comes into prominence. Mr. Jerrold seems to understand France rather better than he understands England.

A far more instructive book, even if it be written with the rather self-conscious solemnity of the feminist, is Mlle. Claire de Pratz's "France from Within" (Doran). After a girlhood and schooldays spent in England, Mlle. de Pratz returned to her own country and was for some years a professor in a lycée of Paris. Through connections in the Government she has also been in close touch with the political as well as with the social life of the capital. She is absolutely bilingual, and her English style has possibly gained from the habit of clarity of expression which is the genius of the French language. Consequently, both the matter and the manner of what Mlle. de Pratz has to say concerning the characteristics of the two countries and the contrasts in their respective points of view are well worth the hearing. Her experience qualifies her to contrast the educational ideals of the English and the French, and it is on this topic that she is most illuminating. The most fundamental difference, she finds, in the two ideals is that expressed by the French words "éducation" and "instruction," the former representing the moral and the latter the intellectual side of a child's training. In English there is no such sharp distinction between the two, both being included in the word "education."

The "well-educated" man in England is the man who has been submitted to the discipline of a public school, and that very discipline is the side of his education to which most importance is attached. Whatever of moral training the Frenchman has received he owes to home influences; his school is concerned only with his intelligence. And even at home, where the English parent emphasizes the moral aspect of an act, the difference between right and wrong, the French parent appeals to the æsthetic nature of the child. "Ne fais pas cela, mon chéri," cries the French mother; "ce n'est pas joli." The act is not wrong so much as it is ugly; "the good" and "the beautiful" are one and indistinguishable. Mlle. de Pratz rightly emphasizes the value of the philosophical training which forms so important a part in the curriculum of the lycée, as enabling the pupil "to coördinate the whole of his previous learning and to map out a programme for future self-culture." The description of the girls' lycée in Paris, where the author was herself a professor, is extremely interesting. The feminist movement in its French manifestation is well described. French women, we are told, have "chosen the right means of gaining their ends with regard to their rights. They quite understand that in their own country they must be 'feminine' in order to be 'feminist.'" Later chapters give intimate particulars of the *ménage* of the ordinary French family. Mlle. de Pratz is admirably impartial, and has a nice sense of perspective. As an interpretation of French life for English readers, her book is one of the best of the many that have recently appeared.

To the Home University Library, Prof. George Foot Moore, of Harvard University, contributes a volume entitled "The Literature of the Old Testament" (Holt). The plan of the larger, more technical "Introductions" is followed: a sketch of the formation of the canon, a chapter on the Old Testament as the national literature of the Hebrews, and a presentation of the literary character, composition, date, and authorship of each book or group of writings. The treatment is popular, but thoroughly scholarly. The conclusions are those of modern criticism, without vagaries or extreme positions. The general reader will find in the volume sufficient information to enable him to read the Old Testament as modern historical students understand it, although for proof of the positions assumed he will be obliged to refer to more elaborate works. Professor Moore's scholarship is so thorough and his mastery of the facts so complete that he is able to single out the salient and important and to avoid confusing the reader with a mass of detail. One has only to compare his exhaustive commentary on Judges in the

International Critical Commentary with the nine pages on that book in this volume, or his masterly essay on Sacrifice in the Encyclopedia Biblica with his treatment of the same subject in the chapters on the Pentateuch, to marvel at the success with which he has held himself in curb. It will be difficult for any one to prepare a better popular manual of Introduction to the Old Testament.

The career of John Paul Jones offers an inviting subject to the biographer because it has an important bearing on American history and because it deals with a most attractive personality. In the first sense Jones was the founder of the tradition of a brave and successful American naval officer. What Nelson was to British naval men and Jean Bart to the Frenchmen, he was to those who serve our own country at sea. He entered the navy in a crowd of incompetents, men whose sea experience was derived from the merchant service of the maritime colonies, and who had little understanding of the dash and unrelenting courage necessary to make a great fighter. Above such men he was lifted by his impetuous will, his disdain of intrigue, and his insatiable thirst for glory. His was a figure around which romance naturally gathers. On the one hand, his written life presents an excellent picture of the shortcomings of those who launched our Revolution, and it shows us the many difficulties with which the naval branch of the Government was surrounded. On the other, it is a picture of wonderful achievement, a picture which the man of average taste and purpose will ever like to see. How popular it is may be understood from the fact that the latest biography ("The Sailor Whom England Feared," by M. MacDermott Crawford; Duffield & Co.) is the fourteenth that has appeared since the death of Jones, to say nothing of several novels whose theme he has been, among them romances by James Fenimore Cooper and the elder Dumas.

If one demands a life of Jones in the best sense, he will be disappointed in the book under review. It lacks historical perspective, it confines itself to the deeds of its hero, it is not critical in even a slight degree, it does not rest upon research, and, in short, its historical significance is small. It is filled with overstatement and contains some misstatements. For example, Benjamin Franklin is characterized as "the heavy-jawed old Quaker" (p. 97). The phrase is erroneous as well as offensive; Franklin was not a Quaker. In another place we read: "The navy was controlled by the gentlemen from Massachusetts, and John Quincy Adams, its virtual dictator, filled the desirable posts with those who had the luck to please him, without the slightest reference to their fitness" (p. 65). John Quincy Adams was nine years old when the Revolution began. That John Adams did not appreciate Jones may well be true, but he assuredly thought he was acting for the best interest of the service in seeking to advance sea-captains from his own State. As a personal biography, Mr. Crawford's book has a better standing. It contains energy, motion, and imagination. The language is simple and direct. The formal arrangement of the parts is natural, and although the irrelevant matter is sometimes in bad taste, it is not abundant. There is a deal of human action in the book, and wicked men and beautiful women all play important parts. It is a readable one-volume biography and gives one the flavor of Jones's remarkable life of adventure. For those who do not wish to read the longer work of Mrs. de Koven, reviewed in the *Nation* July 17, 1913, it will prove an entertaining book.

"Rival French Courts" (Macmillan) is the somewhat ambiguous title under which S. H. Lombardini has written a readable and well-informed account of the experiences of Madame de Staal Delaunay at Sceaux, at Versailles, and in the Bastille. Mademoiselle Delaunay's youth, in a convent and then in the family of the Marquis de Silly, was full of joy and love; by her grace and wit she was the acknowledged queen of a small circle of admirers. But towards the close of Louis XIV's reign fate placed her as a lady-in-waiting to the eccentric Duchess of Maine. This capricious duchess, daughter of a still more capricious father, was by birth a Condé, and, having married one of Louis XIV's recognized bastards, nourished hopes of becoming Queen of France after Louis XIV's death. Meanwhile, before that event had taken place, she dared to shake off the oppressive yoke of Versailles and seek pleasure in her own way as queen of a topsy-turvy rival court, with pretensions to wit and literature, at Sceaux. In 1718 she involved herself and all her household, including Mlle. Delaunay, in the famous Cellamare conspiracy, and in consequent confinement in the Bastille. Mlle. Delaunay's imprisonment lasted eighteen months, but was not without compensations of a romantic sort. After her release she again became lady-in-waiting to the Duchess, and was conveniently married to a Captain in the Duke of Maine's Swiss Guards, named De Staal. Her memoirs, published soon after her death in the middle of the eighteenth century, were much read at the time. They are the outpourings of a clever mind and of a sensitive, philosophic soul, with a note of sadness running through them. Sainte-Beuve said they ought "to be re-read at the beginning of each winter, at the end of autumn, beneath the November trees to the sound of the falling foliage." Mr. Lombardini's biography is made up for a considerable part of generous selections from these memoirs and from letters which Madame de Staal wrote in 1747.

Mr. Edmund Gosse has been appointed an officer of the Legion of Honor in recognition of his services to French literature in England.

Price Collier died suddenly on the Island of Funen, in the Baltic, where he was a guest at a shooting party. He was born in 1860, and received his early education at Geneva, Switzerland, and later at the University of Leipzig. In 1882 Harvard gave him the degree of bachelor of divinity. For two years he was European editor of the *Forum*, and during the Spanish-American war was an officer in the navy. His reputation as a writer rests mainly on his studies of various nationalities, his last work, "Germany and the Germans from an American Point of View," having caused considerable discussion. Other books from his pen include "Essays: Mr. Picket Pin and his Friends," "America and the Americans from a French Point of View," "A Parish of Two," "England and the English from an American Point of View," and "The West in the East from an American Point of View."

Science

The Yale University Press will publish a second set of lectures on "Water Conservation by Storage," by F. H. Newell.

Prof. W. A. Noyes is preparing for Holt "A Textbook on Chemistry."

The eleventh annual report of the Reclamation Service presents a brief review of the work accomplished during its ten years' existence under the direction of F. H. Newell. The fundamental object of the service is the reclamation of arid lands by irrigation, with the result of providing many homes on small farms; for "with high-grade fruit culture even five acres will support a family, and is regarded as a competence." The number of independent farms now served is about 14,000, and is steadily rising; projects now planned will irrigate an area several times as great as that already utilized. One of the fallacies shown in ten years of practical experience is that reclamation is not cheap; the cost of permanent dams and canals is relatively high; much higher than the temporary works of pioneers. Another early fallacy was that after water is provided in the main canals, no further cost would be called for; as a matter of fact, much work has still to be done in preparing fields for best service from the canals and ditches; work is also needed in the construction of drains, by which to withdraw the irrigation water and prevent the accumulation of alkali. One of the greatest difficulties is to procure the right kind of farmers for the cultivation of the reclaimed land. The new settlers are not like the early pioneers; they show less spirit of coöperation than the early communities possessed, and the present settlers on irrigated lands are not so capable of adapting themselves to the conditions that they find there as were their less aided predecessors. It was expected, when the service was started in 1902, that the farmers themselves would construct the smaller distributing canals; but experience has shown that this also must be done by the governmental service; thus thousands of small structures, such as gates, flumes, siphons, culverts, and bridges, have been built, as well as enormous dams and long main canals. The rigid enforcement of the Eight-Hour law has increased the cost of construction; for when half an hour additional work would complete a job, it is stopped at the end of an eight-hour day, because no discretion is left to the employer; and it is then necessary to bring a gang of men back again, sometimes over a considerable distance, to finish some minor detail. An important branch of the service is the irrigation of the lands of Indian reservations, for which several projects are now in construction. The total net cost to June 30, 1912, has been $72,012,173.07. The report presents many other details of interest.

One of the useful volumes in the already large series of Cambridge Manuals of Science and Literature is Prof. T. B. Wood's "The Story of a Loaf of Bread"

(Putnam). Inasmuch as the author has treated the various aspects of the wheat-growing and manufacturing industries in a somewhat popular though scientific manner, the book is not without considerable interest and value to the general reader. For the serious student of agricultural economics or of industrial and mechanical science, however, it contains little that is new. After presenting in the earlier chapters a sketch of the growing and marketing of wheat, Professor Wood proceeds to a discussion of such investigations as are in progress to the end of improving the quality of the cereal, from the standpoints of both the farmer and the miller. In some respects, this is the most interesting and important part of the volume, for it includes a treatment of such matters as selection and hybridization, on the one hand, and of impurities in the grain and percentage of water in the kernel, on the other. Then follow short chapters on the milling industry, baking, the chemical composition of bread, and its food value. A classified bibliography is appended containing not only the main sources which have been drawn upon in the preparation of the volume, but also the best literature for the interested reader to consult whenever further information is desired.

Drama

A new book promised shortly by Macmillan is "John Millington Synge and the Irish Theatre," by Maurice Bourgeois.

A volume of two plays by Brieux, "Blanchette" and "The Escape," will be issued by John W. Luce & Company, with a translation by Frederick Eisemann.

"Tante," the play which the English dramatist, C. Haddon Chambers, has built upon the foundation of Anne Douglas Sedgwick's novel of the same name, and which has just been produced in the Empire Theatre, is one of the best light comedies presented in this neighborhood for a considerable time. Dramatically it is not very strong, for it is deficient in action, and the climactic scene arises from conditions which are barely credible, but it is full of exceptionally good character drawing and is uncommonly rich in witty and satirical dialogue. From first to last, it is consistently amusing. Unlike most pieces of a similarly humorous character, it has a definite purpose—to which it adheres steadily and effectively—the ridicule of the so-called "artistic temperament," the contemptible meanness, vanity, and envy which too often underlie it, and the essential hollowness of most of its pretences. The heroine, known as Tante to her intimate circle of sycophants, is a brilliant pianist, whom incessant adulation has converted into a creature of utter insincerity and selfishness. Her most affectionate demonstrations are heartless poses, designed to extort admiration. She has adopted a ward—for her own gratification—upon whom she lavishes endearments, but when the girl—who is her devoted slave—wins the love of a man who is too clever to be imposed upon and too honest to flatter, she agrees to their marriage, with the deliberate intent of separating them afterwards. In this she succeeds temporarily by an insidious appeal to the young wife's gratitude, which is supposed to be stronger—this is the weak spot in the plot—than her love for her husband. But in her moment of apparent triumph her insensate jealousy impels her to reveal herself in her true colors, and the reconciliation of her victims naturally follows. The moral of the piece is conveyed in the ultimate exposure and defeat of Tante by the two persons, the young husband and an old female companion, who never accepted her at her own valuation, or paid the least attention to her tantrums. There is some degree of legitimate exaggeration in the piece, but the spirit of it—for which a liberal amount of credit, of course, must be allotted to the original author—is thoroughly sane and wholesome, especially in these days of artificially manufactured reputations. Ethel Barrymore, an attractive actress of limited capacity, plays Tante with a certain amount of mimetic cleverness, but very little insight or real power. But she was supported admirably, especially by Charles Cherry, who gave a highly finished and forcible embodiment of the downright sensible husband; Eileen van Biene as the wife, and Haidee Wright as a shallow and venomous little parasite. This is a play which merits and seems assured of success.

Cyril Maude, one of the most popular of London's actor-managers, made what was virtually his first appearance in this city in Wallack's Theatre Monday evening in his favorite part of Christopher Bingham in Capt. Marshall's comedy, "The Second in Command." The play is tolerably well known in this country, John Drew having been very successful in it years ago, and needs no description here. It does not carry its age well. The artificiality and improbability of the plot, with its swift succession of convenient coincidences and calculated climaxes, stand out more aggressively than ever. But the military interest, the sympathetic if somewhat trite characteristics of the central personages, and the brightly humorous dialogues still exert a potent theatrical charm. As the kindly, honest, brave, unselfish, but somewhat stupid Kit Bingham, Mr. Maude made an emphatic personal hit. It would be absurd to attempt any formal estimate of the abilities of an actor, noted for his versatility, after a single performance, but he is evidently a comedian of rare intelligence and accomplishment. His impersonation, Monday evening, was absolutely human, lifelike, and consistent. The character seemed to fit him like his own skin. He was particularly effective in those passages where he had to express the inarticulate emotion of a deeply sensitive but shy man, in which the perfect simplicity and naturalness of his methods were exceedingly attractive and convincing. The humorous side of the part he illustrated with delightful lightness and vivacity. But he must study the peculiar acoustic properties of the house. Monday night he was sometimes almost incomprehensible owing to the lisp, presumably assumed, with which he spoke. He appears to have some exceedingly capable actors in his company, notably Mr. Montagu Love. His daughter, Margery Maude, has a refined and pleasing personality, but could scarcely be playing leading parts if she were not the daughter of the manager.

"Androcles and the Lion" having failed to attract at the London St. James's Theatre, Granville Barker and Lillah McCarthy will revive John Masefield's translation of the Norwegian play, "The Witch," first introduced to London by Miss McCarthy in January, 1911. She will, of course, be seen in her old part of Anna Petersdotter, the weird woman who, inheriting preternatural powers from her witch-mother, eventually uses them to her own undoing.

Woman is at last to have a theatre of her own in London, to be called "The Women's Theatre." The new enterprise owes its birth to the Actresses' Franchise League. It finds a home at the Coronet, where on Monday, December 8, a beginning will be made. For the occasion, Mrs. Bernard Shaw has translated Brieux's three-act play, "La Femme Seule." The principal part has been accepted by Lena Ashwell, with whom will be associated Sarah Brooke, Nina Boucicault, and Fisher White. "La Femme Seule" will be given on three evenings of the week, and Björnson's "A Gauntlet," with Miss Ernita Lascelles as Svava, on the others.

The London *Daily Telegraph* announces that a site has been selected for the proposed Shakespearean Memorial National Theatre in London. It lies somewhere in the neighborhood of the Academy of Dramatic Art:

> The ground covers an area of an acre and a half, more than sufficient for all necessary purposes. The price will absorb pretty nearly all the funds at present in the hands of the organizers, and the vital question, consequently, remains—where is the money requisite for the building of the theatre to come from? Still, now that they have something concrete to go on it is by no means improbable that subscriptions will flow in more freely than hitherto; in any case, the transaction, regarded merely in the light of an investment, is a sound one.

Music

Gustav Mahler. By Paul Stefan. New York: G. Schirmer. $2.

Tschudi, the Harpsichord Maker. By William Dale. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50 net.

Charles Dickens and Music. By James T. Lightwood. London: Charles H. Kelly. 2s. 6d.

"In view of the fact that Mahler died some time ago, it becomes the duty of conductors and the public to take cognizance of his works." This sentence, from a provincial newspaper, written in perfect naïveté, amusingly indicates the usual German attitude towards men of genius. Gustav Mahler was quite as great a composer as Richard Strauss, and as an operatic and concert conductor he was second to none the world has seen; yet as long as he lived he was constantly harassed and abused, and to his compositions little attention was paid till after his death. He had ardent advocates in the newspapers, and in 1908 one of these, Paul Stefan, published a book, "Gustav Mahler's Heritage," in which those who had hamper-

ed the great conductor in Vienna were severely taken to task. Subsequently, Herr Stefan brought out "Gustav Mahler: A Study of his Personality and Work," of which in a few years four editions were sold, bearing witness, like the concert programmes, to the greatly increased interest in his works; and this little book has now been translated faithfully by T. E. Clark in the hope of paving the way for Mahler in England. There is likely to be a greater demand for it in New York, where Mahler aroused so much enthusiasm as conductor, for several seasons, of the Philharmonic Orchestra.

During the season that Richard Wagner conducted the Philharmonic concerts in London he was not permitted to put more than two or three of his own compositions (selections from his operas) on the programme. Mahler, without being forbidden (for he made his own programmes), put on only a very few of his many compositions during his activity in New York. He disliked forcing himself on the public; Herr Stefan relates that while he was director of the Imperial Opera in Vienna he forbade the artists there to sing his lyrics, lest he should be suspected of influencing them, or they of seeking for favors. Stooping to conquer was an attitude he never indulged in; on the contrary, he cultivated the gentle art of making enemies by rigidly living up to exalted ideals, which provoked the wrath of performers and hearers alike. Interesting details regarding his conflicts are given by Herr Stefan.

In Vienna, as in New York, there were outbursts of pedantic wrath at the alleged liberties he took with the scores of Beethoven and other masters. We cannot too strongly urge the reader to peruse pages 49-57, on which are reprinted Mahler's remarks in answer to these charges—remarks which must convince any one that it would have been "no less than sacrilege" for Mahler *not* to edit the scores as he did, following the example of Wagner. For Beethoven, so great was his adoration that he performed twenty-five of his works, as against only fifty-two by all other composers. The public was in Vienna, as in New York, entirely on his side. Not only was the house sold out when he conducted a Philharmonic concert, but the concerts sometimes had to be repeated—a thing unheard of before or since. The key to his great success was hinted at by himself in a letter he wrote in 1884 to Angelo Neumann asking for a position, in which he referred to himself as one "who is not without the power of breathing fire and enthusiasm into works of art, and also into the artists taking part."

In Herr Stefan's brief sketch of Mahler's career we get interesting glimpses of men who helped him, among them Hans von Bülow, Anton Seidl, and Arthur Nikisch. Sixty pages are devoted to a brief description and estimate of his ten symphonies and the other compositions, of which a full list is given in the appendix. The author writes of these with enthusiasm as well as critical insight.

William Dale's book on Tschudi, the harpsichord-maker, gives a brief but vivid account of one of the most distinguished London craftsmen of the eighteenth century, who, though a foreigner by birth, identified himself completely with the musical and social life of his adopted home and became the founder of one of the leading firms of piano manufacturers in England. Tschudi and his son made 1,200 harpsichords during their career; these were highly valued by Handel, and their fame spread to Germany, to which one was sent for Frederick the Great. The author explains why harpsichords were replaced by pianofortes, the demand for which, for practical as well as musical reasons, soon far exceeded the demand at any time for harpsichords.

Another aspect of musical life in England is presented in Mr. Lightwood's book. This writer inclines to the belief that no great author has made a more extensive use of music to illustrate character and create incident than Charles Dickens; and he thinks that, from an historic point of view, these references are of the utmost importance, because they reflect to a nicety the general condition of ordinary musical life in England during the middle of the last century. With painstaking care Mr. Lightwood has gathered the references to music and musicians scattered through the novels and other books, and he suggests to club members that a pleasant evening might be spent in rendering some of the music thus referred to. A list of the songs and instrumental pieces alluded to is included in the book. It does not indicate that Dickens was interested in classical music; his taste appears to have been strictly English. After visiting St. Peter's at Rome, he wrote: "I have been infinitely more affected in many English cathedrals when the organ has been playing, and in many English country churches when the congregation have been singing." His predilection was for national airs and old songs, his knowledge of which was extraordinary. His special aversion was church bells, on which he waged as fierce a war as on itinerant musicians.

For several years there were few musical entertainments in this city worth mentioning before the 1st of November. This year they began with a rush before the middle of October, for no obvious reason, unless it be that the Century Opera Company set the pace. But whereas last year the violinists had the right of way, the pianists predominate this season. Maud Powell and Cordelia Lee, to be sure, have been heard, but they were outnumbered by the pianists, among them some of the most prominent artists in the world—Harold Bauer, Josef Hofmann, Teresa Carreño, and Paderewski. Harold Bauer gave a unique aspect to his recital by putting only two composers on his programme—Bach, who was represented by three preludes and fugues, and Beethoven, three of whose sonatas Mr. Bauer played in the true classical style. Teresa Carreño, who is distinguished not only as the leading pianist of her sex, but as the composer of the national hymn of Venezuela, was much applauded at the first Philharmonic concert for a performance of Tchaikovsky's first concerto, which proved that in her sixtieth year she still holds her own for brilliancy, power, and charm. Josef Hofmann, who began as a boy, when he played like a genius, and then degenerated into a youth of mere talent and routine, to rise again, in his manhood, to the stature of genius very little below that of Paderewski, played, among other things, Liszt's wonderful sonata with an elemental power, an insight, and an artistic absorption which made a sensation. The climax came, nevertheless, with Paderewski's playing of Chopin's sonata with the funeral march, last Saturday. In the German part of his programme there were noticeable traces of the illness which had delayed his appearance by a fortnight; but when he reached Chopin his patriotic enthusiasm, combined with his supreme artistry, gave results that thrilled the hearers. Paderewski never heard Chopin, nor Liszt, yet no pianist, unless it be Rubinstein, ever played their works with his consummate art.

The notorious theft of the Mona Lisa from the Louvre is to be made the central theme of an opera composed by Max von Schillings, the well-known conductor of the Württemberg Court Opera at Stuttgart.

Le Ménestrel informs the world that Richard Strauss's latest work, "Potiphar's Wife," is almost completed. It is to be a musical pantomime or "wordless play," unfolding a series of Biblical pictures and incidents. The idea of the piece did not take root in Strauss's mind or in that of his collaborator, Hoffmansthal. It originated with a German nobleman, Count Kessler, who resides mostly in France; while studying the picture in the Louvre, La Chasteté de Joseph, he was struck with the possibility of turning the Biblical story to account in the form described. To Strauss, who happened to be in Paris at the time, and to Mr. Diagalew, the director of the Russian Ballet, he communicated his ideas on the subject, and both of them approved enthusiastically of the project.

One of the most popular of Viennese plays, Arthur Schnitzler's "Liebelei," a study of every-day life, the tragic happenings of which are recounted in distinctly Viennese parlance, was set to music a few years ago by a German composer, Neumann by name, and produced with success in Frankfurt, where he is conductor. Later the opera reached Berlin, and now it has been given in Vienna, where Schnitzler's drama is as familiar as household words. The unpretentiousness of its pleasing score,

its excellent musical qualities, and, above all, the refreshing melodiousness of many numbers, earned for it a friendly reception. This is easily understood when it is recollected how very few operatic works that have been brought out during the past years in Germany have aimed at anything else but abstruseness and eccentricity.

Art

Art and Common-Sense. By Royal Cortissoz. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.75 net.

For his memoirs of Saint-Gaudens and La Farge the veteran art editor of the *Tribune* is widely known, but this ingathering of newspaper reviews and notices, with a few more ambitious magazine articles, presents even more interestingly a distinct critical personality. Mr. Cortissoz flies the flag of common-sense. For minute analysis or cheese-paring erudition he has scant sympathy or respect. Let a man express his likings and dislikes clearly without probing pedantically into remoter causes—such seems to be his law, while amenity is assuredly his gospel. The main thing is to be understood, and never to be tedious. This policy, which Mr. Cortissoz pursues with marked success, writing as he does a lucid and gentlemanly English, has respectable precedents for itself. Vasari must have had a very similar ideal when he wrote his immortal "Lives." In this spirit Mr. Cortissoz discusses the present state of European art, including the Post-Impressionist and Cubist movements, Velasquez, the art of the Prado, Pintorricchio, Carpaccio, Whistler, Sargent, Rodin, Alfred Stevens, Sorolla, and Zuloaga—to name only representative subjects.

At the outset Mr. Cortissoz admits that "there are some impenetrable mysteries about a great work of art." It is a notion that never troubles him thereafter. Indeed, he is so cautious in avoiding the impenetrable that he remains cheerfully at the rim of most critical problems. Not always. Of a calculating type of talent or somewhat cold genius, he is an excellent critic. It would be hard to find within equal compass anything more just and illuminating than the essay on the work and personality of Whistler. Again the common-sense tactics triumph in avoidance of fads and specious popularities. Mr. Cortissoz sees through the flimsy texture of Sorolla's art, laughs the Expressionists out of court, and notes unflinchingly the going off of Rodin. At times, however, common-sense becomes almost indistinguishable from carelessness or whim. There are essays of exceeding thinness—Rembrandt, Greco, Goya, for example. It is amazing to read that Raphael's exquisite portrait of Castiglione for some mysterious reason lacks precious quality as paint, almost stranger to be told that Rembrandt generally has this preciousness, and otherwise is a rather simple and honest realist. Titian, too, is not precious in his surfaces. Obviously, common-sense uses the word precious in some sense unfamiliar to mere persons of taste. To be precious as regards paint is to resemble closely Vermeer, Chardin, or Alfred Stevens. It all sounds a little too easy.

Perhaps the most interesting group of papers is that concerning four great American architects, Richardson, Hunt, McKim, Burnham. Yet here also the casual and gentlemanly way has its disadvantages. Mr. Cortissoz's only reply to criticism of the bad planning of the Boston Public Library is, "I have never gone broodingly about the testing of its every corner." Full information could, of course, have been had by going cheerfully to almost any librarian, and, to many, a waiver of consideration of the plan of a building must seem also a waiver of the entire critical issue. In the case of Zuloaga, Mr. Cortissoz's aversion to a certain dryness and slowness of workmanship with harshness of color is merely an indirect and unhappy way of saying that he doesn't like Zuloaga's grimness. All the alleged technical defects enumerated are necessary qualities in the expression of a particular kind of mood. It would have been simpler, briefer, and more colloquial, and as criticism equally convincing, to say "Damn Zuloaga!"

We have wished to put fairly the two aspects of common-sense as the critic's guide. It will take him safely and pretty far, but not very high. For a book on art that runs off like good talk, gratitude is due. Mr. Cortissoz has in ample measure the scholarship he treats so cavalierly in others. For years he has provided in New York journalism, a pretty rare article, a sane, independent, fully informed, and entertaining criticism of current and older art. The gleaning from many years which this book offers recalls vividly past obligations and raises the hope that now and then in the future Mr. Cortissoz may consent not to be sensible. To find him in a mood of unreasonable doggedness or of positively indiscreet enthusiasm might well lend added savor to a second collection of essays. There must be moments when the ensign of common-sense may safely be dipped.

We may expect from Holt this week "On the Truth of Decorative Art," by Lionel de Fonseca.

"The Cubies' A B C," promised this week by Putnams, is a satire on the Cubist movement containing verses by Mary Mills Lyall and pictures by Earl H. Lyall.

"Thomas Jefferson as an Architect and a Designer of Landscapes" is the title of a forthcoming book (Houghton Mifflin), by W. A. Lambeth and Warren H. Manning.

Finance

WALL STREET AND THE BANKING BILL.

Whether the controversy over the banking and currency bill, and the fear of trouble if it passes, are actually dominant influences on financial sentiment is a question which Wall Street would probably find it difficult to answer. There are several peculiar things about the discussion of the banking bill, and one of them is the difficulty of getting its hostile critics to agree on what kind of trouble it would create.

Side by side, one of the critics will set forth the inevitable contraction of credit which the bill would cause; another, the inevitable credit inflation. One bank president points out the danger of political control—even if applied to the national supervisory board alone, and not to the regional reserve banks; whereupon another eminent bank president proposes as a remedy a bill applying political control to a central board and all its branches. Having learned, by perusal of the text of the pending bill, that the regional banks determine how many notes should issue, and are compelled to keep a large cash reserve against them, the public is all at once confronted with the argument that the notes are Government fiat money, issued without limit and without the maintenance of any reserve whatever.

The fiat-money argument impresses the bystander's imagination; yet somehow it does not seem to worry him, and for this the reason doubtless is his vague suspicion that the argument is based on a certain (perhaps unconscious) jugglery with words. Fiat money, as the Century Dictionary defines it, is "paper currency issued by a Government as money, but not based on coin or bullion; paper currency containing no promise to pay coin, and, therefore, not convertible into coin." Now, the pending banking bill provides that, before any given amount of notes shall issue, a regional reserve bank shall apply for them; that it shall pledge with an agent of the Government an equivalent amount of prime commercial paper; that it shall keep at all times, in its vaults, lawful money in the ratio of one-third of its outstanding circulation. Only then is it possible for a note to get into outside circulation, and the bank must always be ready to take it up in cash. In all these points the machinery merely duplicates the present National Banking law, under which all banknotes are printed by the Government and issued to banks by the Controller, but only when an equivalent amount in Government bonds is lodged

by the bank with the United States Treasurer, and when a redemption reserve in cash has been established.

On what, then, is based the allegation of "fiat money," in the case of the new law as compared with the old? Undoubtedly, on the language of the pending bill, declaring the notes to be "obligations of the United States," which the present national bank currency does not profess to be. The Government, to be sure, would have no more power to increase outstanding note circulation than it has to-day—probably less, because, under the present law, an issue of Government bonds automatically increases the banknotes. The currency would be better insured of redemption (since the cash reserve maintained against it is much larger) than are the present banknote issues. But the notes are declared to be obligations of the Government and "advances to the banks"; the reserve is put up by the banks, not by the Government; are not the notes, then, when they are first created, fiat money?

It is a pretty case for argument—which, indeed, becomes more interesting, the more the actual facts of the note-issue machinery are ignored. It is an argument in which either side can seemingly prove its thesis, if the premises on which its reasoning is based are admitted. In such a case, the real solution will usually be found by some one who applies to the problem the methods of simple common-sense. Such a person, if familiar with the history of the pending bill, would say without much hesitation that its statements as to "Government obligations" and "advances to the banks" are no less senseless and superfluous, and no more an authorization of fiat money, than if the British Exchequer were suddenly to declare that Bank of England notes are a loan by the British Government to the Bank. But he would also probably conclude that, inasmuch as superfluous and senseless declarations are a blemish in legislation, those declarations should be stricken from the pending bill—even if the process were to hurt the feelings of that eminent economist in whose behalf they were probably slipped in, our peripatetic Secretary of State.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Allen, C. S. The Well-Bred Dolls. Boston: Pilgrim Press. $1 net.

Allen, W. C., and Grensted, L. W. Introduction to the Books of the New Testament. Scribner.

Andersen's Fairy Tales. Illustrations by W. H. Robinson. Holt.

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Bangs, E. M. At the House on the Ground: A Story for Girls. Boston: Pilgrim Press. $1.25 net.

Barbour, Ralph Henry. Lady Laughter. Illus. in color. Lippincott. $1.50 net.

Bayley, F. T. The Man in the Crow's Nest and Other Talks to Children. Boston: Pilgrim Press. 75 cents net.

Bickersteth, G. L. Carducci: A Selection of his Poems, with Verse Translations, Notes, and Introductory Essays. Longmans. $3.50 net.

Brady, J. P. The Trial of Aaron Burr. Neale. $1 net.

Bricker, G. A. Solving the Country Church Problem. Eaton & Mains. $1.25 net.

Brigham, Johnson. James Harlan. (Iowa Biog. Series.) Iowa City: State Historical Society.

Burton, M. L. The Secret of Achievement. Boston: Pilgrim Press. 50 cents net.

Carr, W. K. Matter and Some of its Dimensions. (Library of Living Thought.) Harper.

Cawein, Madison. Minions of the Moon: A Little Book of Song and Story. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd.

Cole, F.-C. The Wild Tribes of Davao District, Mindanao. Chicago: Field Museum of Natural History.

Coppée's The Guilty Man. English Version by R. H. Davis. (Popular Edition.) Dillingham. 50 cents net.

Corbett, L. C. Garden Farming. Boston: Ginn. $2.

Corbett, L. C. Intensive Farming. Outing Pub. Co.

Daviess, M. T. The Tinder Box. Century. $1 net.

Davis, O. S. The Pilgrim Faith. Boston: Pilgrim Press. $1 net.

Dewar, Douglas. Glimpses of Indian Birds. Lane. $2.50 net.

Dimnet, Ernest. Paul Bourget. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 75 cents net.

Duffield, J. W. Bert Wilson, Wireless Operator. Sully & Kleinteich.

Dunaway, W. F. Reminiscences of a Rebel. Neale. $1.

Duncan-Clark S. J. The Progressive Movement. Boston: Small, Maynard. 50 cents net.

Dunham, S. C. The Men Who Blaze the Trail. Barse & Hopkins. $1 net.

Dürer's Journeys to Venice and the Low Countries. (The Humanists' Library.) Boston: Merrymount Press. $3.

Egan, J. B. Little People of the Dust: A Novel. Boston: Pilgrim Press. $1.20 net.

Elder, Paul. The Old Spanish Missions of California. San Francisco: Paul Elder. $3.50 net.

English Prose. Selected and edited by F. W. Roe and G. R. Elliott. Longmans. $1.50.

Evans, L. B., Duncan, L. N. and G. W. Farm Life Readers. Books Four and Five. Boston: Silver, Burdett. 45 cents; 50 cents

Farnell-Bond, Genevieve. The Faun, and Other Poems. Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.

Fenollosa, Mary. Blossoms from a Japanese Garden. Stokes. $1.50.

Ferris, W. H. The African Abroad. Vols. I and II. New Haven, Conn.: Tuttle, Morehouse & Taylor Co. $5 net.

Foote, J. T. Blister Jones. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1.20 net.

France, Anatole. Girls and Boys. Illus. by Boutet de Monvel. Duffield.

Goepp, P. H. Symphonies and Their Meaning. Third Series: Modern Symphonies. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $2 net.

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Heron, David. Mendelism and the Problem of Mental Defect. London: Dulau & Co.

Hersey, Harvey. Our Friends and Our Foes of the Invisible World. Neale. $2.65.

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Hornung, E. W. The Thousandth Woman. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1 net.

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Little, R. D. Tennis Tactics. Outing Pub. Co. 70 cents.

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1913.

The Week

Mr. Asquith's references to the Mexican embroilment, in his Guildhall speech Monday night, are the most significant and hopeful development, touching that difficulty, which the past week has brought forth. The British Prime Minister's explicit statement destroyed a whole brood of lying rumors. The correspondents from Mexico have been inventing all kinds of malign British activity in secret opposition to President Wilson's Mexican policy. It was English support and English gold that were stiffening Huerta, while greedy British concessionnaires lurked around the corner. But none of this stuff and nonsense can get a hearing again after Mr. Asquith's clear utterance. In the plainest words he asserted that Great Britain had no thought of taking a line of her own in Mexico; that his Government admitted to the full the primary obligation of the United States to take the lead in seeking to restore peace to that distracted republic; and that he was ready to coöperate with President Wilson in the heartiest way. Moreover, Mr. Asquith's language conveyed a scarcely concealed warning to Gen. Huerta. The Prime Minister declared that the recognition of the Provisional President of Mexico last March was purely routine. This was before the United States Government had made, or had had an opportunity to make, any announcement of policy. But since then there has been an exchange of views between Washington and London, with the result, after "the freest and frankest discussion," of "the most perfect cordiality." The Prime Minister could hardly have gone further in notifying Gen. Huerta that, if he was counting upon any sort of diversion in his favor by Great Britain, he was doomed to disappointment.

Nor is there any reason to doubt that France and Germany are taking in all this business the same friendly and helpful attitude as England. Diplomatic negotiations of the kind undertaken by President Wilson must have involved an exchange of views all round; and it is only reasonable to assume that what England has agreed to has also obtained the assent of France and Germany. The concern of those two countries in Mexico is entirely non-political. They have highly important commercial interests there, but it will be enough for them, as Mr. Asquith states the case for England, that the United States will have full regard for legitimate foreign investments in Mexico. Naturally the continued disturbances in that country have caused much disquietude in Europe. In the *Economiste Français* for November 1 no less an authority than Paul Leroy-Beaulieu asserts that the Mexican situation weighs upon the financial markets of the world almost as heavily as that in the Balkans. This must be three-quarters prophecy to one-quarter of actuality, if we may judge by the evidence obtainable from the financial markets themselves. But there can be no doubt that prolonged anarchy in Mexico, or a war with the United States, would have serious consequences of a financial sort in Europe. All the more auspicious, then, is the evidence that President Wilson has been able to assure the European Governments that their Mexican interests will be safe in his hands.

The usual post-election diagnosis of the condition of the Progressive patient has now been made, and the following bulletins have been issued:

> The Bull Moose party has breathed its last.—Dr. La Follette.
>
> The Progressive party is the only one with strength intact.—Dr. Johnson.

If anybody is so peculiar as not to be satisfied with either of these analyses, there is nothing to prevent him from making one of his own. Dr. Johnson backs up his verdict with a bit of reasoning. The question in Massachusetts was, he says, Which party shall survive, the Republican or the Progressive? "Massachusetts answered in no uncertain tones." Well, Gardner and Bird divided 244,000 votes between them in such a way that the Progressive got 11,000 more than the Republican, while Gardner's associates ran from 50,000 to 75,000 ahead of their Progressive opponents. There does not seem to be anything so terribly conclusive about that answer—except, indeed, that neither party has the slightest chance to elect a Governor in that once well-nigh impregnable Republican stronghold. La Follette is on surer ground when he terms the Progressive movement nothing more than a protest, although he goes further than many will be able to follow him in declaring that the Progressive vote a year ago was not a Roosevelt vote. Yet few will deny that the party is on the wane, with reunion with the Republicans its only path to victory.

Attorney-General McReynolds has ruled against the sub-section in the tariff act which provides for a 5 per cent. discount on duties upon goods imported in American bottoms, and his decision will probably be generally accepted as settling the matter. Yet there is a possibility of its being contested in court; and this possibility rests on a wider basis than might at first sight be supposed. The Attorney-General's opinion, as stated by the Secretary of the Treasury, is "that the 5 per centum discount to American vessels only cannot be given without impairing the stipulations of existing treaties between the United States and various other Powers, and that consequently the sub-section, by the expressed terms of the proviso, is inoperative." If this opinion is sound—as it almost certainly is—well and good; but if, by any chance, it should be pronounced erroneous, this would seem plainly to involve the consequence that not only goods imported in American bottoms, but also those that come in the ships of almost every commercial nation in the world, would be entitled to the discount. This was manifestly not in the least the intention of Congress, and the courts would doubtless so rule; but since that intention will be defeated in one way if the Attorney-General's opinion stands and in another way if it fails, would it not be mere commonsense to repeal the sub-section at once?

The President last Thursday heard protests against the segregation now going on in the departments at Washington. Like Mr. McAdoo, he took the ground that reports in the press as to

this drawing of the color line were greatly exaggerated—except that Mr. McAdoo, in the same breath, also denied it altogether. But at the very hour that Mr. McAdoo was saying this, the segregation going on in the office of the auditor for the Post Office was completed, the sixth division's colored and white clerks being separated at that time. Mr. Wilson's plea that there has not been much segregation thus far is wholly beside the point. If only ten clerks were segregated, it would be a cause for a national protest, because it would be an entering wedge for the establishment of caste in the Government service. No one can say what this precedent set by Mr. Wilson's Administration will lead to. As the Chicago *Tribune* puts it:

> Segregating negroes is unjust. It deepens the line of social discrimination against them. It officializes race prejudice. It is contrary to the spirit of the Constitution, to say nothing of the work of President Wilson's political patron saint, the Declaration of Independence. It has no such pragmatic justification as may be urged for white supremacy when the want of education and moral discipline among the negroes makes their dominance dangerous. It is race prejudice in its least defensible form.

The compromise award of approximately 7 per cent. increase of wages, granted by the Trainmen's Arbitration Board, is about what was generally expected. The basis of the public's approval must be chiefly confidence in the good will and the good sense of the two neutral arbitrators, Seth Low and John H. Finley. This confidence is expressed in the strongest language by the representatives of the railways on the Arbitration Board in the introductory remarks of their dissenting opinion. There is force in some of the criticisms made by the dissenting members. Against the Board's statement that "it cannot be controlled by the argument for standardization, although it may be influenced by it," the dissenting opinion flatly declares that "standardization is chimerical and uneconomic"; and if this dictum is directed against the opinion stated by the Board that because rates of pay are uniform throughout the country in the railway mail service the railways should aim at conforming with this practice, we think the dissent is well grounded. The dissentients point out that the Board rejected the trainmen's plea of increased risk, finding that in point of fact risk has decreased. But on the subject of the increased cost of living, the dissenting opinion contents itself with saying that this has not been sufficient to justify the increase granted. In this it is probably mistaken.

This increase in the expenses of the roads, following not only upon previous wage-increases, but also upon the insistent demand of the public for greater safety of travel, must necessarily bring very sharply to the front the claim of the companies for higher rates. The question is to come up before the Interstate Commerce Commission on Monday, November 24. The state of general opinion on the subject is very different now from what it was two or three years ago. The Board points towards an increase of rates as a consequence of its award. 'In addition to the increase in their pay-roll, the companies, if they are to satisfy the just demands of the public for greater safety and for other needed improvement, must expend great sums on rolling stock and roadbed; and it must not be forgotten that a serious enhancement of the cost of these things comes from the high rates of interest prevailing in comparison with former years. In the opposite scale of the balance, it is true, must be placed the constant tendency of the increasing scale of their business to reduce cost per unit; and it is only when a balance is struck between these things that a conclusion can fairly be reached as to whether an increase is justified.

Illinois is again undergoing agitation for amendment of its peculiarly rigid Constitution. By this it is bound against submitting amendments to more than one article at a time. Yet the provision was not inserted in the Illinois Constitution through carelessness. In the thirties, the State was sharing the mania for internal improvements that afflicted its neighbors. In 1837 the Legislature authorized appropriations of $10,000,000 for this purpose. With a population of 500,000, it accumulated a debt of $14,000,000. Small wonder, then, that the Constitutional Convention of 1848 sought to tie the Legislature hand and foot. When the Convention of 1870 assembled, the Legislature had been running wild in another direction. It passed private laws by the thousand. Some one said of it: "The Legislature meets in ignorance, sits in corruption, and dissolves in disgrace." Again the framers of the Constitution did not feel like entrusting it with too much power. The result has been that, as last year, advocates of rival amendments have blocked one another, and the Constitution has steadily become antiquated. A new Convention is urged. The simplest move would be to amend the over-rigid article, and thus permit the submission of a group of amendments at the same time, if necessary.

The Gargantuan appetite of a great university for money claims justification in the case of Columbia by something better than its recent growth and demonstrable physical needs. The report of President Butler emphasizes, not statistics of registration and expenditures, but the thoroughness and variety of the University's service. President Butler can point with pride, on the one hand, to the concern felt for the character, preparation, and homogeneity of the 800 students of Columbia College and the 600 of Barnard; to the productive scholarship of his faculty; to their stimulating relations with the universities of the Old World. On the other, he points out that the enrolment of 3,602 students in the summer session, 1,684 in Teachers College, 1,828 in extension teaching, and 1,913 in evening technical classes, has brought the registration up to 13,120—an extraordinary total; that since in 1890 "the prosecution of policies of expansion" was formulated, public donations have risen from a mere driblet to the aggregate of $25,776,704; and that many of the 900 university officers are doing notable work in their association with governmental or voluntary enterprises of various sorts. Columbia, in other words, can go before the giving public upon a combination of the issue by which our State universities appeal to the taxpayer and that by which the most conservative Eastern colleges have always claimed their clientèle.

New York's growth as a centre of educational, scientific, and artistic activity has, in the past fifteen or twenty years, been even more striking than its growth in population and wealth. The latest manifestation in this general direction is the announcement, at a meeting of the Chamber of Commerce, of a gift, by a member unnamed, of half a million

dollars to provide a building for a proposed College of Commerce. This, with $200,000 which has been pledged by others for the same general purpose, but which, if the new offer is to be accepted, will go to the installation of a commercial and civic museum in the new building, will, so far as externals are concerned, assure a fine equipment for the new enterprise; the expense of maintaining the institution is, however, to be borne by the city, and accordingly its actual establishment becomes a true question of municipal policy.

The British party newspapers, in their comment on Saturday's two bye-elections, have struck the familiar note. A bye-election that goes against the Government is to the "ins" a matter of small significance, but to the "outs" a tidal wave. At Reading the seat vacated by the new Lord Chief Justice has been lost by the Liberals to the Unionists. In Scotland the Liberals have succeeded in holding a seat, but by a majority reduced from more than 2,000 to about 500. The Unionists are asserting that Home Rule has turned the country against the Government. But a plain factor in at least one election was the unfortunate split in the Liberal-Labor coalition. In 1910 Sir Rufus Isaacs won the seat at Reading that he has now vacated by a vote of 5,094 against 4,995, a slim majority of 99. On Saturday the Liberals had a Socialist-Labor candidate as well as a Unionist against them. The Liberal and Socialist candidates together polled, by an odd coincidence, just 5,094 votes. It is true that even against both, the Unionist would have had a majority of 50 votes. But the change from a Liberal majority of 99 to a Unionist majority of 50 would hardly have seemed revolutionary. Yet partisans do not go into these niceties, and there can be no doubt that the loss of Reading will be felt by the Liberals as a severe blow.

Political discussion in England is not so much superior to what we know in this country in the matter of sticking to the point. There as surely as here, if a critical press or party opponents can pick a minor flaw in the speech of a public man or the policy of the Government, everything else is for the time forgotten. The latest illustration of this is the reception accorded Lloyd George's address on the reform of the English land laws. The subject is one of vast importance, and it was dealt with by Mr. George in a serious and solid manner. But in the course of his speech, where he was touching upon the damage done to crops by game preserves, he spoke of pheasants eating turnips. Instantly the cry broke out. The man was utterly mistaken. Pheasants had never been known so much as to peck at turnips. Lloyd George replied, adducing information given him by two or three farmers. Their experience, however, appears to have been unusual. As a rule, pheasants do not eat turnips. But the thing has gone on resounding through England as if it were all that Lloyd George had talked about. No, there was one thing more. He had alluded to the large amounts of land taken out of cultivation to make deer parks. But what about the land used up in golf links? Never a word about this from Lloyd George, and he a golfer! Was there ever so huge an inconsistency? This flank attack, too, he sought to repel, but the mischief had been done. Pheasants and golf-links! One would think that the whole land debate in England had come down to those two words. Yet the English are so sober and consequent in their political discussions! If it had been Americans, now, or the flighty Irish!

Having recently, in his official capacity, to unveil a statue, Mr. Augustine Birrell made the suggestion that the time might come when orators would be employed to go about the streets of great cities and *veil* statues. It would be the duty of such speakers to show cause why the effigy of this or that public man, too hastily erected, should no longer encumber the view, and lead wondering visitors to ask why it was ever set up at all. If Mr. Birrell were to extend his humorous proposal to the point of abolishing statues on the score of their artistic offence, he would find many to second his motion. New York could furnish quite a crop of statues as fit candidates for taking the veil, and Washington many more. Yet when a speaker at a meeting of artists in Washington declared that the capital had more sculptured ugliness than any city in the world, Mr. Bryce protested, affirming that he could not, as a patriotic Englishman, allow that supremacy to be denied to London.

Champions of Latin nowadays are used to shocks; they are constantly hearing of the decay of Latin in Western high schools, or the colleges. But they must feel more than the usual pang in reading the news that Uruguay has legislated the subject out of her schools. Worst of all, the dispatch has reminded the editor of the *South American* that in the schools of Venezuela and Colombia alone does Latin survive in vigor. Various reasons are assigned for its abandonment in the rest of "Latin-America." The question of state and church is involved; while the practical motive is strong upon the Spanish-American, whose chief ambition is to be "modern." Of course, some were reluctant to recognize Latin as an antique. "Many educators fought valiantly for its retention. Some states wavered in their policy; under one régime it was abolished; under another restored, only to be cast out again when its opponents returned to power. Argentina fluctuated many years in her policy; Chili has but recently discarded the subject." Even an institution like the University of Buenos Ayres, we are told, uses Latin only as an adjunct to the scientific study of Romance grammar.

President Yuan Shi-Kai's election by a majority of the Chinese Parliament has already been followed by the expulsion of its rebellious wing, numbering 300 members. This came after an attempted curtailment of Yuan's power by the new Constitution, and thus lends color to the predictions that he would carry things with a strong hand. Ex-President Eliot has recently come back from the East with a clear sense of the need of harmony in China. Granted this, he says, and the Government "can carry on safely any kind of republic. There has always been in Chinese manners and customs a large element of democracy; the people have been accustomed to a good degree of local self-government; Chinese official life was open to all sorts of people on a high educational test; and, finally, the Chinese are patient, industrious, honest, and chiefly concerned, each man and each family, with their own affairs." Bad as a despotism would be, the want of a strong government would be worse

THE CASE OF PINDELL.

I think you have a little daughter. Think what it would mean to her all the remainder of her life to say that her father had been Minister to Russia, and of all the honor that will go with it to the third and fourth generations!

In these touching words did that great statesman, Senator Lewis of Illinois, offer an important governmental post to one of his country-editor supporters, Pindell, of Peoria, the "original Illinois Wilson man." But this did not comprise the whole of Lewis's lure to Pindell. "You will meet with the delightful companionship of the English and other officers connected with the various legations at St. Petersburg, and would be socially and officially treated as my letters to those abroad would serve you." If the Senator had been Mr. Bryan himself, the thing could not have been better done, more grandly; and when after all this Senator Lewis informed Pindell of Peoria that he would only need to serve for a year; that he could live at a hotel during this period, and not bother with any Embassy dwelling; that the State Department would see to it that there should "be no treaties to adjudicate and no political affairs to bother with," and that "trips to Berlin and Vienna and the other capitals of Europe, and also Stockholm, and perhaps to Copenhagen, and all the attendant delights that go with such trips" would be thrown in, naturally Pindell yielded. What mortal man could have resisted such a temptation?

If the prospect painted by Senator Lewis was thus irresistibly alluring, we confess that there is one thing that puzzles us. Why should the Ambassadorship have been forced on Pindell of Peoria more than another? We can understand, of course, that the State Department could not resist giving J. Hamilton Lewis the disposal of one of its Ambassadorships; sooner or later every one in public life turns to this talented Senator for aid and counsel. And then we have become accustomed to regard the diplomatic service of the United States as the roosting place of the *nouveaux riches*, and as the means of paying political debts. But that does not help to explain why it was so important that Peoria should have an Ambassador all for its own, why it should be Pindell of Peoria, and not Snook of Aurora, or Gould of Bone Gap, or Holt of Kankakee, or Lennie Elouise Hazel of the Coal City (Ill.) *Courant*—if one must have Illinois editors for Russia. But since Mr. Pindell was to promise to resign on October 14, 1914, after tasting the delights of Copenhagen, Stockholm, and Vienna, it may be that three of these other fellow-journalists of ours are to be successively nominated to see Europe at Uncle Sam's expense, and for the glory of their little daughters unto the third and fourth generations.

Now, all of this has its attractive and its humorous side; but, seriously speaking, does not this case of Pindell approximate a scandal for the Wilson Administration? Needless to say, we acquit the President of any knowledge of Mr. Lewis's letter; probably he knew nothing about the request that Pindell should resign within a year; to him may only have been told that dread political and party secret as to why it must be Pindell of Peoria, and that Mr. Bryan wished this appointment made. But it is undeniable that Mr. Wilson's appointments to the diplomatic service have as a whole been cruelly disappointing. He came into office in debt to no politicians or bosses, and with a long record of fidelity to the principle of merit in the civil service as the only proper basis for appointment and promotion; yet he seems to have yielded to political pressure much as if he were Taft or McKinley or Roosevelt. The old tradition of the use of the diplomatic offices as party rewards is not yet broken. We do not overlook or fail to give Mr. Wilson credit for such excellent appointments as those of Messrs. Walter Page and Henry Van Dyke. But these are offset by the choice of men like Messrs. Gerard and Penfield, who, whatever their fitness, were latterly chiefly conspicuous for the size of their campaign contributions.

We have had loud and numerous protests against Mr. Morgenthau's selection for Turkey, not because of any unfitness—he is conspicuously fit in many ways—but because he was the man who raised the funds for the Wilson campaign, and our growingly sensitive public conscience does not like to see the man who financed the campaign rewarded with high office. It is too much like payment for services rendered. Some of these selections have suggested the thought that Mr. Wilson was mindful of the old Princeton charges, in the days of bitter controversy, that he did not stand by his friends. The case of Pindell is to us inexplicable from any point of view. Ours is a long-suffering public; it has been accustomed to seeing misfits in our legations abroad and to smiling at the extravagances of those who sought them for social reasons or for the sake of display. But in this case, we fancy the public's smile will be a little wry.

SHOULD THE CURRENCY BILL BE AMENDED?

The time has now clearly arrived when the programme for legislation on the banking and currency bill should be definitely settled, in regard to the question whether or not the House measure should be carefully reconsidered, with a view to further perfecting it in administrative details, and to correcting any provisions which are shown to be handicaps to its efficient operation. If such a programme were to be adopted, it would be evidence that the bill is not expected to pass in the extra session, of which barely two weeks remain. If the bill were to be made law within that period, its consideration by the Senate committee, its report by that committee to the Senate, its debate on the Senate floor (where debate is unrestricted by the rules), its reference to a conference committee of both houses, the action of that committee on the sections which differ in the House and Senate bills, the debate and action of both houses on the conference report—all of these numerous stages would have to be completed by November 29.

Such an achievement would be possible, we imagine, only if the Senate committee were to report an unamended bill, or one with merely nominal amendments. The matter therefore rests, so far as regards the interests of sound legislation, on the question whether or not the existing House bill needs to be extensively amended. Our own judgment is that a number of highly important amendments are required.

We believe that, in at least three essential particulars, the bill requires amendment: in the number of regional banks, in the composition of the Federal reserve board and its relation to the Advisory Council, and in the language of the note-issue section. Furthermore, it

is probable that the bill, in order to work properly, must be amplified or amended in its provisions for the Government bonds behind the present bank circulation, and in its detailed arrangements as to the manner of preparing the proposed new notes, of prescribing their denominations, and of guarding against mutilation or counterfeit. This last-mentioned class of stipulations—embodied with great care in the existing National Bank act—are singularly lacking in the House bill.

The question of the number of regional banks is not merely a matter of arithmetical or geographical preference. It involves the problem into how many separate banking districts the country could be divided without creating a number of districts whose respective banking power and capital resources would be so far inferior, compared with a district containing one or more great commercial centres, as to leave the regional banks of the weaker districts at a perpetual disadvantage. The argument that this result would be inevitable, with a dozen separate institutions of the sort, seems to us very strong. It should appeal particularly to people who expect to check the tendencies of the "Money Power." For in proportion as the interior districts are made relatively powerful by a larger area and more diversified industry, population, and resources, covered by each of them, to precisely that extent would be avoided the disparity arising from the concentration of trade resources and accumulated wealth in the Eastern cities.

The sweeping powers of the national board itself are conferred with entirely too little reservation or restriction. With Mr. Aldrich's theory that this Federal Reserve Board would manage the country's banking business, we do not agree. Its larger powers are clearly designed for use in financial emergencies. But for that very reason, the hasty, impulsive, or unwise exercise of those powers (such as we have witnessed often enough in the exercise of the Treasury's discretionary powers over the money market) should be guarded against with the utmost care. It is not necessary that bankers should have a dominating voice in the national board; but it is, in our judgment, absolutely essential that people directly in touch with the financial and business situation should participate officially in its deliberations.

The Bankers' Convention thought that a minority membership in the board itself, chosen by the regional banks, would solve the problem. The alternative of admitting to all meetings of that board (though without a vote) the Advisory Council similarly chosen, in order that their judgment might be surely obtained, has appealed to us more strongly. Regarding the composition of the board itself, the argument has of late been pressed that the three Government officers, now proposed for it, ought not to be included. It has been urged that, as regards the Secretary of the Treasury and the Secretary of Agriculture, membership would mean imposing on men already exceptionally busy with other matters, and often overworked, the burden of these new responsibilities, and that, in the case of the Controller of the Currency, it amounts to placing on the board the public officer who should be its agent. This is the theory of the present National Bank law. That question, and the question whether the eight-year term, now provided for members of the board, ought not to be extended, deserve consideration.

With the objection of Mr. Vanderlip and others to the pending bill's description of the proposed new notes as "obligations of the Government," "issued for the purpose of making advances to Federal reserve banks, and for no other purpose," we entirely concur, but not on the grounds assigned by Mr. Vanderlip. His argument that the notes are fiat money, because, though a "loan to regional banks," they "have no reserve whatever provided by the Government," leads nowhere at all. Real fiat-money issues are forced loans, made because it is inconvenient for a Government to borrow otherwise, and because a Government's creditors can be forced by law to take the notes. But even assuming the assertion of the bill to be correct, as Mr. Vanderlip appears to do, that the notes are loans by Government to banks, we should have a queer inversion of the fiat-money theory. As a simple matter of fact, they are not fiat money; nor are they Government "advances" to the banks. They are simply notes whereby the banks are permitted, on the basis of rigidly prescribed reserve, collateral, and redemption guarantees, openly to borrow from the public for the purpose of providing convenient but temporary instruments of exchange. The language of the act which describes this operation differently from the description of the issue of national banknotes in the existing law, is mere jugglery with words and definitions, and ought to be either radically changed or stricken entirely from the law which it defaces.

DEMOCRATIC REORGANIZATION IN NEW YORK.

All that has happened since election day confirms the first vivid impression made by the great rout of Murphy and his crew—namely, that Tammany has become impossible as the synonym of the Democratic party in New York city. The Hall has usurped the name, but only to sully it. The burden of Tammany has long been grievous to honest Democrats, in and out of New York, and now they feel that it is too great to be borne. In some way or other, the party must cut itself loose from the Wigwam. The sentiment in favor of this is to-day cumulative. It was first reflected in the press. Then came President Wilson's telegram congratulating Mayor-elect Mitchel, "with all my heart." This could not but be taken as highly significant. On the face of it, a Democratic President was cheering on a man who had badly defeated the Democratic party in New York city—the only party, at least, so entitled to call itself on the official ballot. But behind the form of words everybody could see that the President must be rejoicing over the downfall of men who were merely masquerading as Democrats, and that he was looking forward to a rescue of the party name from vile associations. The publication of his telegram to Mr. Mitchel at once gave an added impulse to the movement for thoroughgoing Democratic reorganization in New York.

Some of the early suggestions of ways and means struck wildly. Tammany was to be "destroyed" out of hand. But this could hardly mean that 250,000 voters were somehow to be compelled to declare that they would never again support a Tammany ticket. Others proposed that Tammany should be "reformed," preferably "from the inside." Murphy was to be made to walk the plank, and some gentleman in hiding in the hold of the ship brought out to take command. But this could impose on only a few. Those who have wintered

and summered with Tammany know that the more you reform it, the more it remains the same thing. There have been several "new" Tammanies within the past twenty-five years, but each one has presently reminded the city of the evil spirit that went into the house, swept and garnished, taking with him seven devils worse than himself. Tammany reformed from the inside would be either a farce or a tragedy. Tammany's "inside" is the last thing that it would be wise to exhibit to a city already nauseated by the outside!

Even the more astute Tammany men see this, and are thinking of themselves dropping the name. They perceive that it taints everything it touches, that it is a drag to the Democratic party in State and nation alike; and they now have the happy thought of simply leaving it off their letter-heads and their party calls. But if the thing remains, the getting rid of the name will amount to nothing. It is the Tammany spirit, not its nomenclature, that the city is now roused against. What decent Democrats are asked to drive out and supplant is a corrupt organization, which would smell no sweeter by another name, or without any name at all. And there is a growing conviction that the work is to be done by organizing a Democratic party in the city entirely independent of Tammany Hall. It is not a question of a temporary protest, or of a factional secession—such as was too much the character of the Irving Hall Democracy, and even the County Democracy—but of a broad and comprehensive and persistent effort to band together reputable Democrats in New York. Their hope would be, of course, to make of themselves so strong and permanent a political force that they could, before long, carry the party primaries and win the right to be known officially as the Democratic party. But there should be no illusions about the nature of the work that it will be necessary to do. It will be no holiday task. The best brains and the finest organizing and executive ability that can be procured will be requisite; and while no time must be lost in beginning to plan and invite co-operation, a great deal of time will have to be spent on the complex details and the arduous execution.

City Democrats could be immensely helped by a reorganized Democratic party up the State; and there are signs that Tammany will soon be compelled to retract its claws from above the Bronx. All that Gov. Glynn has thus far said, with all that he has done, implies that he is keenly alive to the importance of an up-State Democracy wholly independent of Tammany. This was for years the policy of the ablest Democratic leaders in New York. Little by little it was lost sight of, and under Gov. Dix it was frittered away. If Gov. Glynn is able to restore it, as there is every indication that he will endeavor to do, he will deserve well both of his party and of the State. Certainly, the elements for a new Democratic alignment, throughout the interior of the State as well as in this city, lie ready to the hands of intelligent and honest party managers. It is a golden opportunity. If availed of as it should be, Democrats of New York will be enabled to hold up their heads again, as in the days of Tilden and Cleveland; and if Tammany is finally reformed altogether, there will be thousands of Democrats in other States—and some even in Washington—who will rejoice to see the curse removed.

THE LAST OF THE VICTORIANS.

With the death of Alfred Russel Wallace there disappears the last of that great breed of men with whose names the glory of the Victorian era is inseparably bound up. The reign of Queen Victoria extended from 1837 to 1901; but it is with a group of men all of whom were in the full vigor of their powers during the two decades from 1850 to 1870 that we associate the idea of the Victorian age as a distinctive epoch. If, in the mind's eye, we could marshal the long procession of their departing figures, it would be indeed an impressive array. The line—unless we were to go back to Macaulay, who died in 1859—stretches back just half a century from the present date, for it begins with Thackeray, whose death, at the age of fifty-two, took place in 1863; and then came in succession—to name only the most shining figures—Dickens and Mill and George Eliot and Carlyle and Darwin and Browning and Tennyson and Gladstone and Spencer. Wallace, surviving in the full enjoyment of his intellectual and spiritual energy to the age of nearly ninety-one, is now no more, and he was the last of the line.

It cannot be said that Wallace took as large a place in the story of his time, that he was as potent an influence in its life or in the moulding of its thought, as any of the illustrious ten the roll of whose names we have just called. This is true in spite of his undisputed claim to independent and simultaneous promulgation, with Darwin, of a discovery which forms one of the landmarks in the history of human thought. The doctrine of natural selection was conceived and expressed as clearly by Wallace as by Darwin; and, had there been no Darwin, quite possibly the name of Wallace would be attached to it. Yet by no means certainly; for, though Wallace, too, supported the theory by a rich store of observed facts, the dominating element in its conquest of the world of science was that marvellous array of varied evidence, collected with infinite patience, analyzed with rare precision, and discussed in an exemplary spirit of scientific impartiality, which, beginning with the publication of the "Origin of Species" in 1859, formed the unrivalled distinction of Darwin's work.

As for the attitude of these two scientific worthies towards each other, the history of thought might be searched in vain for anything more ideal. Never has there been more absolute contemporaneity in the announcement of a great discovery; and yet never has there been a more complete absence of jealousy or strife. Neither of the men seems ever to have cast so much as a breath of doubt on the merit of the other. In Wallace's latest book, written after the close of his nineticth year, the names Darwin and Darwinism are used with a total absence of *arrière pensée*—without the slightest hint that the fame which has accrued almost entirely to Darwin alone ought in justice to be shared with a greater approach to equality by his fellow-discoverer; and Darwin's attitude was equally high-minded. And this record derives added interest from its contrast with what happened in the case of a greater than Darwin. Newton was not less high-minded than Darwin, not less superior to the ordinary jealousies of scientific rivalry; but through the overzeal of friends he was dragged into a controversy with Leibnitz over the invention of the infinitesimal calculus which gave rise to much

bitterness, but which the judgment of posterity has unmistakably settled by recognizing the full claim of each to the honor of independent discovery.

Wallace's equal share in the original promulgation of the doctrine of the origin of species by means of natural selection is his most signal title to fame; but it is by no means the measure either of his scientific achievements or of his general powers. Indeed, in ranking him among the truly notable figures of his generation, one thinks not so much of his most famous achievement, but rather of the wide sweep of his scientific labors, the freshness and originality of his outlook, the vigor and energy of his attack on all manner of questions relating to man and society, and a certain quality of largeness which marks his style as it does that of the great Victorians generally. In one respect, he stands perhaps alone among them, though it is natural to couple with him in this two others of very different type. We refer to the zeal with which Wallace, even in extreme old age, looked forward to the salvation of mankind in a not too distant future through radical changes in the institutions of human society. In John Stuart Mill, the hope and purpose of human betterment burned with a steady flame throughout his life; the salient feature of Gladstone's career was the process, the reverse of that witnessed in most men, by which he gradually passed from extreme conservatism to the most advanced liberalism consistent with the English ideal of safe and orderly progress. Wallace's temper was wholly different from that of either the philosopher or the statesman; nor was it, in relation to human affairs, the temper of the man of science. His dicta, both upon the wretchedness of the present in comparison with the past and upon the possibilities of the future in comparison with the present, are guided rather by a noble, but almost blind, enthusiasm than by the clear light of reason.

It is more than half a century since the epoch-making paper embodying the conclusions of Darwin and Wallace was read to the Linnæan Society. The doctrine of natural selection had to fight its way to general adoption, but before very long it acquired supreme dominion; and this not only in the biological sciences, but in almost every domain of human thought. During the period of its struggle for acceptance, the greatest difficulty it encountered arose from the misunderstanding of its true meaning by scientific men who opposed it; in later times misunderstanding of its true meaning by unscientific men who have swallowed but not digested it has been productive of a not inconsiderable crop of shallow and mischievous judgments. In both these respects its history has been remarkably similar to that of the doctrine of Malthus, to whose work both Darwin and Wallace owed the first impulse towards their discovery. And the analogy holds pretty closely as to a further stage of the matter. That the doctrine of Malthus has been exploded a thousand times, everybody knows; but those who really know the doctrine know that what has been exploded is only a misunderstanding of it. The case with the Darwinian theory is somewhat different, as is natural in view of the infinitely greater complexity of the problem. The researches of the past fifty years, and especially of the past twenty, have undoubtedly made necessary many modifications of the views expressed by Darwin. They have brought about a considerable shifting of emphasis in this respect and that; and they have of course filled up great gaps which he left in the doctrine of heredity. But the essence of the matter remains as he left it, and even the modifications are in large measure of a kind that he allowed for. When a man talks of Darwin as a "back number," or the doctrine of natural selection as "exploded," it is pretty safe to set him down as one of those to whom the latest thing in the newspapers is the last word of science.

PANAMA AND SOCIALISM.

A familiar tag in current literature dealing with our achievements on the Isthmus of Panama is one which describes the building of the Canal as an impressive demonstration of Socialist theory. The Socialists, we must admit, have themselves been cautious in citing Panama as an argument in behalf of their economic and political principles. They are aware that it is an instance which cuts two ways. But the general public, to which Socialism is vaguely synonymous with the extension of governmental functions, seems to have been impressed by the record for zeal and efficiency which the Government, as its own contractor, has established on the Isthmus. The splendid system of sanitation which made the building of the Canal possible, the model housing for the American employees, the management of the food supply, have all been quoted as illustrations of what can be done by a nation which sets itself to a great task. The idealism of it all is the fact upon which Mr. Ray Stannard Baker has laid most stress in an article in the *American Magazine*. Efficiency and idealism undoubtedly have been manifested at Panama, but to what extent has Socialist theory really been justified?

By the Socialists themselves, government ownership and operation is not accepted as unqualifiedly tantamount to Socialism. The more advanced element among the Socialists has, as a matter of fact, come to look upon the entrance of the state into the economic field as a menace to the ultimate fulfilment of the Socialist ideal. What the average citizen looks upon as Socialism, these radicals are now in the habit of describing as "State Capitalism." In the extension of governmental functions in industry they profess to discover a serious danger to the emancipation of the working class and the establishment of true industrial democracy. What shall it avail them that the state take over the management of railways and mines and other public utilities, if the "classes" at present intrenched in power retain control of the state? The more conservative elements among the Socialists, those, for instance, at present in control of the Socialist party in this country, have no such fear of "State Capitalism"; but they, too, are careful to define the conditions in which state ownership can approach the Socialist ideal. In Socialist platforms and speeches the demand for the extension of government powers is now qualified by the phrase "under democratic control." The need for making a distinction between social democracy and benevolent despotism is plainly felt.

From this point of view the Panama Canal does not lend itself to the Socialist argument. It is precisely a benevolent despotism that has been functioning on the Isthmus. The results obtained have been obtained through a system

of almost military discipline. Gifted autocrats like Col. Goethals and Col. Gorgas have imposed their standards on an army of workmen gathered from all corners of the earth. A benevolent Government has built model homes and hospitals and furnished the workers at Panama with much better food than the average inhabitant of the States can obtain, at prices lower than those which obtain in this country. Panama, therefore, is not an experiment in economic democracy, for the double reason that political and social conditions there have been regulated from above, and that it has been isolated from the play of economic forces which prevail in the world at large. If Government abattoirs could sell meat at lower rates to the people of any State than to the people of every other State in the Union, we should have a real parallel to Panama. And if popular elections would always give us a Goethals for the post of construction engineer and a Gorgas for sanitary engineer, the parallel would be still closer.

A nation's idealism may very well have been brought into play at Panama; and it may be that in the course of time the same spirit of idealism will be applied to the humdrum occupations of a people. But it may as well be recognized that idealism and efficiency are not necessarily coincident with democracy. New York could very probably be made a model city in a few years if Col. Goethals were installed as Mayor with absolute powers, if Col. Gorgas were placed in absolute charge of the Health and the Tenement-House Departments, and if Gen. Leonard Wood, let us say, were to receive an absolutely free hand with the police. This fact may well be kept in mind when we are asked to consider as so frequently we are, the superior efficiency of municipal government in Europe. Eminently desirable as it would be to apply German standards of municipal foresight, economy, and honesty to our own city governments, it is a question whether this nation would welcome, or ought to welcome, such improvements at the cost of democratic initiative. It is the hope of our best citizenship that the standards of municipal government in this country can be raised without impairing the spirit of democracy. But it is certainly no argument in behalf of the possibility of such a consummation to speak of what has been accomplished by military methods at Panama.

CHAPTERS FROM IMPOSSIBLE AUTOBIOGRAPHIES.

(From "Lotus Days," by Th-o-o-e Ro-s-v-lt.)

The ship was now stemming the swirling current of the La Plata. In another hour or two we should be in Buenos Ayres. I sighed. Those soft, languorous days under the southern sun were over. Life with its hurly-burly would have me in its grasp. I shuddered as I thought of what awaited me there in the restless metropolis—the throngs in the street; the noise: the confusion; the crowded halls; the salvos of applause; the lecture platform with the glare of the calcium lamp trained on the speaker's table; the frantic rush from the lecture hall to the hotel, to the City Hall, to the museum, to the aquarium, to the foundling asylum, to the railway station; the stuffy Pullman berth—the prospect terrified me. I smiled wistfully at the captain of the boat. He was a good man. Through a terrific three days' gale he had navigated his ship without a word of advice from me. From him I turned to my friend the archæologist, for whom I had formed a particular attachment. We had spent many hours together every day of the voyage, but I had told him nothing of the latest excavations in northern Arabia, of the funeral customs of the Aztecs, of the law of divorce among the Egyptians of the seventeenth dynasty. He used to beat me regularly at quoits and horse billiards, and I was happy to be defeated. Now it was all over. . . . The ship was swinging in to her dock. I looked down on the waiting crowd and discerned several young men with note books and lead pencils. "Gentlemen of the press," the captain whispered. I shuddered.

(From "Fragments and Embers," by E-m-l-ne P-nkh-rst.)

In the garden where I used to play during my long summer vacations there was a gay Chinese pagoda, where the grown-ups drank tea when the weather was fine. At other times it stood locked, as a precaution against us children. The Chinese pagoda was a palace of faery to us. There was just one window, a large window with many little panes of blue and red and yellow. We would climb up on chairs and peer through this window into the dim, mysterious interior. The window fascinated me. It seemed to shut off the common world we knew from a world of enchantment. It held me spellbound, but it frightened me, too. I was torn between the desire to find out what lay beyond the window and the fear that something might happen to those lovely little panes of glass. One day the village drunkard's son climbed over the garden wall. He picked up a stone and sent it crashing through the window. I shrieked and fled. To the present day I cannot hear the noise of broken glass without a rush of tears to my eyes.

(From "Confessions of a Vegetarian," by J-ck L-nd-n.)

My evolution into a lover of peanut-butter was predetermined from the first moment the cosmic life breathed into the plasmic germ that was destined through the æons to become Me. How otherwise explain this horror for blood which possesses me at the sight of a mutton chop? I am a Socialist, but my gorge will rise at the sight of the red flag, because it reminds me of raw beefsteak. As we eat, so shall we think. So long as humanity's molars go tearing through brawn and muscle and cartilage, how shall man attain the life of mystic contemplation, of surcease from struggle, of sublime acquiescence? So I reason as a man. As an author I find walnuts and whole wheat ideal. They give me the requisite energy for producing my novel once every four years, and my short stories twice a year. Life is made to dream. I sense the call of the cloister. To sink into the depths of contemplation, to reduce myself to the state of the abysmal thinker, that is all I have ever asked of life. The sharp staccato of my typewriter rasps my inner ear to the awful procession of the ages. My faith is unshaken in the ultimate Nirvana, where book royalties and moving-picture scenarios are as naught.

(From "Upward to the Light," by V-ct-r-a-o Hu-rta.)

Let me confess. I adore flowers; their color, their fragrance, the exquisite architecture of leaf and tendril and filament. My favorite flower is the lily, but they are all dear to me. In their infinite variety they are so many tiny silver voices swelling to a mighty chorus in praise of Creation—the true, the beautiful, the good. I have been at pains to master the symbolic language of flowers, the rose for loyalty, and the violet for self-sacrifice, and the primrose for tenderness and mercy, and the pansy for remembrance. Without flowers, without poetry, without music, life would be unendurable. I grudge the hours which I must spend away from my garden, harassed by the cares of state which fortune has thrust upon me.

RECENT ITALIAN LITERATURE.

Rome, October 23.

Since the death of Carducci and Pascoli, the last survivors of the great school of modern Italian poetry, no predominant figure has appeared in this field. Although a number of writers, some of them cultured and talented, continue to bring out slim volumes of verse, a very small part of this production is of a high order, or, indeed, can be held to rank as real poetry at all. "Volumes Written in Verse" is the sarcastic title of a review of recent Italian poetry by a severe but by no means unfair critic in the *Nuova Antologia*. Italy is not perhaps in much worse condition, in this dearth of poetical output, than are other countries to-day, and it should seem as though poetry were not the form of literary expression best adapted to modern life and ideas. One of the most sympathetic contemporary Italian poets is Angelo Orvieto, and in his latest volume, "Le Sette Leggende" (Milan: Treves), he tells seven romantic and symbolical tales in verse which, if

not of the very first rank, is always distinguished, polished, and genuine, and has moments of real poetic feeling. Lamberto Carlini's "La Corona dei mesi" (Milan: Lanzini), a sort of poetical calendar of the months, dedicated in an odd and somewhat absurd preface to the author's late lamented grandfather, is not without some inspiration and freshness in the descriptions of the characteristic features of the different seasons. Franco Caracci's "Campane a Sera" (Palermo: Sandron) is an imitation of Pascoli, impregnated with melancholy, but lacking in clearness. Giuseppe Scalia, in his volume of "Rime" (Catania: Giannotta), aspires to imitate Carducci; he does not lack culture, and his sonnets give evidence of a sense of poetry, but he shows little originality. "I Canti dei Vecchi Goliardi," by Curio Mortari (Padova: Nuovi Goliardi), is the beginning of a lengthy account in verse of a somewhat complicated crime. Giovanni Orsini's ambitious "Poema di Lepanto" (Milan: Libreria editrice milanese) is so full of uncouth words and disused expressions that the author has found it advisable to append a glossary to his production. D'Annunzio did the same thing in his poems on the Turco-Italian war, and he is evidently finding imitators in this as in his other idiosyncrasies, but then D'Annunzio's war poems are really inspired poetry.

In the field of fiction, too, the output is not very abundant, and no novels of the first rank have appeared quite recently. Fogazzaro is dead, and D'Annunzio, since "Forse che sì, forse che no," has written nothing but plays in French verse and a few strange but powerful essays. The most interesting of recent Italian novels is perhaps Luciano Zuccoli's "La Freccia nel Fianco" (Treves). It is the story of a girl of refined feelings and originality brought up among opulent surroundings by worthy but extremely commonplace and bourgeois parents. Deprived of such human intercourse as was likely to attract her, she accidentally becomes the friend and confidant of a little boy of seven, the son of a brilliant, clever, extravagant *roué* and an irresponsible, sensuous, and equally spendthrift mother. The parents are separated, and each in turn has charge of the boy, who is hurried about from Paris to Vienna and from Milan to Monte Carlo, now living in a style of lavish luxury, now made to subsist in strict economy. Child as Brunello is, he understands instinctively how utterly impossible is this manner of life, and the author has depicted his mental development with rare insight, so that one is attracted by the portrait of the boy, who in less skilful hands might have become an insupportable prig. The girl Nicoletta loses her little companion, who is carried off from the villa where he was staying with his father, to Paris, and in due course, having refused the hand of a noble suitor whom she despised, marries a rich and kind-hearted manufacturer, with whom she lives happily for some years. Then Brunello appears on the scene once more, no longer a child, but a handsome, fascinating, highly cultured youth; the recollection of past comradeship cannot be cancelled—this is "the arrow in the side" whence the novel takes its name—and inevitably develops into a deeper and more dangerous feeling. Both feel this; Nicoletta declares that she could never survive if she were unfaithful to her husband, to whom she is really attached. Passion having at last overcome both moral scruples and reason, she keeps her vow and commits suicide. The *thèse* is a bold one, but Signor Zuccoli handles it with a sure touch and a thorough mastery of style; he begins in a gentle idyllic tone, the main plot being varied with descriptions of scenery and humorous episodes, but as he nears the end the tints become more sombre and the manner more dramatic, leading up to the final tragedy.

Grazia Deledda continues her cycle of Sardinian stories, which have now reached a considerable number, and her latest volume, "Canne al Vento" (Treves), is not very different from its predecessors. Her object seems to be the same throughout her literary career, viz., to make her readers understand the conditions of life in her native island, and the characters, necessities, and ideas of the people. Although the plots and episodes vary, the tone and coloring are always the same, always of the gloomiest and most melancholy; and in this we do not think that she is quite true to her subject. Sardinia is not the hopelessly depressing place she depicts it, nor are all its inhabitants so utterly without will power. In the novel under review the characters seem even more helpless than in the others; they are indeed *canne al vento*—reeds blown this way and that by the wind—and no one has the strength to fight against fate. Yet in the end, except for the strange, faithful old serving man, Efix, an almost Biblical personage, both in his mode of expression and in his way of thought, who dies amid the sound of wedding bells, the characters marry and presumably live happily ever after, if any one can ever be really happy in Grazia Deledda's gray world. The account of the wanderings of Efix, begging his way with two blind companions, from fair to fair and from *festa* to *festa*, is one of the most curious and powerful episodes in the book, and has more than a touch of Gorky; yet one is at a loss to understand why he ever set forth on his travels, or why, having done so, he ever returned.

Ricciotto Civinini's "Gente di Palude" (Treves) is another novel of local color, the scene being laid at Maccarese, a vast swampy district in the Roman Campagna, near the sea. Like most writers who deal with this part of the world, the author seems so filled with its overpowering natural features that he accentuates them unduly, depicting his characters as though they, too, were wholly and perpetually absorbed in the great marshland. Some of the pictures of the lonely life in the Campagna are effective, but there is much exaggeration and at least one impossible episode.

Among the collections of short stories Ugo Ojetti's "L'Amore e suo figlio" (Treves) may be mentioned. The author, who is a journalist, art critic, and dramatist, as well as a writer of fiction, is at his best in his humorous, keenly satirical sketches on topical subjects, such as he often publishes in the *Corriere della Sera*, but in this volume the stories are, with one exception (the first, which gives its title to the book), rather unpleasant in tone, although written in a concise, effective style. The characters are mostly disagreeable, and often vulgar, and the situations, if grimly ironical, are of the kind which makes one feel uncomfortable. Of a different order are Riccardo Pierantoni's "Novelle Marinare" (Rome: Nalato), tales of seafaring life, full of that love of the sea which characterized the author from his early youth. One of them, "Giallo e Nero," is based on the experiences of the brothers Bandiera, when, as Austrian naval officers, they took part in the joint Austro-Anglo-Turkish expedition to Acre in 1840. It was in making researches for this tale that the idea suggested itself to Signor Pierantoni of writing the book which he published some years ago on the fatal expedition of those same Bandiera brothers to the Calabrian coast, a valuable addition to our knowledge of Italian Risorgimento history. A melancholy interest attaches to these *novelle*, which were collected and partly revised by this promising young writer on his deathbed, and brought out after his premature decease by his mother and sister.

A book which cannot be classed either as poetry or fiction, although it shows both imagination and poetical feeling, is Emilio Bodrero's "I Giardini di Adone" (Rome: Bontempelli). The author, a busy official in a Government department, finds time to devote to the highest forms of culture and to philosophical studies, and has acquired a purely classical spirit and style such as is equalled by very few moderns. He is a humanist to the finger tips and thoroughly steeped in Greek thought and feeling. After bringing out essays on various Greek philosophers, he has produced in this new volume a series of dialogues on philosophical subjects set forth in language of rare beauty. His style now

reminds one of the stately logical periods of Plato, now of the witty satire of Lucian, and all through there runs a vein of paradox which is never unreasonable, with a genuine sense of fantasy and poetry. The spirit of these dialogues is a tendency to rebel against soulless rationalism and cold materialistic reason. Fantasy, in the author's view, is everything, whereas bare facts and plain truths are but a small part of the higher and more real truth of life. One of the most characteristic essays is that entitled "Ahasuero o la verità"; the dialogue is held in some mythical Eastern land under the sway of Prester John. There all the famous mythological personages of tradition are gathered together—Linus, the founder of song; Hippolita, the Queen of the Amazons; Marcus Curtius, who rode into the abyss in the Roman Forum; St. Ursula, who was martyred with her 11,000 companions; Roland, the female Pope Joan, Til Eulenspiegel, Naundorf, etc.—awaiting the day when they shall be called back to the world. But the wandering Jew Ahasuerus, who symbolizes cold reason, comes in among them and tells them that they are myths and that they never have existed; to which Prester John and the others reply that they are the real truth, for humanity has created them, the creatures of its dreams and fancies, as an incitement to great deeds:

> Reality! But for what object would it exist if not to render humanity sublime in its dreams? We are progress and history, we whose existence you bestially deny. All that you say is blind, incomprehensible formula, whereas what man requires is fantasy. Wherefore have you killed it, O implacable destroyer? But you will not prevail, O mortal enemy, and we shall always be history and truth, morality and example, when, after our victory we shall return to the world which awaits us in order to understand itself once more. Shame and curses on him who bereft humanity of its fairest creation!

The witty dialogue between Lucian of Samosata and the impostor Alexander of Abonouteichos follows somewhat on the same lines, and tends to prove that by imposing on humanity one renders it happy. In a different vein is the discussion in "La Passeggiata" between Polyphilus the poet, Xenodotus the archæologist, and Heliodorus the philosopher on the monuments of Rome, the archæologist maintaining that only the ancient buildings and remains should be preserved and excavated, and all the work of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance ruthlessly swept away, while the poet is for the preservation of everything that is beautiful, and holds that a temple turned in later ages into a church is lovelier than a cold, carefully preserved ruin where all is ticketed and catalogued. The philosopher, acting as arbiter, decides that each age will be judged by posterity for what it preserves and for what it produces, and that sometimes, in destroying the relics of the past, men may be producing documents of yet greater value. "There is a fate which none of us know, wherefore on the manner in which we shall know how to live among our memories, posterity will base its judgment on our value." Altogether, "I Giardini di Adone" is one of the most remarkable and original books published in Italy in recent times.

LUIGI VILLARI.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The Bibliophile article of the *Nation* of September 11 has just come to my notice, in which Mr. Leo Newmark writes of a rare German translation of Boswell's "Life of Johnson" published by Nicolovius at Königsberg in 1797. About the translator, who signs as M. L., Mr. Newmark says: ". . . a little bibliographic research soon disclosed her to have been one Dorothea Mathilde Liebeskind. More research revealed nothing further about her."

I see no reason why the investigator should have encountered the difficulty expressed in the last sentence. The reference works to which one naturally turns for information on a German author of the end of the eighteenth century readily yield the desired data. Dorothea Margaretha (I do not find Mathilde) Liebeskind and her literary activity are briefly, but adequately, treated in several volumes of Meusel's "Gelehrtes Teutschland" (5th ed., 1796 ff.), as also in Goedeke's indispensable "Grundriss zur Geschichte der deutschen Dichtung" (2nd ed., Vol. VI, pp. 426-7). From these sources it appears that Frau Liebeskind, first married to J. N. Forkel, a musical director, afterwards to J. H. Liebeskind, a prominent jurist in Munich, was born in 1765 as the daughter of a Göttingen professor, Wedekind. During her younger years, from about 1790 to 1797, she must have been exceedingly busy with rapid hack translations from the English. Her numerous titles as quoted in Goedeke include, for instance, Godwin's "Caleb Williams" (1795), and voluminous renderings from the novels of Mrs. Radcliffe, Mrs. Lennox, Mrs. Charlotte Smith, and other sensational and phantastic writers of that day. Even this list, however, fails to record a not unimportant part of Frau Liebeskind's efforts, not published under her own name, in the field of semi-scientific works of travel and history, as, for instance, the "History of the American Revolution," by David Ramsay, the South Carolinian. A number of these more scholarly translations were brought out with the coöperation and under the name of no less a personage than the high-minded, but ill-starred, Johann Georg Forster (1754-1794), whom literary and political history remembers in connection with Cook's "Voyage around the World . . . during the years 1772, 3, 4, and 5," and with the short-lived revolutionary movement at Mayence in the years 1792 and 1793.

Speaking of Mrs. Liebeskind's German Boswell, Mr. Newmark mentions with apparent surprise the liberal taste which Friedrich Nicolovius, its publisher, must have presumed generally to exist among the Germans for translations from the English. As a basis for this statement he refers to a translation of Butler's "Hudibras" which the same publisher brought out in the same year as that of Boswell's "Life of Johnson." Here, too, a little research would easily have shown the wide range of German interest in English letters during the last half of the eighteenth century, a range of interest that included far less attractive things than old Butler's crude, but vigorous, attack on English Puritanism. As a matter of fact, the 1797 edition of "Hudibras," published at Königsberg, was merely a revision of the translation by D. W. Soltau, originally published by Hartknoch in Riga in 1787. But even that was no first attempt at introducing Butler's satire to German readers, nor indeed the last. Only a few years ago, "Hudibras in Germany" was considered sufficiently important to be made the subject of a special study by Prof. Harvey W. Thayer in the Publications of the Modern Language Association of America, Vol. XXIV, pp. 547-584.

Mrs. Liebeskind as a translator from the English and Butler's "Hudibras" in German prove thus to be topics well within the range of ordinary bibliographic knowledge.

But for a right appreciation of the German attitude not only towards English, but towards foreign literature in general, it is necessary to keep in mind a fundamental principle which in no small measure distinguishes the German people from most of their neighbors on both sides of the Atlantic. It would be folly to try to express it more tersely than it was put by Goethe in his famous last letter, addressed to Wilhelm von Humboldt a few days before the great poet's death. What Goethe there says of individual development applied, he felt sure, no less to national culture:

> Das beste Genie ist das, welches alles in sich aufnimmt, sich alles zuzueignen weiss, ohne dass es der eigentlichen Grundbestimmung, demjenigen, was man Charakter nennt, im mindesten Eintrag tue, vielmehr solches noch erst recht erhebe, und durchaus nach Möglichkeit befähige.

A. R. HOHLFELD.

Correspondence

HETCH-HETCHY: THE REAL POINT IGNORED.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In urging the Senate to take time for reflection before giving away Hetch-Hetchy, you have done a service to the valley through which its waters flow and to which they are a vital necessity. The irrigated parts are but small and sparse oases. I have passed over that country four times of late, and there have been hours when only a wilderness of gray sand was visible from the train. To this parched territory the waters of Hetch-Hetchy rightly belong, and when it is served there will be no surplus left for San Francisco. Give them away now and you leave hundreds of thousands of acres as barren as the street.

This feature of the case has been carefully concealed by the San Francisco press, which has answered John Muir's plea for the scenery with ridicule; but in a question of life or death, affecting a very large territory, ridicule will hardly count.

Mr. Church, M. C. for the district, says the farmers are willing to surrender the water. What farmers? Certainly not those who have not yet procured water, and who are in the vast majority.

Does not San Francisco need the water? Not now. And when it does there is abundance of surplus water in the American, the Yuba, and the Feather, to say nothing of Tahoe and the other lakes.

JOHN GAMBLE.

Haywards, Cal., November 3.

DEANS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In turning over a number of college catalogues the other day, I found myself constantly facing the word "dean"—dean of women, of course; dean of the school, department, college (the name was legion), of engineering; dean of the college, department, of arts and sciences, liberal arts; dean of the school of agriculture. But there were other deans—dean of the school, department, college, of education; dean of the school of journalism; dean of the school of chemistry (actually); and—dean of deans. The last title strikes one as Biblical, the others, most of them, as essentially Miltonic. But I would catch the significance of it all, and am wondering if a reader of the *Nation* might not spring up to my aid.

What, pray, is all the deanerie about? Is it true that the word once meant something, and now, like "judge" and "colonel," in certain districts, is travelling the slippery path of nonsense? It looks as if "judge" and "colonel" and "dean" were exhibits of that same species of snobbery (English usage) which clings to American modes of thought; I find also, as in these other cases, that the further one travels from the centres, the more lush is likely to be the growth of deans. In some of our State universities, indeed, it is difficult to escape them. Mark Twain once spoke of not being able to fire a revolver off your back porch in Cambridge without bringing down a two-volumer; there is a place I know, west of Suez, where you can hardly hurl a stone at a cat without bruising the shins of a dean. And the dean may be a very pleasant fellow, too; he is simply under the shadow of a monstrous name.

Some say that presidents are to blame—that if they wish to raise a man's salary without hurting any other man's feelings they create some sort of hocus-pocus, and name the man dean of it. But there must be other, more philosophical, explanations. I am aware of a department of journalism of two instructors, one of them a dean. I know of a department of education, exactly on a plane with a department of political science or of physics, and yet the head of the department is called dean. I have intimations of a graduate school, without graduate courses, and yet it is presided over by a dean.

Not many years ago there appeared in one of our leading dailies an article on "The Flummery of Caps and Gowns," the point being that there was no tradition, no texture of life, which made it worth while for us in America to play with these academic adornments; the practice was undemocratic. This protest, I imagine, was without avail; perhaps the tradition had already been created; and possibly the vice of flummery is venial. But not so with the sin of snobbery. Would it be imaginable, I wonder, for this "snobbery of deans," as well as all other species and varieties of snobbery, to die a national, hasty, and certain death? EDWARD A. THURBER.

University of Oregon, October 29.

CAFETARIA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The following is taken from the *Evening Post:* "Downstairs there is to be a cafétaria, that modern expedient for getting the most lunch for the least money."

In this town we have several of these institutions, though our spelling is *cafeteria.* Now can any of your readers throw light upon the origin of the term? It is quite recent, say within ten years, or even less. It looks like an American growth; I have not found anything resembling it in French, Italian, or Spanish dictionaries. It serves to designate an eating place somewhere between a tea room and a restaurant.

J. M. HART.

Ithaca, November 1.

DIALECT POETRY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: "I' b'en a-kindo musin', as the feller says," since I read the letter in last week's issue under the caption, "is 'Hoosier Poetry' Appropriate in the *Nation?*" The writer refers to the dialect verses which you quoted in your editorial, "The Hoosier Poet," as "barbaric puerilities," a "dialect that needs no example or precept among our young people"; and he ends his tirade with the sweeping assertion that "the existence of such corruptions of English is merely a misfortune; their reproduction in the *Nation* is a calamity."

May I offer a humble remonstrance to this jeremiad? Literature is a reflection of life. When an author depicts a person, he should make him speak "in character," and we know that some characters do not express their thoughts and emotions in choice English. Dialect literature gives us a convincing portrayal of such people. We and our children respond to their sentiments without any desire to imitate their idiosyncrasies of speech. Surely such expressions of wholesome human natures are not "barbaric puerilities," but their natural mode of utterance, distinguishing them from better educated mortals. The virile personality of Natty Bumpo thrilled me as a child; his quaint forms of expression, instead of "larning" me bad grammar, only amused me and intensified my appreciation of the naturalness of his character. Shall we banish "Uncle Remus" from our fireside for fear that "the little boy" (and children of a larger growth) may become corrupted by his homely dialect? Must Joel Chandler Harris never appear in the pages of the *Nation?* Or, by extension, shall we expurgate from the works of the immortals the blundering Dogberry or the inimitable Mrs. Malaprop, because, forsooth, they murder the King's English? Coming home to classic Boston, near which the writer of the protest lives, must Lowell's poem of New England rural life, "The Courtin'," be interdicted on the ground that "the existence of such corruptions of English is merely a misfortune; their reproduction in the *Nation* is a calamity"?

So, Mr. Editor, as a reader of the *Nation* who believes that the use of your pages in presenting good dialect literature is not a "misuse," but the sane appreciation of a valuable form of literary expression, I make a plea for the Hoosier Poet and all good dialect writers whose prose and verse pulsate with human joys and sorrows. Continue to publish extracts from their writings for our delectation, and have no fear that "the gobbie-uns 'll git *you,* if you don't watch out!" L. G. PAINTER.

Columbus, Miss., October 26.

OPIUM SMOKING IN JAVA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Opium smoking is the chief vice of the inhabitants of Java. The whole of the opium consumed in Java is manufactured by the Dutch Government of the island, at the government opium manufactory in Batavia. The profits are very large. Mark well that the importation of opium is entirely prohibited, and that no opium poppies are grown in Java, the poppy heads used in the manufacture being especially imported for this purpose by the Dutch Government from British India. It is therefore evident that, if the Government of Java could be induced, in the interests of humanity, to renounce its profits, and to close its opium manufactory, the practice of the vice in Java would cease at once.

BERTRAND SHADWELL.

Garoet, Java, September 18.

AN EMINENT SOCIOLOGIST.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: News comes from Florence of the death of one of the most distinguished of Italian sociologists, Scipio Sighele.

He was born at Brescia in 1868, graduated at the University of Rome, and then resided for many years in the Trentino, that painfully Italian part of the Austrian Empire, whence his family came, and whence he was banished by the Austrian Government for asserting his ideals of political liberty. He was lecturer on criminal law at the University of Pisa, professor of criminal sociology at the University of Brussels, and member of many scientific and literary academies.

A lawyer by training, he became interested in the scientific study of criminology, then under the leadership of Lombroso, and with his accurate studies, particularly of crowds, he was soon recognized as a pioneer in what is termed collective psychology. In fact, his principal works are (I give here the French titles, because these books are better known in this country in their French translation) "La Foule criminelle," "Le Crime à deux," and "La Psychologie des sectes." In these books, besides scientific accuracy in the collecting and presenting of facts, we find a broad knowledge of literature, criticised from the psychological point of view by a man who was himself both scientist and artist. While investigating with painstaking erudition social evils and the character of crowds, he studied the individual, both in actual life and in the masterpieces of fiction. This is attested by such works as "Letteratura

tragica" and "Nell' arte e nella scienza."

The foundation of his philosophy of government was that the psychology of collected individuals is far inferior to that of each individual taken separately. There is in this conclusion a suggestion of pessimism, particularly if it is applied to parliamentary government—a subject on which Sighele made a special study (see his essay entitled "Contro il parlamentarismo" and his latest book, just issued, "Morale privata e morale politica"). But he was, on the contrary, very optimistic. His constant theory was that the individual should be better educated, so that the crowd, the social gathering, and the political assembly might eventually be improved, and by their work in turn improve the individual. Thus in its scope his life's work had a background of ideal philanthropy.

Though his name will live chiefly on account of his scientific work, Scipio Sighele was popular in Italy largely for his political significance. As an exile of Austria, as a preacher of unflinching irredentism, and as one of the first to voice that nationalism which recently found glorious manifestation in the campaigns of Tripoli, Sighele was a kind of national hero. And his numerous contributions to the best magazines and dailies brought his ideas frequently before the public.

It is, indeed, to be regretted that a life so productive and so useful should be cut off at the age of forty-five. In his work in collective psychology Professor Sighele had an international reputation. In Italy his name remains as a symbol at once of a broad and studious mind dedicated to a lofty purpose, and of the highest ideals of patriotism.

RUDOLPH ALTROCCHI.

Harvard University, November 10.

Literature

COLOMBIA.

Colombia. By Phanor J. Eder. With 40 illustrations and 2 maps. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3 net.

If there is one country in South America which has a definite claim on the intelligent sympathy and interest of the American people, it is the Republic of Colombia, and yet if there has been one country in South America about which it has been difficult to get accurate information, it is our neighbor across the Isthmus. To be sure, various travellers have given us some insight into its geography and the manners and customs of its people. Millican, the orchid hunter, wrote a capital account of his travels and adventures, but it was published more than twenty years ago, and is difficult to procure. Wirt Robinson, in his "Flying Trip to the Tropics," gave us a good picture of the Magdalena River and of the bird life that he encountered on his hasty trip. American Minister Scruggs, in writing "The Colombian and Venezuelan Republics," enabled us to see the civilized part of Colombia and the manners and customs of Bogota through the eyes of a diplomat. And Loraine Petre, in his "Republic of Colombia," gives a very fair account of that part of the country which can most easily be visited, and, in his "Simon Bolivar," a painstaking, minute study of the military side of her War of Independence. But there has been no book to which one could turn for accurate information and satisfactory description of the country as a whole.

At last we have in the present volume an adequate book on Colombia which it is a pleasure to welcome. No writer in Scribner's useful South American series has given evidence of knowing his country so intimately, thoroughly, and sympathetically as Mr. Eder. Although his work lacks the brilliant originality of Professor Denis's "Brazil," it takes very high rank in the series.

Mr. Eder has, to be sure, written frankly from the point of view of the mere business man. Historical and sociological material has been used only to give the necessary background. Nevertheless, the historical part of the book is well and thoughtfully written. Unlike Petre, whose work is marred by frequently expressed animosity against Santander, Mr. Eder rightly calls that remarkable man one of "the best type of public men South America has produced. Well versed in polities and jurisprudence, Santander was a constructive statesman who relied upon law, not force, for the maintenance of government, amply earning the title that has been bestowed on him, *el hombre de las leyes*—'the man of law.' He was ever a sincere patriot, subordinating his personal ambition to his country's welfare, and his public record has but few stains." We know all too little about this man, although his character and achievements really earned him a place alongside of Washington and Jefferson.

As a result of his three years in the Harvard Law School and of his own personal acquaintance with the mining laws of Colombia, Mr. Eder has been able to write an unusually good chapter on government and law. A clearer exposition of the laws of any South American republic has not appeared in any book which has come under the reviewer's notice during the last twelve years. It is brief, but very much to the point. There is a useful appendix giving the amendments to the Constitution adopted in 1910, but as Mr. Eder himself says,

> the Colombians, a few exceptions apart, have never really understood, do not to-day understand, their own Constitution; . . . the Constitution has no vital effect upon the nation's life or laws; inner spirit it has none; and though there is much discussion over it, and to-day all political parties proclaim themselves "constitutional," that is, adherents in the main of the existing Constitution, yet a reading of it furnished us surprisingly little assistance in arriving at any complete understanding of the actual workings of the Government.

Mr. Eder admits that revolutions will occur, but he also contends that they will be less of a menace and less destructive to Colombia than a coal strike to Great Britain or a railway strike to the United States.

The author appears to belong to a family some of whose members have been in business in Colombia for half a century, chiefly in the rich Cauca Valley. This fact, while adding to Mr. Eder's qualifications for his task, has been the cause of two defects. The more serious is that he takes it for granted that his readers have a good general knowledge of South America. Of course, this leaves him free to make his book more informative for the well-prepared reader, and it is quite possible that the time has arrived when our knowledge of South American history and institutions should enable us to use more advanced handbooks. The second fault, not a serious one, is that Mr. Eder lays too much emphasis on the Cauca Valley. Yet he recognizes his natural prejudice for the part of the country where his family has lived, and he has tried, by consulting the best authorities, to do justice to those portions of Colombia with which he is not personally acquainted. His excuse for calling particular attention to "The Valley" is that the opening of the Panama Canal will benefit Cauca as much as, possibly more than, any other part of South America. Its seaport of Buenaventura, if ever properly developed and drained, has a great future.

Mr. Eder has not felt the necessity of discussing the way in which the Republic of Panama achieved its independence. At the same time, as he enjoys the rare distinction of being fond of both Colombia and the United States, his remarks on the present attitude of Colombians towards us are worthy of careful consideration. With the authority of intimate personal knowledge, he writes: "In spite of the lapse of so many years, the unsettled 'Panama question' is still a burning one in Colombia." Colombians "dread a Yankee attempt sooner or later to overpower South America, and believe their land to be the outpost which will be first attacked. They have already felt the talon of the Eagle; they have a hysterical dread that the voracious bird will again swoop down upon their country. Hysterical is the only word. Suspicion of the designs of the American Government is carried to absurd limits." In the word "hysterical" he has put his finger at the very core of the trouble. The question for the careful reader of his book to answer is, How far is it the duty of the United States to attempt to effect a cure for this hysteria? Unlike a recent magazine writer who would have us take from Panama her

southern provinces and hand them back to Colombia—on the theory that two wrongs make a right—Mr. Eder offers no suggestions as to how we may help settle this burning question. He does, however, point out repeatedly the possibilities for enlarging Colombia's commerce and the opportunities for making investments in her mines, ranches, and plantations.

His friendliness to Colombia has not led him to overlook her faults. In criticising her economic policy he does not mince matters. Speaking of the Magdalena River, Colombia's chief highway, he says: "Its utility, actual or latent, is limited, and to have staked the early railroad-building energies of the nation, and largely its pecuniary resources, too, on establishing connection with this frail artery of trade *without any serious attempt to improve its navigability*, has been Folly, Waste, Crime." In fact, Colombian statesmen will find many unpalatable paragraphs. A current joke illustrating the character of some Colombian railways is worth repeating. Says one passenger to another, "We seem to be going more smoothly." "Yes," replies his friend, "we are off the track now."

The development of Colombia's natural resources is retarded on every side by lack of roads:

> Rich mines to which machinery cannot be taken except at frightful cost, forests of valuable timber too remote from the seas or navigable rivers to be available for international trade, agricultural lands that could supply a large share of the world's tropical products, did not the freights eat up the profits—these lie fallow and unworked. Dozens of articles that the country itself produces, prime necessities like salt, sugar, rice, flour, potatoes, are imported from abroad because that is cheaper, despite high duties, than transporting them from one part of the country to another. Roads and railroads are indeed the crying need.

If anything is needed to help the American reader to a sympathetic consideration of the stumbling-blocks that have lain in the way of Colombia's progress from the beginning, it is a few weeks' experience of travel in the central Andes.

On the other hand, Mr. Eder is able to testify:

> The resources of the country are daily developing, its income daily increasing, yet its national debt per capita remains one of the smallest of any of the American nations. There is scarcely a country in the world, therefore, which offers to the enterprising financier a better field for a large bank and loan venture, with a high and legitimate profit and a fair margin of safety.

This may sound, taken by itself, too sanguine, but Mr. Eder well knows the difficulties of carrying negotiations through to a successful termination. From personal experience he has found that the Colombian Government and people are "not easy to negotiate with." They cannot easily be made to perceive the standpoint of the foreign banker and investor. We are almost forced to the conclusion that Colombia does not at heart really desire foreign capital.

To those boosters of our foreign trade who are wont to say that if we make our goods satisfactory and can compete in regard to prices, we can sell our wares without difficulty, Mr. Eder replies: "How large a rôle anti-American feeling plays to the advantage of the European exporter it is impossible to estimate accurately: *that it is enormous cannot be doubted.*" With regard to our own commercial travellers, it is a pleasure to learn that "the much-beridiculed, language-ignorant, 'dago'-despising, tobacco-chewing, grossly impolite type of Yankee 'hustler' is rapidly disappearing." At the same time it is discouraging to find that our manufacturers who ship goods to Colombia still ignore the first requirements of packing. They either make the package so heavy that the additional customs and freight charges ruin the consignee, or so flimsy that damage and breaking due to transshipments and mule-back journeys, and exposure to heat and wet, cause the goods to arrive in a state that is little likely to cause future orders.

At the risk of tiring the ordinary reader, Mr. Eder has ventured to give a considerable amount of space to carefully compiled data with regard to economic conditions that should prove of the greatest value to intending visitors, be they tourists, commercial travellers, or investors. Specific details are furnished in regard to the number of coffee plants that can be planted to the acre, the character and source of Colombia's exports, and the size and resources of her banks, laboriously compiled from annual reports and private sources of information.

A word must be said in regard to the photographs, which are not only well chosen, but, a far less common occurrence, are actually placed so as to illustrate the text. For some of the best, the author acknowledges his indebtedness to the recent expedition of the American Museum under the leadership of Frank Chapman. The publishers have not treated the book fairly in the map, which, a too faithful copy of Codazzi, is not up-to-date as regards railways, and, although giving conspicuous notice to some places long since defunct, actually fails to locate such important points as La Dorada and Nemocón. It would also make the Peruvians smile to see that their northern boundary is the Amazon. If only Colombia would undertake to govern the Putumayo as well as to claim it on the maps!

CURRENT FICTION.

The End of Her Honeymoon. By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

In "The Chink in the Armour" Mrs. Belloc Lowndes developed, somewhat laboriously, a story of crime and mystery. Here she does something of the same sort in a far better way. The plot is ingenious, but the reader does not feel that he is examining the merits of an intricate invention. The mystery itself absorbs him from the beginning. Here is the opening situation: A young pair arrive in Paris late one night, the last night of a three weeks' honeymoon. John Dampier is, like his wife, English by birth, but a painter who has lived long in Paris, and who now brings his bride to Paris as home.

It is an Exhibition year, and when they reach the hotel, they find that the landlady, though Dampier had written, has not suitable rooms for them. Rather than go elsewhere, they stay, the wife in a room adjoining that of their host and hostess, the Poulains, Dampier in some garret cubicle which is vaguely spoken of and which, of course, the young wife does not see. In the morning Dampier has disappeared. To the wife's amazement, the Poulains deny that he has been there at all. They assert that she has come there alone, and show a strong desire to be rid of her. Fortunately, there are certain fellow-inmates of the hotel to whom she can appeal—an American Senator, his daughter, and son.

The police are notified, the morgue is visited, the American and British consulates are appealed to. Finally, the Prefect of Police is interviewed, and as a result the house is searched. Nothing is found, and the outlook seems hopeless. By this time the younger American is in love with Mrs. Dampier, and believing that Dampier is dead, swears to discover the truth. The reader who guesses the answer before it is presented to him in black and white will be a clever person.

Betty Musgrave. By Mary Findlater. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Neither Scottish scenes, the description of some extraordinarily eccentric and diseased personalities, nor the interest of a simple thread of sentimental action, quite saves this book from colorlessness. Partly responsible are the small number of characters, and the highly subjective cast of the story. In the first chapter we are introduced to the only three personages of importance: Betty, daughter of a ruined house, her father dead, and her money gone; her mother, a vicious woman, addicted to drugs; and Oliver Lacy, the rather lackadaisical young hero. It requires no penetration to perceive that the action is to lie simply in Betty's struggles for a livelihood,

her efforts to reform her mother or restrain her, and in Lacy's unexciting methods of love-making. In trying to inject a moral interest into this rather uninspiring course of events, the author has only succeeded in giving us too much psychology. The ending is long foreseen and conventional; the mother dies, a victim to her vices, and Betty and Oliver are quietly married. The only passages of merit are those describing the wholesome young girl in contrast with several distasteful and snobbish figures of the London society into which her family connections carry her, a "poor relation" of independent type.

The Dominie of Harlem. By Arnold Mulder. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

Dominies still exist in Harlem—but in a Harlem of the Middle West, a little settlement whose people have preserved the customs of the Fatherland and let the "Dutch of it" persist in their natures. To this conservative community came a new minister, the "Dominie," of the new generation who wished to "melt the snow" of prejudice and narrowness in Harlem. He began at once with a series of crimes. He went out canoeing, failed to ask after the health of the soul of his flock on meeting them, and laughed on Sunday. To cap it all, he eloped with the daughter of a man who had left the church in anger and had himself married by a Methodist preacher. Ultimately, his manhood overrode popular sentiment, melted the snow of his parishioners' hearts, and put him at the head of his headstrong community.

"The Dominie of Harlem" is a pretty tale, prettily done. To many readers it will be news to be told of Dutch peasants in twentieth-century America. Their squabbles, social and religious, their condemnation of the use of English as the worst of sins, their struggle against progress and colleges and fresh air, make a pleasant if not a startling narrative.

If You Touch Them They Vanish. By Gouverneur Morris. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Gouverneur Morris here returns to an earlier and pleasanter style. It is a sort of modern fairy tale, with a Poor—but rich—Boy for a hero, misused for all his millions, an old Irish nurse for a Fairy Godmother, a New York society girl who has lost her all in the vague machinations of finance for a Fairy Princess, and for a background a vast, sweeping valley of soaring rocks and billowing pine forests far up on the Canadian coast. To this private domain the Poor Boy retires when he is shunned by the world for an offence he never committed. His old nurse goes with him, the only human being who believes in him, and the only one whose face he will consent to see. Here in the wilderness the Poor Boy surrounds himself with a whole community of kindred spirits. He peoples it with all the sufferers of the world who have been wrongfully accused and imprisoned. With them he conducts great enterprises, develops his domain, establishes a commission government by three persons, a man, a woman, and a child—who must not be in any way related to the other members of the commission, lest the slipper should unduly influence affairs of state—builds houses, schools, and public edifices. But through it all he knows that, while he may talk to his friends, if he touches them they will vanish. How the old nurse brought a helper to the valley, and how in the end the Poor Boy found that they did not always vanish when you touched them, are things not to be set forth here. Mr. Morris has handled his difficult subject with a graceful touch.

PLATO'S LETTERS.

The Authorship of the Platonic Epistles. By R. Hackforth. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2 net.

The renewed controversy concerning the genuineness of the thirteen "Platonic" Epistles is of more than technical interest. It affects not only the availability of much attractive material for the historian of Greece, but our conception of Plato's character. It is no light thing to assume that Plato was capable of the silly mysticism of the second epistle, the scholastic pedantry and sophistic rhetoric of the third and others; the obscurities, affectations, and tasteless jests of the sixth; the disingenuousness of the thirteenth; the clumsy irrelevance and ponderous elaboration of Platonic formula in the philosophical digression in the seventh.

In the recent renewal of the debate all the apparatus of professional philology and an appalling lexicographical industry have been brought to bear upon a question which a really cultivated literary instinct ought to be able to decide by one attentive reading. Our own "cultivated literary instinct" rejects the letters peremptorily. But it is not easy to translate this inner light into constraining objective arguments. The ever-swelling philological literature of the controversy is largely concerned with the setting up and knocking down of men of straw. The genuineness of the letters can never be proved by showing that they contain no gross and palpable errors of history, and that in vocabulary and idiom they diverge less widely from the usage of Plato's later writings than the zeal of Karsten and other early objectors affirmed, or that they conform more or less closely to Isocratean precepts for the avoidance of hiatus. The errors and exaggerations on both sides cancel one another. We have seen no treatise on the subject from which we could not quote demonstrable misapprehensions of the text.

The broad grounds for the rejection of the epistles are simple. Their acceptance by antiquity hardly creates a presumption in their favor. Antiquity was uncritical in this matter and accepted hundreds of demonstrably spurious epistles. All but a few extremists admit that several of the "Platonic" collection are forgeries. The others, then, may be. We think they are. In the first place, there is no equal amount of Platonic text that is so tame, that contains so few really fine or beautiful sentences. Secondly, the entire writings of Plato probably present fewer "reminiscences" of notable and quotable Platonic passages than these letters. It is easy to misapprehend or confuse this issue. We are not speaking of the iteration and enforcement of fundamental Platonic principles, nor of the verbal repetition of idiom and formula, but of the allusive and scholastic literary reminiscences of famous Platonic passages which we do not find in Plato, and expect to find in a forger. These two broad considerations would suffice, in our opinion, to determine the question. More subjective, perhaps, are arguments drawn from our ideal of Plato's character. It is always possible to argue that the real Plato "gave himself away" in the letters. And it is not easy to refute those who choose to believe that the author of "The Republic," "Gorgias," and "Phædo" wrote letters of the "burn this" type, and had a private understanding with Dionysius that insincere letters of recommendation should begin with the polytheistic word *θεοί*. The ordinary lexicographical arguments, as we have said, prove little either way. A clever Platonizing rhetorician writing within a generation or two of Plato's death would be able to avoid gross errors of vocabulary. He would be more likely to betray himself in slight deviations from the older usage of ordinary words. We suspect that *ἦθος*, apparently in the sense of literary style, in the third epistle (316 A), is such a case: *δῆλα μὲν ἑκάτερα ἔσται τοῖς τὸ ἐμὸν ἦθος δυναμένοις κρίνειν.* Both the thought and the half-technical phrasing here seem to smack of Alexandrinism.

These introductory reflections have kept Mr. Hackforth's volume waiting too long, but have anticipated the substance of our criticism of it. Mr. Hackforth's conclusion is that iii, iv, vii, viii, and xiii are genuine; i, ii, v, vi, and xii spurious, and ix, x, and xi doubtful. In support of this judgment he reviews the letters seriatim, but by no means exhaustively, reaffirming the chief objections of German investigators to the epistles which he rejects and endeavoring to weaken the force of their arguments against those which he accepts.

He does not, so far as we have observed, anywhere meet the two main arguments on which we have rested the issue, unless the scanty collection of parallel passages within the dialogues in Appendix B is to be regarded as an answer to our condemnation of the epistles for excess of Platonic reminiscence.

His introduction gives a sufficient, though incomplete and narrowly technical, history of the "literature" of the controversy. It concludes with his own chief original contribution to the subject. Roeder, on the basis of the tabulation of 246 "rare Platonic words" occurring in the epistles, had affirmed a "general lexical affinity" between the epistles as a whole and Plato's later writings. Mr. Hackforth reduces Roeder's list from 246 to 126 by tables constructed from the special lexica for Thucydides, Xenophon, Demosthenes, Isocrates, the other orators, and Aristotle. Within this group of 126 he establishes a list of 38 "special words" occurring in Plato only in the later dialogues, and by the use of these two lists he finds that the lexical affinities with these dialogues of the epistles which he accepts are a few per cent. higher than those of the epistles which he rejects. This is an interesting illustration of the law that every "style-statistical" investigation only imposes a more laborious task on the next inquirer. We are unable to see that it proves anything else. And Mr. Hackforth's English common-sense constrains him to "face the fact" that no amount of affinity can afford conclusive proof of Platonic authorship. It can only indicate that the letters in question "either are the works of Plato, or the Forger has been very skilful"—even so, more skilful, that is, than the forger of other letters, a conclusion with which we have no quarrel.

The Loss of Normandy (1189-1204): Studies in the History of the Angevin Empire. By F. M. Powicke, M.A. Manchester: University Press; New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $5 net.

In the general history of European politics the Normans of the eleventh and twelfth centuries hold a position of no small importance. As conquerors they made their influence felt from Ireland to the Mediterranean; as organizers they established in England and in Sicily the first modern states in Western Europe, both well in advance of their contemporaries in economic and military strength and in the precocious vigor of their fiscal and administrative systems. While the dominant element in these countries was Norman and ruled with all the stern masterfulness of the Norman character, it was quick to assimilate and transmit the culture and institutions of others, and much of the significance of the Normans lies in their work as intermediaries. Whatever their Scandinavian inheritance may have been, it is now well understood that the conquerors of England had become Frenchmen long before the Battle of Hastings, and the significance of the Conquest lies largely in the connections then established with the culture and law of northern France, a fact of which the English language is a perennial reminder.

Oddly enough, Normandy, especially on its institutional side, has received little attention from English historians, who have been slow to admit the Continental origin of fundamental institutions like the jury and to grasp the larger implications of Norman history. Freeman's elaborate "History of the Norman Conquest" is little more than a political narrative, written with little real understanding of underlying conditions on either side of the Channel; his "big Sicily" ends with the Greeks, his "little Sicily" with the Romans. French scholars have done more, but their special studies have generally failed to make clear the international relations of their subject. The truth is that the history of Normandy is a difficult field of study, largely because of the paucity of original material. There is no parallel to the Domesday survey or the Anglo-Saxon lawbooks, and the scattered fragments of the exchequer rolls make a sorry showing as compared with the pipe rolls and the legal treatises of Plantagenet England. The ore does not lie on the surface, and requires patient and even ingenious search.

Under these circumstances a work like Professor Powicke's, already foreshadowed by various special articles, deserves a warm welcome. He sees his subject broadly, is abreast of recent investigation, both in France and England, and writes with point and vigor. Although the events of the reigns of Richard and John occupy five chapters, the book is not so much a narrative of the separation of Normandy from England, as a series of studies concerning the Angevin empire, viewed as the most advanced and self-sufficient country in Europe during the early years of the thirteenth century, and as thus illustrating in an especial degree the characteristics of a mediæval state. There are here set forth for the first time, at least in English, the geographical basis of the wide-reaching empire of Henry II and his sons, the common elements in its administration, and the nature of the ducal government in Normandy, the empire's origin and centre. The collapse of Angevin power is then traced through the campaigns of Richard and John to the organization of the newly acquired domains by Philip Augustus, while the appendix throws light on the vexed question of the condemnation of John by the court of peers. The most original part of the work is probably the portion which uses the operations in Normandy to illustrate the workings of a mediæval state in time of war. Based on the exchequer rolls of 1180-1203 and the chancery enrolments of John's early years, these chapters show forth the concrete detail of military and fiscal affairs as we could never learn it from the chroniclers. We see how in Normandy, a land of *châtellenies* rather than of shires, the ducal castle and its adjacent demesne were the real unit of administration, and we get a vivid notion of castle life in peace and in war. We can follow item by item the many thousand pounds which went to the making of Château Gaillard, where Richard utilized the knowledge of Syrian fortifications which he had gained on his crusade, and we can see at their work the Saracen mercenaries and Frankish artillerymen whom he brought back from the East. The same invaluable sources show us the reckless finance of an age which knew no budget and was just discovering how easy it was to borrow.

On the results of the Norman wars Professor Powicke can hardly be expected to say anything very new. The division of the baronage, here traced out in an appendix of much interest to genealogists, formed the law of treason and the law of aliens; the loss of the continental domains developed English nationality and prepared the way for the Great Charter. For France the great fact was, of course, its geographical unification and the enlargement of the royal power. Some direct influence was probably exerted by the more advanced and more highly centralized Norman system upon the judicial and fiscal departments of the Capetian government, but the exact process is not yet understood, and the problem is not here raised. The important thing is to "remind ourselves that when the Normans became French they did a great deal more than bring their national epic to a close. They permitted the English once more to become a nation, and they established the French state for all time." A great people can hardly ask a more glorious end for its history.

The Life of Lyman Trumbull. By Horace White. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $3 net.

The life of Lyman Trumbull offers some difficulties for the biographer. His long career in Congress can, of course, be traced with accuracy through various series of official documents. Outside of his public utterances, however, and the record of his public activities, material of a personal nature is scanty. Of the several thousand letters preserved

among his papers, and now in the Library of Congress, nearly all are the work of his correspondents; for of his own letters he rarely kept copies, and few of value seem to have been preserved by his friends. On the other hand, Trumbull's career identified him so closely with epoch-making events in our national history, that the biographer who essays to give an adequate account of his influence or achievements must either narrate much history of a general rather than personal nature, or else assume that the reader himself knows that history exceptionally well. Opinions will differ regarding the method which Mr. White has pursued. He has certainly written a good many pages in which Trumbull does not appear at all, and his use of the Trumbull letters suggests that the importance of the collection may not be in proportion to its bulk; but he at least makes clear throughout the part which Trumbull played, and adds to American political biography a notable and welcome contribution.

Trumbull's rise to national prominence was rapid. From the moment when, in 1855, he entered Congress as a Senator from Illinois, the course of events brought him into opposition to the slavery forces and to Douglas, his senior colleague; and although he was at one with Douglas in opposing the Lecompton Constitution, he had no sympathy whatever for Douglas's attitude of indifference to the ultimate fate of slavery itself. His speech in opposition to the Crittenden compromise was one of the strongest which that futile proposition elicited. On the other hand, his friendship for Lincoln did not blind him to Lincoln's subserviency to political interests, or to the weaknesses of Lincoln's military policy. Of the Cameron scandal, an ineradicable blot on Lincoln's Administration, and of the essential untruthfulness of Lincoln in the matter of the appointment of Harvey to the Portuguese mission, Mr. White gives an account which spares neither Lincoln nor Seward. Very interesting, too, is Trumbull's own account of his visit to Bull Run, and of the panic and stampede of the Union troops. The treatment of a telegram which Trumbull sent to his wife on July 22, 1861, is a vivid reminder of the devious ways of military censorship. Trumbull wrote: "The battle resulted unfavorably to our cause." What Mrs. Trumbull received read: "I came from near the battlefield last night. It was a desperately bloody fight."

Of the important measures which Trumbull had large share in framing, the first was the Confiscation Act of August 6, 1861. Mr. White is in error in saying, in his first mention of the act (p. 168), that it "did not confiscate any other than slave property," unless he has in mind the actual effect of the act rather than its terms; for the first section of the act expressly provides for the confiscation of all property used for insurrectionary purposes. The provisions are correctly summarized later (p. 173). A similar inadvertence occurs in the discussion of the Emancipation Proclamation (p. 222). Mr. White writes:

> Moreover, if the President had legal authority to issue the proclamation, then he, or a successor in office, could revoke it. . . . The proclamation did not purport to rest upon any constitutional power, but upon war powers solely.

The first of these statements implies, apparently, that the President could by proclamation reinslave those whom by proclamation he had set free: a doctrine directly opposed to the famous ruling decision of Lord Mansfield in the Somerset case. The second statement is true, in a sense, of the preliminary proclamation of September, 1862; but the Emancipation Proclamation itself, of January 1, 1863—the only one, of course, which actually had effect—affirms that the action of the President is "warranted by the Constitution upon military necessity."

The Freedmen's Bureau and Civil Rights bills of 1866 were also largely Trumbull's work; and while the former failed to pass over Johnson's veto, the latter, though vetoed also, became law. The veto of the Civil Rights bill was, for Trumbull, the parting of the ways. Hitherto he had supported Johnson, but the action of the President seemed to him to endanger the freedom of the negroes, and he not only devoted himself to passing the bill over the veto, but in the Congressional campaign of 1866 was the leading figure on the Republican side (pp. 273, 277). His authorship of the Thirteenth Amendment, in force in 1865, would of itself have made him a national figure, and he did not intend that the results which the amendment had achieved, or the powers of enforcement which he believed had been secured to Congress under its second section, should be put in jeopardy. Yet he was no blind follower of his party, and in the impeachment of Johnson he met the supreme test of courage by voting, with six other Republicans, for acquittal.

Of the more conspicuous events of Trumbull's subsequent career—his opposition to the Ku Klux act, his insistence upon the investigation of the scandals of Grant's Administration, his share in the Liberal Republican movement of 1872, and his appearance as one of the counsel for Tilden in 1877—Mr. White gives a circumstantial and sympathetic account. No recent book of American political biography has had the advantage of such intimate personal contact by the author with the events and personages described. In the long list of writings through which Mr. White has recorded or interpreted the history of his time, this his latest book will hold, we are confident, a notable place.

The Principles of Judicial Proof. By John Henry Wigmore. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $6 net.

If any one is entitled to try an experiment in teaching the law of evidence, it is the author, or, as he modestly styles himself, the compiler, of this book. He has studied this branch of the law long and thoroughly. He has taught it many years. He has published a monumental treatise, under the title of "A System of Evidence in Trials at Common Law," and has compiled a huge collection of cases on evidence for classroom use. Yet whether any one is entitled to try the experiment made in this volume is a question upon which teachers and students of law will differ. Evidence is a topic which every member of a law-school class feels that he must study, even when it is not a prescribed course in the curriculum. It generally is, and ought always to be, a major course, in point of time allotment. If an entirely novel addition is to be made to this course it must obtain a still larger allotment of time at the expense of other courses, or the time heretofore given to the topic as now taught must be shortened.

Even Professor Wigmore is not very confident that his experiment will be successful. While he does not hesitate to assert that "there *must* be a probative science," he admits that "the science may as yet be imperfectly formulated or even incapable of formulation." If it is incapable of formulation, ought the entire body of law students to be forced to buy an expensive law book, and spend one-quarter of the time available for an important topic in the chase of what may turn out to be an *ignis fatuus?*

Again, granting that the experiment is justifiable, the further question arises, ought it to be made as a preliminary to the course in evidence or as a supplement to it? Now, the object of the experiment is to train the advocate in the art of "contentious persuasion," and to train the judge in the correct application of the scientific principles of judicial proof. But, unless the existing rules governing the admissibility of evidence are to be ignored, or to be subjected to radical modifications, it should seem that a knowledge of those rules should precede a study of the present volume. An advocate does not enter upon his task of persuading the jury or the court, nor does a judge render a decision, until the evidence is all in. And what evidence is in must always depend upon the rules of admissibility. Unless,

therefore, this experimental study of the science of proof has for one of its main purposes the abrogation or radical modification of the existing rules of admissibility, it ought, we submit, to supplement the present course in evidence.

An examination of the material reprinted in the volume before us leads to the same conclusion. Part iii, the author assures us, "represents the ultimate and most difficult aspect of the principles of proof"; namely, the method of solving a complex mass of evidence in contentious litigation, of determining why "a total mass of evidence does or should persuade us to a given conclusion." But every case which is reprinted in this part of the volume, as a problem for the student's consideration, furnishes only the evidence which was deemed admissible under existing rules. The problem presented is not how the case ought to have been tried; not what evidence ought to have been admitted, but, after all the witnesses had been examined and all rulings upon the admissibility of evidence had been made, what should have been the decision of the jurors, or of the court, if the scientific principles of proof were properly applied.

A course in which such problems are to be dealt with ought to supplement, not to precede, the ordinary course in evidence. If Professor Wigmore's experiment were made with a select class of graduate students while actively engaged in legal practice, it would be extremely interesting, and its results would be valuable.

Notes

Holt will bring out next week I. M. Rubinow's "Social Insurance," and "Statistical Averages," by Frank Zizek.

On Friday Putnams issue "The Old Boston Post Road," by Stephen Jenkins; "My Beloved South," by Mrs. T. P. O'Connor; an illustrated edition of Thomas Hardy's "Under the Greenwood Tree," and "Memoirs of Rt. Hon. Henry Labouchere, M.P., by Algar Labouchere Thorold.

Longmans, Green & Company have in preparation: "Royal Spain of To-day," by Tryphosa Bates Batcheller; "Lord Lyons, a Record of British Diplomacy," two volumes, by Lord Newton; "Life and Letters of George Villiers, Fourth Earl of Clarendon," two volumes, by Sir Herbert Maxwell; "The Life of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham," two volumes, by Basil Williams; "My Art and My Friends," the reminiscences of Sir Frederic H. Cowen; "Shakespeare's Stories," by Constance and Mary Maud; "Clio, a Muse, and Other Essays, Literary and Pedestrian," by G. M. Trevelyan; "English Prose, a Series of Related Essays for the Discussion and Practice of the Art of Writing," selected and edited by F. W. Roe and G. R. Elliott; "The Vices of Virtues and Other Vagaries," by the author of "The Life of a Prig"; "The Development of English Theology in the Nineteenth Century (1800-1860)," by the Rev. Vernon F. Storr; "The Church in Rome in the First Century, Being the Bampton Lectures for 1913," by the Rev. George Edmundson; "Churches in the Modern State," by John Neville Figgis; "Some Loose Stones, Being a Consideration of Certain Tendencies in Modern Theology, Illustrated by References to the Book Called 'Foundations,'" by the Rev. R. A. Knox; "The World's Redemption," by C. E. Rolt, and "Memories of a Soldier's Life," by Sir H. M. Bengough.

"The Collected Papers of Henry Sweet," edited by H. S. Wyld, will be published shortly by the Oxford University Press. The volume contains papers written by Professor Sweet in a period of more than thirty years. All are philological except a long essay on Shelley's nature poetry read to the Shelley Society, but never published. A large part of the book is devoted to phonetics.

In January Mr. G. K. Chesterton's new novel, "The Flying Inn," will be published simultaneously in England and this country. John Lane Company will issue it in America.

"General William Booth Enters into Heaven" is the title-poem of a volume of verse by Nicholas Vachel Lindsay which Mitchell Kennerley brings out this week.

"Gruss aus Deutschland" is the title of a reader for high schools and entering classes at college which is about to appear in Heath's Modern Language series. The author is Professor Holzwarth, of Smith College.

Mr. Leon H. Vincent has brought together a dozen literary sketches which he publishes under the appropriate title of "Dandies and Men of Letters" (Houghton Mifflin). The subjects run from the pure dandy, such as Beau Brummell, to a great poet, such as Lord Byron—although Mr. Vincent deals almost exclusively with the social side of Byron's life. The "Noble Poet" is also rightly included in this collection for the sentiment, sincere enough, with which the present sketch of him opens: "I like the Dandies; they were always very civil to me, though in general they disliked literary people." But Mr. Vincent is more amusing when he deals with lesser men, such as Rogers or Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, where the cynicism of the subject lends savor to his own wit. "The Ancient of St. James's Place," he writes of the former, "was not to be put down by trifles, such as being run over or robbed. He wore a grim and sardonic air as of one who intended to see all his coevals off the stage of life, and marvelled a little at their impudence in delaying to make an exit. . . . Writing from Woburn in December, 1849, Milnes says, 'Rogers has been here—very cross and very much petted. He stumps about most wonderfully, and has lately had the gratification of the deaths of several old people younger than himself.'" Among the other sketches are Thomas Moore, Peacock, Disraeli, and Henry Crabb Robinson. There are portraits and the printing is excellent.

Richard G. Badger, of Boston, has gathered nine of James Russell Lowell's essay-reviews into a volume which he publishes as "The Round Table." The books reviewed range in date from "The Works of Walter Savage Landor," published in 1846, to the third volume of Palfrey's "History of New England During the Stuart Dynasty," in 1864. Other titles are "Nationalism in Literature" (suggested by Longfellow's "Kavanaugh"), Thoreau's "Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers," "Elsie Venner," "The Marble Faun," "Disraeli as a Novelist," "The New Timon" (which Lowell cleverly attributed to Bulwer, the real author), and "Browning's Plays and Poems." Some of the work is good, as, for example, this characteristic passage on the influence of the country schoolhouse, suggested by Palfrey's "New England":

> Passing through some Massachusetts village, perhaps at a distance from any house, it may be in the midst of a piece of woods where four roads meet, one may sometimes even yet see a small, square, one-story building, whose use would not be long doubtful. It is summer, and the flickering shadows of forest leaves dapple the roof of the little porch, whose door stands wide, and shows, hanging on either hand, rows of straw hats and bonnets, that look as if they had done good service. As you pass the open windows, you hear whole platoons of high-pitched voices, discharging words of two or three syllables with wonderful precision and unanimity. Then there is a pause, and the voice of the officer in command is heard reproving some raw recruit whose vocal musket hung fire. Then the drill of the small infantry begins anew. . . .
>
> Now, this building, and others like it, were an original kind of fortification invented by the founders of New England. They are the martello-towers that protect our coast. This was the great discovery of our Puritan forefathers. . . . The opening of the first grammar-school was the opening of the first trench against monopoly in church and state.

That is the mature Lowell; but it cannot be said that most of these essays add to his reputation as a critic. They are, in simple truth, burdened with a great deal of smart and rather empty moralizing, through which runs a deafening fusillade of similes and metaphors. The clever metaphor was always Lowell's temptation, but in these pages his weakness is a vice. The publisher of the volume, with the exception of one footnote, gives no indication of the source of these essays.

The little book of "The Roadmender," half autobiography under a quaint allegorical disguise, half musings on the beauty of the world in mystical religious vein, was first published in 1902, and in the eleven years since then, without any puffing or adventitious aids, has made its way into the mind and heart of all lovers of the fine and precious in letters. It was known almost from the beginning that "Michael Fairless" was only a pen-name under which the author, Margaret Fairless Barber in real life, chose to disguise herself, and conjecture was soon rife as to her character and life. She wished to remain unknown, but her friends have rightly concluded that, if the world was to speak of her at all, she would have preferred to have the exact truth spoken. For that reason her sister, Mrs. A. M. Haggard, and one of the friends into whose family she was adopted and who cared for her in her illness, William Scott Palmer (M. E. Dowson), have now told the simple story of her years in a slender volume entitled "Michael Fairless, Her Life and Writings" (Dutton). We shall not attempt here to retell that narrative, for those who have read "The Roadmender" and "The Gathering of Brother Hilarius"

will wish to go to the book itself. It is all in good taste, and might almost be a part of Michael Fairless's own notes, though without the last refinement of art which was a part of her nature. We might perhaps have been better satisfied, too, if a few of the trivial details of her childhood in her Yorkshire home were omitted, and more were told of her mature life before she was cast down on her "mattress prison." She died in 1901, in her thirty-third year, indomitable in her joy, and a watcher of things beautiful until the very end.

Putnams have issued a handsome volume in "Poetry of Heroism," selected and edited by John and Jean Lang, with sixteen drawings in color by W. Rainey. The compilers of this anthology have attempted to furnish in verse a chronological history of the British nation. Solemnly introduced by "God Save the King," the scheme begins with Cowper's "Boadicea" and extends to Kipling's ballads of the Empire and to recent songs of Canada, South Africa, and Australia. Most of the pieces one looks for are included, but occasional embarrassment has been caused, the preface explains, by the restrictions of copyright. Are these responsible for the omission of Rossetti's "White Ship"? The editors provide frequent introductions, and a glossary of difficult words in the case of early English and Scotch selections.

It is seldom that an account of a great building intended for the casual reader is as adequate as the volume on "Westminster Abbey," by W. J. Loftie (Lippincott). Picturesquely he leads the reader through the Abbey and its environs at the varied epochs of its history, tracing its growth as a building, and alluding pleasantly to the persons connected with it and to the great scenes enacted in it. The latter half of the volume describes with humorous and anecdotal touches the Triforium with its muniments and its "wax-figgers"; the Poets' Corner and Chapter House; the heraldry, the monuments, the epitaphs, and the monastic and collegiate buildings grouped at various times round the Abbey proper. Mr. Loftie makes no pretence of adding anything to our knowledge of the building or of its history, and commits occasionally rather strange errors, but he is to be commended for accomplishing his task without an unnecessary profusion of architectural terms or of historical dates and names, and without lapsing into the guidebook style, of which we have already so many terrifying examples.

"Sketchy" would be a more accurate word than "short" for the title of Benjamin Griffith Brawley's "A Short History of the American Negro" (Macmillan). Even so, the book is readable for two-thirds of its 230 pages, and that portion of it is adapted by its straightforward style as well as by its assembling of leading facts for use as a textbook. But the latter part of the volume has a characteristic that is unfortunately common in books dealing with the negro and written from a strongly sympathetic point of view, namely, the glorification of individuals of the race who have achieved unusual success. Instead of a scholarly survey of the progress of the negro since slavery, we find a sentimental "Who's Who."

After a few perfunctory and inadequate chapters on the Bulgarian people and their history, Mr. John MacDonald, in "Czar Ferdinand and his People" (Stokes), gives a useful and entertaining account of the personality of the present ruler of Bulgaria and a narrative of the chief events of his reign. The tone is that of mild panegyric; the author constantly praises the tactful, patient, and persistent policy by means of which Ferdinand raised himself from the position of a prince tributary to Turkey, and, unrecognized by the great Powers of Europe, to that of an independent monarch, the head of a powerful army and the leading spirit in the victorious Balkan alliance. The climax of Ferdinand's career was the capture of Adrianople on March 28, 1913. Soon after that date this volume was apparently completed. Its story of progress, prosperity, and triumph reads strangely at the present time, when Bulgaria, weak and exhausted, has been stripped of nearly all the fruits of her victories. The only hint of coming disaster in Mr. MacDonald's book is its concluding sentence: "The League, which, it was hoped, would develop into a permanent, pacific Confederation, shows symptoms of a revival of the race hatreds and antagonisms that in the past made the Serbs and the Bulgars the Turk's easy prey."

In the present taste for horror our dramatists may discover sources for popular plays in M. Georges Soulié's "Strange Stories from the Lodge of Leisures" (Houghton Mifflin), translated from the Chinese. Their author lived in the seventeenth century—not the eighteenth, as the translator informs us—and occupies a position as a stylist and raconteur somewhat resembling La Fontaine's in France. M. Soulié does not tell us in his introduction that about half of the tales of the "Liao Chai" collection, from which he has selected twenty-five, were translated thirty-three years ago by Professor Giles under the title of "Strange Stories from a Chinese Studio." He has epitomized rather than translated them, "it being impossible," in his opinion, "for a Westerner to retain all the long and useless talking, all the repetitions that Chinese writing and Chinese taste are equally fond of." On the other hand, it must be added that the art of the Chinese story-teller lies so largely in his wealth of metaphor and in his leisurely approach to a climax that the fragment of charm which may remain in a careful translation evaporates entirely in a paraphrase. There are, however, some pleasant conceits to be found in these weird tales, such as that of the man who became so friendly with a judge from the under world as to get from him a new heart (the seat of intelligence) and procure a comely face for his wife. For the most part the themes deal with Taoist devilry, ghosts, vampires, and the like; but from all of them one gains glimpses of the daily life and ideas of the Chinese which seldom appear in books written about them by foreigners. The Buddhist theory of metempsychosis offers a range to the imagination that rather staggers the Western mind, though it presents complications highly alluring to the Oriental. Besides this, is the conception of the over soul and the under soul after death, the former ranging through the universe and assuming various shapes, the latter able to animate the corpse and work havoc among human beings. On the whole, the accepted conventions allow the story-teller more startling situations and greater variety of interest than can be found within the limits of realism imposed by custom upon the fiction of the West.

The pleasantest thing about Mr. C. S. Olcott's "Country of Sir Walter Scott" (Houghton Mifflin) is the feeling that anybody, and anybody's wife, can in these troubled days be so deep in the lore of the magician whose spell for so many has been broken by more modern appeals to the emotions. In preparation for his pilgrimage Mr. Olcott made a careful study of all Scott's poems and novels, and in following him on his tour through Scotland and England one has the assurance of being in the hands of a well-informed guide. A good deal of human interest is mingled with the description of places, and the photographic illustrations are well taken and clearly reproduced. The book can be recommended as a good one in its kind.

To follow the winding course of the Seine in a trim little steam yacht must be a pleasant and restful way of spending a holiday. Sir Edward Thorpe gives an account of such a journey in "The Seine from Havre to Paris" (Macmillan). Two opening chapters, dealing with The Hydrography of the Seine and The Seine as a Waterway, are interesting in themselves and would be of considerable value to any wanderer, not inoculated with the speed virus, who cared to emulate the author's sensible example. Excellent sectional charts of the river are appended, and throughout there is careful information concerning lights, locks, anchorage, and other nautical matters. Sir Edward's description of the charming towns and villages, castles and abbeys, by which the Seine flows, is sympathetic and readable, but one who follows Mr. Percy Dearmer through the "Highways and Byways" of Normandy does so inevitably *haud passibus æquis*. "The "comic relief" in the way of little adventures that happened to the party on the yacht does not impress the candid stranger as particularly uproarious, and, since the book is intended for general circulation, these touches might have been omitted without eclipsing the gayety of nations.

In "With the Russian Pilgrims to Jerusalem" (Macmillan), Mr. Stephen Graham writes with full sympathy for the point of view of the devout, simple-minded, credulous peasants whose companion he became on the trip by boat from Constantinople to Jaffa and thence on foot to the holy places. He does not share their faith in the coarse frauds shown to them, but admires the spirit behind it: for him "true religion takes its rise out of mystery, and not out of miracle" (p. 286). He is not seriously repelled even by the "gospel of stupidity" preached by the strange fanatic monk, Father Yevgeny, on board the crowded, filthy pilgrim vessel. His tone throughout the book is indicated by the opening words of his preface: "The journey of the Russian peasants to Jerusalem has never been described before in any language, not even in Russian. Yet it is the most significant thing in the Russian life of to-day. In the story lies a great national epic." With a genuinely successful effort to catch the spirit of the most unintellectual among the great Christian churches, Mr. Graham unites a winning

literary style. "Dear old Dyadya" and "Abraham, the Eternal Pilgrim" are living figures in his book, whether or not the reader shares the author's opinion of them. The description of the baptism in the Jordan is masterly in its quiet, dignified feeling, coupled with a frank recognition of the external grotesqueness of the scene. The volume is illustrated with excellent photographs taken by the author.

In the six neat octavo volumes of their series of "Tabulæ in Usum Schoiarum," soon to be followed by others, Marcus & Weber, of Bonn, make it possible for every one interested in Greece, Rome, and mediæval and Renaissance Europe to form his own library of facsimiles. At a cost of six marks per volume (except for No. 6) one can possess the cream of the great collections which are too expensive for even most college libraries. The publishers and editors are to be congratulated on the excellent quality of the reproductions, the judicious choice of subjects, and the high standard of the accompanying letter-press and bibliographics. In Vol. I, the editors have drawn upon the Greek MSS. of the Vatican for a connected series of facsimiles beginning with the Codex Vaticanus (one of the oldest Bible MSS.), and the venerable Dio Cassius, and terminating with several dated MSS. of the Renaissance. South Italian monasteries are well represented. Vol. II forms an admirable introduction to the new science of papyrology. It includes the oldest literary papyrus, Timotheus's "Persians," and the marriage contract of 311 B. C.; the only original yet discovered of an Egyptian Governor's edict; several ostraca; a good wax tablet; the oldest fragment of a parchment codex of any Greek classic; a leaf of Euripides's lost "Cretans," of the second century of our era; and many dated business documents and letters, with several literary fragments, especially of Homer.

Vol. III begins with reproductions of five Virgil MSS. and of the Bembine Terence. Among the other MSS. may be specially mentioned the famous palimpsest of Cicero's "De Republica," the Lateran Livy, the Latin-Arabic New Testament fragment of Sigüenza, and interesting Humanistic MSS. from 800 on. Almost all are accurately dated. No. IV is especially valuable. The early inscriptions, from the Lapis Niger on, are well represented. The bulk of the plates reproduce the walls of the Galleria Lapidaria of the Vatican; the reviewer has for years used his own photographs of these very inscriptions for classroom instruction, and found them most satisfactory material. Among the other plates are two of the ancient map of Rome, the Forma Urbis; the famous Damasus inscription, and fourteen of mediæval and Renaissance inscriptions, largely dated; several are of interest to the art student, particularly the beautiful photograph of the tomb of Nicholas V. Vol. V contains specimens of the handwriting of Erasmus, Pirkheimer, Luther, Melanchthon, Zwingli, Calvin, and a host of other distinguished men of the sixteenth century—indispensable to the student of the history and literature of that period. Vol. VI is the most profusely and beautifully illustrated of the Tabulæ, and of great general interest. The plates open with the Gizeh portrait statues in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts; Delbrück utilizes several other statues and busts in American collections, and the Copenhagen Glyptothek gives him some of his handsomest subjects. Of special interest or beauty are the Teje and Amenophis II of Berlin; the Turin Rameses II; the Takuschit at Athens; the Boston Menander; the Harvard Amastris (?); several busts of stylish Roman ladies, and three or four painted portraits. The last five plates are beautiful facsimiles of Greek and Roman portraits on gems and coins; the cameos are particularly remarkable.

The twenty-five pages of bibliography which follow the one hundred and sixty-five pages of text in the "Life and Writings of Maurice Maeterlinck," by Jethro Bithell, are quite correct in their suggestion that the virtue of the text itself is mainly bibliographical. The author shows a creditably wide acquaintance with recent French, Belgian, and German works, but with the indications of the whereabouts of various books and articles in these languages and in English, his capacity for service is virtually exhausted. The criticism is the embarrassed and haphazard criticism of the unpracticed man, unfurnished either with vivid personal impressions or with any fixed method in the appropriation and assimilation of materials supplied by others. Some of the judgments are naïve. One may respect the real imaginative power exhibited in works like "Les Aveugles" and "L'Intruse," and yet be surprised to see them brandished over Lessing's head in triumphant refutation of his dictum that no man can write a good tragedy before thirty. For these deficiencies in matter the style offers meagre compensations. The author, who is nothing if not contemporaneous, feels the full constraint of the modern obligation to be easy, and the injection of sociable parentheses into sentences not too shapely at the outset is carried out with unflinching perseverance. What the cult of vividness has in store for us when it shall have wrought its pure and perfect work among its less enlightened votaries may be inferred from the following comment on "Aglavaine et Sélysette": "What Maeterlinck has contributed to the problem is that he makes the two women love each other as well as the man they sandwich." (Published by Walter Scott.)

It is to be regretted that George L. Clark's "Silas Deane: A Connecticut Leader in the American Revolution" (Putnam) should not have been written with less partisan fervor and more scholarly thoroughness. Mr. Clark appears to have used the well-known printed collections of Deane papers and a few other standard works; but the particular sources of extracts and statements of fact are nowhere indicated and the documents are in many cases so carelessly and inaccurately quoted as to throw doubt upon the quality of the entire work. Of the main facts of Deane's life, Mr. Clark gives a readable account, though one marred by frequent inelegance of language and occasional repetition. His heated partisanship, however, joined to sneers at those of Deane's contemporaries who distrusted or opposed him, overtops the mark, and will do little more, we fear, than confirm the opinions of such as are already convinced. The crucial test of Deane's career is not that he exceeded his instructions, for his instructions were vague and scanty enough to leave him pretty much to his own discretion; or that his accounts were in confusion, for his transactions were of necessity devious, and he had no time to put his papers in order when recalled by Congress; or that he was believed to have used his office for private gain or to have accepted later an English bribe, for his long years of poverty negative such an assumption. What brought upon him obloquy and contempt was the fact that, in a moment of disappointment, despondency, and chagrin, he lost faith in the American cause and wrote in favor of reconciliation with Great Britain. For that, far removed as it might be from treason, there was no forgiveness. Mr. Clark's defence is that Deane's discouragement, and his weakness in yielding to it, were not greater than Elijah's, or John the Baptist's, or Savonarola's, or Jerome of Prague's, or Luther's. We cannot think the argument convincing, even when supported by such startling illustrations.

Grimmelshausen's "Simplicissimus" is one of the most remarkable books produced in Germany in the seventeenth century. It is now for the first time translated into English (Dutton). The translator, or editor, who signs himself A. T. S. G., reveals in the preface singular views as to the history of German literature, saying, for example, that there is little reflecting the spirit of the German people "to be discovered in the prose romances which appeared between the time of Grimmelshausen and that of Jean Paul Richter. But the influence of the latter was completely swept away in the torrent of idealism by which the fictions of the idolized Goethe and his followers were characterized, and his domestic realism has only of late made its reappearance in disquieting and sordid forms." What is said of Grimmelshausen is true enough, though it takes no account of German scholarship since 1877. The important matter is, however, that the translation, in somewhat archaic but fluent English, is accurate and idiomatic. The publishers have given the book, in paper, print, and binding, a pleasant suggestion of previous generations.

With "Dante and the Mystics" (Dutton) Mr. E. G. Gardner adds another excellent study to those he has already devoted to the great Italian poet-apostle. In this book he surveys the writings of the early Christian and mediæval mystics, from St. Augustine and Dionysius to Ubertino da Casale and the Mechthilds of Magdeburg and Hackeborn, and cites their many anticipations of essential doctrines and particular conceptions of the "Divine Comedy." The quotations have for the most part been adduced before, but they have never before been brought into a collection so well ordered and so illuminating. Mediæval mysticism takes two principal forms. One is the religious experience described by St. Catherine of Siena, known as the spiritual espousals of the soul with Christ. The other is an intellectual anticipation of the vision of the Divine Essence, as in the *momentum intelligentiæ* after which St. Augustine and St. Monica sighed. Dante's mysticism is for the most part of the latter type, but his sympathy with the experiences of emotional mysticism is none

the less strong and constant. Several of Mr. Gardner's own suggestions are very interesting. The *colle* of the first Inferno is, he thinks, Richard of St. Victor's mountain of the knowledge of self. On the basis of Richard's interpretation of Leah, Mr. Gardner suggests that Matelda is "affectio divina inspiratione inflammata, ad normam iustitiæ scipsam componens." One of the appendices contains a passage from the life of Celestine V, by Thomas of Sulmona, in which it is related that Celestine, when fleeing in disguise, after the *gran rifiuto*, was miraculously recognized by all the strangers whom he met. This gives a new meaning to the "vidi e conobbi" of Dante's lines.

Mary G. Steegmann has made a readable book on the life of Bianca Cappello (Baltimore: Norman, Remington & Company). It follows in general plan the model which has been exploited in England for a dozen years past, where biographies of the famous, and infamous, personages of the Italian Renaissance have been served up for popular reading. The wealth of illustrations and, even more, the varied and startling crimes of the heroes and heroines have given these books vogue. Bianca Cappello unquestionably merits the attention of the historian, because, except Emma Hart, probably no other modern courtesan played a more conspicuous rôle. The beautiful Venetian adventuress succeeded in making herself the wife of Francesco de' Medici, Grand Duke of Tuscany. Miss Steegmann has evidently read the authorities, besides making herself familiar with the Florentine environment of the second half of the sixteenth century. She writes for fairly intelligent readers, not for specialists, and, except for the occasional use of theatrical expressions, she refrains from fine writing. Of the astonishing interest of Bianca's career, we need not speak.

Science

To their History of the Sciences series, Henry Holt & Co. add this week "The History of Psychology," in two volumes, by James Mark Baldwin.

An addition to the rapidly growing literature on economic geography has been made by Prof. J. Russell Smith with a large volume entitled "Industrial and Commercial Geography" (Holt). This book has been in preparation for a considerable time, and its appearance has been awaited with interest by many geographers and economists throughout this country. The author has followed the lead of earlier writers within the same field in undertaking to interpret the earth in its relation to man. Particular emphasis, however, is placed upon the economic activities of man himself rather than upon the natural features of the earth which constitute his physical environment. The author's point of view is well illustrated in his statement that the book "deals with human activities as affected by the earth, rather than with parts of the earth as they affect human activities." The work is divided into two distinct parts, as suggested by the compound title. Two-thirds of the volume is concerned with a rather detailed discussion, supplemented by numerous charts and diagrams, of the world's principal industries. Here are included not only those industries which arise from the cultivation of the soil, grazing, lumbering, mining, and fishing, but also the numerous lines of manufacture associated with chemicals, machinery, and shipping. No attempt has been made to arrange the material by regions or even by political divisions, as has been the custom of many earlier writers. On the contrary, each industry, although it portrays, at least to a limited extent, the trade activities of the separate countries, is treated as a unit irrespective of its predominance in any particular country. In a word, the subject has been approached from the monographic rather than from the geographic standpoint.

The second part of Professor Smith's book is given over to a discussion of the commerce of the world, and is largely descriptive. Here the author seems to have drawn rather freely at times upon his earlier works, entitled "The Organization of Ocean Commerce" and "The Ocean Carrier." The world's principal trade routes are described and the volume of commerce that traverses them is considered. Furthermore, an attempt is made to explain the causes, mainly geographic and economic, which have given rise to the great shipping centres of the continents. And, finally, the influence of geographic factors upon the commercial policies of nations is discussed. For the use of those readers who desire a fuller treatment of the various topics than the general plan of the book would admit, there has been included a list of references at the close of the chapters.

Dr. Charles McBurney, the well-known New York surgeon, died suddenly at the home of his sister in Brookline, Mass., on Friday; this was scarcely a week after his return from a hunting trip in Maine. In late years he had been in broken health and lived in retirement on his estate at Stockbridge, Mass. He was born in Roxbury, Mass., in 1845, received his A.B. from Harvard in 1866, in 1869 the A.M., and the following year the degree of M.D. from the College of Physicians and Surgeons. In this college, after being an assistant and lecturer, he became in 1889 professor of surgery; from 1892 to 1907 he was professor of clinical surgery, and then was made emeritus professor. It was particularly in hospital work that Dr. McBurney gained the experience which made him so eminent as an authority in accident cases. For thirteen years he was the chief consulting surgeon at Roosevelt Hospital, and through him the private pavilion in West Fifty-ninth Street, directly opposite the College of Physicians and Surgeons, known as the William J. Syms Operating Pavilion, was erected in 1892. Dr. McBurney, it will be recalled, was summoned to attend President McKinley at the time of his assassination. Among the medical societies of which the surgeon was a member or honorary member were those of Edinburgh, Paris, Rome, and Constantinople.

Sir William Henry Preece, former engineer-in-chief and electrician of the British Post Office, died in London on Thursday of last week. Born in Wales in 1834 and educated at King's College, London, he was an authority on the telegraph and telephone, having introduced the latter in England. In the early eighties he also began experiments with wireless, and it was through his support that Marconi was enabled to build up his system in England. Sir William Preece collaborated with various friends on telephonic and telegraphic manuals.

Alfred Russel Wallace, an appreciation of whose scientific achievements is given on another page, died in London on Friday, in his ninety-first year. He was born at Usk in Monmouthshire, and after studying at the Hertford Grammar School, he became a surveyor and architect. He was engaged in scientific expeditions to the Amazon and to the Malay archipelago; in 1886-1887 he lectured in America. His published works include: "Travels on the Amazon," "Palm Trees of the Amazon," "The Malay Archipelago," "Natural Selection," "Miracles and Modern Spiritualism," "The Geographical Distribution of Animals," "Tropical Nature," "Australasia," "Island Life," "Land Nationalization," "Bad Times," "Darwinism," "Vaccination a Delusion," "The Wonderful Century: Its Successes and Failures," "Studies, Scientific and Social," "Man's Place in the Universe," "My Life," "Is Mars Habitable?" "The World of Life," and "Social Environment and Moral Progress," the last-named having been published so late as last year.

Drama and Music

Plays by Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson. Translated from the Norwegian with an Introduction by Edwin Björkman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

The plays of Bjørnson deserve an English version as complete and authoritative as Mr. Archer's Ibsen. Mr. Björkman, neither in his choice of plays nor in the quality of his translations, has made an attempt to begin such a task. He has chosen "En Hanske" ("A Gauntlet"), which has been put into English at least three times before, most recently by Mr. Farquharson Sharp, for the volume published in Everyman's Library; "Over Evne," Part I ("Beyond Our Power"), which has been translated into English at least once before; and "Det ny System" ("The New System"), translated here, we believe, for the first time. The first play is a plea for equality in purity between the sexes, the second a study in the futility of religious and therapeutic hysteria, and the third a revelation of the heroism required for a successful fight against rotten commercial morality. It is particularly disappointing that the author should not have replaced "En Hanske" by a translation of the powerful second part of "Over Evne."

The volume is, in no sense, then, a promise of a complete English version of Bjørnson's plays. As a matter of fact, it is unworthy of Mr. Björkman.

It seems to have been written in haste; at any rate, it contains much English familiar only to the hack translator. Annoying ignorance of English idioms like the following greet the reader on almost every page: "Think only" (for "Just think of it"); the question, "Have you read it?" is answered, "If I have read it?"; "It put such courage into us, as if we might make the whole world over." "I am thinking of—thinking of—of what our dear daughter is made up."

With this sort of translation American readers are, alas! all too familiar. In the present case it not only produces the usual fatigue and irritation, but it also gives a false impression of Bjørnson. It makes him seem queer, remote, and orphic, when he is really unusually straightforward and colloquial. English readers will get a much better notion of "En Hanske" by reading the inaccurate but thoroughly idiomatic version of it appearing in Everyman's Library.

The three plays give a fair impression of one of the least original elements of Bjørnson's versatile genius—his ability to present a study of a social problem in a severely realistic play. In both "The New System" and "A Gauntlet" he clearly imitated work which Ibsen had done immediately before him. The first was written two years after "The Pillars of Society" and is dangerously like it in both subject and plot. "A Gauntlet," written after "Ghosts," in a manner infinitely less effective than that of Ibsen, demands sexual purity of the man. In both of these plays Bjørnson is flighty and indecisive, largely because he insists on preaching the cure for evils that he has not taken the time thoroughly to understand.

"Beyond our Power," a drama written without thought of the stage, is not so clearly a play of social comment. It is an imaginative account of the self-deception of a Pastor Sang, a clergyman in a remote part of Norway, who believes that he can work miracles through the power of prolonged trance-like prayer. As a reflection of life amid the bleak and stern rocks of the more Arctic parts of Norway, the play is impressive. As a criticism of the life which it portrays, it remains incoherent, largely because Bjørnson writes of Pastor Sang not with the poise of an observer, but with the enthusiasm of a devotee.

All of these plays are permeated with the author's great energy. Written as they were with a gusto which is unmistakable even in the translations, they give the reader a sense of immense moral earnestness confused by its very vehemence. Indeed, Bjørnson, preacher as he was and wished to be, talked more effectively through his personality than through his work. He was the man he wished his countrymen to be. His life and spirit transcended the small intellectual and social conditions against which he fought. His personality was the enthusiasm he wished to instil into the cynical and jaded pragmatists of his country. For all these reasons Bjørnson was, and always will be, of much greater importance to Norway than to the rest of the world. His peasant stories and some of his comedies we may continue to read with sheer delight. His social dramas we shall consult only as students of the life of the North.

Lady Gregory's "Our Irish Theatre" is promised by Holt this week.

The Oxford Shakespeare—the complete works—has been reissued by the Oxford University Press, with the addition of forty-nine full-page illustrations, many of them in colors. Reproductions have been made of paintings of Shakespearean scenes by W. Hamilton, F. Wheatley, Edwin Abbey, J. F. Rigaud, Henrietta Rae, R. Smirke, R. Westall, and others. The editors have also used W. W. Quatremain's water-colors of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford and of Ann Hathaway's cottage.

The "General John Regan" of George A. Birmingham (Canon Hannay), produced in the Hudson Theatre, proved to be one of the most entertaining Irish comedies witnessed here in a generation. Many of the pieces presented here by the Abbey Theatre players, while strong in a dramatic and imaginative sense, and essentially truthful in spite of their admixture of fact and idealism, were neither attractive nor convincing. Synge, Yeats, Lady Gregory, and their associates were dealing with types wilder and older than those employed by Mr. Birmingham—a point which has to be borne in mind—but the fact remains that to the ordinary comprehension they seem less real and less human. The story of "General John Regan" is as slight as it is improbable. An American tourist—to amuse himself—declares that he is preparing a biography of a famous soldier and patriot, ex-president of Bolivia, who was born in the town of Ballymoy, the scene of action. He wonders there is no statue of this purely imaginary hero in his native place. A local doctor, Lucius O'Grady, promptly declares that there is a statue, and that the Lord Lieutenant is soon coming to unveil it. He then provides the American with all sorts of details of the imaginary Regan's early life, and by sheer force of impudence compels his friends, an innkeeper, a priest, an ex-major, an editor, and others, to back him up in his assertions and help him to convert them into solid fact. And he carries all his plans into effect in the face of all sorts of difficulties and puts up his statue—a second-hand figure from an undertaker's stock—in face of the American's assertion that no such person as Regan ever existed. This yarn, of course, is farcical. It is simply a framework to hang the different characters on; but these are all vital and easily recognizable types. The doctor, the mainspring who moves all the other puppets, is, of course, in one sense an imaginary creature, but he is, nevertheless, genuinely Irish in his audacity, his humor, and his resourcefulness. In England it has been played, with immense success, by Charles Hawtrey, the most accomplished stage liar of his day. Here it was undertaken by Arnold Daly, an actor of second-rate powers, with less striking results. But he succeeded partly, by the sheer force of opportunity. Harry Harwood, as an innkeeper; W. G. Fay, as an editor; A. G. Andrews, as a landlord, and Maire O'Neill, as a servant girl, were all exceedingly good. The general representation was excellent, and the mingled wit and humor of the dialogue kept the audience in continuous merriment.

Rehearsals are in progress at the Little Theatre, in London, of G. K. Chesterton's fantastic comedy, "Magic." The cast is now complete, and includes O. P. Heggie, Franklin Dyall, Fred Lewis, William Farren, and Frank Randall. The piece contains only one female character, which has been allotted to Grace Croft.

The publishing house of G. Schirmer has opened a large branch in London, for the special promotion and sale of American music throughout England and the Continent.

Of Paderewski, Sir Frederic Cowen writes in his reminiseences, just published:

We would sometimes go and have a game of billiards together, or else occasionally he would come to my house, and leave behind him not only lasting memories of his wonderful piano-playing, but more expensive ones in the form of jarred strings and broken hammers. He was not accustomed to the touch and mechanism of a small Broadwood grand.

Next to his art, keeping late hours and playing billiards were his favorite occupations—and probably are so still. I recollect one evening, in a provincial hotel, when several of us adjourned to the billiard room, to find it on the point of being closed. This would not do for Paderewski, so we induced the manager, at the risk of losing his license, to allow us to play sub rosa. The shutters were shut, the door was locked, and we played on until close upon five o'clock in the morning.

The catalogue of the British Museum Library contains no fewer than thirty-three pages of books by or relating to Richard Wagner, while the list of his compositions, with the selections and diverse arrangements of them, runs to 183 pages. The latest addition to the list of books concerning Wagner, issued in London, is by Percy Lindley. It is entitled "Parsifal and Wagner's Other Operas," and sets forth in simple language the story of Wagner's last music-drama, together with notes on its composition, a bibliography, and a record of first representations in Europe and America. Original casts and dates of first performances of other of Wagner's operas are also included in the book.

Evidently Cosima and Siegfried had no reason to fear competition from the performances of "Parsifal" to be given in many European cities as soon as the copyright expires on the last day of this year. News comes from Bayreuth that the demand for tickets for next summer's festival has exceeded all records.

Bizet's "Carmen" a few weeks ago had its 500th performance in Brussels.

Concert agencies in Prussia are alarmed at the agitation to pass a law which regu-

lates their business and allows an agent a commission of 5 per cent. as a maximum.

Art

Colonial Furniture in America. By Luke Vincent Lockwood. New and greatly enlarged edition, with 867 illustrations of representative pieces. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $25 net.

Any notion that this country is barren of artistic traditions should be dispelled by perusal of this book. Making allowance for the derived character of early American cabinet work, a dispassionate critic, comparing this publication with any of the standard expositions of European national styles, must feel that the colonists, during the better part of a century and a half, made furniture which in exquisiteness of design, refinement of motive, adaptation to use, and the other marks of a vital, progressive art stood up well with that of any contemporary nation. The arts of an era, whether noble or ignoble, spring out of the common life; and merely to glance through the illustrations of Mr. Lockwood's book, especially if one is already familiar with recent works on American silver, is to realize that Copley and Stuart were not accidental. One wonders why, indeed, there were not more Copleys.

Moralizing on this theme may be inspired by Mr. Lockwood's book, but nothing of the kind will be found within its covers. Like most works of its sort, it avoids generalizations. It is throughout explicit, particular, and descriptive. It necessarily contains much repetition. Over and over again occur variants of this phraseology: "The cornice is heavier than in the preceding figure and consists of a quarter-round, a fillet, a cyma recta, a fillet, a cove, a fillet, a cyma reversa, a fillet and a cove. The dimensions are 7 feet 3 inches in height, 6 feet 2½ inches in width." One longs at times for a little more grace of style to help carry one over the details. English writers on the arts and crafts often put into their work a vigor of expression and intensity of conviction that does not in the least hurt its precision and clarity Mr. Lockwood, like most American authors of books of this class, affects an almost legal dulness of manner. One notes here and there a carelessness that is surprising in a master of arts of Trinity College. The grammarian in one resents so inexcusable a slip as this, from page 43, Vol. I: "At the base of each of the outer ones is cut two geometrical designs, and in the centre one is carved three rosettes." One wonders, again, what proofreader failed to "query" this sentence from page 51 of the same volume: "All the oak chests were made in the most substantial manner; the oak forming the frame, and the sides of the drawers is about one and a quarter inches in thickness."

Against the subject matter of this edition, which contains 651 pages, as against 352 pages in the 1902 edition, little can be said, unless the author's judgment should be challenged as regards an occasional choice or omission. It might conceivably be urged that the new work would have gained in appearance of catholicity if the author, in the decade between editions, had gone a little further afield among easily accessible public and private collections. In this, as in the earlier work, but two pieces have been selected from the very important collections of the American Antiquarian Society, in whose new building at Worcester are several valuable objects of furniture acquired in the past few years. If nothing else were taken from this collection (besides the two-seated chair and a slate-topped table which are described), one would have expected at least that mention should be made of an extremely interesting turned chair brought to this country by or for Richard Mather.

Again, since it seemed wise to include under bedsteads a picture and description of the famous Countess of Devon bed, which is not in this country at all, it might be asked whether the claims were considered of Mrs. James A. Garland's Elizabethan bed, with the original hangings, which was shown at the Copley Society's retrospective exhibition of the decorative arts in Copley Hall, Boston, 1911. The legend that Queen Elizabeth slept in this bed may or may not be founded in fact; the piece of furniture, at all events, is very remarkable, and would interest many readers. Several illustrations have been drawn from the admirable collections of Dwight Blancy, Francis H. Bigelow, Hollis French, and Dwight M. Prouty. It is natural to ask why nothing was obtained from the superb collection of Mr. Charles H. Tyler.

These omissions are noted only to suggest to the reader and prospective purchaser the limitations of even the best book yet published on American Colonial furniture. The author's great indebtedness to the Bolles collection of the Metropolitan Museum and the Pendleton collection at the Rhode Island School of Design is evident.

Longmans, Green & Co. have in press "Policy and Paint, or Some Incidents in the Lives of Dudley Carleton and Peter Paul Rubens," by the author of "A Life of Sir Kenelm Digby."

We have received the very handsome privately printed catalogue, "The Ffoulke Collection of Tapestries." Charles Mather Ffoulke early won a competence as a merchant. Being invalided, he turned to travel and collecting. His studies of tapestry began in the Archæological Museum at Florence about 1887, and three years later came the opportunity to buy the entire Barberini collection of 135 pieces. At various times Mr. Ffoulke added some 50 pieces to this nucleus. His later years were passed in Washington, where his tapestry gallery was a place of resort. He devoted himself generously to all good public causes connected with art, and died in 1909 deeply regretted. The collections of tapestries constantly overflowed the Washington house, and many were sold, notably the Romanelli life of Christ from the Barberini looms, which now decorates the choir of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. This catalogue registers all the pieces that passed through Mr. Ffoulke's hands, about 300, and thus is a record of twenty years of indefatigable collecting. The catalogue portion is compiled from his own notes, there is a personal and biographical preface by Glenn Brown, and a general introduction by the Belgian expert, Ernest Verlant. None of the Ffoulke tapestries antedates the sixteenth century, and most are of the seventeenth and from Flemish looms. The famous makes of Beauvais, Aubusson, and Gobelins are also well represented, with a sprinkling of Italian examples. Mr. Ffoulke evidently loved the fully developed pictorial styles, and was singularly neglectful of the lovely Gothic weaves and their naïve derivatives in sixteenth-century Germany. He was successful in getting considerable portions of famous series, such as the Months of Lucas and the Achilles suite designed by Rubens. About a hundred of the pieces are finely reproduced, a few in colors, so that the catalogue forms a valuable repertory of classic examples. It is printed in folio on fine paper, the composition and press work revealing that fastidious excellence which one expects in publications bearing Frederic Fairchild Sherman's imprint. The edition is limited to 250 copies, and sells at $50 net.

Finance

THE CAUSES OF GLOOM.

It is a familiar comment of the day that a cloud of gloom has enveloped all the great money markets of the world, and the prevailing inference is that all of them are in the same box, and that the box is an extremely uncomfortable one. But this conception of the position of affairs requires more close examination. There are certain underlying influences which affect all financial communities, but even that is largely because of the influence of some markets upon others. The particular distresses of Europe are not present in this country in any similar measure; but we feel them here, because we are cut off from the usual access to Europe's resources of capital. In America, there is absolutely nothing of such apprehension as there was in the early autumn of 1907, for instance, that our large financial interests are caught in a trap.

We are, in fact, already well past the time of year when the cord of credit had absolutely snapped on that occasion, and no one is talking of a "crisis."

The situation has quite as little resemblance to the autumn of 1906, when Wall Street gasped with dismay at the intimation that European lenders, to whom we were indebted for prodigious lines of credit, were shutting their doors to the New York borrowers. On both of those occasions, the machinery of American finance was seriously out of gear; everything was over-exploited; we had used up our own capital and had run to the limit of our command of Europe's capital resources. We were the danger-point of the whole uncomfortable situation, and nobody knew it better than ourselves.

Thanks to our retrenchment of the past few years, our prudent finance, our proper utilization of the bounties of nature, and our suppressing of extravagant speculation, we are not in an intrinsically weak position to-day, but in a position intrinsically very strong. London does not threaten to refuse us credit which (as in 1906) we might use in drawing on the Bank of England's gold; it sends us gold to which it admits we are entitled as a matter of commercial settlement, but urges us not to insist upon our rights. Paris has not been taking our new securities up to the hilt; it has been taking our gold in unprecedented quantities, on a basis which makes the French market our debtor on the economic balance sheet. This is scarcely a situation which can be described as a show of weakness on our part.

But it is equally true that we cannot wholly disentangle ourselves from the embarrassments of Europe, and the European situation is certainly difficult to read. How much of the gloom and apprehension which appear in all foreign comments on the foreign situation is a matter of mood and sentiment, and how much the result of something radically wrong with European finance, one hesitates to say. It is at least extraordinary —unprecedented is not too strong a word—that Lombard Street should be talking of a 6 per cent. bank rate when the Bank of England holds a gold reserve never but once exceeded at this time of year, with a ratio of reserve to liabilities abnormally high for November. Such things give a sense of unreality to the situation, whose embarrassments, nevertheless, are extremely real.

What we know of the tangible factors in that foreign situation is that capital was in exceptionally active use up to the middle of 1912; that Paris had been lending with rather rash profusion to all the rest of the world; that Berlin and Vienna had been speculating extravagantly in stocks and land; that the Balkan War came like a thunderbolt into that vulnerable position; that, ever since, the Continental public has been sitting on its money, equally distrusting banks, governments, and investment securities, and that, in the very face of this, the Continental Governments have embarked on a career of unexampled extravagance in tax requisitions and money market borrowings. These are the patent facts.

It used to be an accepted maxim that Europe had to go through an economic crisis once every ten years or so. One of them came with the Paris crash of 1882; another in the Baring trouble of 1890; a third in the "Boer War panic" of 1899. It was not much more than a decade from then to 1912 and 1913. Nowadays, crises of this sort (except in the United States) are much more apt to be marked by a prolonged and exacting strain, followed by slow recovery, than by the sharp and sudden credit collapse of earlier years. When that is so, the gloom is apt to be deepest just before the horizon brightens.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adams, S. H. The Health Master. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.35 net.

Austin, Mary. The Lovely Lady. Doubleday, Page. $1 net.

Babson, R. W. The Future of the Working Classes. Boston: Babson's Statistical Organization.

Bain, Mildred. Horace Traubel. A. and C. Boni. 50 cents.

Barca, Mme. de la. . Life in Mexico. No. 664 Everyman's Library. Dutton. 35 cents.

Bassett, S. W. The Story of Wool. Phila.: Penn Pub. Co. 75 cents net.

Beaumarchais's Le Barbier de Seville. Edited by F. H. Osgood. Boston: Ginn. 45 cents.

Benson, E. F. Winter Sports in Switzerland. Dodd, Mead. $4 net.

Boos, W. F. At the Fountain Head. Boston: Small, Maynard. 60 cents net.

Bourne, H. E., and Benton, E. J. A History of the United States. Boston: Heath.

Bradley, G. D. The Story of the Pony Express. Chicago: McClurg. 75 cents net.

Brierley, J. Religion and To-day. Boston: Pilgrim Press. $1.25 net.

Brown, E. A. "Broke": The Man Without the Dime. Chicago: Browne & Howell. $1.50 net.

Cannon, F. J., and Knapp, G. L. Brigham Young and his Mormon Empire. Revell. $1.50 net.

Cave, Edward. The Boy Scout's Hike Book. Doubleday, Page. 50 cents.

Chamberlin, W. E. Sixty-five Charades. Boston: W. B. Clarke Co.

Cholmondeley, Mary. After All. D. Appleton. $1.35 net.

Clarke, J. T. Songs of the South: Selections from Southern Poets. Third edition. Doubleday, Page.

Comstock, H. T. A Son of the Hills. Doubleday, Page. $1.25 net.

Cornish, F. W. Jane Austen. (English Men of Letters.) Macmillan. 75 cents net.

Curtis, A. T. A Little Maid of Province Town: The Little Runaways and Mother. Phila.: Penn Pub. Co. 80 cents net, each.

Davis, Mrs. O. S. Mary Eliza's Wonder-Life. Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.

Economy Administration Cook Book. Edited by S. R. Rhodes and G. P. Hopkins. Hammond, Ind.: W. B. Conkey Co.

Edwards, Agnes. Our Common Road. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.

Elliott, Howard. The Truth about the Railroads. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.

Fabre, J. H. The Life of the Fly. Dodd, Mead. $1.50 net.

Foerster, N., Manchester, F. A., and Young, K. Essays for College Men. Holt.

Galloway, T. W. Biology of Sex for Parents and Teachers. Boston: Heath.

Giambalvo, J. G. How to Become a Citizen of the United States. Brooklyn, N. Y.: The Author.

Gibbs, George. Madcap. D. Appleton. $1.30 net.

Gowen, H. H. An Outline History of China. Part II. Boston: Sherman, French. $1.20 net.

Gyp's Petit Bleu. Edited for school use by F. T. Meylan. American Book Co. 35 cents.

Hagedorn, Hermann. Poems and Ballads. Macmillan. $1 net.

Hanson, J. M. The Trail to El Dorado. Chicago: McClurg. $1 net.

Hanus, P. H. School Efficiency. Yonkers-on-Hudson: World Book Co.

Harry, Gerard. Man's Miracle: The Story of Helen Keller and Her European Sisters. Doubleday, Page. $1.35 net.

Heller, Edmund. New Races of Carnivores and Baboons from Equatorial Africa and Abyssinia. Smithsonian Institution of Washington.

Himmelwright, A. L. A. A Model Fire-Proof Farm House or Country Home. Neale Pub. Co. $1.

Hissey, J. J. A Leisurely Tour in England. Macmillan. $3 net.

Hole, W. G. The Master: A Poetical Play. London: Erskine MacDonald.

Holland, R. S. The Heart of Sally Temple. McBride, Nast. $1.25 net.

Home Economics. Syllabus, prepared for the American Economics Association, Baltimore, Md. Publication No. 1.

Howard, Katharine. Eve. Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.

Hutton, Edward. The Cities of Romagna and the Marches. Macmillan. $2.

Kephart, Horace. Our Southern Highlanders. Outing Pub. Co. $2.50 net.

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Knoop, Douglas. Outlines of Railway Economics. Macmillan. $1.50 net.

Kuhn, Albert. Roma: Ancient, Subterranean, and Modern Rome in Word and Picture. Part I (total 18 parts). Benziger Bros. 35 cents.

Lagerlöf, Selma. The Wonderful Adventures of Nils. Translated from the Swedish, illustrated. Doubleday, Page.

Little Book of Modern American Verse. Selected and edited by J. B. Rittenhouse, Boston: Houghton Mifflin.

Lucas, E. V. Harvest Home. Macmillan. $1 net.

Luther's Correspondence and Other Contemporary Letters. Translated and edited by Preserved Smith. Vol. I. Phila.; Lutheran Pub. Society.

Lyde, L. W. The Continent of Europe. Macmillan. $2 net.

McCulloch-Williams, Martha. Dishes and Beverages of the Old South. McBride, Nast. $1.25 net.

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Nichols, George. An Autobiography. Edited with notes, by his granddaughter. Salem, Mass.: Salem Press Co. $1.

Noyes, W. A. A Text-Book of Chemistry. Holt.

Oliver, T. E. Michel-Jean Sedaine. University of Illinois Press.

Paramananda, Swami. The Way of Peace and Blessedness. Boston: The Vedanta Centre. $1.

Rathbun, Richard. A Descriptive Account of the Building Recently Erected for the Departments of Natural History of the United States National Museum. Washington: Gov. Ptg. Office.

Representative English Comedies. Vol. II, The Later Contemporaries of Shakespeare. Macmillan. $2 net.

Robinson, W. D. An Idealist at Large. Boston: Pilgrim Press. 50 cents net.

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Shakespeare's Tempest, edited by H. E. Greene; Antony and Cleopatra, edited by G. W. Benedict. (Tudor edition.) Macmillan. 35 cents each.
Shubert, Ethel. Stories of the Operas. Phila.: Penn Pub. Co.
Smith, F. Hopkinson. In Thackeray's London. Pictures and Text. Doubleday, Page.
Spaeth, S. G. Milton's Knowledge of Music. Princeton University Library.
Stanley, C. A. The Keeper of the Vineyard. Revell. $1.25 net.
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Thébaud, A. J. Three-Quarters of a Century (1807 to 1882). Vol. II, Italy. United States Catholic Historical Society.
Townsend, J. W. Kentucky in American Letters. 2 vols. Cedar Rapids, Ia.: Torch Press.
Vallois, G. M. First Steps in Collecting. Phila.: Lippincott. $1.50 net.
Warde, Frederick. The Fools of Shakespeare. McBride, Nast. $1.25 net.
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The Week

In Presidential messages it is quality, not quantity, that counts; and Mr. Wilson's announcement that he intends to adhere to his own precedent in regard to brevity as well as in regard to the delivery of his messages to Congress in person will be accepted with satisfaction by the public, without distinction of party. His speech at the opening of the regular session of Congress will doubtless be much longer than the address with which he opened the extra session; but the very fact of oral delivery precludes the idea of such long-drawn-out dissertations as have been recently the fashion in messages from the White House. Of the many ways in which the Presidency towers above everything else in this country, there is perhaps none more remarkable than its power of commanding public attention. This unique advantage can be frittered away by too frequent use of the opportunity, reducing a Presidential utterance to the level of an ordinary occurrence; and it can be greatly weakened by mere overdoing in point of quantity. Mr. Wilson, since his inauguration, has been sparing in the number of his appearances, not only in person but even in print; and his utterances have been brief as well as few. Evidently, all this is no accident, but the carrying out of a fixed policy.

One recognized test of fidelity to the principles of civil-service reform is the number of "special exceptions" to the rules made by Executive order. In this respect a comparison is made by *Good Government* between the record of President Taft and that of President Wilson. The latter had, up to October 1, made twenty-six special exceptions—that is, appointments in the classified service without examination. Of these one was simply the renewal of an order issued by Mr. Taft, one was to permit a Japanese to take service in the Geological Survey, ten were reinstatements of men who, it is alleged, had been removed for political reasons, three were for appointments to minor clerical positions. Of the entire twenty-six, *Good Government* asserts that only two were really necessary. As to President Taft, it goes on to say that "his Administration made an average of sixty-one special exceptions a year, and his record at the end of his term was unusually bad. In the last seven months of his term he issued fifty-two orders affecting seventy-two persons." Thus it will be seen that, by comparison, and especially in view of the great pressure for offices put upon him during his first months in office, President Wilson has in this matter done considerably better than his predecessor. But this does not mean that he ought not to do better still.

The threat which Secretary Houston now directs against one of our most time-honored democratic institutions—the Congressional distribution of free seed—would be more dismaying if it were less familiar. Three hundred thousand dollars are annually wasted upon this form of official courtesy, when they might be spent on perfecting new seed varieties, or in other work of a really beneficial sort to agriculture. Wasted! When, from the point of view of your rural Congressman, there is nothing that so warms the cockles of political remembrance as an unwearied zeal in supplying the constituency with sunflower and pumpkin seed! When there are instances on record of families, by concerted effort, obtaining enough peas or beans for a substantial addition to the household larder! Then, too, there is the value of maintaining a paternal tradition from those brave days when the Western pioneer actually required such governmental assistance. Those who feel alarmed will doubtless find consolation in the futility of similar undertakings by the Secretary's predecessors.

Mr. Pindell of Peoria having denied that he ever received Senator Lewis's letter in regard to the Russian Embassy, and Senator Lewis having attributed its paternity to a discharged employee, Mr. Bryan and Mr. Wilson are going ahead with their plan of giving Pindell of Peoria a pleasant vacation for a year or so at St. Petersburg. He admits that he cannot stay out the full term, as his business will not permit. Mr. Bryan has the gravity not only to attribute the criticism of this appointment to "malicious misrepresentation," but to assert that the President will not allow this "to interfere with his right to nominate to the Senate the *best qualified men* within his choice for conspicuous and responsible positions." Pindell of Peoria the best qualified man when the country might have called on such men as W. W. Rockhill and John W. Riddle, who have spent years in the diplomatic service—Rockhill his whole life—both having been at St. Petersburg and other capitals. What may we not expect next from Mr. Bryan? We sincerely wish that the Senate would not confirm this nomination—though that is, we suppose, too much to expect—because of its obvious unfitness.

It would be a public misfortune if Mr. Wilson's Secretaries should deliberately assume the Rooseveltian attitude of charging everybody who disagrees with them with malice or improper motives. This is the second or third time that Mr. Bryan has been guilty of this. The criticisms of his appearing in vaudeville with bell-ringers and yodlers he brushed aside as based on a tissue of misrepresentations and being due solely to a malicious purpose to injure him. Mr. McAdoo sees in the protest against segregation chiefly an injury to Mr. Wilson through misrepresentation of facts; and his foolish outcry against the conspiracy of the Wall Street bankers to depreciate the value of their own bond holdings will be recalled. Apparently, in the Pindell case the net result of criticism is to make the Administration more obstinately determined than ever to make a blunder.

A National Convention of the Republican party in 1914, held in order to confess that control of the National Convention of 1912 was determined by the delegates from rotten boroughs, would be something of a novelty. Yet it is recommended by the law committee of the Republican National Committee. Only by a Convention can the basis of representation in Conventions be set right. We shall hear much more of this next month when the full National Com-

mittee takes the matter up in earnest. For the present, the plan deserves notice as one sign more of the feeling among Republicans that they must rehabilitate and reunite their party if they are to have a dog's chance in 1916. There is no longer a vestige of the comfortable belief that Wilson would make such a mess of it that any old party—*à fortiori*, the Grand Old Party—could beat the Democrats in the next Presidential election. Nor is there much left of the ancient hope that a popular reaction against tariff reductions will surely restore the Republicans to power. They are now in that chastened mood which means penitence and reform. To succeed, they know that they must deserve to succeed; and they contemplate, even if with a sigh, a course of moral training as necessary. As a sign of it comes the suggestion that they will take Judge Hughes as their candidate next time. But this will doubtless only make him go into active training for a vigorous refusal to permit the use of his name.

Among the arguments for the city-manager plan of commission government, adduced last week at Toronto by a committee of the National Municipal League, one was striking for its omission. As previously emphasized by Secretary Clinton R. Woodruff, it is the contribution of the plan to the ending of partisanship in city administration. "The scrapping of the old municipal machinery, the advancement of the commission form, the evolution from it of the city manager," he pointed out, had for one of their common aims the increasing elimination of party tickets and party feeling. "Candidates come forth on the basis of their individual merit and strength, with no adventitious aid from party labels." But government by departmental commissioners alone, except in isolated instances in central and southwestern cities, still labors under bondage to party lines. The employment of a city manager, by focussing public interest on individual efficiency, by calling experts from city to city, with no more thought of politics than a business firm would take, by giving the chief executive a longer term, by reducing the salaries and duties of the commissionerships, thus making them attractive to the public-spirited citizen, rather than to the professional politician, is a notable step towards more freedom. A pledge of the new spirit is already to be seen in Ohio, where Dayton is now considering calling to her service the most efficient of the State's municipal officers—ex-Mayor Hunt of Cincinnati.

Everybody knows that competition is more expensive than combination. The people are learning the truth. They find that the cost of living is higher now than it was before the combinations were destroyed.

We find this bit of economic wisdom in an article that sings the praises of the great "Trusts" as the sheet-anchor of American prosperity. It is not worth examining with any seriousness, but it suggests a question. What has become of the great stock argument of the Trust advocates, the thing we used to hear more than any other in the early days of the great combinations? In those times, the advocates of monopoly were continually talking of the economies of concentrated production, and pointing with pride to alleged reductions of the price of this or that staple after the gigantic combinations had been formed. Some of these assertions were true, others not; but even in the case of the true assertions, examination was pretty sure to show that the low-price tendency was in full operation before the Trust was thought of, and that the best that had happened was that the formation of it had not put an end to the process. But we have been hearing almost nothing of the kind at all now for some years. That the combinations have been "destroyed" will be news to most people; but certainly "the cost of living is higher now than it was before the combinations" were *created*. That the combinations have been the cause of this, we do not assert; but when the figures pointed the other way, they certainly had no better title to the credit than they now have to the blame.

Whatever the weaknesses or merits of the sixty-seven grievances of the employees of the Southern Pacific Railroad, in the strike just ended, the region affected must find it a matter of chagrin that prompt steps could not somehow have prevented the final breach. The dispute reached an issue with very great rapidity, especially when its progress is compared with that of the threatened strike of Eastern trainmen this summer. Yet with the rice and sugar crops awaiting transportation, the Southwestern interests to be hurt were extensive; and however radical the original differences, the immediate cause of the strike concerned only the method of debating them. The members of the four railway brotherhoods demanded a conference between the railway heads and their representatives as a federated body. This refused, 98 per cent. of them voted for a walkout. Meanwhile, the railways had offered to submit the matter to the Federal Board of Arbitration and Conciliation. Their step was belated, but it is scarcely creditable to the employees that it was futile. In the swift developments that immediately preceded the strike a few newspapers and the San Antonio Chamber of Commerce filed protests; but such bodies as the New Orleans exchanges made no move. The efficacy of their subsequent action, with that of the whole press, the agricultural bodies, and President Wilson, in ending the strike, shows how easily the expense and vexation of the four days' tie-up might have been avoided altogether.

We are entitled to a bit of satisfaction over the reduction in the homicide record of our thirty largest cities from 8.4 per 100,000 of the population in 1911 to 8.1 in 1912. The figures are from Mr. F. L. Hoffman's report in the *Spectator* of this city. Chicago still keeps well ahead of New York, with a rate of 9.6 to 6.8 for Manhattan and the Bronx, and 4.4 for Brooklyn. Even this last figure is higher than the rate in Paris, which is 3.6, although the French capital leads Europe in this respect. For London the figures are 1.31, and for Copenhagen the five-year average is only .45! This would mean no more than one homicide a year in a city like Denver or St. Paul, and only 21 for Manhattan and the Bronx, instead of 456. The unfavorable side of the statistics for 1912 is the increase in homicides in the South. Despite the concern that is manifested over the prevalence of crime there, the ten-year average of 15.7 went up last year to 20.2. This is more than double the rate in the Western and Central States, and almost five times that of the East. Memphis stands at the top with no less than 64.3 per 100,000, and this showing is made darker by the fact that it is an increase over the figures of 1911 by 11.6. Charleston, the nearest city to Memphis in this disagreeable kind of distinction, lags behind with 40.4, closely followed by At-

lanta with 39.9. To the Atlanta *Journal*, this is a "fearful rate."

If there is any real interest in the revived plan of the National Association of State Universities for a Federal University at Washington, it must centre upon the definition of its aim and scope. President James of the University of Illinois, for example, who favors it, has long pleaded for State support in building up a local institution that should "make it unnecessary for any son of Illinois to leave its borders to pursue any branch of learning," no matter how high or specialized. Many other Western University heads have spoken to the same effect. What, then, is left for the Washington institution to attempt? This apparent contradiction, however, will give way if a real place for it to fill in "advanced work" can be shown. The advantage of its nearness to the bureaus and departments of the Government would be as obvious as in Paris, Berlin, or Buenos Ayres. Yet the universities in those capitals, as of countries in which education is far more centralized, and state patronage of the arts far more confirmed, than in the United States, can offer but an imperfect parallel to the functions of a "National University" at Washington. Something less grandiose, something of more specialized effectiveness, is probably in the mind of the Association; but of this the public has not yet been informed.

The University of Nebraska, through a publishing house of this city, has just issued the first number of the *Mid-West Quarterly*, a magazine interesting in itself and even more interesting as a sign of the times. The articles are, naturally, not all of equal merit. One, on "The Literary Interregnum," is a bit amateurish, and another, however clever in expression, makes one ask what kind of philosophy is taught where Socrates and Bergson are coupled together as exponents of the same truths. No doubt, too, the rest of the articles might be called academic by those who have become accustomed even to the better of our commercial magazines, but they are addressed frankly, we may suppose, to the smaller public, and they are academic in the good sense of the word—thoughtful discussions of the deeper problems of the day as seen from the angle where literature and education and life meet and cross one another. This Quarterly will be taken by some as a confirmation of the common opinion that the brains of the country are draining from our Eastern to our Western institutions. But that is another, and very tangled, story. Meanwhile congratulations to the *Mid-West*, and wishes that it may flourish. The present issue is all the work of Lincoln, but the prospectus indicates that articles are welcome from any quarter—even from the East.

A heavy slump in Cubist and Futurist stock is reported from Paris. The hanging committee of the Autumn Salon has borne down heavily on the fragmentary isosceles ladies with their pink and blue passions. The Salon authorities have borrowed a leaf from the Futurist philosophy, and "with a disdainful and magnificent air of destruction" kicked pretty nearly the entire clutter out of doors. The Cubists may be partly at fault, but the chief blame must rest with the Futurists. Their very name brought trouble on the whole business. If they had called themselves anything but that, the path of revolutionary art might have stretched forward beyond the horizon. If they had called themselves, let us say, Post-Cubists, then there might have been room for other advanced schools, the Pluperfect Cubists, the Hexagonalists, the Parabolists, the Parallelopipedonists, the Zeroists. But in their vanity Signor Marinetti and his followers seized upon the name Futurist, and thereby preëmpted what remains of eternity. Since the future was thus previously engaged, there evidently was nothing for revolutionary art to do but revolt against the future by seeking a return to something of the sanity and common-sense of the past. The pace of modern life is exemplified in the speed with which the cubistico-futuristic cycle of civilization has rounded to its full. Six hundred years from Giotto to Marinetti, and three years from Marinetti's beginning to Marinetti's finish.

Just after having made his admirable and humane proposal for a year of international rest in naval construction, the First Lord of the Admiralty announces that next year the number of officers and men in the British navy will exceed 150,000, and that 1914 will see the largest naval appropriation bill the country has yet had to shoulder. In time of complete peace, Great Britain is thus to have more sailors afloat and ashore than she mustered during the height of the Napoleonic wars, when the coasts were directly threatened. Again it is the German bogey which is called forth. In a few weeks, doubtless, we shall have a counterblast from Germany as a result of this speech of Mr. Churchill—and so it goes. But it is not only the naval fleet which is to cost so dear. Mr. Churchill asserts superiority for the British hydro-aeroplane, as the War Office recently claimed it for the British aeroplane. He adds, however: "That is not enough. We must have superiority in everything, not in aeroplanes alone." Britannia must rule the air as well as the wave, and, as he admits that French genius and German perseverance have thus far outstripped England, he calls the nation to sacrifice in these words:

> You have to make up your minds to spend yearly more money and pay month after month the toll of precious lives. The keenest eye, the surest hand, and the undaunted heart must be offered, risked, and sacrificed in order to attain, as we shall undoubtedly attain, that command and perfection in aerial warfare which will be an indispensable element in naval strength and naval security.

All this is certainly an added reason why our Congress and President should now take the lead in working for the year of naval holiday which Mr. Churchill first suggested.

Yuan Shi-Kai's last manipulation of China's new Parliament is not so drastic as first reports intimated. It is not a question of abolishing the national assembly and erecting an appointive administrative council in its place, but of cutting down the membership of Parliament and substituting an appointive council for the present elective Senate. That this means preparation for the establishment of a Dictatorship does not necessarily follow. It is the logical outcome of the test by force of arms which the Radical party invited. When the insurrection in the South of China came to an end, a swing towards the concentration of power in the hands of Yuan Shi-Kai became inevitable. But, after all, there never was reason for supposing that China would be saved the painful and laborious apprenticeship in parliamentarism and democracy that every nation must pass through.

"SEDITION," AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Larkin, the Dublin strike leader, served only two weeks of his seven months' imprisonment. He was released by order of the Government at London; and his first words on obtaining his freedom were that the Government had made a greater mistake in letting him out of prison than in putting him in. In this opinion, Mr. Larkin is certainly wrong; but that the imprisonment itself was a mistake there is very little room to doubt. Before the Government had acted, sober opinion in England, as expressed both in radical and in conservative journals, had strongly condemned the action of the Dublin judge and jury. The London *Spectator* is what, in the glib nomenclature current in this country, would be called "reactionary"; and the *Spectator* says of the Attorney-General's plea for conviction on the charge of seditious utterances that it is the sort of thing "we expect to read in a trial for *lèse-majesté* in Prussian Poland, or in a conspiracy trial at Agram." The radical London *Nation* naturally takes a not less serious view of the matter. It speaks of the prosecution of Larkin as a "war on words such as any advanced thinker or free talker might use with relevance in the heat of argument or controversy"; and it declares that "no Liberal Administration can without deadly hurt" identify itself with such proceedings.

Recent experience in our own country has furnished more than one parallel to this Dublin affair. At Paterson and at Lawrence we have had instances of the same kind of forgetfulness of the abiding principles both of free speech and of fair play, and the same kind of short-sighted policy. On this side of the Atlantic as on the other, the explanation is obvious enough; in the stress of a situation charged with the danger of lawlessness on a large scale, and already marked by disorder and grave economic disturbance, there is great temptation either to stretch the law, or to apply it with all the rigor that extreme and virtually obsolete provisions admit. And, so far as concerns either real justice or the practical effect on men's minds, there is little to choose between downright stretching of the law and the application of provisions which, by common consent, are regarded as a dead letter. It is felt in all such cases that the court has condemned the man to punishment not as the doer of the specific act charged against him, but as a champion of the cause which he was engaged in promoting. A striking illustration of all this was furnished in the recent case of Haywood, whose sentence at Paterson has just been reversed on appeal, with a sharp rebuke to the court below.

But in relation to all this it is necessary to make a vital distinction—a distinction which philanthropic sympathizers with labor leaders are very much given to overlooking. The distinction happens to come out with special clearness in connection with the case of Larkin. In the indictment he was charged not only with using seditious language, but also with inciting to riot and inciting to robbery. But on both of these latter counts, though a considerable amount of evidence was adduced against him, it was insufficient to convince the jury, and he was acquitted as to them both. Between the language of discontent and direct incitement to violent or lawless acts there is a distinction the recognition of which makes all the difference between a land of free speech and a land of despotism. It is true that the line may sometimes be difficult to draw. It cannot be defined in a hard-and-fast way as a mere matter of the words employed. Language which, in ordinary circumstances, would be taken merely as an expression of opinion or the utterance of a vague hope or desire, may assume in time of trouble and disorder all the character of a direct incitement to violence. In such a situation as that at Dublin, if Larkin had been proved guilty of incitement to violence, no such severe strictures as those of the *Spectator* and the *Nation* would have been made on the verdict against him.

But even with these distinctions well in mind, the actual course which ought to be taken in reference to the utterances of agitators cannot be laid down with anything like entire definiteness. There is in all this a higher expediency, whose claims may be said to be coordinate with those of justice itself. It is the dictate of that higher expediency that the rigor of the law shall not, except under the pressure of the clearest necessity, be invoked for the purpose of what would have the appearance of an invasion of the right of free speech. There is danger, to be sure, in this policy; for in so scrupulously avoiding the appearance of violating liberty it is almost impossible to avoid the reality of sanctioning license. But it is a choice of evils; free speech, even when it passes the line of rightful liberty, performs the invaluable function of the safety-valve. The result necessarily is an apparent inconsistency, which in extreme cases is pointed to as a reproach and even an outrage. The great example of all this is that of the Chicago anarchists. They had been preaching violence for years, and had not been molested; but when their preaching took bodily shape in the murder of the Chicago police, the inciters to the deed were hanged. And both in not stopping the mouths of the anarchists while they were only talking and in hanging them when murder had come of it, the Chicago authorities were acting upon those principles of the highest expediency which defy exact formulation, which must always be more or less open to dispute, but the application of which constitutes one of the most crucial tests of a nation's genius for government.

MEDICAL PROGRESS.

Mr. Abraham Flexner's article, in the November *Atlantic*, on "The German Side of Medical Education," deals primarily with the underlying elements of the situation as a whole. And yet he points out so many definite features in which the position of medical education in Germany differs—in almost every instance to its advantage—from that in this country that the article is anything but a series of glittering generalities.

The causes of superiority in the German medical system are briefly summarized by Mr. Flexner as follows:

> First, the high minimum level of organization and equipment, below which the Government will permit no medical school to live; second, the prolonged and serious secondary-school training, which is absolutely, without exception, exacted of every student in the medical faculty; third, the freedom of the German university, which gives the professor the strength and leisure to work and encourages the capable student to do more than the minimum requirements of the curriculum for graduation; finally, the high respect in which the practicing profession holds the teaching profession, and the custom of calling teachers freely from university to university.

The one great factor in our own situation which operates to offset these points of superiority is the steady flow of mag-

nificent gifts which American men of wealth have been directing to the support of medical education and the furtherance of medical progress. "The German medical scientist," says Mr. Flexner, "looks with envy and wonder upon the munificence of the great American benefactors of medical education." It is the defect of this method that it has not the effect of directly raising the general standard. But even the general standard is powerfully affected by the example of one or two great schools; and the method of private initiative has the advantage that in any one place, without waiting for the adoption of a "country-wide" policy, an institution may be built up to almost any desired degree of excellence.

Since Mr. Flexner's article was written, two events have occurred which give fresh point to this last consideration. From an anonymous donor there has come to Cornell the magnificent gift of $4,350,000, which is to go into the general fund of the medical department in New York city. No part of the money is to be used for new buildings, and with an addition of $200,000 a year spent chiefly in getting the best possible men, the Cornell Medical School may be expected to take an important place in raising the standard of medical education throughout the country.

The other event, though not so dazzling, is, if anything, even more significant. The General Education Board has given to Johns Hopkins Medical School a special endowment of about $1,500,000 for the inauguration of a new departure in medical teaching—new not only in this country but in the world. This fund is to be used for the purpose of so reorganizing the Departments of Medicine, Surgery, and Pediatrics that the professors and their staffs in these departments shall completely withdraw from paid practice in order to devote their entire time to the care of patients, teaching, and research. That this new departure is in the nature of an experiment must be admitted; but that it will succeed and yield signal results is rendered highly probable by the nature of the gift, which was made not on chance notion of some well-intentioned individual, but as the result of representations made to the General Education Board by the Medical Faculty of the Johns Hopkins University and the trustees of the University and the Hospital.

To realize the advance that was instituted by the Johns Hopkins Medical School when it opened its doors twenty years ago requires an effort of memory. To make a four years' course necessary for graduation when three years was the maximum at American medical schools and two years was the usual period, would in itself have been a pretty bold step; but the requirement of an A.B. degree—and a good A.B. degree at that—or its equivalent as an essential for entrance was a truly radical innovation. But this was only an index of the kind of training that the school itself was to give. To do this effectively, it had the advantage of the complete coöperation of a great hospital, and the even more inestimable advantage of the extraordinary quality of that group of men who formed the nucleus of its Faculty. About these men were soon gathered others, whose ability in their own fields and whose devotion to science were hardly, if at all, less marked. The effect of this example upon medical education throughout the country was almost instantaneous; and, apart from its example, the Johns Hopkins Medical School has been sending out a stream of notable men who fill many of the most important posts in American institutions of teaching and research. This splendid service has been recognized by the General Education Board not only in the making of the endowment, but in bestowing upon the fund the name of the man who, above all others, has been the mainstay of the work of the Johns Hopkins Medical School. Dr. Welch is so modest and self-effacing that he may not set much store by the name; but he will be at one with all the rest of us in hoping that the William H. Welch Endowment for Clinical Education and Research may prove a shining landmark in the history of American medicine.

HOW POLITICAL PRINCIPLES TRIUMPH.

South Africans will always retain a grateful memory of the statesmen who had the courage to carry into effect self-government for the Transvaal and Orange Free State, which paved the way to the establishment of the Union of South Africa. I deem it a grand privilege and honor to be associated with the movement in connection with the memorial to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman.

This was a cablegram sent by Gen. Louis Botha, Prime Minister of South Africa, and read at the recent unveiling at Stirling of a statue of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. Talk about time bringing its revenges! In this tribute, with its collocation of names, there is a reminder of mighty political changes, and a complete reversal of the popular judgment on men and measures, brought about in a few years. In the dark days, at once of the Boer War and the Liberal party, Campbell-Bannerman was exposed to all kinds of opprobrium. He was a pro-Boer. He was a Little Englander. He was the impotent leader of a hopeless party. But in his own lifetime all this largely passed away, and now he is acclaimed, even by his former opponents, as a statesman of large and sagacious mind; while the man who a dozen years since was leading his people in a war against England, but to-day is Prime Minister of a self-governing Boer commonwealth under British sovereignty, offers his grateful recognition of what Campbell-Bannerman did for South Africa. History can show few transitions so rapid as this.

In his address at the dedication of the statue, Mr. Asquith briefly sketched the qualities in Sir Henry which enabled him to carve out his success. He was not at all a genius, as genius is ordinarily defined. He had no striking personal gifts, whether of oratory or individual charm or political adroitness. A simple-minded man, he had early formed his political convictions, and clung to them with extraordinary tenacity, through good report and through evil. So meagre was his stock in trade! People were inclined to hold him in light esteem during all the period from, say, 1899 to 1904, when he was doing the thankless work of leading the dispirited and demoralized Liberal party. A mere stop-gap, he was thought to be. If ever the time came to form a Liberal Cabinet, a man of more brilliant parts would be necessary. But at last the politicians and the newspapers waked to the fact that Campbell-Bannerman had established himself in the confidence and affection of the people. His dogged sticking to his job when others ran away, his steady adherence to principle, his indomitable spirit and unyielding devotion to the cause he had made his own, slowly built up for him a solid popular strength. The old ridicule died out. There was a story of the London

Times sending an agent around the country to sound public opinion about Sir Henry, and his telegraphing to headquarters: "Not safe to make fun of Campbell-Bannerman; he is very strong with the people."

So he certainly proved to be when the tide turned in favor of the Liberals. No one seriously contested his right to be summoned by the King to form a Liberal Ministry. He saw fulfilled the task at which he had labored in hours of gloom. His sure reward came. But above any personal satisfaction he may have felt in this, must have been his rejoicing in seeing the principles for which he had so stanchly stood come to their triumph. They had had their period of discrediting and eclipse. The enemy raged, faint-hearted friends quailed or slipped away, but, as Mr. Asquith said, Sir Henry maintained "a calm, unwavering confidence that never failed." He simply could not renounce his political creed merely because it seemed to be for the time unpopular. Bred in Liberal tenets, he refused to believe that they could be washed away by a temporary wave of Jingoism. In season and out of season he asserted them, and lived to see them applied in England and in the conferring of self-government upon South Africa. This last achievement has already been acclaimed as the wisest as well as the most astonishing work of English statesmen in our day.

It must not be forgotten that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's bestowal of self-government on the Transvaal and the Orange Free State was violently opposed by the English Conservatives. They denounced it as a step fraught with danger, and made the direst predictions of what would follow. None of these forebodings has been justified. South Africa is contented under the new régime and is loyal to the British Crown. Yet the same men who prophesied the contrary are now auguring countless woes if Home Rule in local affairs is granted to Ireland. One would think that these prophets of evil might be stayed, for a time at least, by recalling their sad misreading of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's gift of self-government to South Africa.

THE INTERNATIONAL MARINE CONFERENCE.

The International Conference on Safety at Sea, which began its work in London on Wednesday of last week, is of unusual significance because of the Titanic and Volturno disasters. Much has been done by the several nations and by the force of public opinion to better the conditions revealed by the loss of the "unsinkable" White Star vessel. But the Volturno disaster has again brought out the need of standardizing the regulations of all the seagoing nations. Of these, twelve are represented in the London Conference, the British and American delegations being especially noteworthy; the former is headed by Lord Mersey, who presided over the Titanic inquiry; the latter includes Senator Burton, of Ohio, who will well represent the travelling public, and Andrew Furuseth, the militant head of the International Seamen's Union, to whom the passage by the Senate of the La Follette bill is largely due. He may be trusted, together with J. Havelock Wilson, general secretary of the British Seamen's Union, to voice the wishes of the men before the mast and their comrades in stokehold and engine-room.

Naturally, the question of boats and life-saving appliances takes a large place on the programme, and next to it comes that of bulkheads and watertight compartments. The picture of the burning Volturno will confront the conference when it deals with fire-extinguishing appliances. The regulation of boat, fire, and bulkhead drills follows naturally, as well as the question of the efficient manning of boats. The reasonable and proper use of wireless telegraphy and the laying down of new rules as to assistance to be given to ships in distress are other matters that have their place on the programme, and of course the problem of ice warnings and steamship routes is not to be overlooked. Besides these there will be many minor yet vitally important matters to be considered, as, for instance, the question of better methods of launching and releasing lifeboats so as to prevent their being dashed against the sides of the ship in high-running seas. This was the cause of the terrible loss of life, when the officers of the Volturno made their grave error of judgment. It is admittedly idle to hope for a device that will absolutely insure the safe launching of boats in such storms as the incoming Atlantic ships reported last week. Had the Titanic not been favored by the calmest night one could possibly encounter in mid-ocean, the loss of life would have been far greater. But the important point is that, despite the warnings given by the loss of the Rio Janeiro off the Golden Gate and the Republic near Nantucket, and other disasters, no effort was made to end the shortage of boats and rafts and to remedy defective lowering tackle. For above a century there was no change made in the historic block-and-tackle davits until the quadrant davit carried on the Titanic began to come into use.

It should seem, therefore, as if one outcome of this conference might well be the establishment of an international bureau for the testing of new safety devices and bringing to the attention of the various nations those which demonstrate their worth. There seems to be no field for human ingenuity in which the inventor has so many difficulties in obtaining recognition for his talent as this. Anybody who can suggest new schemes for increasing the comfort of passengers and enhancing the luxurious surroundings of the first-cabin travellers on the first-class boats gets a hearing easily enough. It is the old story: the owner has not been interested in increasing his capital investment by adding costly equipment which attracts no trade and which may never be used, and never can be used in a terrific storm. Not that all ship-owners are heartless; their side of the situation must be considered as well as that of the other parties in interest. We have already called attention to the enlightened views of Robert Dollar, the owner of numerous American and British cargo ships plying on the Pacific Coast and to the Far East. Such as he will watch the proceedings in London with considerable anxiety, lest the Conference fail to distinguish between the needs of cargo ships and those of passenger vessels, and saddle all kinds of boats with unnecessary expense.

Take, for instance, the question of the manning of lifeboats. Mrs. Florence Kelley, who was a passenger on the Kroonland, one of the eleven vessels that went to the rescue of the Volturno, points out in the current *Survey* that the Kroonland carried lifeboat accommodations for 113 more persons than

she is allowed to carry, but only 26 seamen. She asserts that to eke out the crews of the two lifeboats that went to the Volturno it was necessary to draft two waiters and two stokers. All the other boats were useless for this rescue work for want of able seamen. Obviously, 26 seamen for a ship the size of the Kroonland seems a ridiculous number, but can any vessel of this tonnage afford to carry seamen enough to man 34 lifeboats? Allowing only six to a lifeboat, that would mean 204 seamen who would be falling over one another in performing their few deck duties. Obviously, to work out a problem like this with justice to all concerned will require the greatest care. Perhaps the use of kerosene-engined lifeboats may help here, though they would add to the fire danger. As for the wireless equipment, for which the American delegates are expected to take a firm stand for all ships, it is interesting to note that the London Firemen's and Sailors' Union has passed a resolution binding its members not to sign on any ocean-going steamer after May first, 1914, unless it carries wireless. But if two operators for the wireless on tramps are insisted on, they will have nothing whatever to do except in the rare emergency of an accident to their own vessel, or some near-by ship.

It is thus the old question between profits and humanity which chiefly confronts the London Conference. On many points there will doubtless be immediate agreement, but a long session may be looked for, and will be needed, if due regard is to be given to all the interests involved.

THE TWILIGHT OF THE WHITE GODS.

Last week there came into the New York auction room a number of marble statues by American sculptors who were famous fifty years ago. Hiram Powers's Greek Slave was the most noteworthy. With her one touched an almost prehistoric phase of American æsthetics. In her day she was a veritable declaration of the artist's rights and independence of clothes. About her serene form was fought and won the battle for the sculptor's liberty in our free republic. Some sense that the Greek Slave is still a celebrity, if an obsolescent one, carried the bidding somewhat above a thousand dollars—perhaps a half of what it would cost to copy her reputably in fair Carrara. If the Greek Slave, speaking reverently, was on the bargain counter, her famous white contemporaries were nowhere at all. We decline to set down the pitiful prices that were paid for characteristic works of Thomas Crawford, W. W. Story, and Harriet Hosmer. It is enough to say that in no case would the auction price have bought the rough block of marble.

When one recalls that these were the great names of fifty years ago, that Powers's work may be said to have established American sculpture in the eyes of Europe, that Harriet Hosmer had the friendship and admiration of the Brownings, and Layard, and Leighton, that Story enjoyed a fairly consecrated celebrity through Hawthorne's eulogy of his Cleopatra in "The Marble Faun"—when one considers this fallen greatness, one is driven to sincere if trite reflection that all passes and naught is perdurable. Fifty years ago no reputations could have seemed more safely beyond vicissitude. And now one hardly knows whether to blame a public so forgetful of the taste of its fathers, or to praise the courage of those who ventured to pay anything at all for an art so completely passed from fashion. Perhaps our grandchildren will similarly make a merit of bidding in a bronze by Saint-Gaudens or Rodin at something less than the value of the metal.

Of course, there are reasons for the obscuration of these white gods. The time has passed when the most enthusiastic amateur will undertake the wholesale domestication of life-sized marbles. All this belonged to an ardent age before any pale cast of decorative fitness had dimmed the desire for the single fine piece. When the lambrequin fell the marble statue began to totter. Its unavailableness is now become fairly tragic. Only forty years ago it is entirely conceivable that at the prices of this sale some thrifty young couple would have cheerfully begun housekeeping with Zenobia. She is, after all, only eight feet tall—ceilings were then high—and would have seemed such an investment!

Upon the case of the twice humbled Palmyran queen we must linger. It is a capital instance under the rubric aptly named by Mr. Huneker "The Pathos of Distance." It was Harriet Hosmer's first venture in the grand style. Anxious Mrs. Jameson, the erudite and charming Layard, the friendly Brownings, eagerly watched the working out of the theme. Zenobia had a place of honor in the British Universal Exposition of 1862. After European acclaim, Zenobia came to Boston in 1864. Eulogies in prose and verse were heaped at her feet. Fifteen thousand people visited her in a few days. When she passed to New York, Bancroft, Bryan, Eastman Johnson, Kensett, Gifford, Drs. Beecher, Bellows, and Huntington, turned out to do her honor at the private view. The poet Whittier wrote of the statue:

> It very fully expresses my conception of what historical sculpture should be. It tells its whole proud and melancholy story. . . . In looking at it, I felt that the artist had been as truly serving her country, while working out her magnificent design abroad, as our soldiers in the field and our public officers in their departments.

Whittier and his fellow-admirers were in the main right. Zenobia is one of the best American statues of neo-classic type; for that matter, one of the best marbles that anywhere grew out of the tradition of Canova, Gibson, and Thorwaldsen. Zenobia is free from the frigidity of her type; she has only a minimum of the tricks that rightly go out of fashion. Admitting the unsuitability of marble statuary in the modern habitation, good taste and historic sense combined should have made a score of American museums compete vigorously for Zenobia and for her notable predecessor, the Greek Slave. That they did not is an indication of a peculiar defect in our civilization, the inability to detect any sort of artistic excellence when it is not presented in the passing forms of the day. At least, lovers of the last æsthetic mode, we are not Bourbons learning and forgetting nothing. Artistically, we learn very little and apparently forget everything.

HARD AND EASY GOLF COURSES.

Some of the golfing comments of Vardon and Ray, as they sailed for England, may strike American readers as a bit ungracious. It is true that the two professionals had pleasant things to say of their stay here. They had only thanks for the hospitality shown them, and spoke in praise of our golfers, particularly of Evans and Ouimet. But when their expert opinion on certain points

was squarely asked by the interviewers, both Vardon and Ray took for their motto, *vera pro gratis*. They did not think that American amateurs could hold their own with the English. They believed that the United States, in spite of its wonderful advance in golfing matters, is still a country backward in this sport as compared with England and Scotland. And they were of one mind in declaring that the great majority of American golf courses are far too easy. By this they meant, of course, that the hazards and the nature of the greens here do not sufficiently call for the highest golfing skill.

A fine American retort to this might be made, but it would only betray ignorance. Vardon and Ray might be asked why, if our links are so kindergarten, they did not make lower scores on them. If it is so dead easy to negotiate our courses, why did they let Evans beat them both at Chicago, and Ouimet lead them by five and seven strokes at Brookline? Moreover, Vardon and Ray made, on the average, as low scores over our confessedly more difficult links as they did when playing those they describe as childishly easy. How could that be? One can imagine the sneer with which newspaper paragraphers will put the question.

The point is worth examining. There has been, during the past year or two, a great stiffening up of American golf courses. This is, of itself, a tacit admission that they have been too easy, judged by the scientific rigors of the game. Yet a great many people have been but dimly aware of the real difference between an easy links—a real "gentleman's course"—and one trapped on correct principles. Such players have known that they could not do as well at, say, the National Links, or Piping Rock, as over their own familiar and facile grounds, but they often express wonder why the crack golfers who can make a low score even over Myopia are not able to do very much better over a notoriously easy links. They may cut their cards by two or three strokes, but that is all; and it is thought to be mysterious.

The fact is, obviously, that this is to lose sight of the true basis of comparison between hard and easy golf courses. A certain number of strokes are normally required to get over the easiest links ever known. That is, if there are 18 holes, and not more than three of them single-shot holes, it will be impossible for even the most skilful players to do, as a rule, much better than "even fours." This simply means that merely to cover the actual distance, and without regard to unusually lucky approaches or long putts, the ball has to be hit an average of four strokes to each hole. Top-notch players often go lower than that, and do so the more readily on links presenting few difficulties; but even on these they cannot, in the nature of the case, go so much below their score on a hard course as the inconsiderate poor player thinks they should. What he is thinking of is *his* score, and the great difference between his best on an easy links and on a course where the handiwork of nature has been reinforced by the malignity of man. If the latter means ten or twelve strokes more for him, why should not the easy links mean ten or twelve less for the professional?

We have already explained why not. It is the duffer who furnishes the real test of comparison between easy and hard golf courses. Diabolically placed traps and tricky curves in the greens scarcely exist for the professional; he plays as if they were not there. That is the reason why he cannot make a much lower score on links where the hazards actually are not there. But for the poor player they mean dismay and destruction. He comfortably announces that he usually "goes round in the eighties." But this is on a course far from up to date, and probably in July or August, when the ground is baked so that a topped ball will run almost as far as one truly hit, and when any kind of sloppy shot will reach the green without getting into trouble. Transfer this complacent gentleman to a links like Garden City, formidable with a narrow fair-way and trapped so as to punish every bungled shot, and his mortification, or rage, will tell the real story of the difference between the hard and easy course. Many a *soi-disant* "eighty man" has essayed the National Links repeatedly, without being able to get under a hundred.

This greater severity of the English links is correctly assigned by Vardon and Ray as one of the reasons why the English standard of amateur play is higher than ours. There are other reasons, which will leap to the mind of every informed person. It is not merely a question of championships. With the exception of Walter Travis, our venturous amateurs have not fared well in England—though Schmidt gave the British a bad quarter-of-an-hour last year. The chances are obviously against any man who has to fight his way through a tournament against a high-class field. Hilton did it in 1911, but was early put out in the American championship last year. It is to be said, however, that the differences favoring the English are rapidly disappearing; and with the tendency now prevailing in this country to make golf links a sharper test of the fine points of the game, it may well be that Vardon and Ray, on their next visit, will find the conditions more nearly equalized.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Although not a "Thackeray expert," I have a suggestion to offer on the point raised by Mr. William E. A. Axon in the "News for Bibliophiles," November 6, 1913. The question is that of priority between "the bold British boy," Little Billee, and the "pious French Middy," the hero of "Notre Dame de la Garde."

A daughter of the late Prof. Ferdinand Bôcher calls my attention to the words "To the air of 'Il y avait un petit navire'" under the title of "Little Billee" in my volume of Thackeray's ballads, and quotes a fragment of a song of which that is the first line, and which her father used to sing.

Il était un petit navire
Qui n'avait jamais navigué.

Quant ils . . .
Les vivres vinrent à manquer.

Ils tirent-s-à la courte paille
Pour voir qui, qui serait mangé.

Le plus jeune de l'équipage
C'est lui qui, qui sera mangé.
. . . . . .

Il monta sur la grande hune
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

Oh, Sainte Vierge, oh ma patronne,
C'est moi qui, qui sera mangé.

Whether the note referring to the song is Thackeray's or not, it shows that some one before Mr. Axon connected Thackeray's ballad with a French one, of which the fragment quoted is pretty certainly a version. The version, too, as even this fragment is enough to show, is nearer to Thackeray than the one quoted by Mr. Axon, because the "pious middy" is the more the hero for being the victim. As for the relationship between "Little Billee" and the "Petit Navire," it seems to me most probable that in an informal way it is about the same as the cousinship between the originals and Thackeray's "imitations" of Béranger, Horace, and sundry Ger-

man songs. It may be that having picked up the French song he fitted the air in his mind with burlesque lines and stanzas in English, which remained unwritten, and perhaps uncompleted, until the "festive gathering at Bertini's" of which Mr. Axon speaks. If he had had the "Petit Navire" in mind, "Little Billee" is exactly what he would have written; the naïve attempts at sentiment are just the marks which his shafts always sought. The conspicuous piety of the hero is carried only two commandments beyond the normal to become caricature; being "le plus jeune de l'équipage," what more natural than that he should be particularly appetizing? The note—"To the air of, etc."—may not be authoritative, but if it is Thackeray's it might be taken as an informal acknowledgment of an informal indebtedness.

I hope that the fragment of the "Petit Navire" quoted here may be enough to identify it to some one who can supply the whole. ROBERT P. UTTER.

Correspondence

GETTING THE BEST OUT OF THE BEST.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: To the general principle of "getting the best out of the best" no one can take exception, but, in the opinion of the present writer, Mr. Charles S. Knox, in his letter of recent date to the *Nation* (October 30), has failed to consider sufficiently the differences between athletics and culture or learning.

It may be doubted if the "best results" in athletics has the same meaning as the "best results" in culture, using this latter word in the general sense of intellectual accomplishment. In athletic activities what is desired and sought is superiority to rivals for a season in athletic sports; in lower terms, and often, it is to win a victory in a particular sport, over a particular team, in a particular game. The rewards to the individual athlete are the class numeral or the "university initial on [his] breast," his photograph on the sporting page of the daily paper, the admiration and applause of female youth, and the approval, not unmixed with envy, of his fellow "students." In a word, the spirit of athletics or sport is rivalry, its characteristic is the defeat of an opponent, and its rewards, though resounding, are evanescent, not to say trivial.

In intellectual activities the idea of competition should be discouraged, mutual help of individuals should be fostered, and the acquisition of knowledge for its own sake should be the ideal. The chief reward should be the pleasure and satisfaction of accomplishment; not that we need dwell wholly on this high plane, for other more tangible rewards such as prizes, fellowships, and honors should be offered. But in scholarship there is no place for the ephemeral rewards of praise from "the student body, or the student press, or the press of the community." Not notoriety and applause for a day, for the victory of a day, but fame and commendation for years, for a lifetime of labor, should be the scholar's ideal.

It may be doubted if in many cases the "*cum laude* or *summa cum laude* . . . or some such honor is awarded for the work of a single term," or in "a narrow, specialized course," in which "the student had merely to commit to memory" a syllabus which the examining professor had made. Those honors are usually reserved for the completion of a college course, and are in fact an expression of praise from "the thoughtful public at large" through its spokesman for "distinction in . . . intellectual training and prowess." The praise is quiet, indeed, but it may be doubted if the *thoughtful* public is ever blatant.

Moreover, the praise thus given is adequate to the accomplishment. Four years of even assiduous study in college mean, after all, but a small accomplishment from the point of view of the public, large and vital as that accomplishment may be to the individual student. The fault is not in the under-praise of intellectual labor, but in the over-praise of athletic and other spectacular activities. Following out the cycle of the past, ours may be called the Age of Noise, in which characteristic it may be hoped the intellectual life will not share, but will maintain its tradition of quiet modesty.

As to the contention of the writer of the letter to the *Nation*, that "proposals to grade men in classes by merit rather than by age or alphabetized names, and to carry forward the superior men faster and further than their fellows, are quickly rejected as hostile to democracy and to the 'American spirit,'" we may express more than a doubt, especially as the plan advocated is, in some States, in use in the most democratic and American of institutions—the public schools. The feasibility of merit grading has certainly come up for discussion in one at least of our more advanced educational institutions, and no question of the un-Americanism of the plan has ever there been raised.

The chief objection to grading by merit in the college is a practical one. It is almost impossible for the college, with the income and teaching staff at its disposal, so to arrange its curriculum, its schedule of classes, as to provide for the merit classifications which, to be really effective, must be subject to frequent revisions. Moreover, there is, and should be, greater diversity in the methods and individuality of teachers in the college than in teachers of the more elementary school, and it is a question whether what would be gained by merit grading might not be offset by what would be lost in the student's efforts to adapt himself to the new methods of the new individual teacher.

Furthermore, it may be questioned if the segregation and more rapid advancement of "the best" men is, after all, desirable from the point of view of those men themselves. To the present writer it seems that herein is involved a false view of education, namely, that education consists solely in what a student learns from his teachers while pursuing a more or less definite college course. To the present writer, and he believes to many others also, this is not what "education" connotes. Many of us believe that, no matter how narrow a man's specialty may be, he is helped therein by the sum-total of his knowledge on all subjects; that the ideal specialist is the man who knows everything. We may close our ears to the derisive laughter this statement probably occasions, while remarking that the ideal can be striven for if not attained; and we may point out that non-segregation of the best may perhaps lead us some steps nearer to this ideal.

The best men—the number is not enormous—in a class which they outstrip will have time to spare, will have leisure. Being "the best," they will not waste this time in frivolities, but will use it in reading and study for recreation and profit. They may do this under the direct guidance of their teachers if they wish, for any teacher would be glad to direct such a man, or at their own sweet and unguided will, which may in some instances be best. Not infrequently, as the present writer knows, a chance remark of a teacher will suggest to such a "best man" a most interesting and profitable course of reading. Is not the knowledge thus voluntarily acquired of far more value to the student than would be to finish his prescribed course six months or a year before his less gifted associates? Or than would be to acquire a twelvemonth more of the specialized knowledge of his particular course or profession? Such extraneous knowledge may not lead to success, but at least it will lead to sedate pleasure and quiet content; will be a solace in the years when success no longer counts.

On the other hand, would not merit classification incite many men, purse-poor and not of exceptional ability, to overexertion in order that they might save time and money by "keeping up with the best"? And doubly to men of rare capacity who know the sting of poverty should be given every opportunity for the broader outlook. It is no kindness to hurry them through college and into the world.

Doubt may be permitted, too, as to whether the English system, which the writer of the letter to the *Nation* praises so highly, is, after all, much superior to our own. Its faults are different, but not, therefore, less serious. Certainly the English system has been severely criticised by Englishmen, and in recent years it has seemed to be undergoing a deep searching of heart.

As your correspondent says, "We cannot safely ignore the inequalities in man." Therefore, let "the best" take more—but not of the same medicine, nor in larger doses. And instead of saying, "Let us have 'pass' and 'class' in our colleges," let us say to our young men: Let us have more quiet and persistent search after knowledge and truth and less noisy seeking after success and rewards.

LEONARD M. PASSANO.

Massachusetts Institute of Technology, November 13.

GETTYSBURG, PRESIDENT WILSON, AND THE UNITED STATES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: One of our English cousins, Sir Francis H. Champneys, Bart., who occupies the exalted position of president of the Royal Society of Medicine and of its twenty sections, has some remarkable ideas about the United States. In his opening address, printed in the official bulletin for October, he says:

We read this morning in the paper that

it is the jubilee celebration of the amalgamation between the Northern and Southern States of America, at Gettysburg, on July 4. Fifty years have elapsed since, in 1863, the victory of Gettysburg took place. It was a crucial period of the war, and after that the United States was formed. It is interesting to remember that, and to remember that it has taken fifty years not only to amalgamate, but to consolidate, the United States, which is another thing. And the proof of that is that the present President of the United States of America is the first Southern person who has ever occupied that position. And I read in the *Times* to-day that he at first refused to be present at Gettysburg, fifty years after the defeat of his side; but that he afterwards reconsidered his action and determined to be present. . . . I see in the papers that this meeting of the veterans on the field of Gettysburg is not altogether free from risk for them, and I see that a provident Government has stacked a thousand coffins in full view of the veterans in the park, for anybody to take advantage of who feels inclined to do so. We have got no coffins, gentlemen, and, I think, no skeletons, either; but if we are to consolidate the Society as we ought to do, we have to remember that the time has come to "think imperially." . . .

At the time of the formation of the United States of America each State reserved its own peculiar rights; and witb so much tenacity have they preserved them that a man may be married in one State and not married in another. . . .

It is quite conceivable that, at some time or another, one State may plunge the whole of the United States into war.

And so the United States is but fifty years young! It is a beautiful compliment to Miss Columbia, who we thought was beginning to feel her age a little and resemble the classic features of Miss Democracy. But what of Washington and Jefferson and Madison and Monroe? *Sic transit gloria mundi.* G. H.

Hot Springs, Va., November 12.

WILLIAM PITT PREBLE LONGFELLOW.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The recent death of Mr. Longfellow has removed from us a man whose services to the cause of architectural studies, extending over a long period of time, have been equalled in value by those of few other men in America. It would, indeed, be hard to name another whose range of interests germane to arcbitecture has been so wide, and whose theoretical and technical equipment was so varied and so thorough. A man of liberal scholarship and finest literary culture, Mr. Longfellow was also a mathematician and an engineer, as well as an artist; and, what is not, I believe, so well known, he was an accomplished musician and a musical composer of uncommon gifts and attainments. He never sought notoriety. In the rude struggle of competition his fine nature could take no part. And although in early life he had the practice of architecture as a vocation keenly at heart, his mind was, at the same time, largely occupied with the history and philosophy of the art. It was thus not unnatural, with his temperament, that after a brief period he should withdraw from actual practice and devote himself to study and writing. He was, I believe, gradually led to this course by the establishment of the *American Architect*—a periodical of which he became the first editor. The leading articles by him, with which the pages of that journal were enriched during the time of his editorship, would, if gathered together, form a volume of great value to students who look upon architecture as a liberal art.

After resigning his post as editor, Mr. Longfellow devoted a vast amount of time to editing the "Cyclopedia of Arehitecture" (New York, 1895), to which he contributed a large part of the subject matter. In this laborious work he succeeded in gaining the collaboration of some of the most competent American writers. He also contributed largely to Sturgis's "Dictionary of Architecture and Building," and to the pages of many periodicals.

Among his last works were "The Column and the Arch" (New York, 1899), and "Applied Perspective" (Boston, 1901). Both of these volumes are written in his most careful and lucid style. In "The Column and the Arch" he endeavors "to trace in sequence the main thread that binds the successive phases of European architecture, and the evolution of the two leading features of its forms, the classic order and the arch." This book is marked by historic scholarship no less than by architectural acumen. In the "Applied Perspective" he not only shows complete mastery of the involved geometry of the subject, and perfect lucidity in discussion and demonstration, but also, what is rare in such treatises, a fine sense of the artistic value of perspective. Mr. Longfellow wished, as he once said in conversation, to help his reader "to see perspectively," and to realize how things are beautified by perspective.

As a lecturer his subject matter was carefully thought out, and was always well arranged. In debate he was cautious in statement and deliberate in utterance, but always weighty. In conversation he was reserved, but ready with serious and thoughtful remark when occasion required, and at other times he was delightfully entertaining, and, with his fine sense of humor, often amusing.

His numberless activities in connection with the American Institute of Architects, the Boston Society of Architects, the World's Columbian Exposition, and the Boston Museum of Fine Arts were untiring and fruitful.

He was a sailor, too, and was fond of sailing. For some years he spent a part of every season cruising in his yacht. Into this recreation he put the same intelligent study that was characteristic of him in whatever he did. Few men have been better acquainted than he with the design and construction of a sailing boat. He was also a skilful photographer, and kept abreast of all developments in this process. His works, his refined nature, and his unobtrusive life have enriched the community in which he lived.

Charles H. Moore.

Winchester, Eng., November 6.

CREDIT GIVEN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: My attention has been called to the fact that in a recent book of mine, entitled "European Cities at Work," the translation of an advertisement from a German newspaper as well as certain material bearing upon the government of German cities was not credited to "The Government of European Cities," by Prof. W. B. Munro, of Harvard University, from which they were taken.

The book was prepared in large part as magazine articles and as lectures, with no idea at the time of publication in book form. This explains the omission of acknowledgment, which I desire to correct.

Frederic C. Howe.

New York, November 14.

THE OPIUM VICE IN JAVA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I can now give you a few more facts upon this subject. The Dutch Government of Java, having manufactured its opium at the "Government opium manufactory" in Batavia, proceeds to distribute it throughout the country. For this purpose the opium is enclosed in small leaden tubes, stamped with the Government seal, and sent to the Government agencies in the various towns and villages for retail sale. The tubes are of different sizes and are sold at prices (given here in American money) varying from 5 cents to $3.50, according to the quantity of opium which they contain. I visited the "opium verkoop plaats" (as these retail agencies are called) in Garoet, a small town among the mountains in the Preanger regency, and saw the opium sold to various purchasers at a little wicket window opening upon the street. I followed one of the purchasers to an opium den, where I found all the wooden bunks full of Chinamen smoking opium. It is only fair to state here that, if I am correctly informed, which I believe to be the case, the opium is sold exclusively to Chinamen at the "opium verkoop plaats"; but there are 300,000 Chinese in Java, and they control almost the whole of the native retail trade. It is therefore probably a simple matter for the natives to buy opium from the Chinese, if they wish to do so.

It is a difficult and delicate matter to procure information on this subject; but I have been able to ascertain that, when the population of Java was only 16,000,000 (it is now nearly double that number), the yearly profits of the Government from the sale of opium were 12,000,000 gulden ($5,000,000), and it does not seem possible that so large a profit can be derived from the opium consumed by the Chinese alone; but even if the Chinese be the only victims, why should the Dutch Government grow rich by corrupting the Chinese? We have here the singular spectacle of a Christian Government making a profit by fostering a destructive vice in its own territory. Unfortunately, this spectacle is not unique.

Many private persons formerly made fortunes by importing opium into Java, but the Dutch Government has now acquired for itself the whole of the profits from this vice by entirely prohibiting the importation of opium. From one point of view, this Government monopoly in opium is fortunate, because the closing of the Government opium manufactory in Batavia would now instantaneously end the opium vice in Java. Bertrand Shadwell.

Djokjakarta, Java, September 26.

THE ANAGRAM.

(It will be recalled that Joseph Severn was the devoted companion of Keats in his last illness at Rome.)

Within the circle of the lamp's bright glow
Were placed the letters of the poet's name,
From which to find new meaning was my aim,
By patient shifting of them to and fro.
But sole result of all my efforts slow,
Like some faint spark where I had hoped for flame—
As if *John Keats* could only magic frame!—
Was just a phrase of two short words: "Thanks, Joe."
Such little words! And his the voice to sing
Sweet as his own gold-throated nightingale,
Flooding with liquid ecstasy the air,
Yet churl in this. Then quick remembering
The love that 'twixt those friends did once prevail,
I saw a grateful heart enshrined there.

IMOGEN CLARK.

Literature

THE SISTER'S SON.

Uncle and Nephew in the Old French Chansons de Geste: A Study in the Survival of Matriarchy. By William Oliver Farnsworth, Ph.D. New York: Columbia University Press. $1.50 net.

The bearing of the literary relationship of "the sister's son" upon the larger question of the existence of mother-right among the Indo-Germanic peoples is growing clearer as fresh evidence is adduced. The only reasonable explanation of nephew-right is the existence of a matriarchal state of society in which inheritance passed through the female line. The traces of this state of society in the early laws and practices of certain peoples make reasonable the theory that the primitive laws of inheritance among the peoples of Western, Northwestern, and Northern Europe gave way before the Roman law granting to the father the domination of the family. Recent historians of mother-right have gone far afield for evidence of its existence in the practices of remote peoples and of exclusive tribes. The aborigines of Australia, South America, North America, and the islands of the sea have been studied, as well as the literature and the laws of Asiatic races. These historians have strangely neglected the literary testimony of European peoples.

In 1901 Prof. F. B. Gummere contributed to the "Furnivall Miscellany" a charming essay on "The Sister's Son" in the English and Scotch ballads. In closing Professor Gummere remarks:

> I think this persistent mention of a sister's son in the ballads something which indeed may not do much for the legal assumption if we take it as an isolated fact, but which, as a part of the cumulative proof furnished by Tacitus, by Germanic legend, by old genealogies, by romance, hints if it does not prove an older law in the case. There are wider fields to search; any one can think of stray instances in Celtic literature; and systematic investigation could doubtless bring additional and welcome evidence from this as well as from other stores of tradition.

There are, indeed, other wider fields to search, and the widest of them is the field of old French literature in general, and more specifically the French epic poetry of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries.

Dr. W. O. Farnsworth's dissertation will not reach the general public, but the theme is well chosen and possesses that human interest the absence of which in many dissertations was recently deplored by your reviewer of the Kittredge *Festschrift*. The first three chapters of Dr. Farnsworth's monograph contain the evidence he wishes to submit in the form of textual citations with literal translations; the last three chapters contain little that is original, though the author has conveniently reviewed in them the scattered opinions of Hartland, Bachofen, Lang, Kovalesky, Dargun, Westermarck, Schrader, Lippert, and other writers on *Mutterrecht*. Dr. Farnsworth has thus made himself familiar with the chief authorities in the larger field, and has very amply justified his study of the French epic by showing its wealth of evidence concerning the existence of a sentimental relationship between the mediæval man and his sister's son.

Of any legal recognition of this relationship in old French popular literature there is not a trace. In the centuries when the French epic came into bloom nothing remained of this relationship but a sentiment. How strong this sentiment was, as a literary convention, is a matter upon which there can be no doubt after reading this formidable array of evidence. Indeed, Dr. Farnsworth's evidence is pressed down and running over, and if we would make any comment upon the artistic arrangement of the material, it would be that he is guilty of much needless repetition in marshalling his proofs.

It is sufficient here to recall some of the more notable examples of this relationship in mediæval French literature: King Mark and Tristram; King Arthur and his nephews Lancelot, Gawain, Gahariet, and the unnatural Mordred; the Fisher King and Perceval (Peredur) in the Grail romances; Charlemagne and his nephews Roland and Baudoin; King Louis and Raoul de Cambrai; Simon the butcher and Hugh Capet; Naimon and Ogier le danois; Guillaume d'Orange and his nephews Vivien, Bertrand, etc. As may be seen by consulting E. Langlois's "Table des noms propres, etc." (Paris, 1904), these are but a few examples of this relationship brought out in the biography of old French heroes. The relation of uncle and nephew is the one most often used for purposes of identification in the earliest French narrative poetry, and upon this relation are centred some of the most stirring situations in this poetry. What is true of the Christian heroes is true also of the Saracens and the traitors: Ganelon the traitor in the "Roland" is subsequently provided with a numerous following of nephews. (Cf. Ernst Sauerland, "Ganelon und sein Geschlecht im altfranzösischen Epos," in Stengel's "Ausgaben und Abhandlungen," No. 51.) How epic nephews displace historical sons in the case of Charlemagne may be seen in J. W. Determann's "Epische Verwandschaften im altfranzösischem Volksepos" (Burg, 1887), and in the case of Guillaume d'Orange in J. Bédier's "Les Légendes épiques" (I, 130).

That it was natural for the author of the twelfth-century *chansons de geste* and *romans d'aventure* to invent uncles and nephews for their heroes, there can be no doubt. Professor Gummere's remark is as true of the French narrative poetry as it is of the English ballads, that "famous men are provided with a sister's son, while later tradition gives them, or would give them, sons of their own flesh." Why this sentiment, unsupported by law or actual family conditions, persisted with such remarkable force in the subconsciousness of the French is unexplained. Dr. Farnsworth, while reserving an opinion (p. 224), thinks this survival may argue against Professor Bédier's theory of eleventh-century inspiration for the epic, on the ground that poets who did not approach the legendary epic material until that date would not be justified by contemporary custom in their insistence upon this relationship; he opines that the relationship must have its roots in a long tradition regarding these heroes. There is no objection, however, to supposing that poets, when treating for the first time quasi-historical heroes, even in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, should think in terms made conventional by the thought of many generations of Germanic ancestors. The force of the sentiment is later felt in the Italian court poets, Boiardo, Pulci, and Ariosto, who still conventionally insist upon nephew-right

as implying special affection, authority, and the obligation of vengeance. Even in Spain, as Dr. Farnsworth points out, there are traces of it in the legends of Bernardo del Carpio and the Siete Infantes de Lara. In this connection it may be further noted that when the Cid marries his two daughters to the two rather suspicious characters, the Infantes de Carrión, he commissions his nephew, Felez Muñoz, to watch over the two brides *in loco parentis*.

Even the sentiment attached to this relationship weakened under the actual conditions imposed by the accepted Roman laws of inheritance. The sentiment in favor of the sister's son broadened to include the brother's son, and many texts simply used the term "nephew" without qualification. In the latest mediæval popular literature the son comes into his own, and we cease to hear of the nephew's privileges and obligations. But when we speak in terms of centuries, the nephew's literary downfall seems quite sudden. After holding his own for perhaps thirteen centuries of our era, the nephew passed out with the passing of interest in the genealogies of popular narrative poetry where he had made his last stand. Boys still often resemble their maternal uncles in character and in outward favor, but of blood-feuds and inheritances nowadays, *point de nouvelles!* That later authors are, however, at least sporadically conscious of the force of this bond is shown in the following:

> Marcus, sister's son to Barnabas.
> (Colossians, 4:10.)
>
> Upon condition, Publius shall not live,
> Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.
> (Shakespeare, "Julius Cæsar," iv, 1.)
>
> Where I must strike against the man they call
> My sister's son.
> (Tennyson, "Guinevere," 568.)

And most mediæval of all, in Racine's "Phèdre" (i, 1), where Hippolyte says of the Athenian Princess Aricie:

> Mon père la réprouve; et par des lois sévères
> Il défend de donner des neveux à ses frères.

We have lost a relative who was once closer than a brother; but if any one wishes to find him again, he should go to Dr. Farnsworth's thesis.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Coryston Family. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. New York: Harper & Bros.

Mrs. Ward's voice sounds always fainter and farther away; presently we shall begin to believe it an echo, and not a voice at all. No doubt, the English world which she portrays does still exist, but its existence is a survival; and of her own art she retains little more than the familiar technique.

Some day, perhaps, nineteenth-century fiction in England will be summed up as the Epic of the Dowager. Without the tradition of the dowager the tale of the Coryston family would never have been. From the opening scene Lady Coryston has the "heavy" part, and heavily she plays it. Politics, or party, is the absorbing interest of her life. To her idea of party she is ready to sacrifice justice and fair play, as to her idea of family she is ready to sacrifice husband and children. The husband, an amiable and honorable gentleman, she has dominated from the altar, and though she has finally estranged him, she has so well managed that his death leaves her mistress of the Coryston estates, and the eldest son inherits little but the title. In viewing this situation, Lady Coryston apart, the American reader should try to "see red." To get the English point of view he must regard this diverted inheritance as a species of sacrilege. Lady Coryston should have retired to her dower house, on allowance, while his new lordship, so to speak, took the pot. That she did not is in itself a thrilling circumstance. It frees her from the restricted sphere of the ordinary dowager. She does, of course, go to the unworthy girl whom she suspects of being about to accept her favorite son; but every dowager in fiction must do that as a sign of good faith, just as every villain in melodrama must smoke a cigarette. Lady Coryston is not dependent upon that kind of thing for her effects. She is the monster the world has dreaded—the dowager with the upper hand.

Young Lord Coryston might have been a striking figure if Mrs. Ward had invented him twenty years ago: now he impresses one simply as the ingenuous, eccentric dreamer with whom Messrs. Hewlett, Locke, et al. have sufficiently acquainted us. That the prospective heir to an income of £70,000 a year should not believe in property, might well trouble the person who had the legal disposal of it; but it is because Lord Coryston makes himself politically offensive to her that she disinherits him. The second son, in whose favor a new will is made, then proposes to marry the daughter of a political enemy, and only the physical downfall of his mother prevents him from being cut off in turn. The romance of Marcia, daughter of the house, is quite separate, and involves that question of the yoking together of disagreeing believers, to which we are always likely to find ourselves returning in the pages of Mrs. Ward.

Van Cleve. By Mary S. Watts. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Gen. Nathan Burke was the pattern of a distinguished Ohioan of our grandfathers' time. Van Cleve is a representative Cincinnati citizen of our own day and generation. The history of his second score, virtually coinciding with the eighteen-nineties and the first decade of the twentieth century, is not so stately a performance as Nathan Burke's "biography." And very properly not, for the feat of reviving a bygone literary fashion is obviously uncalled for in the portrayal of a contemporary hero. Consequently the Thackerayan manner, which occasioned much admiration—and some uneasiness—among commentators on the earlier book, is little in evidence in "Van Cleve:"

Having defined Van Cleve as a representative Cincinnatian of to-day, we hardly need to add that Van Cleve is a business man. He is, however, no such sublimated specimen of our dominant type as Mr. Dreiser's formidable "Financier." Van Cleve's hardheadedness was, we fear, largely superficial. It chiefly evinced itself in hard work, self-denial, and the honesty that "sweareth to his own hurt and changeth not." Its only domestic manifestation was an occasional protest—never effectual—against chronic impracticality, and it was not incompatible with a large measure of genuine though unostentatious chivalry. Witness his supporting of a thriftless family—grandmother, aunt, cousin, and uncle—in their endless migrations in search of a congenial social atmosphere; also his war-time journey to Cuba, undertaken in behalf only of a girl's reputation, and later the act of conscience by which he precipitated his own financial ruin.

It is rather as the appreciative historian of Ohio manners than as a searching analyst of character or an inventor of absorbingly interesting events that Mrs. Watts excels. We have here a plot that depends entirely upon a manufactured misunderstanding, perfectly transparent to the reader, but, until the last chapters, quite impenetrable to the characters of the story.

Gold. By Stewart Edward White. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Holding to his theory that the individual man's struggle towards perfect adjustment with his environment is the great, impressive drama of life, and that the "sex element" does not necessarily exercise even an instant influence on this great drama, Mr. White has produced a vivid narrative of the days of '49, with only males as its characters and no reference to woman save a bare mention of that "fair sisterhood" which is ever a vanguard of the march to Fortuno's beck.

There is fighting a-plenty in these pages, and there is mighty striving, deeds of bloodshed, thievery, massacre and madness and hope and despair, but the pictures are true—or at least bring with them the conviction of truth. And even in the most exciting passages one must note the lack of the forced and

artificial technique that prescribes "dramatic plot" and "sex element" and "artistic balance" and all the rest of the cut-and-dried components of the novel-maker's rule of three.

"Gold" is the first of a promised trilogy. The other books which Mr. White announces he will write will also deal with early days in the West, and will be called "The Gray Dawn" and "The Rose Dawn."

Mother's Son. By Beulah Marie Dix. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

One puts down this novel with surprise that there should be so many Germans in Puritan Boston. At least, one must suppose there are from the account of what befell Elizabeth Willard, author of "The Toy Soldier," after she met Vashti Leissner, herself an author of no small renown, as well as wife of a German-American and mother of a brood of German-American infants. All Germans who came to Boston visited the Leissners, and, of course, when Elizabeth and Mrs. Leissner decided to co-operate as playwrights, Elizabeth met them. She even met the young Herr Lieut. Hugo Waldemar Gunther Mehring, who had unwittingly been the original of "The Toy Soldier," but who had the misfortune to be cashiered and banished to America by his indignant family. He was a pretty boy, and his German friends in Boston who knew his story distrusted him for a *Muttersöhnchen* and officer. They were much surprised when he actually succeeded in the real estate business, and even succeeded in selling motor-cars. But even then he had difficulty in persuading Elizabeth to marry him, because she was so interested in her books and plays—despite her youth she had a dazzling way of tossing off successful manuscripts at short intervals. In the end, however, Herr Lieut. Hugo Waldemar Gunther Mehring proved to the satisfaction of even his bitterest compatriot and critic, big Julius Hasse, that he was no longer *Muttersöhnchen*, and convinced Elizabeth that she loved him. But it was necessary for him first to go through the Titanic disaster, which was rather distressing for all concerned.

Partners. By Margaret Deland. New York: Harper & Bros.

Mandy Hinch, keeper with her aged mother of the post office of the little town of Purham, Vt., is reminiscent in her sensitiveness and her retiring disposition of the first of all portraits of the sort, half a century before Miss Wilkins and Sarah Orne Jewett—Hepzibah Pyncheon. In the space of a hundred pages the little book weaves about her the shroud of impending tragedy, and then snatches it away. Thanks to a change of parties at Washington, Mandy is informed that her resignation from the post which for twenty years has been her sole support, is accepted. She somehow manages to keep the full force of the news from the frail old mother, even after William Sprague, the kind-hearted appointee, arrives from Boston. In the dismay which these two feel over the insoluble problem before them, one way of escape plainly presents itself. It is not a hard one for Sprague, whose bachelorhood is not confirmed, and who needs a housekeeper; it is hard for Mandy, sentimentally true to the dead soldier sweetheart of her youth. Mrs. Deland's picture of her women is consistent; the contrast between the great emotional value and the impoverished intellectual worth of their lives gives a kind of poetical interest to the little story.

GENERAL MEADE.

The Life and Letters of George Gordon Meade. By George Meade. Edited by George Gordon Meade. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Two volumes. $7.50 net.

The most interesting feature of this elaborate life of Gen. Meade, the joint work of his son and grandson, is the remarkable series of letters from Meade to his wife, written, for the most part, during his service in the Mexican War and the Civil War. The letters, hitherto unpublished, not only give an almost daily account of military operations in camp and field, but record also with unrestrained frankness the writer's impressions of his superior officers and military associates, and his opinions of political events as related to the wars.

Meade joined the army in Texas in September, 1845, and served actively until April, 1847. He was opposed at first to the war, believing it to have been "brought on by our injustice to a neighbor, and uncalled-for aggression" (I, 154); and he was long of the opinion that actual hostilities could be avoided. He found Taylor "a plain, sensible old gentleman," laughing at the excitement in the North and scouting the idea of war, and unable, as a stanch Whig and an opponent of Texan annexation, to "enter heart and soul into his present duties" (I, 26). The letters abound in scathing criticism of the volunteers, whom Meade describes as "perfectly ignorant of discipline, and most restive under restraint." Thanks to the "miserable economy of our Government," the waste of ammunition caused by lawless and reckless firing is such that "six months of this volunteer force will cost as much as five years for a regular force of equal size" (I, 91). The policy of Polk is treated with contempt. Meade was not blind to Taylor's limitations as a commander; but for the political machinations which took the conduct of the war out of his hands, planned important movements without consulting him, left him for months without sufficient troops or supplies, and yet threw upon him the odium of incapacity, the letters repeatedly voice condemnation. At the same time, war having begun, his sympathies were with those in Congress, who, like Crittenden and Ingersoll, were for pushing it vigorously despite their hostility to Polk. "Finish the war, and then give it to the Administration," he wrote laconically in February, 1847 (I, 181).

The Civil War letters, which fill the last half of Volume I and the first half of Volume II, form one of the most important contributions to the history of the war that have lately been published. Into the thorny mazes of tactics and strategy, with which the letters abound, and upon which still centre the controversies of military critics, space forbids us to go. In such points Meade's version of his own course, along with the versions of his associates, is authoritatively set forth in the official reports. One is impressed throughout, however, by Meade's seriousness and frankness, his devotion to duty, his clear view of what ought to be done, his vast powers of concentration and work, and his modesty. No more in private than in public did he claim honors or rewards beyond what an impartial judgment would accord him. His letters show him as loyal to his friends and generous in his estimates of his military superiors, but at the same time profoundly distrustful of the politicians at Washington, and bitterly resentful of the persistent efforts of Greeley and others of the press to belittle or censure him. He was first and always a soldier, and upon his conduct he desired a soldier's, and not a civilian's, verdict.

Meade perceived at once the flaw in Wilkes's course in the Trent affair, though doubting if war with England would result. Seward's letter he did not like: "it is specious and pettifogging" (1, 241). For McClellan, under whom he at first served, he had regard and respect, yielded but slowly to the conviction that McClellan's excessive caution unfitted him for high command, and condemned roundly the political intrigues which attended his removal. Of Burnside and Hooker he writes warmly, yet with unerring perception of their faults. The long and dreary controversy over Gettysburg naturally bulks large in these volumes, and on the whole reflects credit on Meade's modesty and poise. He knew what he had done and why he had done it, gave praise or blame to his subordinates as he believed the case warranted, and protested only against the personal attacks of those who would not, or could not, understand why he had not pursued and destroyed Lee's army after defeating it. Of Grant he seems never to have entertained a high opin-

ion, and in the crowning disappointment of his career, the unjust promotion of Sheridan over him, he saw the working-out of personal qualities in Grant whose existence he had early discerned.

For the rest, the work is a comprehensive life of Meade. The letters are briefly annotated where necessary, and are allowed to tell their own story; where they fail, the author and editor supply a well-written narrative. There is a good account of Meade's career from 1847 to 1861, when as an army engineer he was engaged in lighthouse construction and in the survey of the Great Lakes; and his activities as military commander in the South after the war are briefly sketched. About one-third of Volume II is given to an appendix, comprising a few official dispatches and extracts from newspaper articles, together with twenty-four maps of the Gettysburg campaign.

Roads from Rome. By Anne C. E. Allinson. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

"The main purpose of these Roman sketches is to show that the men and women of ancient Rome were like ourselves." Such are the opening words of Mrs. Allinson's preface, and they are justified in the six character-sketches that follow, though we might add that the setting of the stories shows the specific state of life under the early empire quite as much as the common ground of humanity that was the same then as now. There is little action in the stories; they are concerned rather to set forth, in a manner reminiscent of Pater, the self-revelations of character that might come to such men as Catullus and Horace and Mæcenas and Ovid in some critical hour of their lives. To our taste this method succeeds better in the case of a reflective poet like Horace than of a creature of passion and impulse like Catullus, and the chapter called The Phrase Maker is perhaps the most successful in the series—is in itself a refined piece of phrase-making, and something more than that. We cannot give a better idea of the manner of the book than by quoting three paragraphs from the beginning, middle, and end, respectively, of this sketch, with its motto from Horace himself, "Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit":

> But the master of this charming outlook evidently had his mind on something else. He was a man about fifty-five years old, short and stout, and with hair even grayer than his age warranted. As he leaned back among his cushions on a stone bench, so skilfully placed under an ilex tree that his face was protected while the sun fell across his body, he looked an unromantic figure enough, no better than any other Roman gentleman past his prime, seeking the sunshine and intent on physical comfort.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> But now, like the phantom in Brutus's tent at Philippi, a grim question stole upon him out of the shadows of his memory. Was it possible that his fight on that field of defeat had been, not a folly, but the golden moment of his life? Had Athens taught him something even profounder than the art which had made him Rome's best lyric poet? He had forgotten much of her humiliation, and of his own Roman pride in her subjection during those days when he had lived, in youthful hero-worship, with the spirits of her great past. Had she, after all, not only taught the sons of her masters philosophy and the arts, but taken them captive, as well, by the imperious ideals of her own youth, by her love of freedom and of truth?
>
> . . . . . .
>
> "Davus," he called out, "make haste. I have had a visit from the shades, and it has been as unpleasant as those cold baths the doctor makes me take." Then, as he saw the look of fright on the wrinkled face of the old slave who had been with his father when he died, he broke into a laugh and put his hand on his shoulder. "Calm yourself, my good fellow," he said, "we shall all be shades some day, and to-day I feel nearer than usual to that charming state. But in the meantime there is a chance for Bacchus and the Muses. Tell them to get out a jar of Falernian to-night, and do you unroll Menander. The counsels of the divine Plato are too eternal for my little mind. And, Davus," he added thoughtfully, as he rose and leaned on the slave's willing arm, "as soon as we get to the house, write down, 'Greece took her captors captive.' That has the making of a good phrase in it—a good phrase. I shall polish it up and use it some day."

Such is the manner of the book, but its interest is greater than can be shown in any extracts. There is no sense of effort in the writing, and no harsh pedantry in the details. As one reads, it is as if one were wafted in a pleasant dream back to the Rome of Cæsar and Augustus and to the Athenian schools of the philosophers.

A New Government for the British Empire. By F. W. Bussell, D.D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.25 net.

The vice-principal of Brasenose possesses the art of being severe without being unparliamentary. In common with the rest of mankind, he "lacks the method of drawing up an indictment against a whole people." Yet he is able to make out a damaging case. Reasons for anxiety may, he says, be summed up as follows: the dangerous rivalry of interests, sectional conflict, a landless people, an aggrieved industrial proletariat, professional statesmen, threatened retirement from public business of a still influential and trusted class, premiums on official and expert services, disappearance of gratuitous duties issuing out of the life of ordinary citizens, ubiquitous distrust of direct consultation of the people, deadlock of government by equally divided parties, increasing use of coercion, and complete decay of moral force in the state. To these symptoms of a thoroughly unhealthy condition may be added the universal lack of respect for authority.

Such a bill of particulars would be disheartening were it not suggested throughout this work that the real character of the British nation remains sound, despite the fact that all public and political influences, methods, and vocabulary are alike demoralizing. The difficulty is that an entirely false view is given by the insincere rancor of party spirit. "Friendly intercourse between the classes," we are informed, "is still the rule in actual life; but we may easily drift into civil war some day, because we are so often told that we are already engaged in it." In other words, the bitterness of Parliament and party (though often fictitious) can easily be reflected with disastrous effect on the whole national life. This position, it is maintained, is owing, not to the supposed application of "democracy," but to the fact that no effort is made to apply it at all.

There is nothing novel in such a presentation of contemporary British affairs. These views have been expressed time and again, but seldom with such sound learning and such genuine philosophical reflection. The work before us is scholarly without being academic, strenuous without being noisy, large without ignoring the littleness of human existence. While seemingly revolutionary, it really preaches a return to first principles. It demands an extensive system of devolution—without that democracy will always remain what it is to-day, an empty imposture, disguising absolute government in an anonymous and peculiarly distasteful form; as precarious in tenure as the older despotisms, and far less dignified, continuous, and efficient in its policy.

What is really needed? First, the dissolution of the Commons, only in name a predominant or popular chamber; next, the devolution of local power to four or five provincial assemblies; then, the creation of an imperial Senate, to be erected on the foundations of the House of Lords, insensibly passing out of the chrysalis of pure heredity into wider interests and usefulness; finally, an enlargement or restoration of the influence of the sovereign.

King Edward as I Knew Him. Reminiscences of Five Years' Personal Attendance upon His Late Majesty, King Edward the VII. By C. W. Stamper. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $2 net.

As a work of unconscious humor, this deserves more than casual notice. Sel-

dom has the innocent flunkeyism which doth hedge about a king more quaintly recorded itself. This is not to reflect upon the author's social standing. He was not, as report has had it, the King's chauffeur, but his motor expert, who was in charge of all the royal cars. He never drove the King, but always had a seat beside the chauffeur, in order to direct him, and to be on hand in case of accident. As there was no room for a footman, the duties of that functionary devolved upon him. But they might have devolved upon any of the King's gentlemen in similar circumstances, and the flunkeyism of these reminiscences is not essentially different from that which any of them might show if he were to take to print.

That Mr. Stamper has a genuine reverence for the memory of his former employer there is no manner of doubt. The amusing thing is that he does not suspect how little likely his narrative is to induce reverence in his readers. He honestly believes that the King "was a great man and had great ways." But the ways here recorded are the little ways of an ordinary man. By their testimony the late King must appear to Mr. Stamper's readers as an old gentleman who had been spoiled all his life and could but remain spoiled to the end; a good-natured old gentleman when nothing interfered with his personal plans or comfort; a martinet in the conduct of his household; a kindly master, for the most part, in speech and manner, but without consideration for his servants when his own convenience was in question; a man who attracted people, but not because of any exceptional fineness in his own nature or carriage: a "good fellow," in terms of royalty. He had, says Mr. Stamper, "a keen sense of humor." These pages show it broad rather than keen, and continually at variance with courtesy and consideration for others. Harry Lauder is his ideal of humor on the stage. The King goes to see him and "laughs a great deal"; the next day he says to his motor expert, "Put your hat on, Stamper. Did you like the play last night?" "Very much indeed, your Majesty." "Yes, I thought you would, because you would understand it. It was really very good, very funny."

He loved to play little practical jokes on the persons who served him, gentle or simple, and never lost the chance of twitting a victim. He loved the slapstick touch in everyday life. When Stamper seizes a horse by the bridle to get him out of the way of the car, and is lifted off his feet, the King is convulsed with mirth. Physical mishaps arouse in him the delight of the small boy or the music-hall audience. Stamper dances down a lot of gillies at a tenants' ball at Balmoral. "My discomfiture of the Scotchmen greatly amused his Majesty. 'Look at Stamper,' I heard him cry, 'just look at him!' A moment later I slipped and fell, which made his Majesty roar with laughter."

The King must have everything go according to schedule. "Stamper" was responsible if anything went wrong: then would Majesty lift its voice and complain that Stamper was always making mistakes. The motor expert boasts, however, that "he never saw the King lose his temper with any but those who knew him and whom he knew well"—which, reduced to unroyal terms, would seem to be much like saying that Smith was always a perfect gentleman—except at home.

Notes

The Century Co. will soon have ready: Theodore Dreiser's "A Traveler at Forty"; an "Advanced American History," by S. E. Forman, and "Beyond the Pasture Bars," a new school reader by Dallas Lore Sharp.

Among the books which Putnams issue this week are "Folk-Ballads of Southern Europe," by Sophie Jewett, and "Little Stories by Big Men," compiled by Annabel Lee.

The same house has in press "The Sonnets of William Shakespeare, New Light and Old Evidence," by the Countess de Chambrun, and "The Story of the World," by Elizabeth O'Neill.

A third collection of stories by L. P. Jacks is promised next week by Holt. The same house will publish later in the season Inez Haynes Gillmore's novel "Angel Island."

A forthcoming book in the list of George W. Jacobs & Company is a "Life of Admiral Semmes," by Colyer Meriwether.

Smith & Elder are bringing out Sir Sidney Lee's inaugural at East London College, entitled "The Place of English Literature in the Modern University."

Mr. Hilaire Belloc has translated into English "The Romance of Tristan and Iseult" from the French of Joseph Bédier. M. Bédier's version, made up of fragmentary French poems of the twelfth century and later variations, was crowned by the French Academy. The translation will be published by Messrs. Allen.

Mr. R. O. Winstedt is preparing for the Oxford University Press a "Malay Grammar." It will be the first work of the kind in English.

The following are additions which Dutton makes this autumn to Everyman's Library: "Life of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone," by G. W. E. Russell; "Life in Mexico," by Mme. Calderon de la Barca; Dostoievsky's "The Idiot"; "The Fall of Constantinople, or Theodora Phranza," by the late Dr. T. M. Neale; Balzac's "Lost Illusions," with an introduction by George Saintsbury; R. L. Stevenson's "An Inland Voyage" and "Travels with a Donkey"; "A Century of Essays," an enlarged Æsop, being a collection of fables; Swedenborg's "Divine Providence," specially translated under the auspices of the Swedenborg Society, and an Atlas dealing with Africa and Australasia and embracing a period from the Pyramids to the present.

Books in preparation by the Oxford University Press include: "A Glossary of Tudor and Stuart Words," by W. W. Skeat, completed by A. L. Mayhew; Map's "De Nugis Curialium," edited by M. R. James; "Studies of the Odyssey," by J. A. K. Thomson; "Concise Dante Dictionary," by Paget Toynbee; "Catalogue of Coins in the Punjab Museum, Lahore," by R. B. Whitehead, and in the World's Classic series Miss M. Betham-Edwards's "The Lord of the Harvest."

Sir James Murray is seeking, for the "New English Dictionary," to fill up some gaps in the history of the word "transept." He would be glad to get examples of it before Leland (1540), or between Leland and Anthony Wood (1692), or a Latin form of any age in actual use—that is, not in modern dictionaries which may have simply invented or inferred it.

"The Youth of Goethe" (Dutton), by P. Hume Brown, is the work not of a specialist in German literature, but of a distinguished Scottish historian whose previous essays in biography have concerned themselves with his fellow-countrymen, George Buchanan and John Knox. "The Youth of Goethe" is written with this historian's accustomed accuracy, knowledge of the sources of information, and judicial sobriety. So thoroughly normal is the composition of the book that no one quality is conspicuous. Dr. Brown does not profess to fill a gap, nor does he notably add to the literature on his subject already easily accessible in German. He does, however, give one of the most orderly accounts in English of a many-sided personality, and to the narrative of Goethe's early life he properly correlates an exhibit of Goethe's writings up to and including the "Urfaust."

The two English writers to whom the Nobel prize for literature has been awarded in the dozen years since its foundation are both natives of India. Rabindranath Tagore, the recipient of this year's honor, is a native of Bengal. His predecessor, Rudyard Kipling, is a native of Bombay. If Kipling is spoken of as an Anglo-Indian author because he wrote in English of an India which he has made his own, it is equally proper to apply the term Anglo-Indian to Tagore, whose present fame has come to him as a poet in the English tongue; but with this difference, that the India of Tagore is, naturally, far more real than the highly romanticized and dramaticized land which goes by the name of Kipling's India. The poems with which Tagore has so rapidly come to the front were written originally in the Bengali tongue, but the author has himself rendered them into an idiomatic English.

The *Nation* has already expressed at some length its opinion of the work of Rabindranath Tagore, in reviewing (May 15) his volume of prose-poems entitled "Gitanjali," and there is little more to be said in regard to his more recent volume, "The Gardener" (Macmillan). The present collection of "lyrics of love and life," as he calls them, were for the most part written much earlier than the "Gitanjali," and show rather the mysticism implicit in the modern Hindu's notion of love than the love implicit in his

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practice of mysticism. They are pretty and gentle and shot through occasionally with deeper meanings, as may be judged from these two fair specimens:

19.

You walked by the riverside path with the full pitcher upon your hip.

Why did you swiftly turn your face and peep at me through your fluttering veil?

That gleaming look from the dark came upon me like a breeze that sends a shiver through the rippling water and sweeps away to the shadowy shore.

It came to me like the bird of evening that hurriedly flies across the lampless room from the one open window to the other, and disappears in the night.

You are hidden as a star behind the hills, and I am a passer-by upon the road.

But why did you stop for a moment and glance at my face through your veil while you walked by the riverside path with the full pitcher upon your hip?

58.

One morning in the flower garden a blind girl came to offer me a flower chain in the cover of a lotus leaf.

I put it round my neck, and tears came to my eyes.

I kissed her and said, "You are blind even as the flowers are.

"You yourself know not how beautiful is your gift."

In the uniform edition of Anatole France's works in English now appears "The Opinions of Jérôme Coignard," competently translated by Mrs. Wilfrid Jackson (Lane). Not the least delightful portion of this volume is the introductory chapter in which the author gives us an exquisite appreciation of his earlier presentation of Monsieur Coignard in that rare book, "At the Sign of the Reine Pédauque." In those earlier "memoirs" the mellow philosophical rascal lives again, says our author, "as Socrates does in the Memorabilia of Xenophon. . . . It is a work that makes one think of those portraits of Erasmus by Holbein that one sees in the Louvre, at Bâle, or at Hampton Court, the delicacy of which never wearies the sense of appreciation." "The Opinions," less distinctively a work of imagination, is cast in the form of dialogues and conversations held by the genial ecclesiastic as he drank his pint at the *Petit Bacchus* or turned over a volume of Cassiodorus at the book shop of Monsieur Blaizot. Coignard is a good Catholic; for the rest, he is Anatole France applying his suavely cynical criticism to governments, science, the army, academies, revolutions, historians, and the idea of justice.

In April, 1900, ex-President Cleveland delivered two addresses at Princeton, inaugurating the Lectureship on Public Affairs which Henry Stafford Little, an alumnus of the University, had endowed in his honor. The subject of these first lectures was "The Independence of the Executive." The next spring he lectured twice on "The Venezuelan Boundary Controversy," and two years later he gave a lecture on "The Government in the Chicago Strike." These lectures have now been published in three small volumes by the Princeton University Press. The natural interest of the topics they discuss was enhanced by the circumstance that the lecturer had played a leading part in the events considered. This circumstance gives the volumes the value attaching to first-hand historical material.

David Starr Jordan's "War and Waste" (Doubleday, Page) is described in a prefatory note as a series of addresses, essays, and editorials having the purpose of opposition to war, to war scares, and to war accessories in general. The title address was delivered at the Harvard Union in 1911. The other papers are reprinted from the *World's Work*, the *Atlantic*, the *Independent*, and other journals, some of them published abroad. A few of the titles are "The Pest of Glory," "The Net of the Usurer," "Fort Graft," "The Dream of Universal War," "Anti-Alien Legislation in California," and "The American Peace Policy."

We have more than once expressed appreciation of the Home University Library of Modern Knowledge (Holt), the new titles of which bring the total up to seventy-two volumes. "From Jefferson to Lincoln," by Prof. William McDonald, of Brown University, is a sketch of our national history as related mainly to three lines of development, constitutional growth, the growth of the party system, and slavery. "Germany of To-day," by Charles Tower, gives about half of its two hundred and fifty pages to various features of the mechanism of the Government, the Kaiser, the Reichstag, police, law courts, armed forces, imperial finance, etc., and the remainder to such topics as education, industrial organization, agriculture, and the intellectual life. Dr. J. B. Bury, the well-known historian of the Later Roman Empire, contributes "A History of Freedom of Thought." The somewhat bitter spirit which Dr. Bury allows to crop out here and there against religious intolerance seems not entirely in accord with his clear recognition, on pages 55 and 56, that some influence or other had chilled to practical extinction the earlier growth of Greek science generations before the influence of Christianity had entered the field. It is quite possible that modern civilization had to slough off something more than mere theological obscurantism before the sun of modern intellectual freedom could shine forth.

That the editors of the Home University do not take its limitation to "modern knowledge in any narrow spirit is shown by the inclusion of such subjects as Miss Jane E. Harrison's "Ancient Art and Ritual," the aim of which is to show that "these two divergent developments have a common root, and that neither can be understood without the other. It is at the outset one and the same impulse that sends a man to church and to the theatre." This birth of art "by way of ritual out of emotion" leads the author naturally to considerable concessions to present-day "Expressionists," but it is doubtless a mere trick of typographical depravity which makes her say that art should come "out of life keenly and vividly *livid*." Dr. William T. Councilman, of Harvard University, writes of "Disease and Its Causes" in a way to be of great practical value to any intelligent reader, though of course the work is not intended as a "family doctor-book." He cautions the devotees of eugenics that there is as yet an "excess of theory and dearth of facts" in their science, and that attempts to influence heredity should be limited strictly to heredity of disease. "Plant Life," by J. Bretland Farmer, professor of botany in the Imperial College of Science and Technology, of London, deals with plant form from the point of view of function. The main thesis in "The Origin and Nature of Life," by Benjamin Moore, professor of bio-chemistry in the University of Liverpool, is that the hiatus between the non-living and the living is bridged not at a level of bacteria or animalculæ, where the search for the passage has been invariably unsuccessful, but at a depth of life beyond the reach of the microscope and possessing a unit lower than the living cell, as we conceive of that cell from the tissues of animals and plants. These volumes are sold at fifty cents each.

Discussion of Hamlet's mental condition has for the moment been eclipsed by similar searchings as to Strindberg. The latter presents a less interesting problem, though scarcely less perplexing. If Strindberg could be dismissed summarily with the title of fool, in which light he frequently enough appeared, much would be gained, for we cannot feel that any real profit can be got by reading his works. But in the background of his nature it is easy to see the spectre of greatness. He combined in an extraordinary way resolute idealism with impulsive fear. Of a sudden he was prone to be overcome by a sense of terror at his unconventional position and to wish for death; at other times he was sickened by the incongruity of his visions and the facts of life, and gave up the struggle out of hand. In the midst, for instance, of one of his many amours, he was impressed by its sordidness, and, with all the heroics of the Romanticist, attempted suicide. An account of this adventure is found in a volume which has just appeared from the Appletons' press, "August Strindberg, The Spirit of Revolt: Studies and Impressions," by L. Lind-af-Hageby:

> He undresses by the shore, throws himself into the cold water, and swims out into the open sea. After a struggle with the waves, he returns exhausted. Beckoning Fate to do her worst, he then climbs an alder tree in a state of perfect nudity. The icy October gale responds, and, when he descends shivering, he is satisfied with the first part of the expiatory act.

Without pursuing the analogy to Hamlet further, for Hamlet never did anything quite so silly as this, even with a "method," it may be noted that Strindberg found in this Danish prince a kindred soul. Miss Lind-af-Hageby has set forth the facts of Strindberg's life with much fulness and without any desire to excuse her subject of great moral blame. Towards the literary works she is a bit less critical, though showing none of the unthinking adulation with which the book market has lately been flooded. The question which each critic of the Swede should ask himself is, Did Strindberg write anything which is not vitiated by his mental confusion?

Another work, this by Strindberg himself, comes to us from Putnams, "The Red Room," a book which was first published in 1879, and which gave its author his first literary prominence. Though in the form of a novel, the book is sufficiently autobiographical to warrant brief mention at this place. The hero, Arvid Falk, a journalist, is, of course, Strindberg, here represented as an idealist who undergoes a series of crushing disillusions. Every phase of Swedish society is satirized, the author finding embodiments of the Seven

Deadly Sins. Respectability is proved to be a sham under which the banker, the publisher, the clergy, carry on their corrupt practices. The contrast with this picture of wretched time-serving is furnished by the occupants of the Red Room of a restaurant, where gather artists of all sorts struggling by their wits to eke out an existence. That most of them fail argues not their incompetence, but the brutality of the world. Some of the sketches have undeniable keenness, for Strindberg always saw concretely. This quality contributed both his strength and his weakness as a writer. It was noted so long ago as 1884 by Björnson: "He has been a pietist, and so he is still, in spite of many experiences—not religiously, but morally. A cause is for him only persons; bring them out, whip them."

Miss Margaret Ladd Franklin's bibliography, "The Case for Woman Suffrage," is marked by accurate workmanship and sober discrimination. About four hundred titles of books and pamphlets, thirty-three Congressional reports (1874-1912), twenty-four plays, nearly six hundred articles in periodicals, fifty-five leaflets in series published by the National American Woman Suffrage Association, and eleven current suffrage periodicals—the first four divisions arranged chronologically, the latter two alphabetically, and all together representing the opinion of twenty-three centuries, from Plato down—here is a bristling arsenal for propagandists, alike friends and adversaries of the ideas preached by the National College Equal Suffrage League, which is sponsor for the book. The task of the agitator will be lightened by the full index to authors' names, but especially by the rating attached to a large number of the entries. The laurels are awarded to Wendell Phillips, Mill, Higginson, and Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman. Only next in importance are the utterances of David G. Ritchie, Lady Grove, and Max Eastman; and after these follow, among others, Ibsen, Mrs. Putnam, Jacobi, Veblen, Prof. William I. Thomas, Lydia E. Bekker, Professor Cairns, Mrs. Olive Schreiner, and Miss M. Carey Thomas, the last of whom writes the introduction to the volume. As a rule, the estimates are corroborated by an analysis of book or article or by a significant excerpt. If terse finalities of judgment occur, such as "platitudes" or "too bitter for present persuasiveness," or "flippant, yet without wit," they prove the compiler a rational woman, and leave her devotion as a suffragist unimpugned. What makes this bibliography a readable book in large part is the sense of humor betrayed in the critical comments. The opinions quoted fairly reveal the growth of the movement, from Mill's summing up in 1869: "We have had the morality of submission and the morality of chivalry and generosity; the time is now come for the morality of justice," to F. H. Barrow's in 1908: "Our chief plea . . . for woman suffrage is not that she is now denied a right . . . but that the time is ripe for her to be called on to bear her share of social responsibility." With this sweep of thought, one wonders why Ellen Key, the emotional expounder of the feminist argument from responsibility, has not been included.

Rear-Admiral A. T. Mahan's "Major Operations of the Navies in the War of American Independence," which was first published fifteen years ago as a chapter in the "History of the Royal Navy," an English work in seven volumes under the general editorship of Sir William Laird Clowes, is now reprinted by Little, Brown & Co., without material change. It is written in the author's well-known authoritative manner and the style of presentation is concise and telling. It is not, however, a history of the American navy in the Revolution. One must not look in it for an account of naval organization, or of the achievement of such ships as were sent to engage in individual enterprises against the mistress of the sea. Not even the brilliant career of John Paul Jones is mentioned. The probable reason is that Jones's achievements were not regarded as major operations. The British writers have contended that Jones was a privateer, or even a pirate; but one cannot believe that the distinguished American officer would countenance so uncharitable a view towards a man who in fighting spirit was the one glory of the American navy of the Revolution. The author wishes to show us the importance of sea power in our struggle for independence. He gives chapters to Arnold's defence of Lake Champlain, the British attack on Charleston in 1776, with other operations on the coast, the effect of Howe's Philadelphia campaign on the Saratoga campaign, and the operations of the navy on the coast in connection with the defence of New York, Rhode Island, Georgia, and the Carolinas. Besides these chapters there is an extended account of the operations of British and French fleets in the second half of the war, in both the Atlantic and the Indian Oceans. Considering the purpose for which the book was originally written, it is not surprising that it is chiefly a history of British naval operations in our Revolutionary War. In a brief introduction, which is written expressly for the present American reprint, Rear-Admiral Mahan points out two lessons of the war, in fact, of all wars. They are that war, once begun, is likely to spread much farther than was at first expected, and that the best means of defending a nation in war is to be ready on the sea. The latter argument, for which the author is widely known, continually reappears in the body of the book. In order to support the narrative of naval events on the Atlantic Coast, an outline of land operations is introduced. It is very brief, and contains no new matter. In fact, the reviewer has discovered one error. The commander of the loyalists at Moore's Creek (p. 31) was Donald McDonald and the husband of Flora McDonald was named Allan. But such a slip is unimportant in a book which within its scope is sane and scholarly.

In Norris A. Brisco's "Economics of Business" (Macmillan) a commendable effort has been made to express, in clear and simple language, the fundamental principles underlying business enterprises. This was made possible only by a thorough study of the methods which have been practiced in the successful management of business ventures, and by the careful examination of the large volume of recent literature which treats of the various phases of business itself. After outlining the economic basis of business, the author proceeds to a discussion of such questions as usually are considered in present-day works on corporations and scientific management. Here are included, among other topics, the types of business organizations, the principles of scientific management, the function of the *entrepreneur*, the analysis of cost accounting, factory and labor efficiency, buying and selling, and the principles and mediums of advertising. The work is adapted to meet the twofold purpose of serving as a textbook for classes in business administration as well as to assist business men in their efforts to obtain greater efficiency in their special lines of work.

After having written on the love affairs of Madame de Staël, George Sand, Byron, Shelley, and Catherine the Great, Mr. Francis Gribble must have been hard pressed to find a heroine whose amatory exploits would not appear in the nature of anti-climax. There remained Messalina and Isabella II of Spain. For the moment Messalina is neglected in favor of the young queen who "danced away her throne"—"The Tragedy of Isabella II" (Badger). "Not only was her love of dancing excessive," says Mr. Gribble, "her choice of partners was unfortunate." No more so, perhaps, than Mr. Gribble's choice of subjects. Lovers of the prurient may open this volume with full confidence that every detail relating to the dancing and the partners will be therein treated. For Mr. Gribble holds that "the scandals must be realized in order that the political movements may be understood." Perhaps a truer statement of the author's method would be that it is necessary to introduce a few dry facts of history for the better understanding of the scandals, for the book contains little else. In his use of sources Mr. Gribble is wholly uncritical. He relies in large part upon the back-stairs gossip printed in the partisan press of the day and upon the lively imaginings of contemporary foreign tourists. Many of these narratives are obviously false, but they serve to make history readable. A few errors and misprints have crept into the text.

The panics upon which F. W. Hirst, the editor of the *Economist*, has written in "Six Panics and Other Essays" (London: Methuen), have nothing to do with finance. The panics are all over an "invasion of England" by a foreign Power. The first was caused by an alarmist letter written to the *Times* by the aged Duke of Wellington in 1847 as to the utterly unprotected state of England's coast and the danger of a French invasion. The second followed a very few years later (1851-1853), and this, together with the third (1859-1861), was also over "the French." The fourth was in connection with Stead's famous "Navy Scare" in 1884. By this time the French bogey had relinquished the centre of the stage and the fourth alarm was not specific as to the particular enemy. Germany, however (in 1906), loomed up as the foreign foe and caused the Dreadnought panic with its "We want eight, we won't wait" chorus—much the most expensive panic of the series. The latest, which belongs indeed to the present year, is the "Airship Panic," when, in February and March last, people in England affected to believe that German airships were nightly surveying the northeast coast! This one fitly crowns the series. Mr. Hirst's descriptions of the six are full of humor, but there is throughout

his writing on this subject, a *sæva indignatio* against the whole business of manufacturing war-scares which well becomes so stanch a disciple of Cobden and Bright. Many times he charges directly and indirectly that these things are deliberately worked up by the "ring" of manufacturers of war material; perhaps this is the main defect in his perspective, for it is impossible to credit these people with such great power and such remarkable ingenuity as he seems to attribute to them. Nevertheless, these essays are a powerful corrective to the infection of "Jingoism" and may be cordially recommended to those who are fortunate enough not to remember too far back in the past. The volume contains besides the "panic" essays, and an enthusiastic appreciation of John Bright, an interesting paper on Friedrich List, who is described as the "Father of the German Zollverein," and a discussion of English newspapers. There is a pleasant flavor of scholarship about Mr. Hirst's writing; he belongs to the school of the classical economists of the mid-nineteenth century and shows that it is still possible to write of latter-day finance in the language of Bagehot.

Miss M. E. Hirst's little book on "The Story of Trusts" (London: Collins' Clear-Type Press) is an excellent introduction to the subject for the general reader who wants a bird's-eye view of the world-wide tendency towards industrial combination so marked within the last twenty years. In the space of some 250 small pages she contrives to pack a great deal of information. The chapters on Trusts in England and Government Monopolies are particularly interesting to the American reader who, judging from the account of Trusts in America, which is on the whole accurate in its details, will feel some confidence in what he reads of the rest of the world. The chapter on Trusts and Tariffs makes it clear where the author's sympathies lie; she points out in passing that Russia of all European countries "has surrounded herself with the highest tariff wall —an average *ad valorem* duty of 131 per cent. According to the estimate of a recent investigator Russia has also created a record in Trusts. M. Leroux-Zuyeff declares that there are at least nineteen hundred Trusts and syndicates in different parts of the Empire." This chapter is headed by Mr. Havemeyer's famous remark, "The tariff is the mother of Trusts." The chapter on Unpopularity of Trusts is perhaps the least satisfactory in Miss Hirst's book. It discloses more animus than do the others. We note in it the curious misstatement that the so-called Coal Trust "compelled the independent mines who had no other carriers to sell their output to these companies at 65 per cent. of the *average market price*" (Italicization ours). It was at 65 per cent. of the average *tidewater* price—a very different thing, for it included the rate of transportation, the railway taking the 35 per cent. as its rate.

James Carter Beard, illustrator and author, died Saturday at his home in New Orleans, La., aged seventy-six. He was born in Cincinnati. In the work of illustration he made a specialty of pictures of animal life. As an author he is remembered for "Little Workers," "Curious Homes and Their Tenants," and "Billy Possum."

Science

THE INVENTOR OF ANTISEPSIS.

Lord Lister, His Life and Work. By G. T. Wrench, M.D. (Lond.). New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $4.50 net.

The very simplicity of the life of Lister makes the task of the biographer anything but easy. Here is no gripping story of a man who overcame adverse social conditions, no picturesque rise from penury to professional prominence and royal favor. When Joseph Lister was born in 1827 at West Ham, just outside the London of that day, it was into comfortable conditions and a Quaker environment. His father, like his father before him, was a wine merchant, but also a man of much talent who did a great service in improving the construction of lenses for microscopes. Educated in a good Quaker school, young Lister went to University College in 1845, and two years later passed to University College Hospital and its medical school. Here he came especially under the influence of Sharpey, who seems to have done much to give Lister scientific interests and that insight into method which was later so helpful to him. After his graduation and some hospital experience, Sharpey sent him, at the age of twenty-five, to Syme, at Edinburgh, one of the great surgeons of the world.

Lister went to Scotland in 1852 as a visitor, but he soon became Syme's house surgeon, and later, in 1856, his son-in-law, and remained in the north twenty-five years. In 1860 he went to Glasgow as a professor of surgery, returning to Edinburgh nine years later to serve as professor of clinical surgery. In 1877 he took a similar position at King's College Hospital in London, holding it until 1893, when he reached the prescribed age of retirement. In 1883 he had been made a baron and was raised to the peerage in 1897. Lady Lister, long his constant companion and a devoted helper in his scientific and literary work, had died in 1893, leaving no children. Lord Lister himself died in 1912, after being much enfeebled for eight or ten years.

When Lister's eightieth birthday came it was proposed to collect his papers and publish them as a memorial of the master. This was accomplished by a small committee of his friends, and in 1909 two stately volumes issued from the Clarendon Press, carrying not everything which Lister had printed, but all which he held to have abiding interest or cared to have preserved outside of his contributions to several large treatises on surgery. The introduction to these memorial volumes contained some biographical information and an appreciation of the work there recorded. There was still abundant opportunity for a fuller account. This story Dr. Wrench, himself an ardent Listerian, has written, and, all things considered, has written it well.

Lister was an excellent teacher and a good surgeon, but neither his teaching nor his operative skill would have given him much more than a local reputation. He was also a careful and enthusiastic investigator, having been well trained by an excellent physiologist. Wrench rather overrates the value of these experimental researches, and few will accept his opinion that Lister was a profounder philosopher than Pasteur. The experimental work was, however, of the utmost immediate value in aiding Lister to apply the teaching of Pasteur to the burning problem of the proper treatment of wounds. Here it was that the genius of Lister showed itself, not in recognizing the importance of the problem, for every surgeon whose mind reached beyond the edge of his scalpel knew that, but in perceiving that the doctrines of Pasteur showed the way to the solution.

To realize the seriousness of this problem is nowadays hard. So accustomed are we to the salubrity of the modern hospital and to the comparative safety of operations that few of us appreciate what a different place a hospital was fifty years ago. It was then almost actually dangerous to have an operation performed, even in the best of hospitals. The chances of the patient were better in his own home, or in the open air, as the experience of American surgeons in the Civil War abundantly demonstrated, although the significance of this fact was but slowly recognized, and even now is not known to Dr. Wrench. The mortality of cases operated on in the great hospitals of Europe (or of America, for that matter) was appalling. Pyæmia and hospital gangrene abounded in the surgical wards, and the glow of erysipelas was everywhere. Some of the most distinguished operators were obliged from time to time to close up considerable parts of hospitals, even in the case of comparatively new buildings, in order to try some form of house-cleaning in the hope of changing the unfavorable conditions, but with no clear knowledge of what these conditions really were. Those who care for figures illustrative of this state of affairs will find some in this book, particularly those compiled by Sir James Simpson, but for greater detail should look in Lister's articles or read the story as told by some of the German surgeons, for example Lindpaintner (*Deutsche Zeitschrift für Chirurgie*, VII, 187).

Such conditions existed also in the Infirmary when Lister went to Glasgow, and under such conditions he worked there. It was not, however, until early in 1865 that his attention was clearly directed to a possible connection between the existing surgical troubles and

the questions of putrefaction discussed by Pasteur nearly two years earlier. Lister at once began to seek some method of destroying the microbes of a wound by chemicals and some means of keeping the wound from the air which was supposed to carry the microbes. There is reason for thinking that the earlier experiments were made with various sulphites, but this is not set forth here, or in the collected articles. Be that as it may, Lister very soon took up carbolic acid, which was just then in favor as a deodorizer of sewage, and so presumably was a destroyer of putrefaction. Success was not immediate, but on the 12th of August, 1865, came the first really good results, and this is the birthday of Listerism and antisepsis and all that follows.

The first application of the method was to compound fractures in which a portion of a broken bone protrudes through the skin, conditions peculiarly favorable to the entrance of dirt and microbes. Later the method was extended to abscesses, and with such success that a further extension to actual operations naturally followed, leading ultimately to new operations, such as not even the most reckless had been willing to undertake. Along with this progress went the development of highly complex methods of bandaging to keep out the air, bearer of microbes, and presently the adoption of a spray of carbolic acid to prevent the access of microbes during the operation, or while changing bandages. Wrench tries to make it appear that the spray was not really a part of Lister's scheme and that he adopted it more because of his good nature in accepting a suggestion than from any belief in its efficacy. It is true that he became skeptical about the spray in a few years, but he did not abandon it until about 1887 after using it above fifteen years; Schultze says they were spraying in Edinburgh in October, 1871. He gives also a full account of the antiseptic bandage and the way it came about, and at some length derides the modern system of asepsis, with its endless complexity. This complexity comes from the recognition that scrupulous care is required to keep away the microbes found on the surface of the body of the patient or on insufficiently cleaned instruments, or, again, in the hands and person of the operator, and thus to preserve aseptic conditions. The doctrine of antisepsis postulated the internal air as the carrier of germs by which the wound or its secretions might be contaminated; it also demanded careful and special cleansing of hands and instruments, but not with the scrupulosity of the aseptic system.

Wrench declares that asepsis shows even less good results than antisepsis, in the fully developed Listerian method, and should be abandoned. That opens up a large question which can hardly be discussed here. In a measure, he is perhaps right, however, in urging that the aseptic system is becoming overloaded and topheavy, and lacks the adaptability of the simpler Listerism. The truth probably lies somewhere between the two extremes, and there is a real danger of making too much of certain details and losing one's self among them. One needs what has been carelessly called an "antiseptic conscience," but one needs most of all a clear understanding of the fundamental principles as Lister insisted again and again. It is perhaps worth while to remind the reader that, now that the obscurity of the sources of infection has been largely removed, the fundamental principles of antisepsis and asepsis are really the same. Given an aseptic field of operation, asepsis strives to keep it clean, but when the field is presumably septic some form of antisepsis must be adopted; it need not, however, have the full complexity of the original Listerism, and it is perfectly clear that the free use of carbolic acid has many limitations; in fact, Lister himself early declared that the antiseptic means might be very various.

The successful outcome of the application of the antiseptic treatment in Glasgow and Edinburgh was in itself a great victory, but with it came a period of anxiety. This is perhaps the most interesting part of the story of Lister because of the opposition which his new method aroused, and because of the patience and quiet persistence with which he passed through these trials. Not only was he long without honor in his own country, but in other lands the message fell for a time on deaf ears. The message had been delivered first in 1867, and speedily some operators began to use carbolic acid and sought to do as Lister did, but mostly with unsatisfactory results. Only a few had sufficiently grasped the principles involved to succeed and became real and successful Listerians. It was in Germany that the triumph of Listerism soonest became general, but the course of events was not exactly that which Wrench gives, as the reader may easily see if he take up the address given by A. W. Schultze early in 1872, that of Thiersch in 1875, or again the various articles of v. Nussbaum. Immediately after the first publication by Lister, Thiersch had begun to use the method as he understood it, and he continued its use at Leipzig, with varying results, though the best of them were admittedly not as good as those reported by Lister. Other German surgeons also took up the antiseptic treatment early and eagerly, and for a time there was great enthusiasm. By the middle of 1871 this had much diminished, and there was even considerable opposition or actual enmity. The difficulty was that the method was not really understood, not even by many who had gone to see Lister at work. Then came a change. Surgeons still went in large numbers to Edinburgh to see whether Lister really got the results which he reported, and to learn how he did it and why they could not. Gradually some of them acquired a clear understanding of the procedures to be employed, and went home to practice for the first time the real Listerism. The conditions at Munich are a good illustration. For years v. Nussbaum, although he well knew Lister's success and thought highly of his method, had made no systematic use of the antiseptic treatment; he had, he says, "nur hier und da gelistert." In 1874 he was in despair because of the frightful amount of pyæmia and gangrene (up to 80 per cent.), and determined to give Listerism a critical and thorough trial. His success was immediate and remarkable, and he at once became a most zealous disciple and perhaps the most capable and successful promoter of the doctrine. When Lister visited Germany in the spring of 1875 the acceptance of his teaching was nearly complete and his reception at various universities was most enthusiastic.

In marked contrast to this was the attitude of the surgeons of England and this country. As early as 1869 the methods of Lister were well known in America, and a certain small amount of commendation and acceptance is found in the medical journals, but there was no general adoption of the antiseptic treatment. There was, indeed, much pronounced opposition. In view of what followed it is worth while to rescue this gem from a medical journal of 1872 and add it to Dr. Wrench's narrative, with the explanation that the writer was a Southern surgeon of much experience and was highly praised when he died three years later. Commenting on what he had heard a year or two before in an Eastern medical college, he continues:

> To credulous auditors it would have seemed very fitting that a statue of brass should be erected to Professor Lister, and that to preserve the fitness of things it should be placed in juxtaposition to one of Pandora, and while the latter should be figured with her box in her left hand, containing all the ills which afflict the human flesh, the former should hold in his right hand a vial of carbolic acid, the panacea to all the ills to which flesh has fallen heir. . . . To conclude in the soberest earnestness, though Mr. Lister's convoy, freighted with septic germs and carbolic acid, launched as it was in the shallowest waters, engendered a popular breeze which has landed its author in the chair of clinical surgery in the University of Edinburgh, it requires no prophetic vision to perceive that it needs but a little patience, the waiting a little while longer, to see this argosy of tinsel theories and overvalued goods stranded and

wrecked on the shores of professional opinion.

Lister came to the United States in 1876 to attend the International Medical Congress at Philadelphia, but, although he had some devoted followers, his reception seems to have been cool. In the next year or two the antiseptic treatment began to be tried more generally in American hospitals, but, despite the fact that Lister had fully come to his own in England, and London had finally paid him homage, its general adoption here was painfully slow.

It came at last, and with it, or close upon its heels, came the shoots of that doctrine of asepsis which now blooms fresh and full. Already, alas! the appreciation of the fame of Lister begins to wane, and little is done to preserve a very vivid memory of him. Recently your reviewer examined a dozen of the smaller books on surgery in English—such as students sometimes read, if perchance they read anything—and it is surprising to see how completely the very word Listerism has disappeared. A suggestion of it lingers in domestic washes and lotions, and the reader may put a penny in the slot at the next corner and get a piece of "germ-proof listerated pepsin gum," but all sense of the real significance of Lister and his work is going fast. This is perhaps inevitable The achievement of Lister, though it made an epoch, is intangible. Few surgeons are now teaching who really knew the prelisterian conditions from personal observation; soon there will be none, and we cannot expect students to have any deep interest in a state of things which has gone and need not come again. We are in the midst of that beneficent progress in medicine no less than in surgery which, though it go back to Pasteur, really owes everything to Lister, who clearly saw the way and pointed it out to a cold and skeptical generation by walking in it himself; but even Pasteur would be easily forgotten by those who are interested chiefly in practical things, had he not left apparatus and methods to bear his name.

Dr. Wrench devotes relatively little space to the man in private as distinguished from the surgeon and investigator, and here the reader must read somewhat between the lines. The book has a portrait of Lister in his later years and a picture of the house where he was born. There are also illustrations showing the infirmaries at Glasgow and Edinburgh. The book is very well made, and the few typographical errors which have attracted our attention are not serious.

To Everyman's Library Dutton will soon add Hahnemann's "The Organon of the Rational Art of Healing."

Dr. Alexander Smith's "Elementary Inorganic Chemistry," for high-school use, may soon be expected from the press of the Century Company.

Dr. Ora Willis Knight, chemist and geologist and at one time State Assayer of Maine, died last week in Portland. He was born in Bangor, Me., in 1874, and graduated B.S. from the Maine State College. He was the author of "List of Birds of Maine" and "Birds of Maine."

Drama

Dutton will include this autumn in Everyman's Library another instalment of Ibsen's plays—"The Pretenders," "Pillars of Society," and "Rosmersholm."

"English University Drama, 1540-1603," by F. S. Boas, is announced by the Oxford University Press.

We have received from Macmillan two more volumes of the Tudor Shakespeare, "The Tempest," edited by Herbert E. Greene, and "Antony and Cleopatra," edited by George Wyllys Benedict. These except for a volume on "The Facts About Shakespeare," which is in preparation by the general editors, Professors Neilson and Thorndike, bring the series to completion.

A versatile actor is as rare as a black swan in these days. The English actor-manager Cyril Maude, now appearing in Wallack's Theatre, has already clearly demonstrated his right to this title, a fact that invests his engagement with a special interest. Thus far he has acted three parts, widely differing in character and manner, without any betrayal of mannerisms peculiar to his own personal individuality, except an occasional indistinctness of utterance. This, in itself, is a notable feat. As Kit Bingham in "The Second in Command" he proved himself a comedian of refinement and intelligence, with pleasant veins of humor and sentiment; in "The Ghost of Jerry Bundler" he evinced a capacity for melodramatic passion, and in "Beauty and the Barge" he furnished an admirable example of realistic burlesque. "The Ghost of Jerry Bundler," by W. W. Jacobs and Charles Rock, is an ingenious little "shocker." He plays the part of a commercial traveller, who makes a bet that he will terrify his companions by impersonating a ghost in whose existence they disbelieve. Leaving them, as they suppose, to perfect his preparations, he suddenly breaks in upon them, in an apparent condition of shrieking hysterical terror, declaring that he has unexpectedly encountered the apparition itself. Having made them all sufficiently nervous, he permits himself to be pacified and bids them "good night," only to return speedily in the guise of the ghost. He frightens them so effectually that one of them shoots and kills him. The piece is worthy of the Grand Guignol. In his counterfeit terror Mr. Maude exhibited a striking command of theatrical resource and physical power, and indisputably stirred his audience, but did not quite convey the thrill of veracity. The elaboration of the symptoms was excessive. His agitation was palpably more muscular than emotional, and afforded no conclusive proof of his ability to interpret real passion with genuine eloquence.

As the affable and amatory Captain Barley in the "Beauty and the Barge" of W. W. Jacobs and L. N. Parker, Mr. Maude presented a complete metamorphosis from the spruce young bagman. The piece itself reflects very little credit upon either of its authors, being constructed on the purely conventional lines of the nautical farce and melodrama dating from the period of Dibdin and Marryatt. Its story is absurd and its dialogue of the cheapest. But to Barley there clings a faint odor of truth. There is nothing of the bargee about him. His dominating attribute of affability alone would exclude him from that class. He can be associated with the type of ancient shellbacks, boatmen, or loafers, all inveterate liars, who infest British watering places. Mr. Maude knows the breed—Nat Goodwin, who tried the part here years ago and tried to idealize it, failed miserably—and embodies this variation of it delightfully, softening its asperities and gracing it with cleanliness and vivacity. Although his impersonation is touched by the spirit of burlesque, it is perfectly consistent, and true enough in many of its details to be human. His exact status as an actor is still uncertain, but he is an accomplished artist.

There is some good and much inferior work in "The Strange Woman" of W. Hurlbut, at the Lyceum Theatre. The play is based upon a useful dramatic idea, the contrast of old and new thought and of cosmopolitan and rural manners, but the construction is slipshod, and much of the characterization is conventional and extravagant. The first two acts are virtually a manifesto against official marriage regulations of any kind. The heroine, an American who has lived in Europe since childhood, married a brute. Having left him, she attributes her sufferings to the ceremony which enslaved her, and determines never to marry again. When she meets her ideal, a gifted young artist from Iowa, she agrees to be his mate, but only on condition that their union shall be one of mutual agreement, free from all legal contract. Naturally, her arrival in Iowa, with these views, which she promulgates boldly, creates a lively local disturbance. But her married critics are so open to attack that she is able to discomfit them utterly. She triumphs all along the line, but she is so affected by the unselfish devotion of her lover's mother that she resolves to sacrifice all her own feelings rather than wound the old lady's, and so elects to conform to custom and be married in the usual way. The conclusion is sane, but is by no means a logical or convincing result of the premises. But the character of Inez is well conceived and drawn and is enacted with so much cleverness, distinction, and force by Elsie Ferguson that the play is likely to prosper in spite of its defects.

The idea of a repertory theatre for London, producing only the best plays by the greatest authors, living and dead, and charging the sum of fourpence for every seat in the house, was outlined recently in a lecture by Miss Rosina Filippi. The scheme, she said, has met with unqualified success in Italy, and if it works in London she proposes to extend it to all the larger towns in England. Describing the theatre now in existence in Milan, where it was founded by "Umano," the friend of the Italian poor, she said it contained 2,300 seats, all cushioned, comfortable, and possessing an uninterrupted view of a huge stage, and

all priced at fourpence each. The theatre was constructed out of a dilapidated drill-hall. Plays by Alexandre Dumas, D'Annunzio, Macterlinck, Pinero, J. M. Barrie, the Greek dramatists, Goldoni, Sheridan, Shakespeare, and Molière, had been produced.

Music

Forty Songs by Adolf Jensen. Edited by William Foster Apthorp. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co. $1.50.

Twelve Songs by Claude Debussy. Edited by Charles Fonteyn Manney. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co. $1.25.

Folk Songs of Eastern Europe. Edited by Ralph Radcliffe Whitehead. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co. $1.25.

The Rose Bearer. By Richard Strauss. New York: Chappell & Co.

In no other department of music has there been so great a change within the last quarter of a century as in the field of vocal entertainment. Before 1890 there were few song recitals. It took the supreme art and popularity of Lilli Lehmann, Sembrich, Nordica, Schumann-Heink, and others to convince the public that lyric songs may sound as well in a concert hall as in a drawing room. To-day everybody who has a few hundred dollars to pay for a hall gives recitals, and while most of these are unprofitable to the singers, they help to make the public acquainted with a multitude of *lieder*. So large is the number of these songs, of the past and present, that there is a great and growing need of guidance for those who desire the best; and it is from this point of view, particularly, that we must welcome the Musicians' Library of the Oliver Ditson Company, which now includes sixty-eight volumes, twenty-eight of which contain the songs of Schubert, Schumann, Franz, Brahms, Grieg, Liszt, Wolf, Tchaikovsky, and other masters, judiciously selected and edited by competent specialists. The Musicians' Library might be called an aid to the survival of the fittest, and it is encouraging to know that more than 200,000 copies of the song and piano volumes have been sold.

The latest addition is a collection including forty songs of the 160 or so composed by Adolf Jensen, selected by the late William Foster Apthorp, and prefaced by a biographical and critical sketch from his pen. There are some "advanced" amateurs and professionals who look on the songs of Jensen as antiquated; but genuine melodies never become stale, and in his songs there are many such melodies, which when well sung at a recital are almost sure to be redemanded. Hans von Bülow, who had a great admiration for Jensen's pianoforte pieces, placed the songs above them. He admired in these, among other things, the orchestral richness of the pianoforte accompaniment and Jensen's thoroughly idiomatic writing for the voice; and he looked on him as the heir of Schumann, which opinion is shared by Dr. Riemann. Mr. Apthorp admired in his songs "great elegance, charm, and spontaneity of melody, harmonic subtlety, warmth of emotional expression, and southern richness of coloring. . . . If there is one word which describes his habitual vein better than another, that word is 'luscious.'" It was his lusciousness which endeared his songs to the public, but at the same time estranged the academicians: "His peculiar sensuous tenderness, his love for the more languid chromatics, must have seemed weak and unworthy to those old Popes and Pagans. If there is one thing your dry-asdust abhors more than another, it is lusciousness!"

Perhaps the most luscious of all Jensen's songs is the "Press Thy Cheek Against My Own." Mr. Apthorp once censured the editor of a volume of fifty mastersongs for including this one; now his own volume begins with it. On the whole his selections are judicious, yet one regrets the absence of several gems, notably "My Heart's in the Highlands" and "Row Gently Here, My Gondolier." The sympathetic sketch of Jensen's pathetic life given by the editor will interest those singers who use their brains as well as their vocal cords, and will add zest to their interpretations.

For a striking and instructive contrast to Jensen's songs, with their frank, broad melody, one may turn to the songs of Debussy, twelve of the best of which Mr. Manney has united in a volume. Debussy's songs are now in fashion. How long they will remain so, it is difficult to predict. While banishing melody from his opera, this composer graciously admitted that it is permissible in songs; but in his own songs it is not the most interesting element. The opinion is gaining ground that his best compositions are those for piano; and in his songs, too, one finds the chief allurements in the harmonic subtleties and the rhythmic peculiarities of the piano part. The present collection begins with the most popular of his songs, "The Mandolin," and includes other favorites.

The "Folk Songs of Eastern Europe" form a still greater contrast to Debussy's than Jensen's do, for they are all melody, with only the simplest accompaniment, which any one can play. There are fifty of them, representing fourteen nations, among them the Russian, Polish, Hungarian, Finnish, Croatian, Bohemian, all of them famous for the beauty of their wild flowers of song, which fame this collection justifies.

The most popular of Richard Strauss's operas, "The Rose-Bearer," is to be produced this season at the Metropolitan Opera House. It owes its popularity largely to its waltzes, with which this composer entered into competition with Johann Strauss. Of these waltzes one can get a good idea by playing the vocal score, a beautifully printed volume of 451 pages, in which an effort seems to have been made throughout to avoid too great complexity. For the further study of this comic opera, before or after its production, there is also a guide to the music by Alfred Schattmann, translated into English by Alfred Kalisch (New York: G. Schirmer), a book of no less than 88 pages, analyzing the score in considerable detail, with a presentation of all the musical themes—most of them amazingly inane—in musical type. A story of the worth of these themes as fully elaborated must be deferred till after the production of the opera.

Putnams will have ready this month "Latin Songs, Ancient, Mediæval, and Modern, with Music," by Calvin S. Brown.

The Oxford University Press has in preparation "Music of Hindostan," by A. H. Fox-Strangways.

At the Metropolitan Opera House Richard Strauss's much-talked-of opera, "Der Rosenkavalier," is scheduled for the early part of December, to be followed during the Christmas holidays by "L'Amore dei tre Re," a musical setting of Sem Benelli's poetic drama by a young Italian composer, Italo Montemezzi. The revival of "Carmen," long missed from the répertoire, will come after New Year's day. After "Carmen" will come Victor Herbert's one-act opera in English, "Madeleine," and later, in February, the first production outside of France of "Julien," the new opera by Gustave Charpentier, the composer of "Louise," who will come to America to assist at the rehearsals and be present at the New York première. Towards the end of the season Wolf-Ferrari's "L'Amore Medico" will be given, and a revival of Verdi's "Falstaff," which Mr. Toscanini has been conducting with success in Italy. Besides the settings necessary for the novelties, new scenery has been provided for the entire "Ring" and for the operas revived.

When Gounod's "Faust" was first produced, the European critics did not like it, and a New York journalist declared there was only one melody in the whole opera. The London critics went to Paris and wrote scoffing accounts of it to their papers. There was one conspicuous exception—H. Chorley. He recognized its possibilities, but the managers and publishers were guided by the adverse verdict of the others. Finally Chorley persuaded Tom Chappell to venture as much as forty pounds on the opera. He bought the English rights and made a fortune. As for Chorley, he made for the opera, when first produced in London, an English version, which has been in use at Covent Garden for half a century.

it is now to be replaced by a new one, made by Alfred Kalisch.

Excerpts from Lilli Lehmann's autobiography, to which she has given the significant title, "My Way," have already appeared in some of the leading Continental papers, and tell of that most interesting period in her life, the Bayreuth days of 1875 and 1876, of her intercourse with Wagner, and of much that occurred there when the "Nibelungen Ring" was studied and first given. An English translation is in preparation, and will follow the original before long.

Art

A NOTE ON LITHOGRAPHY.

LONDON, November 5.

From year to year I have noted the progress of the Senefelder Club, which is devoted to the advancement of artistic lithography, because its endeavor to reëstablish an art that had fallen on evil days is, I think, one of the most interesting experiments made of late by artists. It is useless to point out the beauty of the art and its wide scope, useless to repeat the history of its invention, its triumphs, its commercial degradation, the efforts to revive it at the time of its hundredth anniversary, the failure that followed, and the indifference that prevailed until five years ago, when a small group of artists working in London formed this organization.

The indifference, the ignorance, against which the Club had to contend at the start were all but hopeless. Print dealers, save the intelligent few, fought shy of lithographs; collectors, again with the rare exception, despised them. The size of the lithograph was one of the crimes charged against it, though lithographers might protest that many etchings, Piranesi's, for instance, are often as large, and that many artists, notably Whistler, worked on stones as small as their copper plates. Then, the offence was in the number of prints that can be pulled from a stone, the collector prizing a print for its rarity rather than for any artistic value, and he refused to see that a lithographer can limit his edition of a print as well as an etcher, destroy the stone when it has yielded the number of prints required, and show a proof from the destroyed stone if his word is not sufficient guarantee—the members of the Club restrict their editions to fifty. Even the average artist shared the general prejudice, and it is not so long since the Royal Academy, which of old had included the distinguished lithographer Lane among its members, rejected a lithograph on the ground that no mechanical reproduction could be allowed on the Academy walls, now reserved for the real steel engraving and popular etching. When artists display such ignorance of what a lithograph is, it is not so surprising that our wise customs officials should once have refused to deliver the work of the Senefelder Club to an American gallery, because the prints were described as lithographs and were not lithographs: the customs officials' idea of a lithograph being no doubt the flaming circus poster and the canned-goods label.

But the last five years have made a difference. The dealer not only consents to look at lithographs, but hangs them on his walls, the collector finds a place for them in his printfolios. All sorts of straws show which way the lithographic wind is blowing—the number of artists who now practice the art, the appointment of a special "Printer to the Club," the interest in lithography of the two or three London critics who count and the consequent falling in line of the others who have no mind of their own, the more frequent use of lithographs in illustrated books and periodicals, the prices brought by lithographs in the saleroom. An excellent test was the dispersal of the late T. R. Way's collections, when at Sotheby's not only the Whistlers, but the lithographs by other artists, were in greater demand than ever before. Lithography, it is evident, is in the air. And, with their success, the members of the Senefelder Club have by no means slackened in their efforts. Their fifth exhibition, which has just opened, finds them in the gallery of Goupil & Co., the largest and most spacious in which they have as yet exhibited; showing the strongest work they have yet done; enjoying the official recognition of such honorary members as Léonce Bénédite, conservateur of the Luxembourg; Campbell Dodgson, keeper of the Print Room at the British Museum; E. F. Strange, keeper of the Department of Illustration and Engraving at South Kensington; A. J. Parsons, chief of the Department of Prints at the Library of Congress; Dr. Hans W. Singer, assistant keeper of the Royal Print Room at the Dresden Gallery; Commendatore Ugo Ojetti, of the Superior Council for Art in Italy. The Club has attracted to itself a long list of lay members, who are to receive each year a signed proof specially drawn by a member, and this first year the edition of the first lithograph issued for the purpose—The New Bay of Baiæ, by the president of the Club—was exhausted before the exhibition opened; and J. McLure Hamilton is preparing the second. Because it is another sign of the way things are going with lithography, I may add that, while there are only eighteen members, already the lay members number eighty.

All this success would count for little if the quality of the work done by members did not continue to justify it. But it does. Year by year the members seem to get a firmer grasp of their medium, to express themselves more eloquently in it, to understand better what it can and cannot do. And it can do a great deal. It is sometimes objected, by those who do not know, that the technical possibilities of the lithograph are as limited as its printing possibilities are unlimited. The collection now on the walls exposes triumphantly the folly of such an objection. The variety which the stone is capable of yielding to the artist who has mastered it is shown in the contrast between the large and broadly treated prints by Brangwyn and Spencer Pryse at one extreme, and the small studies like pencil sketches by Harry Becker at the other; between the depth of the blacks in John Copley's series and the pale silvery tone in the grays of Daniel Wehrschmidt; between the mere suggestion of color in Anthony Barker's and the elaborate color scheme in the late T. R. Way's; between the brilliant notes of a pose, a movement, a flow of drapery by McLure Hamilton and the impressions of the Temples of Greece by Joseph Pennell, who is just now exhibiting a more complete series of the same subject at the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, several of which have been purchased for the British School at Athens. The fact is, the charm of lithography to the artist is that it will give him almost anything he desires, allowing him a freedom not to be had from the etcher's needle or the engraver's burin. A promise of still greater freedom to come is in Pennell's further exhibit of an original drawing on lithographic paper, together with the zinc plate to which it has been transferred, and a proof from the zinc pulled on a copper-plate press. The artist who prints his own lithographs does not need to be told how great is his gain if he can use a metal plate instead of a stone and pull his proofs on his own etching press.

It is curious that in all their experiments, even the most startling, these modern lithographers are only carrying out the methods and ideas of Senefelder, who left nothing for his disciples to discover. It is creditable to them that they do not forget their indebtedness, this year printing as a note to their catalogue quotations from Senefelder's book, with an acknowledgment of him as their guide and of their own ambition to fulfil his wish that his invention would find many friends and produce many excellent lithographers. "May God grant my wish!" is Senefelder's prayer at the end of one of the most interesting passages in one of the most interesting autobiographies ever written.

N. N.

Putnams publish this week "Animal Sculpture: Suggestions for Greater Realism in Modelling," by Walter Winans.

Charles Hitchcock Sherrill, whose books

on stained glass in France and England have won popularity, now presents "A Stained Glass Tour in Italy" (Lane). Italy is not a glass country, but, as Mr. Sherrill points out, it makes up in variety and quality for what it lacks in quantity. Assisi, Florence, and Arezzo must be seriously reckoned with even by those who know their France. A beautiful form of window, the round without tracery (*occhio*), is peculiar to Italy. The best examples are of the first half of the fifteenth century with such designers as Uccello and Ghiberti. Mr. Sherrill is a competent and agreeable cicerone, but possibly too intent on the main issue. It would, for example, do the tourist no harm to know that the chapel at the end of the North Transept of Santa Maria Novella is the Orcagna chapel, and under Strozzi patronage. The book is easy to read and contains thirty-three illustrations.

Finance

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ON THE CURRENCY BILL.

[The purpose of the subjoined article is not to argue in favor of any one system or plan of the Banking and Currency bill against another, but to give a clear idea of the House plan—why it took its present form, whether it would accomplish the necessary reforms, and how the proposed new note-issue currency would work. The questions and answers are based on a number of actual inquiries received from readers, dealing with all aspects of the pending bill.]

Query.—Why should the present national banking system be changed?

Answer.—Because the present system creates no organism whereby a centralized cash reserve and credit power can exist, to be utilized by individual banks in an emergency. Because the note-issue machinery, being dependent on the supply of United States bonds required as security for such notes, cannot expand and contract according to the requirements of trade for a larger or a smaller hand-to-hand circulating medium. The system is therefore unsatisfactory in dealing with fluctuating trade conditions, and gravely inadequate in a financial panic.

Q.—Did our present system cause the panic of 1907?

A.—It certainly did not; but it left the country's banking organism, when the panic had actually broken out, without the protection which the central banks of Europe give. Hence the peculiar phenomena of 1907—the "scramble of banks for reserve money," the suspension of cash payments, the inability of employers to get currency for their weekly pay-rolls, and the premium on currency.

Q.—What would a new system undertake to offer?

A.—Opportunity for an individual bank to borrow from a central institution, on the security of commercial paper already held as security for its own loans to its customers; thus releasing some of the bank's resources for other purposes. A note-issue system whereby individual banks might obtain from the same central institution, on proper security, notes to pay out when their customers wished to withdraw their deposits in that form, such notes to be redeemed automatically when the customers no longer had use for them. Protection of all subsidiary banks by a strong central institution in a financial emergency—by taking over their sound commercial paper, in exchange for increased reserve money or for circulating notes.

Q.—What is the theoretically ideal system for such purposes?

A.—A single central bank.

Q.—Why is not that system now proposed by Congress?

A.—Because a single central bank, with branches, would necessarily be either under majority control of the banking interest (which public opinion strongly opposes, because of the resultant extreme centralization of power in private hands), or under majority control of political appointees (which would give political power and patronage, and would open possibilities of unfit appointments under political pressure, such as public opinion considers dangerous).

Q.—Why is the plan proposed, in the pending House bill, of several central banks, each serving a specified district of the country?

A.—On the ground that it would escape the dangers just referred to.

Q.—How would it escape them?

A.—By giving to each regional bank, under a board of directors controlled by banks in the district, the independent management of the business of a central bank in that district, but leaving the national supervision in the hands of the Government.

Q.—Would the plan meet the requirements desired for a new system?

A.—It would establish machinery whereby individual banks could rediscount their commercial paper; whereby the note issue could expand and contract along with the needs of trade, and whereby the banks in the district could resort to the regional central bank for support in a financial crisis.

Q.—Does the bill provide the right number of regional central banks?

A.—It is very generally admitted that twelve of them, as provided in the House bill, would be too many, because some of the districts would be relatively so inferior in financial resources to the others as to place them at a perpetual disadvantage and to prevent the regional bank from acquiring the strength which it should have.

Q.—Why does the bill provide for a national board, with supervisory authority over all the regional banks?

A.—First, because, as in the present national bank system, national supervision over the details of the note-issue system is essential; secondly, because there are occasions in which a national emergency might require some national authority to insure that the regional banks should act in harmony.

Q.—Why is this board to be made up, as the bill now stands, of political appointees?

A.—On the ground that governmental supervision could not properly be conducted by appointees of the interests which were to be supervised.

Q.—Would the proposed national board manage the banking business of the country?

A.—It would not; in all matters of banking policy the regional bank directorates act independently, subject to the above supervisory authority on exceptional occasions. Over the ordinary business of an individual bank, the national board has no control at all.

Q.—Are the powers conferred on this national board too large?

A.—The best critics hold that the powers conferred are necessary, but that their exercise ought to be restricted, at least by insuring that qualified representatives of the banking and business interests should have official right to participate in the discussion of policies by the national board. There are two suggestions for insuring this—giving to the banks a minority representation on the board itself, or giving to the advisory committee chosen by the banks, already provided for in the bill, the right to sit with the national board at all its meetings.

Q.—Does the Government issue the notes?

A.—It prints them, and delivers them to a regional bank which applies for them, which pledges an equal amount of high-grade commercial paper, and which establishes a 33 1-3 per cent. reserve in lawful money against them. The Government cannot of itself put into circulation a single note, and it can deliver none to the banks except when a regional bank applies for them.

Q.—Is it true that the notes would be fiat money?

A.—Not unless a new definition of fiat money is contrived. A Government creates fiat money when it pays its own bills in notes, which it forces its creditors to accept by declaring that the notes are lawful money. Under the pending bill, the Government would neither pay its bills by issuing the proposed new notes, nor force anybody to accept the notes, nor declare them to be "lawful money."

Q.—But are they not Government paper money?

A.—Not more so than the present national banknotes, which are printed by the Government, issued by it to banks applying for them (on deposit of Government bonds and maintenance of a 5 per cent. redemption fund), and redeemed by it.

Q.—Why, then, does the House bill describe the notes as "obligations of the United States," and why does it refer to them as issued by the Government "for the purpose of making advances to Federal reserve banks"?

A.—The first declaration amounts to a Government guarantee of the redemption of the notes. The second is nonsense, and was presumably inserted in the bill by the Bryan faction, who wished to persuade their friends that the Government was somehow using money of its own, and lending it to the regional banks; which is not in the least the case. This foolish assertion ought to be stricken out.

Q.—Ought the Government to guarantee the notes?

A.—It is a dangerous practice in its implications, and the experience with our present national banknote system proves it to be wholly unnecessary. The reasons why no popular distrust has ever attached to the present banknotes are that the notes are always redeemed by the Treasury out of the redemption fund provided by issuing banks; that the notes are prepared by the Government, are marked "national currency, United States of America," are countersigned by the United States Treasurer and the Register of the Treasury, and are known to be abundantly secured by United States bonds pledged with the Government.

Q.—Should not the notes be made redeemable in gold, and not in "lawful money," and should not the redemption reserve be kept in gold alone?

A.—There are good reasons for stipulating gold alone. Nevertheless, the present national bank circulation is and always has been redeemable, under the law, merely in lawful money, and not in gold alone.

Q.—Would there be any danger of inflation of the currency, under the House bill's provisions?

A.—That would depend on three things: The desire of individual banks to get notes instead of book credits or reserve money, in utilizing their balances with the regional banks. The ability or willingness of such banks to give up their own reserve money in order to establish the 33 1-3 per cent. reserve against the notes, when the required ratio of reserve against deposits is much smaller. The extent to which the notes would go to the Treasury or the regional bank for redemption, when no longer needed in circulation.

Q.—Would they be promptly redeemed, under the present provisions of the bill, or would they go into permanent general circulation?

A.—An individual bank, with which such notes were deposited by customers, would naturally redeem them quickly, because it can get reserve money by presenting them, and can thereby work more freely in the loan market. The proposed new notes cannot, under the bill, be used for bank reserves. Also, a regional central bank which receives the notes of another district, is required by the law to present them for redemption, under penalty of a 10 per cent. tax if it pays them out again.

Q.—Ought the bill to be passed in its present form?

A.—It undoubtedly needs amendment in the number of regional banks, in the restrictions on the power of the national board, in its misleading language regarding the Government functions in the note issue. There is also need for more thorough consideration of such matters as the arrangements for subscription to stock of regional banks, the provision for Government bonds now pledged against banknote circulation under the present law, and particular stipulations as to the printing of the notes, so as to guard against counterfeit.

Q.—Is there not a chance of substituting a satisfactory plan for a single central bank?

A.—No such plan has yet been proposed whose provisions regarding control did not encounter weighty objections from unbiassed experts and from the public generally. Congressional opinion is, and has been all along, overwhelmingly against it. The enactment of any banking law on that basis, at the present time, is regarded as a political impossibility.

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1913.

The Week

Mr. Choate's speech at the New York Chamber of Commerce dinner, proving so delightfully as it did to his hearers that age has not withered his wit or dimmed his wisdom, drove home with great force the duty of giving the President every support in his dealing with the Mexican crisis. Nor was this put forward as a mere banality or bit of blatant jingoism. There was in it nothing of the spirit displayed in the appeal to Congress to "stand behind" Cleveland when there was foolish talk of our going to war with England over Venezuela. The plea now is for peace, and for aid of a President striving to maintain it. Nor was it urged by Mr. Choate merely as a pious hope. He does not, of course, speak in this matter as a partisan, though such praise of Mr. Wilson as he uttered is peculiarly significant coming from a veteran Republican. The reason which he gave is clear and ought to be convincing. Mr. Choate has had experience in diplomacy, and it was doubtless with this in mind that he dwelt upon the chief argument for trusting the President. It is that he knows more about the Mexican affair than anybody else. Information from all sources, much of it official and confidential, has been laid before him, so that his knowledge is certainly wider than that of any of his critics.

It is not necessary to say that we have no sympathy with the idea of an abject deference to the Chief Executive in every matter that comes up. His views on the tariff question, for example, or the reform of banking and currency, are not to be meekly accepted just because they come from him. As regards those subjects, full information is open to all. And every man who knows what he is talking about is entitled to assert his opinion, against that of the President, if need be. But the case is wholly different from a foreign complication so delicate as the Mexican. It is not a question of blind dependence upon another when we ought to be exercising an independent judgment; but merely of suspending judgment on a matter where we do not know enough to reach a sure conclusion, and of confiding hopefully in the President, who has the whole case before him—trusting him, that is, so long as we believe that he is doing his best, is keeping within the law, respecting the rights of other nations, and striving to the utmost of his power to avert war while maintaining the dignity and discharging the international obligations of the country.

We are evidently in for fresh discussions of the Monroe Doctrine. Its supposed bearing on the Mexican complication made them inevitable. And here a strange fact is to be noted. It is that whenever the time seems to have come to make a vigorous application of the Doctrine doubt is expressed of its real meaning, and of the wisdom of enforcing it in the given instance. This looks as if the Monroe Doctrine were a fine thing for political platforms and for orations and essays, but that it has a disconcerting way, in a crisis, of retiring to private life. And of late there have even been audacious voices to dispute its value at any time. Prof. Hiram Bingham, who knows his South America well, has called the Monroe Doctrine an anachronism and a folly; and in the December *Century* Mr. W. Morgan Shuster elaborately argues that it has become only a disadvantage to the United States. Mr. Shuster, if he could have his way, would abolish it altogether, but suggests, as a feasible alternative, that we "modify" it. But that is just what we have always been doing. Col. Roosevelt is at this moment engaged in modifying it in Argentina and Chili. He has, in fact, modified it to death, so far as those two republics are concerned. For them, he says, it no longer exists. But it must be preserved, he continues, to throw an appearance of legality and Americanism about such acts as his seizure of Panama. All this illustrates the great convenience of keeping the Monroe Doctrine mysterious. It is more "elastic" than any currency ever devised. It means just what we wish it to mean, and is to be applied only when we think it wise.

The presentation which began on Monday before the Interstate Commerce Commission at Washington, of the evidence on which the Eastern railways base their request for an advance in freight rates, is in many respects an event of high economic importance. When the application for higher rates was made in 1910, there was a very general feeling that to permit such increase might be merely to start a vicious circle. With rates increased, it was contended, demand for higher wages by the railways' employees would follow. In the end the shipper and consumer would suffer increased burdens, with the railways no better off than before. But in the meantime, and without the rate increase, the demand for higher wages has been made, has been considered by arbitration boards, and has been granted. In 1912 a 10 per cent. increase was thus awarded the engineers, involving additional annual expenditure of $2,000,000 by the railways; this year, the firemen's wages were raised 10 to 12 per cent., involving $3,000,000, and the wages of trainmen and conductors 7 per cent., involving $6,000,000. The railways do not, however, base their request for higher rates on these arbitrary changes alone. The general level of expenses has increased along with wages. During the three-year period since 1910, the railway brief of Monday sets forth, three of the largest systems—the Pennsylvania, the New York Central, and the Baltimore & Ohio—have invested $423,000,000 additional capital in their properties. The result has been an increase of $109,000,000 in the gross receipts; yet the increase in operating expenses and in taxes for the period has been such that net income of the three systems for the period was actually $8,000,000 less in the fiscal year 1913 than in 1910.

On all hands it is admitted that further large use of capital, to provide facilities for the expanding traffic movement of the country, will be needed in the next few years. The railways agree in this conclusion; but Mr. Willard's not unnatural comment is that, unless the conditions were to be changed, "railroad managers would hardly be expected under the circumstances just stated to continue large capital expenditures for bet-

terments and additions if possible to avoid doing so." Everybody notes a change of public feeling towards the railways. This goes beyond the mere question in hand at present. Irrespective of an increase in rates, we think it clear that a different and better sentiment about the whole place and function of the railways in this country has been slowly forming. Forty or fifty years ago, there was some blind idolizing of railway promoters and managers. They were thought of as patriotically advancing our national development. But there shortly set in, not wholly without justification, an almost equally blind spirit of hostility to everything connected with railways. To-day, however, their case is better understood, and a juster attitude towards them is shown by the public. It is certain that neither Congress nor the people would now demand impossibilities of them, or really, in the long run, countenance any gross injustice to them. This new feeling might easily be changed into the old antagonism by unwise railway policies; but, obviously, it may now be taken advantage of to procure not only a fuller understanding of the entire railway problem, but a just settlement of the difficulties to-day outstanding.

The sharp disagreements in the National Conservation Congress at Washington last week reflect the lack of unanimity among the host of those who now call themselves conservationists. One point of difference is whether the control of certain natural resources should be Federal or State. Another is concerned with the rate of development of these resources: a conservative section in favor of going slowly, with the exercise of the greatest care lest private interests get their hands upon what should be held for the public, while a more radical section desires speedier exploitation. These two points of difference have the appearance of uniting when advocates of State against Federal control are found crying out at the slowness of the national Government in allowing any use to be made of the reserved resources. Just here is the weakness of the case of the advocates of State control. Whatever the merits of their main contention, these are obscured by an apparent willingness on their part to join hands with those who would take risks for the sake of the immediate exploitation of the natural resources in question. They need to make unmistakably clear, first of all, that they stand firmly against misuse of any of these resources. Otherwise, the advocates of Federal control must inevitably gain the support of all earnest conservationists.

It was a wise decision by the Federation of Labor, last week, not to attempt at present the formation of a Labor party in this country. There are certainly enough Richmonds in the field as the case stands. With the Progressives apparently intending to pursue their divisive tactics, and with the Socialists playing for their own hand, it would be little that a national Labor party could expect to accomplish, for some years to come, except to hold the balance of power in certain Congressional districts, or to send a few stray Representatives to Washington. It is possible, too, that the Federation of Labor has found as much warning as encouragement in the example of the Labor party in England. Many signs of discontent with its practical achievements have been observable of recent months. A writer in the November *Fortnightly* goes so far as to argue its complete failure. This is an extreme view, though some of the weaknesses pointed out in the Labor party's position and acts are undeniable. But even if the English Labor party could be called a complete success, it would not follow that its methods could be copied to advantage under American political conditions.

The movement for a permanent anti-Tammany Democratic organization in New York made a distinct advance, when the temporary committee of the Anti-Tammany Jeffersonian Alliance held a meeting for a definite organization. Among those present were a number of men of the highest standing in the community, and some of the Democrats who took a leading part in the campaign for Mr. Mitchel. It was decided to form a committee of eleven, whose duty it shall be to nominate members of a committee of 250, which is to undertake the actual organization of an anti-Tammany Democracy. Upon the choice of these 250 will depend the success of the movement. There is reason to hope that when the list is made up it will be such as to impress the whole city with its representative character, and to carry great weight through the personal standing and qualities of its members. Never has the time been more favorable for taking away from Tammany its intolerable position of domination, and its claim to be the Democratic party of the greatest city in America. With a permanent organization, through which the honest feeling of hundreds of thousands of Democrats can be expressed, we shall be able to look forward to the destruction of Tammany's malign power in a not distant future.

Dayton, O., is in danger of getting herself misjudged. In trying to link to her destinies first Col. Goethals and then Col. Roosevelt, she is offering a target to the dissolute newspaper paragrapher, who will soon be suggesting that Dayton try the Kaiser, or Bernard Shaw, or Mrs. Pankhurst, or Harry Lauder, or any one of similar high-calibre publicity-power. And yet in the original suggestion of Col. Goethals there was an idea worth considering. Only in a superficial sense would it be a step down for the builder of the Panama Canal to take up with the reconstruction of an inland city of the third class. One can easily imagine how the opportunity exists at Dayton for setting up a scheme of city building and organization that might serve as a model the country over. It would be a source of pride that America should no longer have to go to Düsseldorf or Budapest for inspiration. A model Dayton from the hands of a Goethals would be all the more native because it would arise out of peculiarly native conditions—the devastation of flood or fire with which modern European cities have scarcely to reckon.

The terrible storm on the Great Lakes has already resulted in plans to call governmental attention to the need of increased provision for emergency refuges. The extent of the disaster must give weight to such proposals. Not less than 254 lives, according to the Toronto *Mail and Empire*, were lost, nine large vessels foundering with their entire crews. In all, eighteen ships, worth $3,000,000, went down, while four more were driven ashore and wrecked. Something more is needed than the infrequent harbors, made—like those at Chicago and Mil-

waukee—by artificial breakwaters at river mouths, for vessels caught by late autumn gales. There are no sheltered bays. But by taking advantage of coves and islands, it is held that even such engineering work as this year's $3,000,000 loss would go far to cover might provide a number of safe shelters for a time of sudden stress. Upon representation of the Lake Carriers' Association that much of the appalling loss of life and property is preventable, a Government investigation in Canada, with the possibility of a Royal Commission, is already promised. The matter is worth similar study on this side the border.

For any "back to the land" movement the present ought to be an unusually favorable time, owing to the remarkable and world-wide rise in the price of agricultural products. It has gone in very large measure to the farmer, despite defects in the middleman system, and is in great measure due to the failure of supply on the farms to keep pace with the increasing demand of the cities. A special possibility in the direction of remedy, in the case of our own country, is vigorously set forth in an open letter to Bolton Hall, author of "A Little Land and a Living," by William Borsodi, whose letter to the author prompted the writing of that book five years ago, and formed an introduction to it. Mr. Borsodi is impressed by the hundreds of thousands of immigrants who work in our mines and mills, save a thousand or two by the hardest labor and economy, and with it go back to their native land and buy a farm of two or three acres. These men might, with the same money, buy a good-sized farm in this country. He thinks that intelligent effort by "an organization that should have the support of earnest, conscientious men" would result in the settlement on American farms not only of a large part of those who return to Europe to go into farming there, but also of great numbers of those who remain to swell the population of our American cities. The plan seems worthy of attention.

There can no longer be any doubt that the stage has become the great educative force of our day: An advertisement of a new "crime play" contains the following quotations from the "district attorney": "Our National Government spends twenty millions a year to exterminate an animal pest, but not a dollar for preventive measures against the human pest—the criminal." Every night intelligent audiences, hearing this terrible indictment of our much-praised Government, must exclaim: "How true!" and go home wondering why no one has said it before. Why should our prisons not be full when we make haste to vote money for a crusade against the boll weevil, but never dream of spending a cent for schols, parks, or playgrounds? One would suppose that a nation governed by public opinion would think it to its interest, not only to provide means of education for its youth, but to compel them to take a certain amount of advantage of such provision. Yet did any one ever hear of a compulsory education law in the United States of America? No, we let our boys and girls run the streets all day and all night, and then clap them into prison as soon as they break some law. But all this will be remedied now. The stage has come to the rescue.

In view of the long years of effort to open up the game of football and make it really *football*, it is rather amusing to read the complaints that there were no touchdowns scored in the most important games of the year. It is even hinted that something must now be done to penalize the drop-kickers, who are becoming so dextrous that, in Brickley's case at least, it is unsafe for his adversaries to let him get an inch beyond the centre of the field. Sentimentally, Harvard may have some regrets that the great superiority of her term was not demonstrated on Saturday by a touchdown, but the game from the spectator's point of view lacked nothing. It was interesting, varied, and exciting enough to stir any crowd, however *blasé*. Those who had not seen the modern game and remembered only the incessant line plunging of ten years ago, with everybody piling up in a heap, found it a revelation. Doubtless, the game can yet be improved, and will be; it is undeniable, however, that the rehabilitation of the kicking game and the introduction of the forward pass have worked wonders. The threat of the latter keeps the lines extended and open even when it is little used.

In the surroundings of the game itself and its conduct, time has produced a better and more sportsmanlike feeling between the rival bodies of undergraduates and the teams themselves. As spectacles, the chief contests are if anything more impressive than ever. But the objections to the game persist; the overemphasis on athletics remains. The Superintendent of West Point, a school very largely concerned with the development of the physique of its students and the bringing out of what are known as the manly qualities, unhesitatingly condemns the game and asks for its abolition. Col. Townsley finds that the injuries which result from the game are serious and are not counterbalanced by any great advantages.

Ex-Commissioner Dean C. Worcester has given out an elaborate statement of the havoc wrought in the Philippines by the announcement of Democratic intentions in regard to the independence of the islands. His words would have a more convincing sound if they were somewhat less smooth and rounded. After depicting in glowing colors the magnificent business prosperity which had obtained up to a year ago, he says:

> This extraordinary commercial development was rudely interrupted by President Wilson's expression of the hope that the boundaries of the United States might soon be contracted, made in his Staunton speech. Real estate values promptly fell 30 per cent.; banks called loans and refused credit to back new enterprises; merchants cancelled orders.

Now, real estate is not much in the habit of "promptly falling 30 per cent.," or any other easily ascertainable amount; and, furthermore, when such a state of business demoralization as is above described does set in, the effects of it have never been known to be swiftly wiped out by a little encouragement in the color of the daily news. Yet Mr. Worcester goes on to say:

> As months passed and no radical practical action was taken by the political party in power, confidence was partially restored and business conditions progressed towards the normal, only to be again upset by the announcement that Filipinos would be given a majority in the upper house of the Legislature and by rumors of sweeping changes among the executive officers of the Government.

If these chameleon-like changes have actually taken place in this brief period, the nature of business in the Philippines must be something quite unique.

THE BANKING BILL AMENDMENTS.

On Saturday the Senate, by its Banking Committee, submitted two reports on the banking and currency bill, thus marking a new and highly important stage in the public consideration of that measure. Both the reports are statesmanlike documents, eminently timely and proper in the case of a statute where avoidance of unwise provisions is so vitally important. The spirit of both conforms to the best traditions of the Senate.

The changes proposed are numerous; they open up, in several cases, a legitimate field of debate. Yet neither the amendments of the six Administration Democrats on the committee, nor the amendments suggested by the five Republicans and Senator Hitchcock, are such as to affect the underlying purpose and principles of the bill, or to throw needless confusion into the discussion of it. On the contrary, we imagine that they will go far towards clearing up obscurities and allaying outside doubts or prejudices.

The Democratic and Republican reports concur in certain points. Both approve the main structure of the House bill. Neither proposes substitution of a single central bank. The Republicans concede theoretical merits to that plan, but in the same breath declare it to be politically impossible, and affirm their faith in the workability of a regional bank plan, properly prescribed. Each report declares its adhesion to the plan for broad governmental supervision, and neither suggests appointees of banks as members of the national board.

While the two reports concur in endorsing the greater part of the pending House bill's provisions, they also agree that in numerous important sections, much to the front of late in public controversy, the House bill needs reconsideration and alteration. Each report falls in line with enlightened outside opinion in declaring that twelve regional banks, as stipulated by the House bill, would be too many; that there is no room on the Federal reserve board for three Government officers, with their hands already full of other work; that the compulsory subscription, by national banks, of 20 per cent. of their capital to a regional bank's stock, would be a needlessly heavy burden on those banks, and that better protection should be granted to the 2 per cent. Government bonds now pledged against circulation. Both agree in adding careful provisions for the printing of the notes; in dealing more equitably with interior banks in the matter of domestic exchange, and in striking out the House bill's eleventh-hour provision, very objectionably drawn, for a savings department.

Thus the two reports stand together on the need of extensive amendment to the bill, and in so doing they dispose of the notion, altogether too prevalent, that the public duty of the Senate consisted merely in ratifying all the House provisions, solely in order to get the law on the statute books in the extra session. Yet their plans for amendment differ in some material particulars, and it is on these differences that thorough Congressional debate will properly converge. The Democratic report would reduce the House bill's twelve regional banks to eight of such institutions, with branches; the Republicans would cut the number down to four. This is fair matter for debate; our own present judgment inclines to the smaller number, though with branches.

The Democrats would remove from the House bill the provision whereby the Secretary of Agriculture and the Controller of the Currency would be members of the Federal supervisory board of seven, but would leave on it the Secretary of the Treasury, all the rest to be named by the President. The Republicans propose eliminating all Government officers, and raising the number of its membership to nine, including the Secretary of the Treasury *ex-officio*. The Democrats make the official term six years; the Republicans eight. This Republican plan is preferable.

In the matter of subscription to stock of the regional banks, two opposing theories are embodied in the proposed amendments. The Democratic report, on the basis of calculation of actual requirements, reduces the subscription to 6 per cent. of the capital of subscribing banks, any unsubscribed balance to be offered to the public. The Republicans, on the contrary, would require the individual banks to underwrite the stock up to 6 per cent. of their capital, but meantime would offer it to the general public.

The Democratic report would authorize a Federal reserve bank to redeem *pro rata*, in the new circulating notes, the present outstanding notes of national banks up to $36,000,000 per annum, to cancel them, and to assume on its own account the 2 per cent. Government bonds pledged against them, which the Treasury shall then exchange for one-year renewable 3 per cent. Government obligations. The Republican plan proposes a similar operation, up to 50 per cent. of a reserve bank's capital. This is a practicable opening of discussion on one of the oldest and most troublesome stumbling-blocks of the whole question of American currency reform.

On the controversy as to stipulation of gold alone for the reserve maintained against the notes and for redemption of the notes, both reports propose a change, but the Republicans go further than the Democrats. The Democratic report advises that the notes be made redeemable in gold alone at the Treasury, but in "gold or lawful money" at a Federal reserve bank, whose reserve against the notes may therefore be "gold or lawful money." The Republican report provides for redemption in gold alone, and for gold alone in the reserve—this on the explicit ground that "it is obviously unsafe to provide that one Government obligation may be redeemed with another Government obligation." So long as the notes, though issued under the auspices of regional banks, are declared to be Government obligations, this conclusion seems to us entirely sound. So also, we think, is the raising of the ratio of reserve, by the Republican report, to 45 per cent. of outstanding notes, instead of 33 1-3 per cent. in the House bill and 35 in the Democratic committee report.

We should regard it as in all respects wiser if the clause declaring the notes to be obligations of the United States—which we hold as superfluous as it would have been in the case of the present national bank notes—were to be dropped entirely. As it is, both reports approve it. That both reports should also leave unchanged the absurdly objectionable language, whereby the House bill declares the notes to be issued "for the purpose of making advances to Federal reserve banks, and for no other purpose," is the greatest disappointment of the committee's work. For ourselves, we shall continue to urge the Senate and the House to strike out that clause,

which states an economic falsehood, and which can have no other result than to mislead the public.

PROPHETS OF EVIL.

It was the rueful remark of a college professor, famous in his day for habitual pessimism: "Well, after all, the optimists have the best of it in this world." This may have been, in his mind, only an ingenious way of confirming himself in his view that this earth is a vale of gloom: how bad a planet it must be if even such sound and studied opinions of it as his own confessedly were proved so often to be wrong! Plainly, it was no place for a reasonable man; and pessimism was thus made triumphant even when optimism appeared to be so.

This kind of dubious Q. E. D. is, however, rather a cold form of consolation for a public man who frequently sets himself up as a prophet of evil. There is Mr. Balfour, for instance. He has been called a pessimist, though he denies the charge. He did once ask, however: "What would you think of me if I were pleased with everything that is going on in the world?" He is distinctly *not* pleased with what is going on in England and Ireland just now. His recent speech on the Irish question was steeped in melancholy. Of course, Mr. Balfour is opposed root and branch to all that the Liberals are attempting for Ireland, but he is opposed also to the plans of Sir Edward Carson. To the suggestions of a conference and a compromise he is likewise hostile, although Bonar Law, the Conservative leader, has expressed a willingness to listen to Mr. Asquith's proposals. Whichever way you turn, there is, according to Mr. Balfour, no hope. All the possible courses are "bad." Here is his summing up of the situation:

> I look forward—I do not deny it—I look forward with the most gloomy apprehensions to the future whatever course be taken. I think we have been brought by this Radical statesmanship into a position from which no issue which the wit of man can contrive is without the gravest perils and will not carry with it serious disaster.

It would be an exigent pessimist who could demand anything darker than that. When an English statesman abandons even the standard hope that "we shall somehow flounder through," things have gone pretty far. As against Mr. Balfour, however, the optimists are making play by reproducing former predictions of his of an almost equally unrelieved blackness. The Irish outlook is, indeed, dark and troubled, and the most optimistic cannot at present do much more than hope against hope that in time will come a ray of light. But it is recalled that Mr. Balfour was fully as emphatic and fully as gloomy in his warnings, six or seven years ago, against what the Liberals were proposing to do in granting self-government to the Boers in South Africa. Nothing but disaster and woe could follow that blunder, he solemnly assured Parliament and the country. To cite his direful words then against him to-day does not, it is true, prove that he is entirely wrong about Ireland now; but it is a taking form of retort.

It is obviously a dangerous thing for a public man or a political party to indulge too freely in forecasts of trouble. We have had many instances of it in our recent political history. The most striking, of course, have come from "calamity-howlers" on the subject of the tariff. It would be almost cruel to dig up now such a speech as Senator Smoot made only last May upon the certain disastrous consequences of the Underwood tariff bill. The Utah Senator did not "see red"; he saw black. Everywhere men out of work and starving, both industry and agriculture prostrate, and a wronged and angry people burning with impatience to turn the Democratic party out of power—such was his mournful vision. Any one listening credulously to his grieving prophecies could not but be overcome with special wonder at the absolute calm and general acquiescence with which the country made the transition from the old tariff law to the new.

These are some of the perils that lie in the way of dabbling too often and too unguardedly in prophecies of evil.

"THE SATIRIST OF THE VICTORIANS."

To cultured Americans of the 70's and 80's London *Punch* meant George Du Maurier. Most of us lacked the special knowledge to relish the admirable political cartoons of Tenniel and Lindley Sambourne. The racy draughtsmanship of Charles Keene was already only a memory, and it was twenty years before his mantle was divided between Phil May and Raven Hill. Du Maurier dominated the interval, and nowhere more completely than in the America which later acclaimed "The Martian," "Peter Ibbetson," and "Trilby." A new biography, by Mr. T. Martin Wood, brings those days vividly before us.

Mr. Wood explains the British vogue of the gentle satirist by his completely representative quality. He seized upon a new topic, the middle-class drawing-room, and drew its epic. The amiable pretences of the new strugglers, their somewhat desperate patronage of the æsthetic movement, their innocent way of blurting out the things one would rather have left unsaid—all this he caught with inimitable kindliness and humor. Detached artist as he was by his origins and ever professed to be, at bottom his standards were theirs. Admiration for the awkward grace of British girlhood and young womanhood, a smiling respect for the sturdy crotchets of dowagerdom, fellowship for the lithe and rather languid young men who wore evening dress so convincingly and knickerbockers most adorably, sympathy even for futile tongue-tied dons, egregiously complacent concerning themselves and one another—this was the note of Du Maurier. Nor in Du Maurier's gallery should the bathetic and scant-witted clergyman be forgotten. It is a world of the perpetual afternoon of the tennis tea or the more stately indoor ceremony, with occasional graver glimpses of the compulsory communion of the dinner hour and its obligatory social sequels.

It was probably the Frenchman in Du Maurier that gave him this perfectly lucid vision of the inevitable social dilemmas of an eminently unsocial race. It is the unstudied and very casual mood of his people that makes them wholly amiable, even when they are in some artless fashion acquiring social estate. The tactics of these lion-hunters are so open that only the fiercest lion would decline to let himself be caught. In much this fashion Mr. Wood sympathetically explains the popularity of Du Maurier among those he so gently ridiculed. Very appropriately the book takes the form of a long essay, containing what little biographical matter could be gleaned from Du Maurier's tranquil career. The decline of his work in the later time is sufficiently indicated. In-

deed, one or two of the early illustrations for *Cornhill* suggest that Du Maurier had capacities not wholly realized in the long and willing servitude to *Punch*.

Returning to the American vogue of the artist, we need a somewhat different explanation. It was the gracious exoticism of the work that beguiled us all, and yet an exoticism in which we had some remote part. Doubtless, our own eager girls envied just a little those slender Tennysonian maidens of whom nothing was expected save to be maidenly. As for our young men prematurely battling with the cares of business and the responsibility of being agreeable, the negligent irresponsibility of Du Maurier's well-groomed youngsters spoke of kinder conditions, where the show of wit was not exacted and the fear of ridicule was absent. Even the parvenus among us must have longed at times for a social order so nicely stereotyped that the real right thing might be unmistakably known of all men, and industriously imitated with good hope of ultimate success. It is indeed of the essence of the Du Maurier parvenu—and the characteristic which separates him from more tragic American or Continental affinities—that he or she is surely going to arrive. One feels the legitimate force of push plus money, and knows that whatever probationary embarrassments the newcomer may undergo he will in turn requite to some newercomer. A sort of progressive poetic justice underlies all of Du Maurier's satire; his graphic dramas, unlike his novels, always end well.

Du Maurier's people are merely engaged, somewhat ridiculously, in what he deemed essentially a worthy emprise. The intrinsic desirability of a glorified drawing-room, the sensibleness of seeking to improve one's own—this was his fundamental axiom, one might almost say his religion. His triumphs cannot be repeated, for the axiom has been rudely challenged, and the cult of a gently bred society is on the defensive. The new people of Du Maurier brought with their ascent a new crop of destructive ideas to which he was wholly oblivious. While he drew, his way of thinking was already an anachronism. Very significantly he carved his initials on the famous round-table of *Punch* alongside those of Thackeray, the disciple beside the master. But in being anachronistic, Du Maurier was finely perceptive of his proper task. The business of an illustrator is less with coming ideas than with present face values. These Du Maurier presented with the most winning accuracy. His biographer writes truly:

> Already Du Maurier's art is very precious; the environment of the people he depicted is everywhere being smashed up. Our curiosity is sharpened for everything that remains to reflect those people to us. Our debt to the mirror of Du Maurier's art increases every hour.

ORATORY AND THE PRESS.

Fragmentary accounts have reached this country of the Rede lecture on "Modern Oratory" which Lord Curzon recently delivered at Cambridge University. He gave running estimates of many of the leading orators of the present and the previous generation. Some of his judgments were piquant, and some, as his references to Mr. Redmond and to Lloyd George, a little malicious. The cable told us of the neat way in which the speaker avoided the task of awarding the palm for oratory among all the English contenders whom he passed in review. He said:

> The finest speech in English of the last half-century was delivered at Gettysburg—a speech made by a man who had been a country farmer and a district lawyer, which ranks among the glories and the treasures of mankind. I escape the task of deciding which is the masterpiece of British eloquence by awarding the prize to Abraham Lincoln.

Lord Curzon, however, was upon more debatable ground when he entered into a comparison of the oratory of our day with that of a century ago. He believes that there has been a distinct decline. It is too nice a question to be decided off-hand; and weighty opinion could be cited against Lord Curzon's view. Either way, the reasons which he assigns for the alleged falling off in public eloquence do not seem at all conclusive. His explanation is that high oratory is essentially an aristocratic art. Chatham and Fox and Burke and Pitt "spoke as they lived and dressed and drank—in a grand style." They were "a select few among the governing classes who formed a close caste." And as social and political conditions to-day are vastly different from what they were in "the classic epoch of English oratory" (Lord Curzon means the second half of the eighteenth century), it is natural to expect a great change in the standards and displays of public speaking. This has become vulgarized, in Lord Curzon's opinion. And for it the modern newspaper is largely responsible. "As reporting improves, oratory declines."

This is a hard saying. If the lecturer had said that garbled or misunderstood reports of a great oration must tend to discourage orators, one could have understood him and even sympathized with him. But how the spreading abroad of the words of a public speaker, provided they are accurately printed, can by itself do anything to lower oratory, it is difficult to see. This part of the comparison between our day and Dr. Johnson's is largely a question of degree. In his time there was reporting of Parliamentary speeches. He did it himself. Transcripts of the speeches of Fox and Sheridan were in circulation. How did we get, for example, Burke's address to the electors of Bristol, if it was not taken down or carefully written out? But the moment you grant that a legitimate motive and inspiration of the orator lie in his sense of an appeal to an audience wider than the one immediately before him, you destroy the inference that the broadcasting of his words through the press can injure either his art or his influence. There is, of course, something incommunicable in oratory. Neither types nor any other form of second-hand report can convey the real magic of eloquence. But this was not what Lord Curzon was talking about. He seems to think that the mere process of making oratory widely public degrades it. Others might argue that it furnished a new stimulus to the orator, since it offered him so many more hearers to be persuaded or captivated.

In fact, one of Lord Curzon's own examples could be adduced against his contention. He ranks Lord Rosebery high among present-day speakers, saying that there is some justice in calling him "our only orator." He has almost every gift of nature; and is nearly unique to-day in being able to produce orations that are at the same time literature. Rosebery's recent intimation that he should probably speak no more, Lord Curzon called "an unpardonable threat." Well, how has it been with Lord Rosebery in this matter of reporting his speeches in the press? No man has been more fully

reported; and no man has apparently cared more about being reported. The most careful preparations are made, whenever Rosebery speaks in Scotland or a remote part of England, to have a verbatim reproduction of his speech in the London morning newspapers next day. Indeed, a constant manifestation of Rosebery's oratorical temperament is his sensitiveness to external conditions of this sort. His friends have long known this and sometimes have acted upon it to aid him. He was once addressing a great audience, and, for the first five minutes, appeared ill at ease. Then a note was handed up to him, reading: "Your Lordship is being heard perfectly in all parts of the hall." After that, he went on with excellent spirit and effect. Such an orator as that could not be hurt by knowing that he should be heard perfectly in all parts of England.

Oratory may or may not have "declined." It certainly has greatly changed. If it had not, the inference would be that speakers were lacking not only in native eloquence but in common-sense. The old style would often be singularly inept today. But if the highest oratory is not so frequently met with in our time as it once was, the reason must be sought in general causes such as seem to have dried up the greatest poetry and made barren the upper ranges of imaginative literature. The press has sins enough to answer for without being loaded down with those for which it has no direct responsibility.

"RARE" BOOKS.

An ambitious young bibliophile is nearly $85,000 richer as the result of a jury's verdict in the Supreme Court of New York. The case was of a kind now almost classic, involving as it did ten-thousand-dollar Balzacs, promissory notes, the fine art of Wallingford salesmanship, and a customer more rich in goods than in guile. The law of negotiable instruments usually works hard on the victim, since fraud must be very clearly shown to invalidate a note of hand. In the present instance a jury held that fraud was proved, and the youthful disciple of Grolier not only had his outstanding notes cancelled, but was awarded a large sum of money of his own already paid out on his "contract." The jury's decision did not hinge upon the point that the defendant had been charged ludicrously exorbitant prices for his collection of machine-made art books, but upon the specific fact that the booksellers, after guaranteeing their "rare" and "unique" editions, could not resist the temptation to make a couple of hundred additional sets bloom where only half a dozen were supposed to grow. Justice was thus rendered upon a technicality, though a technicality that is broad and sound enough. The presumption is that if the publishers had been content with a modest profit of 2,000 per cent., instead of reaching out for a possible profit of 10,000 per cent., they would have been upheld by the courts.

In marketing Balzacs at prices that are occasionally larger than one would have to pay for a first folio Shakespeare, and in marketing mining stock that occasionally sends its promoters to jail, the methods are strangely similar. In both cases the appeal is usually directed to the widow and the orphan: the elderly widow who has forgotten the ways of the world, and the rich orphan who has not yet learned them. In both instances the highest art of specious salesmanship is brought into play. Selling an extra-illustrated edition of Balzac is not a stroke of business; it is a campaign. The evidence brought forward in the case we have referred to shows how assiduously the youthful would-be rival of J. Pierpont Morgan was courted by agents who traded upon the unsuspecting friendship of a boy. One of his intimate friends was the go-between. On the day when this innocent patron of the arts attained his majority he was fêted at a banquet by his publishers, the cost of which was probably charged up to a little extra hand-tooling on the precious volumes. Balzac was merely the pivot about which this extraordinary campaign was waged. It need not have been Balzac. If the customer at the last moment had expressed a preference for copper stock, the devoted agent would presumably have had no difficulty in supplying him with a *de luxe* edition of certificates of Red Eye common, guaranteed to pay 300 per cent. annually within two years.

Another parallel between Balzac Extra Illustrated and Copper Deferred may be found in the fact that both are frequently commercial transactions, so far as the purchaser is concerned. The rare books are usually sold not as to book-lovers but as to investors. The widow and the orphan are assured that in a very short time a customer will be found for the extra-illustrated Balzacs at an enormous profit. This is what one may call the rather sordid aspect of such transactions, even as regards the victim of the swindle. He does not always come into court with æsthetically clean hands. To pay a foolish price for the love of a supposedly beautiful thing speaks rather well for the victim. To sink a large sum of money into a ridiculously impossible investment simply argues innocence, without anything of its charm. And yet even here it is dangerous to draw the line too sharply. In every field of connoisseurship the love of art and of a good bit of business have very frequently gone hand in hand. Private picture galleries are an investment as well as a luxury. There can be no doubt that the magnificent prices obtained in the legitimate book-auction rooms are used by the unscrupulous dealers as bait for their victims.

Like many evils, the rare-book fraud is simply an abuse growing out of a condition worthy in itself. The love for beautiful books is a taste of surprisingly wide dissemination. Ten-thousand-dollar Balzacs are only for the chosen few, but there are a great many moderately well-off households in which the extra-illustrated Balzac or Voltaire, selling at several hundred dollars, will be found. Here, too, we must discriminate between the natural love for beautiful books, the desire for a handsome and not too expensive bit of house-furniture, and the stimulating efforts of the book-agent. One must not peer too closely into the complexity of human motive. Money can be disbursed much more foolishly than on classic authors in full morocco. It would be a pity if the interests of the legitimate publisher were injured by the operation of the pirate *de luxe*.

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS AT OXFORD.

OXFORD, November 4.

The University did herself great honor to-day when she enrolled this distinguished American among her graduates. There are several occasions when honorary degrees are conferred—at the Encænia, or Commencement, in June, at

one of the many degree days during the term, at special gatherings or congresses, such as the British Association, or at any one of the weekly meetings of Convocation during term. The preliminary procedure is slow, taking four or five weeks. The name is first proposed to the Hebdomadal Council, the next week the case is stated, the following week the voting takes place, and in the next *Gazette* an announcement is made in the following form under University Agenda:

In a meeting of Convocation, to be followed by a meeting of the Congregation of the University, to be holden on Tuesday, November 4, at Two o'Clock, the following business will be presented to the respective Houses.

T. B. Strong,
Vice-Chancellor.

Delegates' room.
October 28, 1913.

1. CONVOCATION.

1. Honorary Degree.

It will be proposed to confer the Degree of D. Litt., *honoris causa*, on Charles Francis Adams, LL.D., Harvard, late Lecturer on the History and Institutions of the United States of America.

Oxford University is governed by a democracy of doctors and masters who week by week meet in Convocation and Congregation and pass upon the business prepared by a group of eighteen men, who, with the Vice-Chancellor and proctors, make up the Hebdomadal Council. A degree may be conferred in one of three places, the Divinity School, the most beautiful room in Oxford, dating from the fifteenth century; the Convocation House, or in the famous Sheldonian Theatre. By a piece of good luck there was contentious business to-day, so that Convocation had to meet in the theatre. Robed in a scarlet gown with gray trimming, and wearing a round velvet cap, Mr. Adams was first escorted by the regius professor of history to the Divinity School to await the decision of Convocation. At two o'clock sharp the Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Strong, escorted by the four bedells, entered a fairly well filled theatre, the senior bedell saying: "Intretis in Congregationem Magistri, intretis." Taking his seat, the Vice-Chancellor declares "causa hujus convocationis est," etc., and immediately proceeds to the first business in hand, on this occasion the reading of the proposal to confer the degree; and asking in the old phrase, "Placetne vobis Domini Doctores, placetne vobis Magistri?" Unless the question is doubtful, one rarely hears a "placet" or a "non placet"; and as no objection was raised, the bedells went for the candidate and escorted him to the steps leading to the Vice-Chancellor's seat. It was a glorious day, and the sun, streaming through the windows of Wren's majestic building, lit up a memorable scene, the centre of which was the alert, vigorous-looking old veteran, an historical representative of all that is best in American life, to whom the mother of English universities paid homage.

As the public orator, Mr. Godley, had not returned from Princeton, his deputy, Mr. Powell, Fellow of St. John's College, made the presentation in the following Latin speech, many passages of which called forth hearty applause:

Satis notum esse omnibus opinor, insignissime Vice-Cancellarie, prælectiones de reipublicæ Americanæ institutis jam secundum annum apud nos a viris illustribus haberi. Horum alteri, Carolo Francisco Adams, summum Academicum honorem hodie conlaturi sumus; qui cum de Bello Civili dissereret, dilucide ostendit quibus moribus, quibus viris, res Americana creverit.

Quorum virorum cum tam singulare exemplar oculis nostris proponitur, statim succurrit animo antiqua illa Romæ condicio, cum non tam propter singulos cives quam propter singulas gentes nomen Romanum floreret. Cum enim civis alicujus et avum et proavum principes civitatis esse creatos, cum patrem legationis munus apud aulam Britannicam summa cum laude esse exsecutum cognovimus; cum denique ipsum per totum bellum stipendia equo meritum, summa pericula "Pulcra pro Libertate" ausum, propter virtutem in Monte Meridiano spectatam pro contione laudatum, Romanæ alicujus gentis—Brutorum vel Deciorum—annales evolvere videmur, qui testimonium adhibent "Fortes creari fortibus," et majorem exemplis et imaginibus nepotes ad virtutem accendi.

Tales gentes, tales viros Angliæ Novæ provincia celeberrima procreare solet, simplicitatis, constantiæ, pietatis integerrima sedes ac domicilium, inter quos hic civis illustrissimus semper memorabitur, qui cum miles servis libertatem acerrime vindicavisset, mox rude donatus maximam operam enixe dedit, ut vulnera dilaceratæ reipublicæ coalescerent, neque animi civium memoria cladium recentium exacerbarentur.

Cujus rei insigne testimonium in Prælectionibus dedit, cum non suos, sed par illustre ducum adversorum, maximis laudibus extulerit, Robertum Lee et Thomam Jackson—*ὅσπερ λαΐνεον τεῖχος πέλε μαρναμένοισιν*. Denique, postquam arma togæ cesserunt, locupletissimus auctor de Americanis rebus habitus, et inter præpositos Academiæ Harvardiensi electus, summa gratia et dignitate apud universam civitatem floret, dum juventutem cohortatur ut fortia facta patrum æmulantes sese patriæ impendere sint parati.

Macte tua virtute, senex; sic itur ad astra.

Præsento tibi Carolum Franciscum Adams, civem Americanum, ut admittatur ad gradum Doctoris in Litteris, Honoris Causa.

(Translation)

I think it is well known, Mr. Vice-Chancellor, that for the last few years lectures on American Institutions have been given here by distinguished men, on one of whom, Charles Francis Adams, we are to-day proposing to confer our highest Academical distinction. In his lectures on the Civil War, he showed us clearly what was the character of the men who made America great.

When such a striking example of American character as we see before us today is presented to us, we think at once of the old days of Rome, when her greatness lay, not so much in the character of individual citizens as in that of her distinguished families. When we hear of any citizen, that his grandfather and great-grandfather were made Presidents of the United States; that his father filled with high distinction the office of Ambassador to the British Court; that he himself served in the Cavalry throughout the Civil War, and courageously faced great danger "For Fair Liberty's Sake," and received public honor for his valor at South Mountain, we seem to be reading the rolls of some great Roman family like that of the Bruti or the Decii, who prove the truth of the words

The brave breed the brave,

and the truth of the fact that it is the example or the painting of an ancestor which kindles the fire of valor in the hearts of his descendants.

Characters and men like these have often been bred by New England, the famous and noble home of simplicity, consistency, and of loyal duty. He will always be remembered as one of her most illustrious sons, for his unflinching championship on the field of battle of freedom for the slave, and for his untiring efforts as a private citizen in healing the wounds inflicted by the war, and in removing all bitter feelings of defeat. He gave a remarkable proof of this in his Lectures, by the unstinted praise which he bestowed, not on his own side, but on the illustrious pair of Generals on the opposite side, Robert Lee and Thomas Jackson,

Who was a Stone Wall on the battlefield.

Finally since peace returned, he has been regarded as a sound authority on America, and has been appointed one of the Overseers of the University of Harvard; and he is regarded by his country as one of her most influential men, ever exhorting the younger generation to emulate the brave deeds of their fathers, and to be ready to spend themselves in their country's service.

A blessing on thy manly worth, Sir; this is the path to Heaven.

I present to you Charles Francis Adams, an American citizen, for admission to the Degree of Doctor in Letters, For Merit.

By an interesting coincidence, Mr. Adams's Lectures appeared from the Oxford Press this week. A most unfortunate date was chosen for their delivery—Eights Week, devoted to the boat races, when a Gibbon or a Mommsen would not have drawn good audiences. It is to be hoped that in future the October term may be selected for these lectures on American history. The value of the volume, so it seems to me, is the presentation of the subject, "Transatlantic Historical Solidarity," by an active participant in a great struggle. It is an inspiring volume for young men to read, and I trust the old veterans will rejoice in the splendid tribute which the distinguished lecturer paid to his old foe, Robert E. Lee, for whom he rightly claims admission "among the world's great—one more American Immortal."

WILLIAM OSLER.

THE GENERAL ELECTIONS IN ITALY

ROME, November 13.

Peculiar interest attaches to the recent general elections in Italy, as they are the first to be held under the new electoral law, which has increased the number of voters from about 3,000,000 to more than 8,000,000. Under the old law the suffrage was limited to male citizens above twenty-one years old who could read and write and who paid a certain sum in direct taxes, and to persons who had served in the army, had certain school diplomas, or had held public office. From time to time proposals had been advanced in favor of

a wider suffrage, but there was no general demand for such a measure, even on the part of extreme democrats. The only statesman who had always consistently advocated universal suffrage was Sig. Sonnino, who regarded it as the best way of raising the level of public life, especially in the southern provinces; but even he, while in office, had not attempted to carry out his ideas on the subject.

Sig. Luzzatti proposed a moderate extension of the suffrage some years ago, but did not remain long enough in office to carry it through. Sig. Giolitti, who had previously always opposed all measures of the kind, on his third return to the Premiership suddenly presented a bill granting the suffrage to all citizens above twenty-one years of age who could read and write, and to all illiterates above thirty, except certain specified classes of persons, such as criminals, etc. Every one was surprised at this *colpo di scena*, as there seemed to be no reason for a proposal which was so radical, and which nobody wanted. The Socialists, who in theory were in favor of universal suffrage, and dared not oppose the bill lest they should be charged with inconsistency, secretly dreaded its consequences from the point of view of its effects on their own party; the moderate Liberals openly disapproved of it; the Clericals alone believed that it would increase their strength. It was only the enormous prestige of the Prime Minister that enabled him to pilot the bill safely through the two chambers.

As soon as quasi-universal suffrage had become law, the Chamber of Deputies felt that a general election was imminent. But for a long time the date of the dissolution was kept a dead secret, and members remained on tenterhooks waiting for the Premier's word to put them out of their misery. At last the Chamber was dissolved, and the electoral campaign broke out in full swing. Never before had there been such excitement nor such electoral activity, and every party, every group, every individual, put forth strenuous efforts to win the votes of the electors, both old and new. Yet there were no great principles at stake, no important national problems to be solved; the whole interest of the struggle lay in the effect which the new law would have on the five million new voters, while the cynical added that, for the candidates, the election was of peculiar importance only because now for the first time the elect of the people would receive a salary. The parties in the late Chamber were six in number, viz., the Ministerial Liberals, the Opposition Liberals (these two groups generally spoken of as Constitutionalists), the Radicals, the Republicans, the Socialists, and the Catholics. Each of these parties was subdivided in turn into two or more groups, sometimes in bitter conflict with one another, as in the case of the Reformist (or Moderate) and the Revolutionary Socialists. In the present election a new party has appeared on the scene, the Nationalists, consisting of a group of energetic and enthusiastic young men who stand for a more vigorous foreign policy, the increase of the army and navy, purer internal politics, and war to the knife against the Free Masons, the Socialists, and all who try to derive personal profit from the ignorance and gullibility of the masses, or who exercise illicit pressure on the state for class interests as distinguished from national interests.

A peculiarity of an Italian electoral campaign is the attitude of the Government, which always exercises great influence, especially in the southern constituencies, by means of the prefects or provincial governors. A deputy who has the support of the Ministry in power is in a position to promise his constituents far more than any representative of the opposition parties, and for many years Italy has had what is the ideal of many American Democrats—a solid South, solid, however, for the existing Ministry whichever it may be. The support of the Government is by no means always limited to Constitutionalist candidates. Indeed, in the recent struggle no sharp distinction was commonly maintained between Ministerialists and Anti-Ministerialists, and many elections were contested on other grounds than support of or opposition to Sig. Giolitti. In some cases the battle was fought over the Government's African policy, in others over questions of local administration, in others again personal considerations predominated, while in a large number of constituencies the conflict was between Socialists and non-Socialists, or between Clericals and anti-Clericals. The *non-expedit* had been officially withdrawn by the Vatican in many constituencies, and in others, Catholics, although they were not explicitly ordered or authorized to vote, felt that they could do so without incurring ecclesiastical displeasure. Count Centiloni, who may be described as the Vatican's electoral agent, obtained from a large number of candidates a written agreement not to support any policy injurious to religious freedom or the interests of religion (the actual text of the declaration is not known), independently of the comparatively small number of professedly Catholic candidates.

For all the 508 constituencies, the total number of candidates was no less than 1,278, viz., 635 Liberals of various shades, 58 Catholics, 5 Nationalists, 137 Radicals, 376 Socialists, 4 Syndicalists, 54 Republicans, and 9 undefined. As the election day drew near, the campaign waxed fast and furious, riots were frequent, especially in the ebullient South, with the result that there were many broken heads and three or four persons were killed. On October 26 only 407 contests were decided; the remaining 101, in which no candidate had obtained more than half of the votes recorded, had to be fought out again at a later date between the two candidates heading the poll. The machinery of the new law proved effective for protecting the secrecy of the vote and preventing certain forms of electoral corruption; but its working is complicated and cumbersome, and will probably have to be greatly amended in the immediate future.

As for the political results of this "leap in the dark," one's first impression is that only the Socialists and the Radicals have succeeded in winning over a large part of the new masses of more ignorant voters. The former have increased their membership from 41 to 78, but by no means all of the new Deputies belong to the revolutionary wing of the party, while the divisions in the Socialist ranks are deep enough to render them less dangerous than appeared at first sight. The Radicals have increased considerably, but their principles are so indefinite and elastic that their gains have but little importance. The Catholic increase has not been as large as was expected, their number having grown only from 21 to 34, but apart from the professedly Catholic group a large number of other Deputies owe their election to the Catholic vote.

The tiny Nationalist group is the only one all of whose candidates—five in number—have been returned. In Rome, the Nationalist, Sig. Medici, a member of a wealthy industrial family, ousted from the first division the outgoing member, Don Leone Caetani, a Constitutionalist supported by Socialists, Radicals, and Republicans, one of the few opponents of the Government's African policy; and Sig. Federzoni, a well-known Nationalist journalist, defeated both the outgoing Socialist member, Sig. Campanozzi, an ex-postal official, dismissed from the service for gross misconduct, and Prince Borghese, a Radical landowner and the hero of the Peking-to-Paris motor race. These two victories have had a more than local significance, placing the Nationalist movement at once on a sound Parliamentary basis.

The Liberals have come off the worst, their numbers having fallen from 332 to 271, and among those elected the opponents of the Cabinet have increased their numbers. The revolt against the Premier's policy has been particularly marked in the South. In the city and province of Naples only three of the candidates supported by the Government have been returned, while in Sicily several Socialists and Opposition Liberals have been elected. In Calabria and

Apulia, too, the Opposition has gained strength.

These results seem to indicate clearly that, either in consequence of the widening of the suffrage or from other causes, the era of vague, colorless Liberalism is over, and that only parties who are thoroughly organized and based on definite principles are likely to gain strength. Probably there will be a general overhauling of the Liberal organizations throughout the country, but the only way in which the party can hope to withstand the onslaught of Socialism and Clericalism is by acquiring more character and vitality. Possibly Nationalism, which is the healthiest political movement arisen in Italy in recent times, may supply the necessary impetus, as it alone has something to offer the people instead of the universal panaceas promised by the Socialists for this life or the benefits promised by the Clericals for the next. There is still a great deal of indifference to politics in the masses, and, in fact, under the new law only 15 per cent. of the registered electors actually voted (under the old restricted suffrage the proportion was 65 per cent.), and a more vigorous Liberalism, especially if it follows the lead of the Nationalists in advocating an energetic foreign policy and fighting for purer politics—wherein the Socialists, in spite of their high-flown sentiments, have failed miserably—is likely to win over a considerable number of those who have hitherto abstained from voting. Sig. Giolitti still retains a large majority, but the general impression is that he cannot count on it as implicitly as he could on that of the last Parliament, and that he is no longer able to manipulate elections to the same extent as before. An immediate crisis does not appear likely, but many competent observers believe that the Premier will retire before many months have passed. The difficulty will then be to find a successor capable of taking up the burden, for no other statesman has proved himself the obvious leader.

L. V.

Correspondence

BERNARD SHAW AND THE LAW.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your editorial, "The Rule that Proves the Exception" (*Nation*, October 23), you speak of Bernard Shaw as the "best-known exponent" of that spirit that "is fighting for the one great impossibility, which is that there shall be no rules in life, but only exceptions." This spirit, you go on to say, "does not attack laws, but law; it does not attack definite institutions, but the idea of institutions. It is anti-social; not in the sense that it antagonizes society as at present constituted, but the very idea of social organization."

The discovery that Bernard Shaw is not attacking present laws and institutions, is not antagonizing society as it is now constituted, might be deemed sufficiently remarkable. But it pales into insignificance before the further discovery that he *is* attacking law and the very idea of institutions and of social organization. By an unconscious stroke of irony, the *Nation* appears to have arrived at a conception of Shaw identical with the one held by that unconscionable blackguard, Louis Dubedat, in the "Doctor's Dilemma," who, seeking to evade responsibility for his unsocial conduct, protests: "I'm not a criminal. . . . I don't believe in morality. I'm a disciple of Bernard Shaw." Is it possible that the *Nation* takes Louis for a real Shavian?

For Shaw's serious philosophy of rules and exceptions, we may turn to the preface of "Major Barbara" (the italics are mine):

> The advantage of living in society are proportionate, *not to the freedom of the individual from a code, but to the complexity and subtlety of the code* he is prepared not only to accept, but to uphold as a matter of such vital importance that *a lawbreaker at large is hardly to be tolerated on any plea.* Such an attitude becomes impossible when the only men who can make themselves heard and remembered throughout the world spend all their energy in raising our gorge against *current* law, *current* morality, *current* respectability, and *legal* property. The ordinary man, uneducated in social theory even when he is schooled in Latin verse, cannot be set against all the laws of his country and yet persuaded to regard *law in the abstract as vitally necessary to society.* Once he is brought to repudiate the laws and institutions he knows, he will repudiate *the very conception of law* and *the very groundwork of institutions*, ridiculing human rights, extolling brainless methods as "historical," and *tolerating nothing but pure empiricism in conduct*, with dynamite as the basis of politics and vivisection as the basis of science. *That is hideous*, but what is to be done?

And after the declaration that he is "a revolutionary writer, *because our laws make law impossible*," Shaw proceeds to tell what must be done. All this, I suppose, is part of his attack on law.

You go on in your article to describe Shaw as a man who, because the law does injustice in the exceptional case, antagonizes all law, believing (to follow your exact phrasing) "that to live under the rule instead of among the exceptions is ludicrous, indecent, and unjust." As it happens, Shaw has drawn and condemned this very type of character in "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," putting over against it the judge who makes the opposite, yet like, mistake of supposing that because law is law it cannot do injustice. In fact, a fundamental theme of this play is the very truth to which you declare that Bernard Shaw is blind: "the inexorable truth that life must be made up of law—and exceptions." The degree of Shaw's blindness to this truth may be grasped by listening to three sentences from his note to "Captain Brassbound's Conversion":

> One of the evils of the pretence that our institutions represent abstract principles of justice instead of being mere social scaffolding is that persons of a certain temperament take the pretence seriously, and when the law is on the side of injustice, will not accept the situation and are driven mad by their vain struggle against it. Dickens has drawn the type in his Man from Shropshire in Bleak House. Most public men and all lawyers have been appealed to by victims of this sense of injustice—the most unhelpable of afflictions in a society like ours.

The most unhelpable of afflictions! There you have Shaw's own description of the very philosophy you attribute to him, the philosophy, in legal matters, of "no rules, but only exceptions."

Bernard Shaw never said: The golden rule is that there are no rules. What he said was: "The golden rule is that there are no golden rules." His quarrel is not with rules, but with bad rules on the one hand and with golden rules on the other. It is not with law, but with bad laws on the one hand and with the doctrine of legal infallibility on the other. Not with the idea of institutions, but with bad institutions on the one hand and the doctrine that institutions are unchangeable on the other. Not with social organization as such, but with social codes that are not complex and subtle enough to embody the real desires and opinions of existing society. Laws that cannot be respected, Shaw and every other intelligent person knows, undermine respect for law. Institutions that excite contempt excite contempt for institutions. Hence he is the defender of both law and institutions in thundering endlessly into our ears the truth that better laws and better institutions are possible.

Radical sentiments from present-day writers always smell of anarchism to some noses; whereas the same sentiments culled from authors of some centuries of classical standing become highly respectable. There is not space here for the sly comments of Chaucer on the subject under discussion, for the visions of Sir Thomas More, the inspired ravings of King Lear, or the tremendous sarcasms of Swift. Let me, therefore (in order to prove myself a thoroughly respectable person), conclude with a few lines from an intimate friend of Bernard Shaw's, that well-known snob and standpatter, William Shakespeare:

> We must not make a scarecrow of the law,
> Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
> And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
> Their perch and not their terror.

To which some one will probably be weak-witted enough to retort that these are Angelo's sentiments and not Shakespeare's.

Harold C. Goddard.

Swarthmore, Pa., November 18.

VOCATIONAL SCHOOLS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The vocational education, much advocated of late, and temperately appraised by the *Nation* (July 3), is "working to a logical conclusion" in Los Angeles. So extensive have the "operations of a modern school system" become, that at the opening of the current year the Board of Education found itself one-half million dollars short.

High schools, intermediate schools, and grammar schools, with grammar abolished and vocational training substituted, cover the city. Superintendents dash about town delivering strenuous addresses on industrialism. Classrooms are in a flutter of excitement over the daily prospect of "Aud." calls, where distinguished, self-made men tell children how to become educated without studying.

The Los Angeles schools are an evolution. Year by year they have crowded out culture; first grammar from the grammar schools, then Latin from the Polytechnic

High School, then prestige from the one academic High School.

The pupils are noisy, "happy," and empty. The teachers are compelled to take an informal oath to the vocational slogan of loyalty, efficiency, personality, and power. Persons who show formal scholarship in their teaching are levelled, or dismissed with a card saying, "By your own request your relations with the Los Angeles schools are honorably severed." The Teachers' Institute meets at Christmas-tide to talk about social obligation and brotherly love and to sneer at intellectual effort and attainment.

Meanwhile, the products of the vocational movement are coming up to college, as Professor Gayley's "Idols of Education" has shown. They are the victims of professionalism in education. College responsibility is great. In four years or more, despite the presence of departments of education, as Professor Fite has signalized in the *Nation* of September 7, 1911, students must be cured of twelve years' petting and sent forth equipped (1) with a profession and (2) with a decent sense of values.

WILLIAM CHISLETT, JR.

Stanford University, November 17.

CALIFORNIAN ENGLISH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I take "Cafeteria" (about which your correspondent inquires) to be of Californian growth. It is probably formed on the model of the Italian *osteria*, an inn or hostelry, and connected with Italian *caffettiera*, or Spanish *cafetera*, a coffee-pot. It signifies a lunch room of good standing, capable of seating about 200 guests, where everybody has to help himself. On entering you procure a tray, knife, fork, spoons, and napkin at one counter; whereupon the cooks serve you with whatever dish and beverage you select at another; then a check is handed to you. This is the custom in San Francisco, where such places are in great request. An orchestra performs from a mezzanine during the busy hours.

At Oakland the adjective "encinal" is applied to a line of cars that runs from the jetty along the coast through Alameda. The word is derived from Spanish *encina*, the live oak (*Quercus agrifolia*), an evergreen tree which grows abundantly along the foothills and on the coast in this locality; it is, in fact, the species from which the town of Oakland was named; hence "Encinal Line" means the line that skirts the coast. Another word I noticed during my recent visit to California, which is not yet included in the dictionaries, is "renovatory." This denotes a small shop where garments, both male and female, are repaired and cleaned; there are several in different parts of the town.

GOLDEN POPPY.

New York, November 20.

A COLERIDGE CONCORDANCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Will you give me space in your correspondence columns to announce my undertaking of a concordance to the complete poetical and dramatic works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge?

The concordance will be compiled cooperatively, as have been Professor Cooper's Wordsworth Concordance and Professor Osgood's Spenser Concordance. With the approval of Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge, and the consent of the Oxford University Press and of Mr. William Heinemann, who holds the copyrights on some of the pieces, my concordance will be based on the two-volume Oxford Press text of "The Complete Poetical Works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge," edited by Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge in 1912.

I shall be grateful for any suggestions or information that may be offered to me.

JOHN EDWIN WELLS.

Beloit College, Beloit, Wis., November 21.

THE FAREWELL SPEECH IN "HAMLET."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In "Polonius and the Zeitgeist," published in the *Nation* for October 30, the writer has no way of accounting for the farewell speech of Polonius to Laertes, except on the "ground that the author had a few gnomic sentences in his head on the subject of success in life, and thought the third scene of the first act of Hamlet as good a place as any." And he calls our attention to the fact that inasmuch as Laertes had already been to France, the situation does not in any way demand such a speech.

I wish simply to say that in view of such a situation, that of a young man's departure, Shakespeare could hardly have avoided this speech. It has been pointed out that there were certain very definite relations between the drama and the fiction of the Elizabethan period. This convention of the "farewell speech" was one of them. By the time that Shakespeare was writing "Hamlet" the convention was too firmly established, and too well recognized, to be disobeyed merely because a particular situation did not happen to make such a speech absolutely imperative.

The convention had its origin in the prodigal son story, a fact which does not in any way controvert a later statement in the article quoted, that there is an element of universality about such a speech as that of Polonius. The prodigal son theme was one of considerable importance in literature at, and before, the time of Shakespeare; particularly this phase of it, which so well suited the didacticism, real and pretended, of the age. The opportunity to give bits of worldly wisdom which the departure of the prodigal son offered was too good to let pass. There was a similar situation which offered as excellent an opportunity, the situation of the death-bed, in which an old man could discourse at length to his sons or daughters upon the philosophy and policies of life. The two situations came to have practical identity so far as the opportunities which they presented were concerned. The advice given and the phraseology used, as can be seen from the works of Gascoigne, Lyly, Greene, Lodge, and others, were stereotype expressions in accordance with a convention.

J. CLARK JORDAN.

The University of Illinois, November 21.

Literature

THE PROGRESSIVE LIFE.

Theodore Roosevelt: An Autobiography. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50 net.

"Naturally," says Mr. Roosevelt in his preface, "there are chapters of my autobiography which cannot now be written." It is the simple truth to add that these unwritten chapters must surpass in interest any of those which he has laid before us. For there is almost no raising of the curtain here, no revelation of that "inside history" which makes memoirs at once so fascinating and so valuable. Nevertheless, the Colonel has no apparent difficulty in prolonging his story to the limits of a sizable volume, made somewhat inconvenient, it must be acknowledged, by the use of heavy calendered paper.

The outstanding feature of the book happens to be that which characterizes the autobiography of another public man, who, no more than Mr. Roosevelt, it is to be feared, would relish any comparison between the two men. Senator La Follette's account of his career is hardly to be called a narrative: it is a discourse, strung upon a chronological thread. Now, Mr. Roosevelt can beat any man at that man's own game; and, accordingly, he outpreaches the Wisconsin Senator in both volubility and vociferation. It is La Follette who scores the worst single instance of sermonizing, for he was allowed by his publishers to conclude his volume with thirty-five pages containing his fatal Philadelphia address. But the Colonel does badly enough by printing as part of one of his chapters a four-thousand-word letter to Charles J. Bonaparte which merely rehearses the points he has just been thundering into his reader's ears. Another similarity of the new book to the older one is its terrible earnestness. Both La Follette and Roosevelt have seen things which struck them as amusing, and which they pass on to others, but one looks in vain for a real sense of humor in either. Most volumes of reminiscences are notable for their recounting of anecdotes, but neither of these gentlemen has time or inclination to stop for such petty matters. "John Hay was one of the most delightful of companions," we are told, "one of the most charming of all men of cultivation and action." What a series of stories this statement would introduce in the ordinary autobiography! But Mr. Roosevelt's is not the ordinary autobiography. A nation is waiting to be saved, and only a torrent of words can avert its impending doom.

What Mr. Roosevelt has done is to write an *apologia*. He takes up his deeds one after another, retells them briefly,

and then immerses them in a flood of explanation and justification. Even this method of treatment would give his book importance if the explanation and justification contained new matter, but they do not. There is the same elaborate balancing between extremes, coupled with the free use of superlatives, with which we have long been familiar. This iron necessity of recognizing two sides to everything, of finding some evil in every good and some good in every evil, leads Mr. Roosevelt to ludicrous lengths now and then, as when he qualifies his abhorrence of conditions in Cuba prior to 1898 by the handsome confession that there is much that he sincerely admires about the Spanish character, and that there are few men for whom he has felt greater respect than for certain gentlemen of Spain whom he has known. Even Colombia is not utterly depraved. Its despoiler is "well aware that the Colombian people have many fine traits." But in the case of Panama, of course, it had to be judged "by the action of its Government." Always Mr. Roosevelt's enemies are divided into the wicked and the foolish. In the final chapters, however, in which he is dealing with his policy in foreign affairs, even this love of antithesis does not enable him to do his opponents justice. His description of the men who wish to go faster than he in substituting peace for war is fantastic. Why should even a man with a "temperament" assert of them that "they rarely try to prevent their fellow-countrymen from insulting or wronging the people of other nations"?

But if Mr. Roosevelt is unfair to his opponents, he makes up for it by unstinted praise of his conduct in Cuba and of his seven and a half years in the Presidency. Just as he and those who think as he does are the only ones who can be said to stand for both peace and righteousness, so he and they are compelled to look back with regret upon the changes that ensued after March 4, 1909. Over "my successor" Mr. Roosevelt shakes his head sadly. Yet the most striking omission in the book is of the struggle with that successor in the summer of 1912. There is hardly a word of the events connected with either Chicago Convention.

One chapter does not fall into the category of all the rest. It is entitled Outdors and Indoors. Free not only from partisanship but from didacticism, relating itself closely to life in the Roosevelt household, it is the stuff of which genuine autobiography is made. Instead of proclaiming and reiterating that love of birds and the out-of-doors as well as of books is essential to any sound patriotism, the Colonel is content to let you see his love for these things, and the large part they may play in the life of the most energetic man.

In all its characteristics, its limitations no less than its merits, the volume is the Colonel's own. As autobiography, it is open to criticism. As Mr. Roosevelt's autobiography, the criticism must be tempered with an acknowledgment of its essential fitness.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Dark Flower. By John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's sons.

The Garden Without Walls. By Coningsby Dawson. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Mr. Galsworthy has given us an account of the "love-life" of a modern Englishman, to the virtual exclusion of all else about him. Mark Lennan has a right to his temperament by virtue of his profession as an artist. His ambition to be a sculptor is early recorded of him, and we perceive that he presently realizes that ambition. But we know nothing of his art beyond the fact that it distinctly does not lean towards the treatment of sex. And we get no glimpses even of his struggles towards success. The interest of the story is focussed upon the three episodes which mean most in the sexual-emotional experience of the man. Each of them is complete in itself, and the separate parts are entitled, not without precedent, Spring, Summer, and Autumn.

At nineteen Mark Lennan loves and is loved by a woman of thirty-six, the wife of his tutor at Oxford. The husband is a self-centred pedant, and she has never known passionate love till her infatuation for this handsome boy. It is the last appeal of her departing youth for a woman's happiness, and she yields to it desperately. They have come almost to the crisis when a short separation eases the boy's heart of its strain, and reveals to the woman how unnatural and futile is the union she has dreamed of.

The second episode finds Lennan, after six years of study at Rome and Paris, just launched upon his career. Again it is a married woman to whom he is passionately drawn—another victim of formal wedlock, the chattel of a man for whom she has no love. She is of Lennan's own generation, of his own kind; should have been his mate, and at last consents to be, at all cost. She does indeed give herself to him: they are to take up life together on the morrow. But in the hour of their fulfilment vengeance and death snatch her from him, and he is alone once more.

The final episode takes place twenty years later. For fifteen years Lennan has been married, peacefully, to the sweet Victorian maiden who has loved him in youth. He loves her deeply, but his wooing of her has no place in these annals of passion. And at forty-six he wakes to the fact that he still has need of passion, of "l'amour," the spirit of Youth and of Spring. And there comes upon his path, while he is in this mood, a young girl who is the embodiment of that spirit. Circumstance and her own will offer her to his arms; she is for him to take. But history repeats itself: like the partner of his earliest affair, he has his great desire, but "lacks the illness should attend it." His love for his wife triumphs, though tardily, over his passion for one who must, in the end, be his victim.

It is a chronicle which few persons will find agreeable, and many will pronounce morbid. But it has neither mawkishness nor fruitless eroticism.

There is a good deal of clever writing in Mr. Dawson's book. It displays the sensibility, the conscious fancifulness, which mark the work of a considerable group among the younger English story-tellers. Another item at variance with the tradition of John Bull the bluff and forcible: our own young novelists are, if cruder, far more robust. Outside of fiction, also, it is the English writers of the day who are volatile and exuberant, not the American. "The Garden Without Walls" is exhausting. It has a highly excited nervous system. At immense length, and with tearful earnestness, it recounts the feebly erotic experiences of an Englishman of "temperament." He is too good to be bad and too bad to be happy: is forever dallying with the possibility of sexual satisfaction, which he calls sin, but is never man enough to compass it. At the end of all these pages we leave him in worse case than we found him: a person technically sinless, but smirched beyond hope.

The Trail to Yesterday. By Charles Alden Seltzer. New York: Outing Publishing Co.

In romance it is rather unusual to marry off the hero and the heroine at the beginning of the story. There is something to be said for this plan; at least it gets the inevitable promptly out of the way. It is still more unusual for the hero to win the heroine's hand by threatening to shoot the parson on the spot unless she accepts him; but this, too, has the advantages of rousing curiosity and of providing a pretty problem for the novelist. It also gives the hero an interesting handicap; it is rather hard to win the affection of a young lady after you have married her at first sight and at the pistol's point. These elements of novelty the jaded reader will find in "The Trail to Yesterday," but he will find no others. Most of the usual ingredients of Western stories are here—Eastern heroine, unscrupulous Eastern capitalist, Western bad man, straight-shooting Western hero (genus "Virginian"). Mix these with the novel situation just described, and flavor to taste with cattle-stealing, shooting, and

rescues, and you have the story, presented in sprightly enough style.

T. Tembarom. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. New York: The Century Co.

Once upon a time there was a small boy who was very poor and had little to eat after his mother died. He was also a wise little fellow, and so he accepted two dimes from a kind neighbor and bought newspapers to sell. His polite manners brought him many customers and friends, and soon he became office-boy in a newspaper office. He worked very hard, and was permitted to run the society page on the *Sunday Earth*.

One day a lawyer came to see Tem and informed him that a relative had left him an estate in Lancashire, of which he was to take immediate possession. It seemed as nice as a "vaudeville show" to T. T., and he accepted. Only he did not forget his old friends. He provided for some in New York, invited others to visit him in England, proposed to a little girl at the same boarding-house, and when she refused him on account of his new wealth, launched her father into business, and sailed away to conquer the old world.

Obviously, not a problem novel. The story is not concerned with eugenics or family skeletons. Neither does it preach moral doctrine, save perhaps the good old gospel that the good and kind live happily ever after. The book is rather a modern fairy-tale in "American slang," of which we must admit the writer makes excessive and not always dexterous use. Mrs. Burnett has drawn a minute picture of story-book life as it might exist in a twentieth-century New York boarding-house seen through magic glasses. T. Tembarom is a not distant relative to Little Lord Fauntleroy. The story is similar, and there are similar studies of character—the staid English attorney, the conservative lord; Mr. Hobbs, the grocer, is supplanted by Mrs. Bouse, the landlady. T. T. is himself a genial successor to the little lord.

Ring for Nancy. By Ford Madox Hueffer. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

This is such pure farce, and depends for its humor on situations so frankly extravagant, that it might well have had a plot of less complexity. Skimming the seas of summer persiflage, it is nevertheless constructed on a three-decker frame. The essential idea is one that has been sadly overused in the last few years: an eligible bachelor trying hard to escape the plots and lures of three designing women, only to rush, in the last chapter, into the arms of a fourth. But the three plotters and marplots each represent some form of worldly vanity to be satirized; the ultimate heroine appears disguised as a maid, though she is really a lady during most of the story; there are two families, but slightly connected with the main action, whose fortunes we must follow, and the hero has a positive genius for mishaps that—though each has its own Pickwickian humor—only hamper our interest as we try to follow the main thread.

In the end, with the bachelor more and more fascinated by the maid, the romantic interest overpowers even the humor, and the reader takes the book seriously enough to rejoice in the happy marriage which caps the action.

Two Little Parisians. By Pierre Mille. New York: John Lane Co.

In his admirable studies of the soul of a child, the gifted French journalist and philosopher resorts to little of that sophisticated innocence which passes so frequently for understanding in our Anglo-Saxon literature of infancy. M. Mille's hero is not the victim of condescension. On the contrary, his elderly friend and biographer concedes to little Caillou an outlook upon life which deserves restatement in grown-up terms and under forms of grown-up logic. After all, the zoölogist who describes a rare specimen of beetle does not attempt to imitate the language of the Colcoptera. Certainly in the case of M. Mille and Caillou the serious employment of scientific observation has not interfered with the delineation of exquisite little pictures of the child's mind.

TEXTUAL CRITICISM OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

The Washington Manuscript of the Four Gospels. By Henry A. Sanders. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.

The Text and Canon of the New Testament. By Alexander Souter. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 75 cents net.

Attention should be called at the outset to the completion of Von Soden's "Die Schriften des Neuen Testaments" with the publication of the second and final part containing the text with apparatus. In the first part of this important work, which appeared at intervals between 1902 and 1910 and which is devoted to an elaborate introduction justifying and explaining the text and the selected apparatus of the second part, the author has had at his control more manuscripts, especially minuscules, than any previous editor of the text of the New Testament; has invented a new and ingenious notation for the codices, abolishing the distinction between uncials and cursives, and has worked out a theory of textual criticism which differs from that of Westcott and Hort, particularly in reference to what is commonly called the "Western text." This theory, which has affected the textual opinions of Professor Sanders, maintains that in the fourth century there were in existence three recensions of the text of the New Testament, one made by Lucian at Antioch (*K*), another by Hesychius in Egypt, of which Jerome speaks (*H*), and a third made by Origen and published by Pamphilus and Eusebius in Palestine (*I*). The ancestor of these recensions, it is argued, is the oldest attainable form of the text of the New Testament, the *I-H-K* text, and was known to all the writers of the third and second centuries. The divergences between this text and the quotations in early fathers are explained away by the assumption that Tatian's Diatessaron was widely used, and that it corrupted all extant texts. The place here assigned to the operation of the text of Tatian manifestly leaves no standing-ground alongside for the "Western text" which plays a leading part in the theory of Westcott and Hort.

In the apparatus of the second part the witnesses are arranged according to recensions and families (except in the case of *H*), so that one gets at a glance, if one has mastered the notation, the history of the reading as the editor understands it. In a second section of the apparatus are recorded in black type readings worthy of being regarded as original, what Westcott and Hort call "alternative readings"; while in a third distinct section information is given on less important textual matters. It will be seen from this statement of Von Soden's theory, an admirable account of which is furnished by Professor Souter, that the recension of Lucian corresponds to the Syrian text of Westcott and Hort, the Hesychian to their Neutral and Alexandrian (between which Von Soden does not distinguish); but the Palestinian recension has only points of contact with their "Western text."

Turning now directly to Professor Sanders's volume, we may state that it is not simply a collation, but also a study of the text of a manuscript of the gospels, purchased by Mr. Charles L. Freer, of Detroit, in Gizeh in 1906, and eventually to be transferred to the Smithsonian Institution in Washington. The collation, it may be said, is at once clear, complete, and accurate; it may be verified now by reference to the facsimile of the MS. which Professor Sanders has just published in a separate volume. Of the many readings peculiar to W (the notation of Gregory accepted by Sanders; it is α 0 4 in Von Soden) it is tempting to quote the one in Mark iii, 21, where, after the statement that the family of Jesus (his people) went out to lay hold on him, all MSS. but W add: "For they said, he is beside himself." This MS., however, removes the implication that Jesus was thought to be out of his mind, not by omitting the passage quoted, as Matthew and Luke do, but by reading: "For they said they were attached to him."

The most noteworthy reading, however, which was known to Jerome but which has not been found as yet in any Greek MS. except W, is the utterance ascribed to Jesus in one of the spurious endings of Mark (xvi, 9-20), namely, the words inserted between verses 14 and 15. As the passage is probably familiar to recent readers of the daily press, it is unnecessary to quote it. Those who are interested will find an exhaustive study of the saying in Gregory's "Das Freer-Logion," published five years ago.

According to Dr. Sanders, the available evidence points in the main to the fourth century as the date of W, the date, it will be remembered, of the celebrated Vaticanus and Sinaiticus. One quire, however, the first quire of John (I, i—v, 11) is in a different hand and on a different kind of parchment. This quire, the editor thinks, is slightly older than the rest of W; other experts have already taken issue with him in this opinion. The order of the gospels is, as in Codex Bezæ, Matthew, John, Luke, and Mark. Apart from John xiv, 25—xvi, 7, and Mark xv, 13-38, the text is complete and in excellent condition, as the specimen pages given in this volume suggest.

Instead of contenting himself with a collation of the text and palæographical observations, the editor discusses at length the problem of the text. In this study, he assumes, apparently, Von Soden's theory of recensions by Hesychius and Lucian; but in place of the German scholar's Palestinian recension, he postulates with Hoskier the theory of early polyglots, and uses the expression "version tradition" to designate the type of text found in the bilinguals, versions, and Greek MSS. allied to the versions. Bearing in mind this definition and Von Soden's theory, the reader may be interested in a concise summary of Professor Sanders's conclusions about the types of text represented in W: (1.) The text of Matthew, which, apart from traces of Hesychian influence, is the same throughout, is the oldest example of that family of the recension of Lucian which Von Soden denominates *K'*. (2.) The text of Mark is erratic, like that of Codex Bezæ. Up to v, 30 it is closely related to the Old Latin *e*, though Coptic and Syriac influences are felt. From v, 31 on, the text is akin to the Old Latin, but not to *e;* furthermore, in this part there is no perceptible evidence of the influence of the recensions of Hesychius or Lucian. (3.) The text of Luke is Hesychian up to viii, 12; from there on it is Lucian, with traces of "version tradition." (4.) The foreign quire of John (I, i—v, 11) presents a decidedly mixed type of text, while the rest of John is preëminently Hesychian. Passing over the elaborate theory, difficult to summarize fairly, by which Professor Sanders would account for the character of the text of the archetype of W, we may close the notice by congratulating him upon his great achievement as the editor of what is probably one of the three oldest Greek manuscripts of the gospels.

Professor Souter's little volume on the "Text and Canon of the New Testament" is one of the best books in the admirable series entitled "Studies in Theology." The treatment of the text, which is at once trustworthy, readable, and informed, gives the work a place instantly alongside of the excellent manuals of Lake and Kenyon. The description of the formation of the canon, briefer in compass, is supplemented by the addition of thirty or more pages of original sources bearing on the history of the canon. The Greek sources are furnished with an English translation; many readers would have welcomed an expert translation of the Latin sources also. One cannot escape the impression that the author, who is an eminent textual authority, is hampered by the endeavor to do justice in one small volume to both canon and text. The editor of the series should have given a separate volume to each subject. The failure to discuss Hoskier's original theory of polyglots, which, as we have seen, has affected Dr. Sanders's understanding of the Washington manuscript, is undoubtedly due to considerations of space. On the other hand, the reason why Dr. Souter contents himself with a bare mention of W is to be accounted for by the fact that the English edition of his work appeared before Dr. Sanders's volume.

Swinburne: An Estimate. By John Drinkwater. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50 net.

A passionate, interesting, irritating treatment of Swinburne, involved with a fiery exposition of Mr. Drinkwater's own conception of poetry and the nature of the poetic mind, the central dogma of his æsthetic creed being that "truth, in art, is merely conviction." We shall not quarrel here with Mr. Drinkwater's romantic defence of romantic poetry. Neither shall we linger over the balance sheet on which he sums up Swinburne's defects and qualities. As compared with his recent hotly panegyrical work on William Morris, this estimate is well balanced, is within its limits critical. He concedes, on the one hand: that Swinburne is unique among the great poets of the world in the inflexibility of his manner and style; that he is sometimes intoxicated with the mere "life of words"; that he produces notably few memorable lines; that he wrote a good deal that cannot be justified except as technical exercise; that he overworks the anapæst; that his longer lyrics lack evolution; that he is deficient in the narrative sense; that he does not understand dramatic form and technique; that as a critic he gives way to the passion of the moment. On the other hand, he contends: that Swinburne is a wonderful master of metrics; that he has as much thought as a poet needs, and treats in his twenty volumes a vast range of subjects; that he has a magnificent abundance and intensity of passion; that his prevailing mood and attitude are consistently and bravely "eager"; that, though there is much in him that belongs to imperfection, even to failure, there is more "that places him in the company of poets whose names are among the holy things of the earth."

To most of this—praise as well as detraction—the reviewer is ready to say, "Agreed." But so far as the defects recited above are concerned, who does not agree? And who does not agree, also, that Swinburne was one of the great masters of word-craft and musical sound? The present task of criticism in his case is to establish, if it be possible, his contested merits; more specifically to show that he does possess that intellectual substance and broadly representative character which are rather generally denied him, but without which he cannot maintain his place among the great poets of the age. We have enough, for the time being, of ardent æsthetic criticism in Mr. Drinkwater's manner. What we need now, what Swinburne needs now, is a critic who, undaunted by his vast verbal and emotional incontinence, will patiently study the evolution of his ideas, with steady reference to the contemporary movement of ideas and events on the Continent as well as in England. In such a study the decadent passional note of the too well known "Poems and Ballads" would sink to a subordinate place, and high light would fall upon his flaming patriotism, his republicanism, the cosmopolitanism of his political sympathies, his angry anti-clericalism, his eloquent religious "positivism," his pantheistic conceptions of man and nature. Properly placed in his age and related to the forces which he celebrated, he would not appear as a great thinker; but he would emerge, in the opinion of the reviewer, with unique claims as the greatest poetical representative in England of the world movement known as romantic humanitarianism.

Now for the performance of this service to Swinburne, Mr. Drinkwater's æsthetic creed and his critical method totally disqualify him. Holding that "poetry is poetry" and the evolution of a talent is pseudo-scientific psychology, he declares that "whether or no a poet's art shows a steady growth in power from book to book is a question of but little importance"—which he ignores. Holding, furthermore, that "truth, in art, is merely conviction," he is concerned solely with the intensity of that conviction and the forms it takes. In strict consistency he has no occasion to inquire

whether the poet is sane or mad, drunk or sober, physically normal or degenerate. He has no occasion to compare Swinburne's "truth" with the "truth" of his contemporaries, at home or abroad, or to number the multitudes for whom he was spokesman. The temporary or permanent representativeness, the conformity or non-conformity of his sense of truth with the general sense of Englishmen or human traditions, does not properly enter as a question under Mr. Drinkwater's æsthetic creed. The only legitimate question for him is, "Does Swinburne's art veraciously represent Swinburne?"

Mr. Drinkwater holds to this egoistic doctrine with sufficient firmness to warrant him in disregarding Swinburne's intimate and unexplored relations with Continental poetry; holds to it with just sufficient tenacity to explain his indifference to chronology and to contemporary history, and his failure to claim for Swinburne the title which we have already suggested for him, the greatest poetical representative in English of the world movement called romantic humanitarianism. And yet Mr. Drinkwater has, after all, a lurking feeling somewhere in the dark glowing depths of his critical conscience that a great English poet must be a good Englishman. And so with a noble—one is tempted to say, with a jolly—inconsistency he harps again and again on the somewhat esoteric idea that if the plain man could be duly purified and magnified, he would feel more like Swinburne than like any other English poet. For, says Mr. Drinkwater, "the material that Swinburne took was that element in English poetry that through five centuries had corresponded with the general characteristics of the English tongue and metaphysic. And so his achievement became in a curious degree representative of the English people. We have greater poets; we have none of whom it can be said with such finality that we alone could have produced him." This is interesting and patriotic, but partly unintelligible and wholly unconvincing.

The Truth About Woman. By C. Gasquoine Hartley (Mrs. Walter M. Gallichan). New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.50 net.

Mrs. Gallichan differs from most writers in this field in showing no disposition to harass the brute male. Men may differ with her—in self-defence they must—but they will find her genial, reasonable, and possessed of a large outlook upon life. In her view men are not less moral than women, though less religious; and they are not grosser in matters of sex, but only more downright—a rare admission for which men should be grateful. Yet she supports the superstition that men are lacking in parental affection. Women, again, are not physically weaker than men, nor by nature less endowed with initiative. Nor are they more unselfish. "No one can have failed to note the immense egoism of the modern woman," who, through "an over-consciousness of rights," is in danger of becoming "intoxicated with herself." Yet in art, though woman has accomplished little, she is the only sex fitted to succeed—this conclusion rests upon the fallacy of "superior intuition."

And, after all, women are superior. By a copious use of the material of biology and anthropology, mostly at second hand, it is shown that life is "essentially female" and that the male is (in the words of the late Lester F. Ward) "an afterthought of Nature," created merely for purposes of fertilization by an asexual female (monstrum horrendum!); and, further, that the earliest state of socicty was matriarchal—or does this mean only that, for obvious reasons, blood-relationship was reckoned along the female line? Mrs. Gallichan is too candid not to reveal the weakness of this favorite feministic argument. But what does it all matter? Does "fertilization" mean that there is no inheritance of paternal traits? And because female superiority prevails up to the time of the amphibians, are we to become amphibious—or pre-amphibious? Or because the two husbands of the hermaphrodite cirripede reposed in the pockets of their wife, does she expect us to do the same?

All this goes for nothing in the "Modern Section," where Mrs. Gallichan speaks for herself. She has no love for the asexual female. On the contrary, she believes that the true happiness of women is to be found on the side of home and children; and that, even in public life (for she is a suffragist), there is an essentially feminine task to be done which is worthy of the highest intelligence. She deplores the entrance of women into business, though she asserts, quite justly, that present social conditions make it unavoidable. And she especially deplores all competition with men, all strife and jealousy of the sexes. Even in industry women should at least consider what men prefer to have them do. Somewhere among the possibilities there must be a peculiarly feminine work which will not only vindicate the rights of feminine intelligence, but bring women into cordial and generous coöperation with men. In matters of detail it must be said that Mrs. Gallichan's ideas are more or less vague. Her chief contribution, beyond many pregnant observations, is a generous and clear-headed sobriety. Her advice to women is to "come out and be common women among common men."

If this idea were generally accepted, there might perhaps be more doing and less of the feministic assertion of "what women can do." If a woman has done something very good, what but an invidious implication is contained in the statement that it is done by a woman? Mrs. Gallichan herself is disposed to make much of the demand that woman must be "free." Yet it is proper to ask in what sense woman is not free. Can it be meant that a novel, a picture, a poem, is judged less admirable when the author is a woman? Or that, in the case of a surgical operation, men would deliberately prefer to risk their lives at the hands of a demonstrably inferior male? The truth is rather that, in all fields, an excellent work by a woman tends to receive somewhat more than its just share of praise. It is a common charge of feminists that men are jealous of an intellectual woman. Yet most men would testify to the peculiar delight afforded by conversation, or cooperation, with a woman of fine intelligence. Under present conditions, however, the so-called "intellectual" woman is apt to be a person deficient in human sympathies, one who prefers a professional occupation to the enjoyment of family life. Now men have an equal aversion for the "intellectual" man, but we remember that most of the men engaged in intellectual occupations are husbands and fathers; as a matter of fact, your college professor is a highly domesticated animal. The truth must be faced that the combination of domesticity with an intellectual career, which is rendered easy and normal for the man, is for the woman extremely difficult. In this sense woman is clearly not "free," and the prevailing uneasiness shows that freedom has become a problem. But the conditions of her bondage have been neither created nor maintained by men. The real criminal is Nature, who has ordained that only women can be the mothers of children. A steady grasp of this fact would do much to divest the subject of its unpleasantness and might assist both men and women in devising some solution of the problem. Meanwhile, it is well to ask, with Mrs. Gallichan, whether success in the occupations of men is a necessary test of feminine intelligence and dignity.

The Married Life of Queen Victoria. By Clare Jerrold. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.75 net.

One need not be even middle-aged to remember the time when the name of Queen Victoria was a word to awake reverence, not only in England, but all over the English-speaking world. The demonstrations of the jubilee-year were not perfunctory or local. They reflected a real sense on the part of Christendom that the Victorian reign had made, in countless ways, for progress and civilization, and a general advancement in well-being to be strongly if vaguely apprehended by any intelligent subject or

citizen. How far the Victorian Queen was to be held responsible for what had happened during those fifty years was a question which few good subjects or citizens thought of urging. The beginning and end of the matter was that for half a century this little woman had been "The Queen, God bless her"—a living symbol of England's greatness.

Since the death of Victoria, most books about her have been written gently and with caution, lest the kindly tradition of her be disturbed. Her son's popularity as King no doubt tended to deepen the kindliness of that tradition. Certain official or semi-official publications, such as the recent excerpts from her diaries, have taken care to present her to posterity in the most amiable light. This is all very well, but the obituary spirit has its limitations. Even funeral baked meats cease to be palatable after a time. The truth is, few intelligent persons, in England or elsewhere, would, if put to it, allege that the worthy woman who gave her name to an era was in her own right a great Queen. She wished to be that, she believed in her sacred authority and in her ability to exercise it. For a time, under the influence of Prince Albert, the throne seemed to be making some progress towards the absolutism which both were ready to assume if they could. But meddling with dispatches and scolding ministers were illusory means to the desired end; and after the death of the Prince Consort, that little boom in royal prerogative, such as it was, collapsed forever. The two ambitions which Queen and Empress never outgrew were that her husband should be remembered as a great man, and that their married life should stand as the supreme exemplar of a pure and happy union.

Neither ambition has been quite attained. The present volume undertakes, in not too delicate a spirit, to explain why. Prince Albert is shown as a well-meaning, hard-working young man, who had been placed in a most difficult situation, and did as well with it as he could, under all the conditions. He had been brought up as a potential husband of the young English Queen, but his master, Stockmar, had not thought it worth while to make an Englishman of him. Before his marriage he knew little of English politics, or, what was worse, of English society. True-born Britons distrusted him as a foreigner—one of the "marrying Hapsburgs," and his stiff manner and German accent were at once held up to ridicule by the caricaturists and broadside-writers of merry England. Our author gives a very full account of the attentions of these gentry. Their freedom is amazing. They hurl gross insults at their young Queen and her Albert, they howl, they hiss, they leer. And it is plain that they express the emotions of the people. England came in time to recognize the faithfulness and usefulness of the Prince—to the Queen; but never ceased to regard him as an interloper and a nuisance to herself. His stiffness, his secretiveness, his lack of humor—above all, perhaps, a certain acquisitiveness and "closeness" in money matters—kept him from the hearts of his wife's subjects. Of her own heart there was no doubt; yet (here again our author somewhat too obviously exults) their marriage was not the unruffled communion of two perfect natures which the Queen loved to make it out. The young pair hardly knew each other at the time of their wedding. The Queen was arbitrary, the Prince was, fortunately, a man. The fact that such rank as he might have hoped for had not been given to him perhaps put him on his mettle. At all events, there were quarrels. Victoria threw tea in Albert's august face; Albert locked Victoria out: in the end, and in a creditably short time, he established the fact that even a mistress and queen should have a lord and master. The point once made, there was little trouble to follow. It was the Queen's nature to depend on some man. Her dependence on Melbourne had been attended with some tinge of emotion. Her allegiance to Albert was destined to become an allegiance of mind and will as well as of heart. If he was not King of England before he died, he had at least made himself Queen. This writer's sense of the composite character of England's sovereign during those later years is facetiously indicated by his habitual use of compounds like "Victoria-Albert," and "the Queen-Prince." Taking them purely as a married pair, he thinks better of the husband than of the wife. He believes that Victoria's pride in Albert was a pride of possession; that her love (and frequent jealousy) were selfish; that she always thought of herself first, and of her husband as relating to her. The book, in short, though it throws some light on the private characters and relations of the royal pair, is malicious and ungenerous in tone. It represents a crude reaction against Victoria-worship.

John of Gaunt's Register. Edited for the Royal Historical Society by Sidney Armitage-Smith. Two volumes. Camden Third Series., XX, XXI. London: Office of the Society.

Few people interested in the formation of an English Cabinet have any knowledge of the history and functions of the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. It may be recalled that the office, like some other political offices in England to-day, is a sinecure, and is usually given to a Minister whose assistance is necessary to a Government; and it may likewise be recalled that John Bright once described the Chancellor as the maid of all work of the Cabinet, and that the office was held from 1892 to 1894 by the retiring British Ambassador, James Bryce. But why he should bear the exalted name of the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and who is the "Duke of Lancaster," and where are the lands of the "Duchy," probably few have been zealous enough to inquire. Behind the phrases, which are largely mere survivals, lies a long history, dating back to the fourteenth century, when there was a real Chancellor, a real duke, and a real duchy that played important and living parts in the affairs of the time. But the reality is gone to-day; the chancellor of a vast feudal estate has become a useful party ally, a member of the Cabinet, but not of sufficient prominence to undertake the duties of an important department; the "duke" has been merged in the king; and the lands of the duchy, scattered over several counties of England and managed by subordinate officials, are now crown lands, the revenues of which accrue, not to the Exchequer, but to the sovereign as part of his private income.

The Register of John of Gaunt, edited by Mr. Armitage-Smith, is the roll of grants, charters, and leases of the ancient possessions of the Dukes of Lancaster, as they existed in the reign of Edward III. These possessions at that time embraced territories in nearly every part of England and Wales, and over them the dukes enjoyed extensive rights comparable only with those which the King himself possessed. Many of the rights the King himself had granted, and thus the Duchy of Lancaster was one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of the feudal immunities in England in the Middle Ages. Though at the time when this register was drawn up, 1371-1375, the duchy as such had not come into being, and though for two centuries, until after the dissolution of the monasteries, additions continued to be made, nevertheless, the lands in the hands of John of Gaunt were already under a management and control that was as complete and unified as was that of the duchy proper under Henry IV. To all intents and purposes the duchy was a miniature kingdom, except that its lands were widely scattered, and its administration was so elaborate and complicated as to require almost as many officials and as much machinery as did the administration of the kingdom itself. How this vast estate was managed and how the many different parts were welded together into a unified whole this register tells us in great detail, and the information thus furnished Mr. Armitage-Smith has epitomized in admirable fashion in his preface. The duke had his council, with chancellor, steward,

chamberlain, controller, and receiver, and below them were numerous officers varying in dignity, rank, and function. These men were concerned with finance, law, hunting, homage, and the household; and stewards, receivers, feodars, and their subordinates were divided into groups, each with its given territory. For the student of feudalism the most important documents in the volumes are those that disclose the relations of lord and tenant and the obligations for war service.

The material here printed forms but a small part of the large collection of private muniments belonging to the Duchy of Lancaster that were presented to the nation by Queen Victoria in 1868.

The Story of Harvard. By Arthur Stanwood Pier. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $2 net.

The unique distinction of Harvard University lies in its great traditions. It is possible for other universities to equal or, indeed, surpass it in resources, number of students, renown of teachers, and general prestige before the world, but there are three hundred years through which her history runs like a red thread of honor, from the first obscure founding of Anglo-Saxon America to the present moment. This is a possession which cannot be taken away. The Harvard traditions have a value inestimable, and it is of high importance that the story should be known and appreciated.

A well-meant effort towards this end, like the book of Mr. Pier, deserves a welcome. The book is small, sketching in two hundred and fifty pages the record of the institution, with pleasant descriptions, at the outset and close, of life at the University to-day. Mr. Pier summarizes well the accounts of the more formal historians, Josiah Quincy and Benjamin Peirce, and draws abundantly from the letters and diaries of Harvard men of every period. His style is dignified, yet easy, and he shows good judgment in selecting for mention characters and events that deserve to be made salient. Little fault can be found with his presentment, except that it is incomplete. The book, indeed, seems meagre, when one thinks of what it might have told. For instance, as to Harvard's modern period, no time is better worth an emphasis than that of the Civil War, and Mr. Pier properly accords it extended mention. He has nothing to say, however, of the Confederates and their part, but there were noteworthy men among these. W. H. F. Lee, a distinguished cavalry leader, with many of the traits of his great father, was for a time a member of the class of 1858. About the same time the president of the Hasty Pudding Club was McKim, who laid down his life for the South; and the class-orator, in 1855, was James B. Clark, who served devotedly throughout in the Twenty-first Mississippi. They were good men, if misguided, and merit at least a word of recognition. As regards the Federal soldiers, to whom our author confines himself, he ought to have gone beyond the "Harvard Memorial Biographies," apparently his only source. Francis C. Barlow, for instance, the most brilliant of the Harvard soldiers, the only one, we believe, who on commemoration day had attained the full rank of major-general, won by exposures, wounds, and achievements almost unexampled even in that time, is quite ignored.

As to the earlier period, it is a sad oversight to forget entirely Henry Vane, whose connection with the college, though, indeed, most transient, was yet very momentous. As Governor of Massachusetts Bay in 1636, he presided over the meeting which founded the college, and it was his voice that declared the vote valid, the creative word which gave the institution being. He sat that day in his chair of state, a youth of twenty-four, his great career all before him, with the long hair which had given offence to the soberer Puritans, attired in courtly fashion, with the mien which Clarendon afterwards portrayed as "unbeautiful," though making "men think there was somewhat in him of extraordinary." Mindful of the grim pomp he had seen in the camps and courts of Europe, he had at his back a row of stalwart halberdiers, armed *cap à pie*—an incident in the Harvard story most picturesque, and deeply memorable. Here, certainly, Mr. Pier did not use his opportunity.

Every good story has a prologue, and the story of Harvard has one which by no means should be left out. In Stratford-on-Avon stands the "Old House in the High Street," identified by the most eminent of our antiquaries, the late H. F. G. Waters, by certain documentary evidence, as the early home of Katharine Rogers, mother of John Harvard, from whom proceeded the little inheritance that first kindled in the Western Hemisphere the torch of a liberal culture. For this we have distinct contemporaneous chapter and verse. At circumstantial evidence we look askance, but without pressing the matter unduly this may be said—that the families of Rogers and Shakespeare lived in close neighborhood and intimacy at Stratford during the reigns of Elizabeth and James I; that the poet knew Katharine Rogers well, as, on the other hand, he knew well Robert Harvard, at length her husband, in his shop at Southwark, in London, hard by the Globe Theatre. So far the conjunction would seem to be inevitable. Then looms up a possibility amounting perhaps to a likelihood, that no other than Shakespeare was the intermediary who brought together the Londoner and the fair, well-dowered maid in the remote Midlands, that he was a familiar guest in the home in Southwark which he had helped to establish, and that he, the genial family friend, held on his knee the little John Harvard, the first-born in the household. Could this touch of their foster-father with the most illustrious name in literature be fairly established (and who can say after the feats of Mr. Waters what scraps may yet be found in the dust-heaps?) Harvard men would indeed have a tradition to prize.

Mr. Pier's estimates of characters and events we think in general correct. We omit nothing which he has included, but an adequate portrayal of the noble story of Harvard should have in it much that is here left out.

Notes

New books of the Cambridge University Press (Putnam) include: "The Puritans in Power, a Study in the History of the English Church from 1640 to 1660," by G. B. Tatham; "Lectures on Dryden," by A. W. Verrall, and lectures "On the Art of Writing," by Sir A. Quiller-Couch.

Charles Welsh's "Studies in the History of Children's Literature" will be brought out early next year by the World Book Co., of Yonkers, N. Y.

"Whigs and Whiggism," a collection of Disraeli's political writings, edited by William Hutcheon, will be brought out by Murray, of London, uniform with Mr. Monypenny's biography.

Bibliotheca Sacra Company, of Oberlin, O., announces the publication in January of "English Literary Miscellany," by Prof. Theodore W. Hunt, of Princeton. The volume contains thirteen essays which have appeared in *Bibliotheca Sacra*, covering the entire range of English literature.

The first session of the nineteenth International Congress of Americanists will be held at Washington, D. C., from Monday, October 5, to Saturday, October 10, 1914. Titles of papers to be presented at the meetings of the Congress should be sent as soon as possible to the secretary, Ales Hrdlicka, United States National Museum, Washington. It is also essential that a synopsis of each paper be placed in the hands of the secretary before July 30 of next summer.

"A Year with a Whaler" (Outing Publishing Company), by Walter Noble Burns, is still another example of the growing habit of sowing in the forbidding soil of hard labor and uncongenial surroundings on the chance of reaping a golden harvest later, at the hands of the booksellers. Mr. Burns has no unusual gift as a writer, but manages to keep a strong current of life throughout the 250 comfortably large-typed pages of his story. The scenes of the author's adventures were mostly in the whaling regions of Alaskan and Siberian waters.

"Hunting the Elephant in Africa" (Macmillan), by Capt. C. H. Stigand, differs from the book of James Sutherland, noticed in these columns some months ago, in that Capt. Stigand is not primarily a professional elephant hunter, with an average of nearly one bull elephant per week to his score for a decade past, but an army officer, explorer, and field naturalist, who hunts elephants or other big game occasionally, as the spirit and opportunity suggest. The elephant hardly more than justifies his place of honor in the title, since above half the chapters deal either with other forms of hunting or with the natives, the natural features of the country, and various other topics naturally suggested to a writer of Capt. Stigand's keen powers of observation. The closing chapter is a spirited attack upon the theory of protective coloration in insects. Col. Roosevelt contributes a short introduction, giving a scarcely needed assurance of the author's competence in the field covered by his book, and lamenting that he is too diffident in telling of his own achievements.

It is difficult to understand how Violette M. Montagu could have written so dull a book on a subject that appeals so strongly to the imagination as does that gentle Irish priest who mounted the scaffold with Louis XVI ("The Abbé Edgeworth and His Friends," Brentano's). The narrative halts and rambles pitifully forward and backward through time and place. Yet the author doubtless believed that history should be interesting, for her brief bibliography of historical authorities consulted includes Hugo's "Quatre-vingt-treize," Dumas's "La Route de Varennes," and Balzac's "Les Chouans." The publishers have been at pains to make a thoroughly mediocre volume outwardly attractive.

The conviction that the eighteenth century in France was the century of the adventurers will be strengthened in any one who reads the new volume on "D'Eon de Beaumont: His Life and Times" (Badger). The authors, MM. Homberg and Jousselin, make plain that in this series of adventurers, D'Eon was the pure type to which his other eighteenth-century colleagues, Cagliostro, Napoleon, Mesmer, and the Illuminati generally, were but imperfect approximations. He loved mystification and adventure for their own sakes; and if, after having been a captain of dragoons and a minister plenipotentiary to England, he assumed and kept for forty years the title and garb of Mlle. D'Eon, we suspect that it was the result of nothing deeper than his ineurable hanker for the sensational. The authors are inclined to exaggerate the part which the Chevalier played in the secret diplomacy of Louis XV and to explain too much on this score. Considering D'Eon's cleverness, it proves nothing that in his feminine rôle he should have imposed upon Beaumarchais, whom he tartly described as "one of those by whom one must be hated to retain one's self-respect." And if he succeeded in deceiving Beaumarchais, it was natural that Louis XVI and Vergennes, for whom Beaumarchais was negotiating, should likewise have been deceived. The author of the "Marlage de Figaro," who incidentally had himself won his spurs as an adventurer, has discussed his dealings with the Chevalier at considerable length in his "Memoires." Unfortunately, however, it is as difficult to believe Beaumarchais as it is to understand D'Eon. The present authors tell us that they have based their work on documents in the Archives of the Ministry for Foreign Affairs and on a collection of D'Eon's papers recently discovered. If this is so, the newly discovered papers told us nothing not previously known. The method followed is that of easy narration rather than that of rigorous history. This is as it should be, for in spite of the long and serious attempts to assign to one or the other sex this adventurer who was a credit to neither, D'Eon does not belong to history, but only to history's *chronique scandaleuse*. The acceptable translation, by Alfred Rieu, makes it an entertaining story of an amazing life.

Louis XIV made himself the exclusive centre of radiance at Versailles and succeeded so successfully in drawing all eyes towards his own person that people have paid relatively little attention to his brother. In order to focus some light on the latter, Mr. Hugh Stokes has put together in an entertaining but uncritical volume entitled "A Prince of Pleasure, Philip of France and his Court, 1640-1701" (Brentano's), a mass of references to Philip which he finds in the seventeenth century memoirs and gossipy letters. Philip of Orleans was the father of the Philip who ruled as Regent in 1715, and the direct ancestor of Louis Philippe, who played the part of King of the French after 1830. His family offers interesting material for the student of eugenics. With the same parentage as Louis XIV, Philip lacked altogether most of his brother's notable characteristics; he had no dignity, no control of himself, no manners, no aptitude for politics; only in the looseness of his morals did he much resemble his royal brother. All in all, he was a contemptible prince and a foolish husband. By his first marriage, however, to Henrietta Anne of England, he became of some political importance; for Henrietta was the able sister of the restored Charles II. She was sent by Louis XIV in 1670 to arrange with the English King the shameful secret treaty of Dover and was often entrusted by Louis with secrets of state which were withheld from her shallow and suspicious husband. This was not conducive to domestic harmony in the Orleans household. Any possibility of such harmony was banished by the fact that Philip became absurdly obsessed by the Chevalier de Lorraine and lavished upon him the affection and money which he owed to his own wife. In fact, when Henrietta suddenly died in 1670, it was commonly believed that she had been poisoned by her husband and his favorite. After her death Philip married the clever Palatine princess known in literature as "Liselotte," but his life with her was no happier than with Henrietta. Besides being entertaining, Mr. Stokes shows how the personal motives and private hates in this Orleans family were allowed to influence, to a small extent, the trend of international relations in the reign of Louis XIV.

"Lyrics and Poems from Ibsen" (Dutton), collected and arranged by Mrs. F. E. Garrett, with an introduction by Philip H. Wicksteed, is a collection of certain poetical translations made by the late Edmund Garrett, many of which appeared from time to time in the *Westminster Gazette*. The volume contains a complete version of "Brand," a rendering of Aase's death scene from "Peer Gynt," translations of twenty-eight of the "Digte" and of five songs from the dramas. In almost every case the metre of the original has been reproduced in English, and the work is most of it excellent. Garrett seems always to have been a careful literary workman, usually to have caught admirably the spirit of the Norse poems, and often to have become a true poet himself. Although his version of "Brand" was written very rapidly, it is in the main highly successful. In the lyrical passages of work thus hastily done he is not at his best. The exquisite "Agnes, min dejlige sommerfugl" has eluded him, as it has baffled every previous attempt at translation. The scene from "Peer Gynt," the beginning of a projected translation of the entire poem, is so good that the completed version would probably have been by far the best one in the language. It is the main body of lyrics, however, that will command the readiest interest. Garrett's versions of these poems ought to extend the knowledge and appreciation of this least-known aspect of Ibsen's genius. One feels more and more the truth of Professor Brandes's remark, quoted by Mr. Wicksteed, that at some point in the battle of life Ibsen had a lyrical Pegasus shot from under him. In one of his verses the poet suggests that he deliberately neglected his lyric gift to fight the battles of mankind:

> What is life? A fighting
> In heart and in brain with Trolls.
> Poetry? That means writing
> Doomsday accounts of our souls.

In some of these lyrical translations we see the mysterious and illusive Ibsen whom we already know, as in "Spillemaend" ("Musicians"), which Garrett translates as follows:

> My thoughts went out to her nightly
> The silvery summer through;
> But the path bore down by the river
> In the alder-wood wet with dew.
>
> Ha! Song with a shudder in it
> Is the spell for a woman's will,
> That through halls and high cathedrals
> Her dream be to follow thee still.
>
> I called from the pool the Kelpie;
> I sold my soul for his art;
> But when I had mastered his secret
> She lay at my brother's heart.
>
> Through halls and high cathedrals
> I played my way alone;
> And the shudder and song of the torrent
> Has made my soul their own.

Sometimes we discover a new, startlingly direct, and simple Ibsen, as in "Borte" ("Gone"):

> The last, late guest
> To the gate we followed:
> Good-bye—and the rest
> The night wind swallowed.
>
> House, garden, street
> Lay ten-fold gloomy,
> Where accents sweet
> Had made music to me.
>
> It was but a feast
> With the dark coming on;
> She was but a guest,—
> And now, she is gone.

Lovers of Ibsen's "Digte," or longer lyrics, will find most of them admirably translated in this volume, and some of them

superbly—notably "Stormsvalen," "Ederfuglen," and the tremendous "Paa Vidderne."

The uninstructed reader, on encountering the "Diamond Sutra," really endorses Max Müller's comment that "at first sight it may seem as if this metaphysical treatise hardly deserved the world-reputation which it has attained." Its singular charm to the philosophical mind is evident, however, in a considerable number of translations into various languages, the latest of which, "Chin-Kang-Ching, or Prajna-Paramita" (Dutton), translated from the Chinese by William Gemmell, places the classic before the English reader in a convenient form accompanied by copious notes. The author of this sutra remains unknown, but its translator from the original Sanskrit into Chinese was a native of Kashgar, who became First Minister of a Chinese-Tibetan Emperor in 405. The work has always been regarded in eastern Asia as one of the two chief documents of Mahâyâna Buddhism. Like the Confucian Analects it takes the form of question and answer, but its contents are utterly unlike the ethical and biographical matter of the Chinese classic. Like the Christian Gospels this is supposed to come directly from the Master. When asked by what name the scripture should be known "the Lord Buddha replied, saying, Subhuti, this scripture shall be known as 'The Diamond Sutra,' the Transcendent Wisdom, by means of which we reach the Other Shore. By this name you shall reverently regard it. And why? Subhuti, what the Lord Buddha declared as transcendent wisdom by means of which we reach the other shore, is not essentially transcendent wisdom—in its essence it transcends all wisdom." The philosophical nihilism of Buddha disclaims any idea of formulating a creed. "There is no law," he is quoted as saying, "by means of which a disciple may be defined as one having attained supreme wisdom." Such a statement seems to warrant Rhys David's contention that *Dharma* is not "law" as usually interpreted, "but that which underlies and includes the law." The process of reasoning permeating this sutra and, applied alike to names and things, inevitably disposes of them all as unreal. Thus, "What are ordinarily declared to be systems of law are not in reality systems of law, they are merely termed systems of law." Mr. Gemmell supplies a useful introduction to his translation, dealing with the meanings of fundamental Buddhist terms. He has made a little book that every Christian missionary in eastern Asia ought to own and study.

A recent volume of the Loeb Classical Library (Macmillan) contains Petronius with a translation by Michael Heseltine, and Seneca's "Apocolocyntosis" with a translation by W. H. D. Rouse. There has been no complete translation of Petronius for more than half a century, during which period a great deal has been done for the elucidation of an unusually difficult and in places obscure author. Hence a new translation is welcome. This version is well done on the whole. The section containing the "Cena Trimalchionis" will at once be compared with Professor Peck's version of "Trimalchio's Dinner," to which it is much superior in taste. It suffers, to be sure, from too much English slang, but slang seems to be inevitable in a translation of Petronius. Obscene passages are reprinted in the Latin, even when the obscenity is confined to a small portion of a sentence. This gives a curious appearance to many pages, and makes an unpleasant impression, although it was probably necessary in a version designed for general use. While absolute exactness is not to be demanded in a translation, this version shows far too many quite unnecessary inaccuracies, with occasional downright errors. A single example will serve as a type. In §42 we read: "Medici eum perdiderunt, immo magis malus fatus; medicus enim nihil aliud est quam animi consolatio." This is rendered: "The doctors killed him—no, it was his unhappy destiny; a doctor is nothing but a sop to conscience." Here the change in sentence structure is unnecessary, as the literal rendering would make excellent English, while "sop to conscience" is a strange blunder. The translation of the "Apocolocyntosis" by Dr. Rouse was made, as he tells us, many years ago. It has apparently not been revised, for there are too many actual mistakes for us to believe that this represents his present attitude towards accuracy. Thus at the very outset we find this curious rendering: "Si quis quaesiverit unde sciam, primum, si noluero, non respondebo"—"Ask, if you like, how I know it. To begin with, I am not bound to please you with my answer." And yet translation is an art! There are some unsuccessful attempts at giving the spirit of Greek phrases by pseudo-biblical reminiscences. The verse passages are often very cleverly reproduced in rhyme, but the tone is sometimes open to criticism. Altogether we might have expected something much better from this distinguished scholar.

A thoroughly charming book is "Roman Farm Management" (Macmillan), being the treatises of Cato and Varro done into English with notes of modern instances by "A Virginia Farmer." The charm as well as the practical value of the ancient works on agriculture, both Greek and Latin, has often been recognized by cultivated farmers, as recently by David Buffum in the *Atlantic Monthly* for September, 1911. The present book is also noteworthy because under the nom-de-plume A Virginia Farmer probably lurks the personality of Fairfax Harrison, railway president, director in numerous corporations, and financier. We have then here a proof not only of the enduring hold of the Classics, but of the little acknowledged truth that classical culture can go hand in hand with the insistent demands of modern business life. Only that portion of Cato is included which pertains to Agriculture. Varro is given entire. The translation, while free, is so good that the difference in style between the two authors can be readily appreciated. It is, moreover, in excellent taste. That, however, which adds particular charm to the volume is the use of modern instances illustrative of the statements of the text, taken from the author's own experience or from his wide reading. A vein of humor runs through these notes which adds point to the criticisms. This is sometimes combined with practical additions. Thus at the close of the translation of Cato, as a note upon Cato's directions for curing hams, our Virginia Farmer adds "A Virginia Recipe for Curing Hams," followed by "A Virginia Recipe for Cooking Hams." He says finally "To be thoroughly appreciated a ham should be carved at the table by a pretty woman. A thick slice of ham is a crime against good breeding."

In "Jena to Eylau" (Dutton), Freiherr von der Goltz traces in detail, almost day by day, the disastrous retreat of the old Prussian army during the four months from October 14, 1806, to February 8, 1807. It is a continuation of his previous volume, "Von Rossbach bis Jena und Auerstedt," and covers much of the same ground as the excellent volumes of Von Lettow-Vorbeck. But it is more readable and less technical than most military histories and contains many interesting military observations of general application. "The events of this night [after Jena] stand for all time as a warning against the mistaken kindness of sparing an army in time of peace." "Fearlessness obtains more than subservience from the great men in history." He explains the Prussian débâcle after Jena as due not so much to cowardice or panic as to the degenerate and artificial conception of the art of war and of the soldiers' calling which obtained in heads of the octogenarian Prussian generals. They had underrated the danger and not made the supreme effort at the outset; when the blow fell at Jena they quickly gave up fortress after fortress in the vain delusion that in so doing they should facilitate an early peace and lessen the sufferings of the people. The lesson of the past which he draws for his countrymen of the present is that a long period of peace, like that following the Seven Years' War or the war of 1870-71, with increasing wealth and comfort, causes military dry-rot. He exhorts Germans to be on their guard against all half-heartedness in military effort, against "diplomatic generals," and against the tendency to overvalue technical training in officers and to undervalue the importance of intense sustained effort, even in time of peace, on the part of the common soldier. These observations have weight as coming from one who was trained under Moltke and Prince Frederick Charles, and who recently reorganized the Turkish army; the fact that the latter went down to a defeat as complete as that of the Prussian army in 1806 was due in part to defects for which the organizer was not wholly responsible. In fact, Jena to Auerstedt is paralleled in more than one respect by Kirk-Kilisse to Tchataldja; it remains to be seen whether Turkey can show a moral and military regeneration through defeat comparable to that of Prussia after 1806. Capt. C. F. Atkinson's translation is adequate, but his maps are atrocious; it is a pity that he did not reproduce the excellent maps of the German original.

In William Stone Booth's "Wonderful Escapes by Americans" (Houghton Mifflin), a score of narratives, some of them hardly more than anecdotes, are collected. The editor's object has been, he says, "to present an unhackneyed series of engrossing and true stories." That they are true we cannot doubt, or that, almost without exception, they contain the material of engrossing fiction. But alas, being fact, they cannot be fiction, and their style is the hackneyed and unilluming style to which the purveyors of mere fact, for the most part, seem condemned. Artists like Defoe

and Poe have pretended to use that style. They have kept the dry tone and worn phrase of your earnest chronicler. But they have slyly illumined it, so that while they seemed to be illustrating the superior strangeness of fact over fiction, they were really bringing home the superior charm of fiction over fact. The effect of these pages is the less satisfying because it is not clear what part of them is the work of the editor and adapter and what part is drawn from his original sources. He has confined his work, he says, "to the simplification, condensing, and clarification of each narrative. Where an adventurer tells his own story, his own words have been followed as closely as possible. . . . Quotation marks have been avoided in the text, but the breaks in the original form have been clearly indicated by the interpolations." We do not understand what this means, since there is seldom anything in the form of the page, or in the style, to distinguish interpolation from text.

The incidents chosen by Mr. Booth cover a wide range of American adventure. War, shipwreck, piracy, the trail, the Fugitive Slave law, exploration, flood, fire, and tornado, yield their several opportunities for hairbreadth escape. There is plenty of material here for a thrilling book, but such a book cannot be made by compilation. Certainly there is little in this one to tempt a second reading. One of the illustrations (facing p. 16) is the most striking thing in the book. It is almost as delightfully confusing to the eye as Hogarth's print of False Perspective. At first glance we see a small boat with a single sail bearing down upon us. A man seems to sit in the bow, facing us, his back to the mast. Then we observe a ship in the offing, and the legend beneath the picture, "He edged down towards her." We look again, and perceive that the sail bellies the other way, that the man grasps a tiller, and that in the confusion attending a shipwreck the jury-mast has evidently been shipped in the stern of the ship's boat instead of in the bow. The primary illusion is cunningly fostered by that humorist the illustrator, not only by facing the mariner the wrong way, but by introducing the detail of a shark's fin cleaving the wave in the opposite direction from that in which the boat is really going. Need we say that there is no shark mentioned in the narrative?

There must be something about Chile that conduces to dryness. Possibly it is the nitrate deserts of the north, or it may be "Sandy Point" in the Straits. Whatever it is, it has had a marked effect on most of the books that have been published in English about that republic. There never was a much dryer book than Hancock's "History of Chile." Scott Elliot's "Chile" is the least interesting of any of the volumes in Scribner's Latin American series. And now we have another heavy, albeit useful, volume called "Progressive Chile," by Robert F. Mansfield (Neale Pub. Co.). The author evidently lived for some time in South Central Chile and is very familiar with the agricultural region. Unfortunately he appears to know nothing of the nitrate fields and still less of the great copper mines, which is all the more singular when one considers the title of the book, for it is becoming increasingly evident that Chilian progress must be along mineral rather than agricultural lines. One-fifth of the book is devoted to an excellent chapter on Classified Husbandmen. It is carefully written and contains material not accessible elsewhere. There is no index, no map, and there are no pictures except the frontispiece, A Pair of Spurs, which we take to be the author concealed as a Chilian ranchman. The public libraries will need to add it to their shelves, but zealous indeed must be the reader who can grow enthusiastic over it.

The rapidity with which new titles appear in the Cambridge Manuals of Science and Literature (Putnam) indicates that its ideal of scholarly treatment in brief compass has found an appreciative market. The serial number had reached fifty a year ago, and twenty additional volumes bear the date of the current year. As to subject-matter, the catholicity of the editors has no apparent limit. Such themes as "The Modern Warship," treated by Edward L. Attwood, of the Royal Corps of Naval Constructors, and "Wireless Telegraphy," by C. L. Fortescue, professor of physics in the Royal Naval College at Greenwich, do not crowd out a new epitome of "The Moral and Political Ideals of Plato" or a consideration of "Mysticism in English Literature." These two subjects, by the way, have been assigned to women, Plato falling to the lot of Mrs. Adela M. Adam, of Girton and Newnham Colleges, while Mysticism is treated by Caroline F. E. Spurgeon, Docteur de l'Université de Paris, now lecturer in Bedford College, of the University of London. The literature of America is referred to in this volume as "rich in mystical thought," but because of the restrictions of the author's plan, writers on this side the Atlantic are rigidly excluded, with the exception of a brief paragraph on Emerson, as influenced by Swedenborg and passing that influence over in turn to Carlyle, Mrs. Browning, and others. A volume on "Ancient Babylonia," by C. H. W. Johns, attempts, in the author's words, merely "to summarize, without argument or discussion, the results now generally admitted as probable," in view of the almost unmanageable finds of modern excavators and the greatly enhanced importance of native sources since the decipherment of the Behistun inscription of Darius the Great. The work of the University of Pennsylvania and the University of Chicago in this field is briefly mentioned. The subject of "Comparative Religion" is considered by Prof. F. B. Jevons, under the various aspects of sacrifice, magic, ancestor-worship, the future life, dualism, Buddhism, and monotheism. The object of the study of Comparative Religion, as he expresses it, "is not so much to ascertain what we men think as what we feel and how we act," the study of one important and interesting way in which our personality expresses itself. A volume on "English Monasteries," by A. Hamilton Thompson, aims especially to give a brief description of the plans of monasteries, with the position and use of their principal buildings. The first chapter is devoted to an historical sketch of the monastic orders.

F. Sydney Eden contributes a volume to the Cambridge series on "Ancient Stained and Painted Glass," including under that heading anything prior to the year 1700. The closing chapter embodies an earnest appeal for some organized effort to preserve the stained windows still remaining from days of old in English churches. His suggestion is the creation of local councils endowed with statutory authority to protect all such ancient monuments within their territory, the written consent of the council to be necessary even to the slightest repairs. One volume is given to "The Vikings" and another to "The Icelandic Sagas," the two agreeing as to the justification of the Norsemen's claim to the discovery of the American coast about the beginning of the eleventh century. In the field of economics two volumes are added, "The Theory of Money," by D. A. Barker, of the Indian Civil Service, and "Copartnership in Industry," by C. R. Fay. Mr. Barker's book is confessedly in large part a digest of recent American literature on the subject, and he unhesitatingly admits that such American writers as Laughlin, Kemmerer, and Irving Fisher have carried the theory of money definitely beyond the point reached by Professor Jevons. A few pages are given to the subject of bimetallism, which is declared, however, to be of no great practical value. "Beyond the Atom," by Prof. John Cox, who worked for nine years with Professor Rutherford in the physics laboratories of McGill University, is a sketch of the discoveries in radio-activity described more fully for the specialist in the works of Rutherford and Mme. Curie. Among the results achieved in this field, according to the author, is a removal of the quarrel between the physicist, who would have the earth a molten mass 100,000 000 years ago, and the geologist, to whom this allowance is all too short for the deposition of the stratified material on its surface. The power of the newly discovered radio-active elements indefinitely to retard the cooling process gives to the geologist "a blank cheque on eternity" for all the time he needs, while the physicist is subject to no discredit for not having taken into account factors not then known to exist. Other volumes in the domain of physics are "The Earth: Its Shape, Size, Weight, and Spin," by Prof. J. H. Poynting; "The Atmosphere," by A. J. Berry, and "The Physical Basis of Music," by Alexander Wood. Biology adds two new titles, "Bees and Wasps," by Oswald H. Latter, and "The Wanderings of Animals," by Hans Gadow. "Submerged Forests," by Clement Reid, is credited by the publishers to geology, though the author warns his readers that there are some subjects which cannot be fitted into any hard and fast system of compartments of scientific knowledge.

The volumes in this series average about one hundred and fifty pages, are illustrated where illustration can be of real service, and are provided each with a select bibliography and a fairly full index. The treatment is scholarly, as thorough as the brief space limits will allow, and yet for the most part within the mental grasp of the intelligent reader who is not a specialist. They are sold at a uniform price of forty cents.

Developments in Auction Bridge follow one another with such startling rapidity as almost to justify the plethora of literature

devoted to the game. The first to expound the latest count in volume form is Florence Irwin, who tells us in "Auction High-Lights" (Putnam) all about the Nullo count. "Nullos" are the "misère" of the antediluvian Solo Whist applied to Auction, and may be described as negative No-Trumps. They have the same value as Hearts, the latter taking precedence in the bidding, and the player bids for so many tricks less than the book of six. Miss Irwin makes a strong plea for the Nullo count, holding that it tends to minimize the element of luck in Auction. We are glad to observe that she agrees with the majority of the best players of Auction in discountenancing the absurd artificiality of the "high spade convention," which was introduced early in the year, and threatened at one time to strangle the game. Her arguments against any such arbitrary conventions are explicit and entirely sound. The thirty-six test hands which the author gives are well selected and should prove an interesting study for the advanced players for whom the book is intended.

"The Auction Bridge Book" (Dutton), by Capt. H. S. Browning ("Slambo" of the *Westminster Gazette*), is an imported volume and illustrates in its scope the conservatism of British card players. "Royal Spades" or "Lilies," which have been universally adopted in this country for more than twelve months, are advocated in the last chapter of his book as a pleasing innovation, which the author hails as "the game of the future." He is likely, however, to modify his expressed opinion that the introduction of Royal Spades involves no radical change in the game of Auction. Experience with the new count here has shown that it has revolutionized the system of bidding. Capt. Browning's book is professedly written for the beginner and the moderate player, who will find in it a clear exposition of the underlying principles of Auction, although the fact that the Royal Spade bid is dealt with only as an afterthought cannot but detract somewhat from its value.

The Rev. Dr. Herrick Johnson, who died at Philadelphia on Thursday of last week, aged eighty-one, was a national figure in the Presbyterian Church and was well known as an author. Among his books are "Christianity's Challenge," "Revivals, their Place and Power," "Plain Talks about the Theatre," "From Love to Praise," and "The Ideal Ministry."

Prof. John Eastman Clarke, head of the department of education of Boston University, died Saturday at his home in Cambridge, Mass. Professor Clarke was born in Prospect, Me., in 1850. He graduated from Boston University in 1878, and in 1882 obtained the degree of Ph.D. in the same college. In 1909 he was elected professor of philosophy at Boston University, and later professor of education in the College of Liberal Arts and Graduate School.

The death occurred at Paris on Saturday of Etienne-Auguste-Edouard Simon, usually known as Lockroy. He was born in 1838 and was one of the best known French statesmen and writers. As a member of various Cabinets, first as Minister of Commerce, then of Public Instruction, and finally as Minister of Marine, he was highly successful. During the siege of Paris in 1870 he commanded a battalion of infantry. Many of his writings on naval questions were widely read.

Science

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

The autumn meeting of the Academy was held in Baltimore at the Johns Hopkins University on November 18 and 19. Twenty-two papers were read, nearly evenly distributed between the physical and biological sciences, only a fraction of which can be mentioned here. T. H. Morgan, of Columbia University, in a paper on "The Constitution of the Chromosomes as Indicated by the Heredity of Linked Characters," undertook to demonstrate a modification of Mendel's law of the quantitative basis of inheritance when more than one pair of characteristics are inherited at the same time, and to relate these to the division of the chromosomes in the cell. As an example, suppose that a yellow and a green pea are bred together, and that the yellow quality is dominant; then the hybrid contains the chromosomes or cell-nuclei denoting both yellow and green. In the next generation the characters will appear in the ratio of one yellow, one green, and two appearing yellow, but able to transmit both yellow and green. The yellows breed true with their own kind, the greens with theirs, but the others give yellow with yellows, and green with greens. If now there is another pair of characters, such as being round or wrinkled, these are inherited in a similar manner. If the yellow pea is round, and the green wrinkled, according to Mendel it would be an even chance whether the round character stayed together with the yellow, and the wrinkled with the green, or whether they exchanged, but Professor Morgan finds that in the great majority of cases the characters stay together, or are linked. Various examples, both botanical and zoölogical, were described.

In a paper entitled "The Action of Vital Stains Belonging to the Benzidine Group," H. McL. Evans, of the Johns Hopkins Medical School, described the action of certain dies which undergo no chemical changes when introduced into the body of an animal, but affect it in a very remarkable manner. The introduction of a cubic centimetre of trypan-blue into the peritoneal cavity of a mouse is followed in a few minutes by a strong blue coloration of the nose and ears, as was plainly evident in the lively small beasts handed about. This color persists for weeks without disturbing the animal. On the other hand, with azo-blue, no such effect takes place. It was shown that slight displacements of the sulphonic acid radical in the molecule caused the difference between positive and negative vital stains. The effect was shown to be due to the colloidal nature of the dyes, the positive dyes having the property of rapid diffusion, the negative none, the difference being due to the size of the particles of the dye.

S. O. Mast, of Johns Hopkins University, in a paper on "Changes in Pattern and Color of Fishes," with special reference to flounders, shows that the flounder possesses a great advantage over the leopard in that he can change his spots to a very appreciable degree, for the purpose of making himself invisible against the background of the bottom of the sea. In the first of a number of photographs the flounder was absolutely invisible against the background of mud covered with shells, which his mottled skin closely imitated. The background was then changed several times, and a series of checked or striped patterns placed under him. Although in every case the pattern was changed in a remarkable degree, from nearly black to nearly white, it was shown that the flounder could not imitate the background with any great exactness, especially in the case of stripes. He can perceptibly adopt various colors, showing color vision. As to how he is able to do this, and whether he can see the whole surrounding background with his two eyes on one side, it was decided, by placing one eye on one color and the other on another, that although two effects were produced, the adaptation is influenced chiefly by the pattern near the eye, and that no very close imitation of the background is produced.

This session was concluded by the reading by the veteran academician, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, of a touching tribute to his friend, Dr. John S. Billings, to which members listened with an interest seldom manifested in biographical memoirs.

In Wednesday's session Dr. Simon Flexner, of the Rockefeller Institute, discussed "Some Factors in the Epidemiology of Infection." These were not the effects of climate on insect or dust-borne germs, or the effect on the skin or mucous membrane, but other causes inherent in pathogenic organisms, causing changes in virulence. If the micro-organism is capable of being grown outside the body, it may tend to a diminution of virulence; while inside the body its virulence is enhanced. At times a sudden increase of virulence takes place, as in the case of plague, streptococcus, or infantile paralysis. In the case of the latter disease, due to an ultramicroscopic germ too small to be filtered out, it has been found that there is an extraordinary gain of virulence in passing it from one monkey to another. At the Rockefeller Institute this disease has been for four years thus transmitted, and has been longer continuously under

observation than any other germ. Its power rose and remained constant for three years, when it suddenly lost its high degree of virulence and failed to kill.

L. B. Mendel, of Yale University, in a paper on "Factors Relating to the Rôle of the Inorganic Components of the Diet," showed the action of various foods on the neutrality of the blood. It is possible to introduce acid into the blood without making the latter acid, it being the function of the kidneys to maintain the neutrality. Too much acid causes œdema, or accumulation of fluid, or nephritis. The acid may be removed by excretion in the urine, which changes in its solubility for uric acid. It is generally known that it is desirable that this should be easily soluble in the urine, but Professor Mendel shows the effect in increasing this solubility of a large number of foods, particularly fruits and vegetables.

Dr. H. A. Kelly, of the Johns Hopkins Hospital, reporting on "Radiotherapeutics in Surgical Affections," gave an account of the remarkaole success of the use of radium in the treatment of cancer, and stated that this was at present the most hopeful treatment of that disease. The action of the radium rays is quite different from that of the X-rays, and while burns are sometimes produced, they are not permanent nor dangereus. The action of the radium is very prompt, and it does not necessitate long confinement in a hospital, nor does it interfere with the resort to surgery in case of its failure. A number of photographs showed the startlingly rapid and complete elimination of cancerous growths, sometimes in a few days. It was stated that the sooner a patient applies for treatment the more likely the possibility of effecting a cure.

A. H. Pfund, of Johns Hopkins University, described the measurement of stellar radiation by means of a wonderfully sensitive thermo-couple used in vacuo, and placed in the focus of the thirty-inch reflecting telescope of the Allegheny Observatory. The sensitiveness is so great that the heat of a candle could be detected at a distance of eight miles. Good-sized deflections were obtained from Vega, Jupiter, and Altair, and with a more sensitive galvanometer these would be much increased. J. A. Anderson, also of Johns Hopkins, explained a method for testing screws, by which the new screws for ruling diffraction engine gratings are tested and brought to perfection by the application of an optical interferometer on the screw before mounting. The use of these methods enables the art of ruling these gratings, made famous by Rowland, an art lost after his death, to be again successfully practiced.

G. F. Becker, of the United States Geological Survey, and A. L. Day, of the Geophysical Laboratory of the Carnegie Institution, described "Fresh Experiments on the Linear Force of Growing Crystals," showing that small crystals forming from solution might sustain and raise a weight of eighty kilograms, and that apparently negative results were explained by an imperfect distribution of the pressure.

A. G. Webster, of Clark University, exhibited a new portable phonometer, or instrument for measuring the loudness of sound, the present instrument being for a particular pitch nearly as sensitive as the ear, and giving the measurement in absolute measure. The instrument was used by L. V. King, of McGill University, Montreal, who, in a paper entitled "Phonometric Characteristics of Fog-Signal Equipment," described the exploration of the acoustic field of the fog signal at Father Point, on the lower St. Lawrence, this being the first such survey ever made, for lack of a suitable measuring instrument. It was shown how the sound frequently falls off in an irregular manner, owing to the varying temperature of the air over the currents in the water. The output of sound energy in the horn was studied by an ingenious application of a resistance thermometer to obtain the temperature of the air before and after passage through the sounding apparatus.

In the business meetings several matters of importance for improving the efficiency of the Academy were discussed, particularly the publication of regular proceedings. It is safe to predict that the Academy is now entering on a career of increased usefulness and greater distinction. Mention must be made of the enjoyable social courtesies provided by the Baltimore members, including a reception by ex-President and Mrs. Remsen and a dinner at the Maryland Club.

ARTHUR GORDON WEBSTER.

Worcester, Mass., November 22.

Drama

Shakespeare as a Playwright. By Brander Matthews. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3 net.

To judge from internal evidence, this is in part a compilation of matter prepared for professorial lectures to college classes. And naturally it traverses much familiar ground. But it possesses some distinctive merits. It is attractive in style, quotes freely and aptly from acknowledged authorities, exhibits full and accurate knowledge, and discriminates carefully between what is actually known—giving chapter and verse in support of its assertions—and the more or less plausible deductions of guesswork. Thus the sketch of Shakespeare's life, with which it begins, while inclusive of every trustworthy detail brought to light by modern investigation, rigorously rejects every uncorroborated legend. It is a scholarly and conscientious bit of work.

Professor Matthews is equally sound and careful in his description of the conditions prevailing on the Elizabethan stage. And his analyses of the Shakespearean plays, their origin, structure, and authenticity, are full, shrewd, and perceptive. But in his main endeavor to determine the chronological order of them from their general literary and constructive character, and so to trace the course of development of the author as a dramatist and poet and to define his status as actor and manager, he is apt to be more fanciful and ingenious than convincing. It is only fair to add that he is never unduly dogmatic, but readily admits the conjectural quality of his arguments. Many of these are sufficiently plausible, but others, as he sees, are controverted by indisputable facts. What he really proves, if unconsciously, is that the whole subject is involved in such uncertainty that it is impossible to formulate a consistent theory concerning it. One of his difficulties is to account for the comparatively adroit stage-craft displayed in a piece admittedly so early as "The Comedy of Errors," and the slovenly construction of some of the far more notable plays which followed it, the sudden access of skill in the tragic masterpieces, and the disappearance of that skill in later productions almost equally remarkable for poetic genius. It is an interesting problem, but there are so many known and unknown terms to the equation that any attempt to solve it now seems hopeless.

As to the notion that Shakespeare, like many of our modern play-makers, devised certain characters to fit particular actors, that may or may not be true. It is not quite so plausible, perhaps, as Professor Matthews seems to believe. We know nothing, or very little, of the actual histrionic accomplishments or abilities of the Elizabethan players. The reputation of Burbage himself may almost be called mythical. All that we can safely assume is that in tragic parts he pleased his auditors better than anybody else. But we have no standards of comparison, no such records as exist of the manner and methods of the great actors of a later generation. Shakespeare, writing for a stock company, must have known, of course, what players would be likely to be cast for his characters, whether tragic or comic, but to hold that his inspiration was in any way limited, or greatly influenced, by his comprehension of the histrionic capacities of particular performers is to adopt more than one violent presumption. It implies either that Shakespeare might have written better than he did, had he not been fearful of overtaxing

his interpreters, or that his leading actors, some of them boys, were incomparably greater artists and geniuses than we have any reason to suppose. It is altogether probable that Shakespeare may have devised a line of business, or an occasional phrase or episode, with some special player in mind, but this is as far as speculation can safely go. Like other dramatists, he had to be content with the best players he could get.

An interesting feature of the book is two maps, one of London at the end of the sixteenth century, showing the places with which Shakespeare was identified, and the other of the same neighborhood as it is to-day.

In our issue of November 13 Lady Gregory's "Our Irish Theatre" was wrongly credited to Henry Holt & Co. It is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"Nowadays" is a three-act comedy by George Middleton, which Holt will shortly publish.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton's "Magic," which he calls a fantastic comedy, is announced for immediate publication by Putnams.

"Cymbeline," a posthumous volume by Horace Howard Furness, will soon be added as Vol. XVIII to Furness's New Variorum edition of Shakespeare.

The first appearance of Forbes-Robertson in this country as Shylock was awaited with much interest. He never attempted the character in London until his farewell engagement at Drury Lane, although he had played it in Manchester and elsewhere. Some of the English critics described his interpretation as a new reading, in which a certain fictitious nobility was imparted to the Jew by representing him as inspired by racial and religious zeal. Henry Irving, undoubtedly, tried to do something of this kind when, in the latter half of the trial scene, he assumed an air of patriarchal dignity. The theatrical effect which he created was most impressive and pathetic, but it was achieved at the cost of consistency. He exhibited two distinct personalities. In his performance in the Shubert Theatre Forbes-Robertson committed no such artistic error. His embodiment, in all its parts, was consistent with itself and with the plain meaning of the Shakespearean text. He made it clear in the beginning that he hated Antonio because he was a Christian and a foe to usury—laying a notably venomous emphasis upon the declaration—and that motive was evidently the mainspring of his subsequent action. In this respect he followed traditional lines, but his portrayal, as naturally would be expected, was nevertheless strongly individual, revealing much more artistic intelligence than power of dramatic passion. In the street scene, in that whirlwind of conflicting emotions—rabid hate, wounded avarice, and outraged affection—he was by no means the equal of Edwin Booth, whose passionate utterance at this point was torrential. He lacked the physical stamina or the histrionic impulse to illustrate the full fury of that storm, but he indicated the ravages of it with unfailing comprehension and infinite dexterity. His acting, in this crisis, was at least equal to that of Irving and only second to that of Booth, but disappointed the expectation aroused by his masterly work in the opening acts, in which his ideal of Shylock—a man full of latent strength, keen, supple, vindictive, and sardonically humorous—was sketched with extraordinary vitality and elaboration of detail. Here his elocutionary skill and his power of facial expression were displayed to great advantage. No actor of recent days, not even Booth, has so charged the lines of the Jew with vocal significance. And in the first half of the trial scene he was equally successful, playing with remorseless and malignant intensity, and his portrayal of utter collapse, after Portia's triumph, if less theatrically effective than more violent agitation, was certainly more pathetic and perhaps more true. His Shylock, although conservatives may carp at some of the little touches of modern realism which he introduces, will be accounted one of the three best known to this generation, while his representation of the comedy as a whole has been excelled only by Irving.

"Grumpy," the new play which Cyril Maude has produced at Wallack's, is an ingenious and interesting melodrama, though not calling for critical consideration. But his performance of the central character, an octogenarian lawyer, who undertakes the solution of a criminal mystery in which his domestic happiness is involved, is uncommonly clever. His portrayal of an enfeebled body animated by an energetic will and an arbitrary but affectionate temper, showed a remarkable mastery of all the merely external mechanism of eccentric comedy. Mr. Maude is evidently a very able actor; that he is a great one is yet to be proved.

Mr. Chesterton's "Magic," recently produced at the Little Theatre in London, seems to have puzzled the critics a good deal. A. B. Walkley writes of it:

You never know what he is driving at, for the excellent reason that he hasn't begun by knowing it himself; one fancy, or one word, suggests another *à la fortune du pot*. Thus the word "vegetarian" suggests the fancy "militant vegetarians," and "militant" suggests Joan of Arc, and Joan suggests anti-vegetarianism because of her famous stake (steak—oh, no! decidedly Mr. Chesterton is not particular), and so on.

Edward Milton Holland, who died suddenly in Cleveland on Monday, aged sixty-five, although never numbered with the great actors, was a performer of substantial ability and sound training. His death inflicts upon the stage a loss which it can ill afford in these days. For many years he has occupied a distinguished place among American comedians, being recognized everywhere as a player of refinement and versatility, gifted with a rich vein of dry humor. He was a son of the famous old comedian, George Holland, so long associated with the Wallack stage, and he himself made his first appearance before the footlights on those celebrated boards in 1855, when he was only seven years old. He was Master Thompson in "Parents and Guardians." One of his best achievements was his Gerridge in "Caste," and he was also an excellent Cool in "London Assurance." After brief experiences at Booth's Theatre and the Union Square, he became a member of the company at the Madison Square Theatre in 1883, and took a prominent part in many of the productions made there. A notably successful impersonation on his part was his Captain Redwood, the detective, in the successful play, "Jim the Penman." He made another hit in "Captain Swift," and gave an excellent performance of Gregory Goldfinch in "A Pair of Spectacles." He won great praise, too, afterwards in Palmer's Theatre, with his Col. Moberly in "Alabama," and his Col. Carter in "Colonel Carter of Cartersville." In 1895 he scored an emphatic success in "A Social Highwayman." For the last ten or fifteen years he has acted in many different parts in many theatres all over the country, and always with a liberal measure of popular approval.

Music

Berlin heard its six hundredth performance of "Lohengrin" on October 15. The first was given in 1859, the one hundredth in 1876. The only two operas which have exceeded this number of performances in Berlin are Weber's "Freischütz" (693) and Mozart's "Don Juan" (654); but these had many more years to reach those figures.

An interesting Chicago concert, which might profitably be copied in other cities, was given by the Symphony Orchestra there on November 15. The programme was devoted entirely to American music. Three composers, who are members of the National Institute of Arts and Letters—G. W. Chadwick, Edgar Stillman Kelly, and Arthur Foote—conducted compositions of their own. MacDowell was represented by his D minor concerto, played by one of his pupils, Edith Thompson. The concert closed with Stock's "Festival March," into which the "Star-Spangled Banner" is woven. Other numbers were the prelude to the third act of Victor Herbert's "Natoma" and Parker's "Northern Ballad."

A notable event in Philadelphia was the first performance in America of Massenet's opera "Don Quichotte," on November 15, under the direction of Cleofonte Campanini. It met with a favorable reception. According to the *Musical Courier's* representative, "There is every sign throughout 'Don Quichotte' that Massenet felt the thrill of inspiration while writing it, and penned his measures with no lack of the melodic fertility, vocal knowledge, and mastery of instrumentation that characterize nearly every opera created by that remarkable musician."

The London Philharmonic opened its 101st season with a novelty—Richard Strauss's "Festival Prelude." The Philharmonic has a subscription amounting to about $850 a performance. The expenses have in recent years increased 60 per cent., partly because of increased composers' fees, partly because of the need of increasing the number of available plays to 110 from about 75, as in the good old times. Another extra is the cost of providing exotic instruments called for by modern scores. Only seven concerts are given.

Lovers of lyric song will be sorry to hear that Mme. Sembrich has cancelled all her recital and concert engagements for this season. She has moved, on her husband's account, from Lausanne to the milder cli-

mate of the Riviera (Nice), where she indulges in well-deserved leisure and a little teaching.

Madame Schumann-Heink has been made an honorary citizen of San Francisco by Mayor James Rolph. "The papers carry with them all the attendant privileges and honors usually granted to distinguished visitors. The honor was conferred upon Madame Schumann-Heink at the close of a great concert in the pavilion, and before an audience of ten thousand people."

Puccini's "Girl of the Golden West" has taken some time to find its way to the opera houses of Germany and Austria. Only recently was the work of the universally popular maestro heard in Berlin and Hamburg, and now it has reached Vienna, where, thanks to an unusually careful performance, it seems likely to establish itself as an accepted favorite by the side of his "Bohême," "Tosca," and "Butterfly." Weeks of careful preparation, under the supervision of Director Gregor himself, a past master in the subtle art of putting an operatic work on the stage, were devoted to the study of the intricate music drama, the smallest parts were entrusted to accredited soloists, and the result has been a well-balanced and satisfactory performance.

The death is reported from Munich of Hans von Bronsart, said to have been a favorite pupil of Liszt. He was born in Berlin in 1830, and was well known both as pianist and composer. From 1887 to 1895 he was intendant of the Court Theatre at Weimar.

Art

The special autumn number of the *Studio* is devoted to "Peasant Art in Italy," with Sidney J. A. Churchill, Vincenzo Balzano, and Elisa Ricci as contributors. There are numerous illustrations of peasant houses, costumes, and utensils. The heraldic embroideries of Umbria and the semi-Oriental rugs of Southern Italy and Sardinia are fully illustrated. Jewelry is also strongly represented with a number of colored plates, presumably from Mr. Churchill's own remarkable collection. The survey is quite adequate for its purpose, but greater attention might well have been given to the trappings of oxen and horses, and to pottery. Here the plates are quite meagre and some are taken from originals which have no peasant quality.

Archiv für Kunstgeschichte (Leipzig: E. A. Seemann), edited by Detlev von Hadeln, Hermann Voss, and Morton Bernath, is an art magazine of novel type. It offers, with briefest material descriptions, fine heliogravures of works of art which are unpublished or published in unsatisfactory or inaccessible form. In the first *Lieferung*, which contains twenty folio plates, private collections, German, English, and American, are chiefly drawn on. The editors also mean to reproduce fine works of art which appear transiently at the dealers' or in auctions. The present number ranges from Titian and Ludovico Carracci to Goya. Dutch Sculpture, Hans Leu, Bernard Van Orley, Cranach, are other characteristic titles. Of especially notable quality is a Rubens sketch, Peace and Prosperity, for the decorations at Whitehall. Nothing later than the eighteenth century will be included. The *Archiv* will be indispensable for museums and libraries where the history of art is seriously studied. At thirty-six marks for eighty plates annually, in quarterly instalments of twenty, it is an astonishing money's worth.

"The Masters of Greek Art" (Macmillan), by H. H. Powers, is a vivid and masculine review of the main tendencies of Greek art and life as reflected chiefly in the art of sculpture. Dr. Powers has the gift of concreteness and contrives to be vivacious and even drastic at times without becoming cheap. At certain points one might be inclined to contest his attributions and estimates. It would require much argument to convince your reviewer that the marvellous Demeter of Cnidus is of Praxitelian inspiration. Again, Dr. Powers is perhaps unduly scornful of the stylism of Polyclitus. Such schematization was a perfectly authentic expression of one side, and by no means the worst, of the Greek genius. Precisely this strong flavor of personal likings and dislikings makes the book interesting, and injects into a much hackneyed theme an element of the unexpected. While the work will not fail to interest any specialists whose generalizing faculty is still alive, its chief public should be found among college students and the more intelligent sort of tourists. To this public it may confidently be recommended.

Eleanor Rowland, in "The Significance of Art" (Houghton Mifflin), discusses painting, sculpture, music, and the minor arts. The weakness of most writing on æsthetics she attributes to the fact that the authors are generally either psychologists unversed in art or artists unskilled in introspection. Miss Rowland is evidently at home in both fields, and her book, which is a result of teaching, is clear, unpretentious, and stimulating. Her especial point of originality is the assertion of a law of materials. Sculpture is bound by the very limitations of bronze and marble to typical representations especially expressive of weight and mass. Music, though in every way freer, is still conditioned by the conventions of the notes and their harmonies. Painting is an almost unconditioned art, its material being negligible. The crude statement of these positions does no justice to the fairness and ingeniousness of Miss Rowland's argument. Occasionally her law of material drives her to rather untenable propositions. That no statue less than fourteen inches high, or in wood, or colored, is in the full sense sculpture seems a pretty hazardous maxim. Has Miss Rowland ever seen a really good lacquered wooden statuette of the Unkei school? or a monumental Egyptian bronze about four inches tall? or a fine Byzantine ivory? If such things are not in the completest sense sculpture, it would be interesting to learn what they are. Not to urge natural differences of opinion, Miss Rowland's affirmation of the natural divisions between the arts is wholesome and an excellent beginning for analysis within the respective territories. Even if we cannot chart the boundaries precisely, we may hope to reduce the debatable ground. The students are to be congratulated who receive instruction of the grade suggested by this stimulating little volume.

Mr. Somers Clarke, the author of "Christian Antiquities in the Nile Valley: A Contribution Towards the Study of the Ancient Churches" (Clarendon Press: Frowde), is already known to many from his earlier writings, especially his interest in the preservation of St. Paul's Cathedral in London, threatened as it is by the excavation of the London subways. His concern for a modern work of Christian architecture is quite in accord with the self-sacrificing solicitude evident in the efforts he has put forth in this volume to gather and preserve some account of the early Christian churches of the Upper Nile. As a matter of fact, very little has been done in this direction. Butler's volume was not primarily architectural, and Mileham's study covers only the churches of Lower Nubia. The neglect, or even wanton destruction, of these buildings by such men as Grébaut, when in charge of the antiquities of Egypt, has justly aroused indignation. Mr. Clarke began his survey of the ground among the meagre ruins of Soba on the Blue Nile, some thirteen miles above Khartum. Thence he proceeded northward, down the river to El Medyna. His many visits to the Nile in earlier years, combined with especial studies for this particular work, have enabled him to present in this volume a fairly complete survey of the ecclesiastical buildings along the Nile, from the union of the two rivers to Middle Upper Egypt. The studies are not highly detailed, and the plans are not elaborate, but in a field so little investigated they form a distinctly valuable contribution. As a product of the southernmost reach of Christianity, this hybrid architecture along the Nile, simple and unpretentious as it often was, is not a little interesting. In the structure of the great White Monastery, the home of the famous community near Sohâg, we find, nevertheless, a work of imposing proportions and impressive design, of which Mr. Clarke's plans and studies are the first adequate presentation to the modern world. They are especially welcome after the notoriously incomplete and incorrect discussion of the place by Amélineau, who even mistook the insignificant edifice now serving as the church for the sanctuary of the ancient monastery, a really imposing building, as Mr. Clarke shows. The relation of these buildings to Byzantine architecture on the one hand and to their earlier Oriental ancestral types on the other is a study of great importance, in which future archæologists and historical architects will find plenty to do. Only students of art and of the ancient world can appreciate fully the painstaking devotion with which the author has gathered together these fragments of an early chapter in Christian architecture and preserved them from destruction. If we have any criticism to offer, it is chiefly that the author has made no use of the camera, which often records invaluable details not discernible in a drawing.

John de Wolf, landscape architect, who made extensive changes in Prospect and Carroll Parks, Brooklyn, and the City Hall Park, Manhattan, died in Bristol, R. I., on Sunday, at the age of sixty-three. He had studied in Europe and this country. While

in Europe on one occasion he designed the Villa Maria, Lake Como, Italy. He was employed for years as topographer and hydrographer of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey.

Finance

DULL TIMES IN WALL STREET.

Last Monday, the total transactions on the New York Stock Exchange actually fell to the smallest total of any full business day since 1888. Last September the trading on the New York Stock Exchange was 75 per cent. of the total scored in the same month of 1912. Last October it was slightly over 50 per cent. of a year ago. During the five full days of last week, barely one-third as many shares changed hands as on the same days of last year. The weekly total would have been called a dull November business in 1895 or 1894.

In November of 1895, the average daily business, allowing for the Sunday holidays, was 190,000 shares; in 1894, a landmark of financial stagnation, the November daily average was 160,000. Since then the daily trading of the month has reached such heights as the 870,000-share average of November, 1900, the 1,200,000-share average of 1904, and the 720,000-share average even as recently as 1909. During the first half of this present month the daily average business slightly exceeded 200,000 shares; it has not averaged much more than half of that this week.

Such comparisons are easily open to exaggeration or misinterpretation; the tendency displayed may be purely temporary. We had a series of 100,000-share days or less in the first half of last July; Stock Exchange business was all but non-existent. The reason for that stagnation, it can now be seen, was that the market was "sold to a standstill." The result, however, was that the market presently began to rise, simply because the forces of depression had spent themselves. During the next two months a vigorous recovery in prices was under way, with 20 per cent. more business in September than in July. This not unusual experience is the basis for the assumption, fairly common in Wall Street, that if a stock market "goes dead" at the top of a prolonged advance, it means that prices must start moving in a downward direction, and that when the same thing happens at the end of a long decline, a recovery is at hand.

In the present instance, this reasoning would give at least the chance for agreeable inferences; but there are other considerations which offset it. Purely from the standpoint of current earning power, the Stock Exchange is not to-day a cheerful place. Office expenses run on, and 100,000 or 200,000-share days do not meet them. One large house not long ago reported a daily business of 500 shares, based on an out-of-town special wire service which cost $300 a day to maintain. That meant, for the present at any rate, commissions of only $62.50 a day.

When the Stock Exchange market is really active, it is not unusual for the wire service of a prominent brokerage house to turn in buying and selling orders for 25,000 shares a day. When such business falls to 25,000 shares a week, as has been the case of late, the wire service is cut down, so as to take in only very prominent cities, such as Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis, and San Francisco. This means, also, heavy reductions in the clerical forces of brokerage houses in this and other cities.

"Odd-lot" houses, which are seldom able to reduce their clerical forces in slack times, because of the immense amount of detail work involved in direct clearings of small customers, have not paid expenses for months. Orders for fractional lots usually represent one-fifth of the daily sales on the Exchange, and since the three or four houses making a specialty of this business have from six to twelve brokers on the floor, whose seats cost them $60,000 or $70,000 apiece, the firms can never pay expenses when total business of that character falls to the dimensions of the last few weeks. The same thing is more or less true of all other lines of Stock Exchange business. In not a few instances, the pinch of the recent hard times in Wall Street has led brokers to raise loans even on their Stock Exchange seats; for even now as much as $25,000 can be thus obtained to bridge over an unremunerative period.

Whether all this is to change, and when it will change, are among the questions of the day which puzzle Wall Street. In so far as the situation is governed by the investment movement of the day, the answer is easy enough. Most professions strike a fair average of earning power in the long run; but to the Stock Exchange is peculiarly and traditionally reserved the function of earning vastly more than a normal income, in a time of speculative enthusiasm, such as 1901, and balancing that by earning proportionately less in times when the pendulum of speculative activity has swung the other way.

But that leaves the question open, what the future has to offer in the way of better business. It happens that this is by no means the first occasion on which Wall Street has fallen into its present condition of despondency over its own business future. In 1894 and 1896, particularly, the familiar Wall Street comment was that all the great leaders were dead, and that Stock Exchange business was "played out." Early in 1897, with trading at a standstill, and with seats on the Stock Exchange selling at $18,000, members of long standing followed one another in retiring from business; there was nothing in sight to promise better things. The sequel, in the next five years, is sufficiently well known. Nobody supposes that another 1901 is now in immediate prospect; but it is fairly safe to predict the eventual return of the investing public to the market. When, and how, and why that public will return, involves other considerations. No one could have answered the question in 1897.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Aked, C. F. The Divine Drama of Job. Scribner. 60 cents net.
American Bible Society. Ninety-seventh Annual Report, 1913.
Ames, J. S. The Constitution of Matter. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.
Baldwin, J. M. History of Psychology. (Science Series.) 2 vols. Putnam. 75 cents net.
Barrie's Quality Street. Illustrated by Hugh Thomson. Doran. $5 net.
Beerbohm, Max. Fifty Caricatures. Dutton. $2 net.
Bhartrihari. The Satakas or Wise Sayings of Bhartrihari. Translated from the Sanskrit by J. M. Kennedy. Boston: Luce.
Blashfield, E. H. Mural Painting in America. Scribner. $2 net.
Boylan, G. D. The Supplanter. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1.25 net.
Bridges, Robert. Poetical Works, excluding the Eight Dramas. Oxford University Press. 50 cents.
Brieux, Eugène. Blanchette, and the Escape: Two Plays. Translated from the French by F. Eisemann. Boston: Luce. $1.25 net.
Bryce, Marion. Nancy in the Wood. Lane. $1 net.
Burrell, D. J. In the Upper Room. (Short Course Series.) Scribner. 60 cents net.
Charles, R. H. Studies in the Apocalypse. Scribner.
Charteris, Evan. William Augustus, Duke of Cumberland—1721-1748. Longmans. $3.50 net.
Clute, W. N. Laboratory Manual and Notebook in Botany. Boston: Ginn. 50 cents.
Crow, M. F. Harriet Beecher Stowe: A Biography for Girls. Appleton. $1.25 net.
Dickens's Old Curiosity Shop. Illustrations by Frank Reynolds. Doran. $5 net.
Distinguished Men of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania. Philadelphia Press.
Dalrymple, Leona. In the Heart of the Christmas Pines. McBride, Nast. 50 cents net.
Fleischmann, Hector. Robespierre and the Women He Loved. Trans. from the French by A. S. Rappoport. Appleton.
Forman, H. J. London: An Intimate Picture. McBride, Nast. $2.50 net.
Fowler, N. C. 1,000 Things Worth Knowing. Sully & Kleintcich. 50 cents net.
Gibson Calendar—1914. Doran.
Godinex, F. L. The Lighting Book. McBride, Nast. $1.25 net.
Gregory, Lady. Our Irish Theatre. Putnam.
Guerber, H. A. Book of the Epic: The World's Great Epics told in Story. Phila.: Lippincott.
Hardy, Thomas. Under the Greenwood Tree. Putnam. $2 net.
Harrison, Earle. The Panama Canal. Illustrated by color photography. Moffat, Yard. $1 net.
Haughton, H. L. Sport and Folk-Lore in The Himalaya. Longmans. $3.50 net.
Hervieu, Paul. The Labyrinth: A Play in Five Acts. Huebsch. $1 net.
Holmes, J. H. Marriage and Divorce. Huebsch. 50 cents net.
Housman, Laurence. Princess Badoura: A Tale from the Arabian Nights Retold. Illustrated by Edmund Dulac. Doran. $2 net.

Jenkins, Stephen. The Old Boston Post Road. Putnam.
Johnson, A. E. The Russian Ballet. Illustrated by René Bull. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $7.50 net.
Jonson's Poetaster and Dekker's Satiromastix. Edited by J. H. Penniman. (Belles-Lettres Series.) Boston: Heath.
Life Calendar—1914. Doran.
Logan, A. S. Vestigia: Collected Poems. Moffat, Yard.
Loti's Pêcheur d'Islande. Abridged, with notes, by Walter Peirce. Boston: Ginn. 45 cents.
Lowis, C. C. Fascination. Lane. $1.25 net.
McCaslin, Alvin. Watch Your Step! Huebsch. 50 cents net.
Mencken, H. L. The Philosophy of Friedrich Nietzsche. Third edition. Boston: Luce. $1.50 net.
Meredith, George. Up to Midnight. Boston: Luce.
Middle English Humorous Tales in Verse. Edited by G. H. McKnight. (Belles-Lettres Series.) Boston: Heath.
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New Jersey Insuranee Report, Year ending 1912. Part II, Life and Miseellaneous. Trenton.
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Osborne, A. A. Speculation on the New York Stock Exchange—September, 1914-March, 1907. (Col. Studies.) Longmans.
Osborne, A. B. As It Is in England. McBride, Nast. $3 net.
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Quiller-Couch, A. T. In Powder and Crinoline. Fairy Tales Retold. Illustrations in color by Kay Neilson. Doran. $5 net.
Reid, Whitelaw. American and English Studies. 2 vols. Scribner. $4 net.
Robinson, G. I. Floral Fairies. Drawings by F. A. Carter. Floral Fairies Pub. Co. $1 net.
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Who's Who in Japan, 1913. Steehert. $3.50 net.
Wislieenus, Paul. Nachweise zu Shakespeares Totenmaske. Lemcke & Buechner. $1.
Woods, Matthew. Divorce; Was the Apostle Paul an Epileptic? Cosmopolitan Press. $1.25 net each.
Zweig, Stefan. Paul Verlaine. Boston: Luee.

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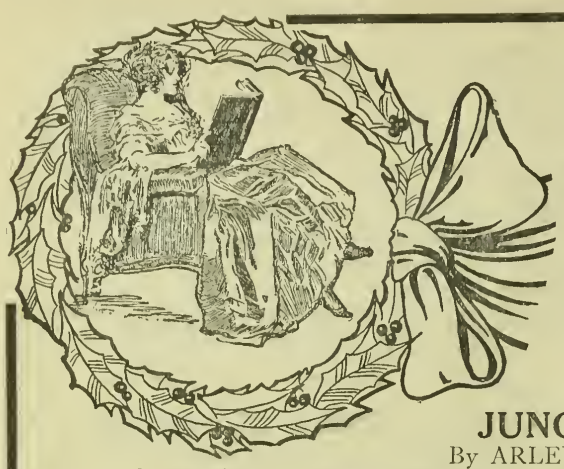

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1913.

The Week

President Wilson not only read his first annual message in person, but made it one that could be read. This is not merely a question of style, but of length. Compared with the messages of Taft and Roosevelt, Mr. Wilson has revised his downward by fully 75 per cent. This he has accomplished by leaving out the customary long reports on the various operations of the Government—reports which will be separately submitted to Congress and printed—and concentrating attention upon a few topics, such as our relations with Mexico, the establishment of a system of rural credits, and amendments to the Anti-Trust law.

In all the points mentioned the President followed his known policies. The only surprise of the message is what may be called the political part of it. He urges legislation to bring about an entirely new and uniform method of nominating candidates for the Presidency. This is by direct primary elections throughout the entire country, the National Conventions to be abolished, except for the purpose of framing party platforms; and even then the Conventions would be composed, not of delegates elected for the purpose, but of the party nominees for the Presidency and for Congress. In a word, the President would have the nation adopt what is virtually the system in States like Wisconsin and New Jersey. He gives no hint of the way in which Congress could attack the problem; cites no Constitutional warrant for his recommendation; refers to none of the enormous difficulties, both theoretical and practical, which would obviously have to be surmounted. One thing, however, is certain. Congress and the country will not dispose of this highly contentious subject so lightly as the President appears to be ready to do.

When our income-tax law was first drafted, with the flat exemption of $4,000, it was estimated that the number of persons subject to the tax would be about 450,000. It is interesting to compare with this the following estimate of French incomes quoted by the Paris correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph:*

Persons having an income of over	
£200,000 a year	20
£40,000 a year	85
£20,000 a year	360
£4,000 a year	3,400
£2,000 a year	9,800
£1,000 a year	51,000
£400 a year	123,000
£200 a year	294,000
£40 a year	8,000,000

This shows somewhat less than 65,000 persons with incomes above $5,000; and interpolated between that limit and the one next below it, we find approximately 100,000 persons with incomes above $4,000. At this rate, allowing for difference of population, the number in the United States would be about 250,000 instead of the estimated 450,000, indicating the greater abundance of good-sized incomes here. But the difference is far more striking when we go lower down; for out of the eight and a half million incomes in France—that is, roughly speaking, the eight and a half million families—eight million fall below a thousand dollars a year. At that rate, there would be only one and a quarter million incomes in the United States exceeding a thousand dollars a year.

Secretary Daniels's first report is hailed as showing that he is "no one-battleship man." Nothing less than two will satisfy him. To such a narrow line has the space between the advocates of an "adequate" navy and the disarmament fanatics been reduced! But it is not this feature of the document that will receive most attention. Even the members of the General Board are frank to recognize "the futility of hoping or expecting that the ships and men its policy calls for will be provided." It is the idea of a "naval holiday" that will have the strongest appeal for the nation. Ten years ago, Mr. Daniels points out, our largest battleship cost $5,000,000; the next Dreadnought will cost $14,000,000. "When," he asks, "is this accelerating expenditure to be reduced?" Accordingly, while heartily endorsing Winston Churchill's suggestion of a vacation of one year in battleship-building, he goes a step further by recommending the calling of a world conference to discuss the matter and see whether the nations "cannot agree upon a plan for lessening the cost of preparation for war." His desire that the United States should take the initiative in the assembling of such a conference will be widely seconded.

For a new party, innocent of the wiles of politics, Illinois Progressives must be granted to be rapid learners. Gov. Dunne, having some "minority patronage" at his disposal, informed the Progressive leaders of just what offices he had set aside for them and their followers, and left it to these leaders to do the "allotting." Were they upset by this strange offer? Not in the least. A few conferences, and the thing was done in a way that could not have been improved upon by the Old Guard. It is true that one little rift remains unclosed. When the offices in question had been placed upon the table, there were strong hopes that everybody would give his endorsement to Mr. Funk, Progressive candidate for Governor last year, for the Public Utilities Commission "plum." It is a good office, and Mr. Funk has fought hard for the party. But for some months Mr. McCormick has not spoken to Mr. Funk, and the other leaders hardly felt like going ahead and giving him the post without McCormick's assent. So the progress of Mr. Funk—to office—halts. The whole affair, however, is reassuring as showing the ability of the Progressives to take their eyes off their lofty ideals long enough to fasten them upon mundane objects.

A period of thirteen days was enough to give Louisiana a revised Constitution. The substance of the amendments is not of much interest outside of that State, the principal one being due to the necessity of improving the State's financial condition. The circumstances of the revision, on the contrary, are of unusual interest. At a special election, held on the last Tuesday in October, the voters empowered delegates to adopt amendments upon two matters, these being named in the act of the Legislature providing for the election and for the Convention. The Convention, however,

proceeded to frame and adopt several amendments dealing with other subjects, including an anti-Trust ordinance. This action would not be particularly serious if, as is usual in the case of amendments to a State Constitution, the people had the final word upon it. In the present instance, however, the will of the Convention is absolute. The amendments went into effect the moment they were signed by the delegates, and popular opposition to any of them is limited to protest or possibly to appeal to the State Supreme Court upon the ground that the Convention exceeded its authority.

Commission government came in like a flood on Monday, when 23 third-class Pennsylvania cities, of from 5,000 to 100,000 inhabitants, assumed a modified form of it. Mayor and Council were supplanted by five commissioners, one of whom is elected as chief executive, the others as departmental heads. The Pennsylvania Constitution requires the Legislature to include all the cities of a class in any change in city government. The way towards the present innovation was paved last year by a bill which reduced the councilmen of second-class cities to nine, of whom three should be elected on a general ticket. The need of some kind of reform, moreover, has been demonstrated in the recent mismanagement of funds in certain cities, while there has been a general feeling that the old plan was inefficient. But considering the mixed results with which cities have voted on the commission form in other States, Pennsylvania may think herself lucky that under her law she has not spent the autumn watching a determined majority drag a protesting minority into line.

The issue on which Mayor Shank of Indianapolis has resigned office is one that rises above the level of a picturesque career of the kind that delights the writer of newspaper squibs. Hitherto Mr. Shank has indulged in comparatively harmless pranks in which the friend of the people and the mountebank were sometimes indistinguishable. But when it comes to the Mayor of a city taking sides in a street-car strike to the point of announcing that he would not afford protection to traffic against violence on the part of the strikers, the situation has nothing of the picturesque in it. If the head of a municipality deliberately fails in the first duty of any chief of government, to preserve public order and afford protection to the citizen, he must step out of office. Even the volatile Mr. Shank is aware of this.

While John P. White, president of the United Mine Workers of America, and other officers of that association are on trial in West Virginia, indictments have been found against them by a Federal grand jury in Colorado. They are charged in the Colorado indictments either with attempted monopoly or with conspiracy in restraint of interstate commerce; and the West Virginia indictments, found several months ago, were likewise for offences against the Anti-Trust law. This has a special interest owing to the concern with which President Wilson's action in signing the Sundry Civil Appropriation bill, in spite of its peculiar rider concerning labor unions and farmers' associations, was so widely regarded. Whether these actions against labor-union heads were instituted by the respective local United States District Attorneys with or without consultation with the Department of Justice at Washington, their prosecution is calculated to set at rest any doubts that may have been entertained as to the President's purpose strictly to live up to the declaration he made in signing the Sundry Civil bill.

Comment in the press on the recent meeting of the National Institute of Arts and Letters at Chicago would indicate that we are not *yet* prepared for an academy of "immortals." But every recurrent December makes it plain that in one field there is, indeed, pressing need for some recognized authority to lay down rules and award honors. The present methods of picking an All-American eleven are arbitrary, uncodified, and productive of much geographical and academic heartburning. The West has long chafed under the arrogance of Eastern exclusiveness, and has gone in for an All-Transalleghanian eleven of its own. Even within the restricted area of the Atlantic seaboard the Thomas Aquinases of football have been having a dreadful time. They are swamped by the wealth of material. They have resorted to the expedient of picking first, second, and third All-American teams, substitute teams, defence teams, and attacking teams, and in many other ways have shown that their courage is not equal to their enormous task. The time for one-man authority in this important sphere has gone. We need a National Academy with headquarters at Washington and officially delegated power to select the champion eleven and bestow honors in drop-kicking, punting, tackling, and bucking the line. We look to see the idea incorporated in the 1916 Bull Moose platform.

Not often does one find in the day's news a more pleasing item than that which came from Philadelphia on Tuesday in regard to the Glenriddell manuscripts of Burns. Here is a rare case of "all's well that ends well"; the conclusion of the affair is as delightful as its beginning was unpleasant. The sale of the precious relics by the Liverpool Athenæum was—in our opinion justly—regarded as something very like a breach of trust on the part of the directors of that institution; and, apart from this aspect of the matter, Scotchmen, and lovers of Burns generally, were indignant that the books, if they left their old repository, should go to a private individual across the Atlantic who happened to covet them and was able to pay for them. Now it turns out that they have fallen into worthy hands, for Mr. Gribbel, the ultimate purchaser, announced at the dinner of the St. Andrew's Society at Philadelphia that he was arranging to restore them to the land of their birth. Few such restorations have been received with such a thrill of genuine pleasure and gratitude as will greet Mr. Gribbel's announcement, frae Maidenkirk to Johnie Groat's.

The story of the construction of the cathedral on Morningside Heights in this city bids fair to fall in with the tradition of church-building in Europe. We have the comparatively leisurely pace at which the work is carried on; not quite so deliberate as Cologne or Milan, to be sure, but sober enough for our electric age. It must be close to twenty years since ground was broken on Morningside Drive, and we are still far from the completed structure. Traditional, too, is the change in architect and plans during the course of the

work. In mediæval Europe such changes were inevitable as one generation of constructors succeeded another and put its own ideas and personality into the fabric. Perhaps it is well that a great ecclesiastical monument should embody the doubts, the hesitations, and the changes of mind of men as well as their aspirations and their faith. Rather novel is the decision of the trustees to submit the alternative plans for the completion of the cathedral to the adjudication of the public; but the idea is not entirely new. On a small scale it has been followed in France, where statues and memorials have sometimes been set up on probation.

Newspaper men have no reason to complain of the way they are treated by college professors. There are still plenty of academics to whom "newspaper English" is a synonym for slovenliness, prolixity, and violence; and it would be too much to expect that the "highbrow" element should surrender without a struggle. On the other hand, the number of college instructors in English who are setting up the newspaper ideal for their students is growing mightily. What more could the reporter ask than this tribute from a member of the Iowa State College faculty?

> With all its faults I still believe in the news style as the most efficient style of this modern day for presenting information through the written word. It has been hammered out in the heat and stress of newspaper work to meet the demands of millions for something to compel their attention, interest them, and give them information in the quickest, clearest way. . . . The news sense, the ability to see what is new, and its new meaning to the great world of humanity, is necessary to men in every field of endeavor, but especially to men who write.

Newspaper English at its best has the qualities that its enthusiastic admirers claim for it—vigor, concreteness, directness, and that demand on the attention which comes from dealing with the living facts of a vital, contemporary world. Yet this is no more than to say that a stirring message usually compels fit expression. But newspapers are not always delivering vital messages; yet they are bound to go on the assumption that every day is Armageddon. Then one gets newspaper English at its worst. Let a battle be fought in Mexico, with the attention of a continent hanging upon the issue, and the reporter will rise to his opportunity. But when no battles are fought, when no crises are reaching their climax, what comes out from Mexico? Columns upon columns of vague conjecture, if not worse; of irrelevant facts; of rumors magnified and multiplied, and all this vague matter diluted with repetition, prolixity, tautology, pleonasm, and all the other ills against which the rhetoric textbooks warn us.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier's espousal at Hamilton of free food as a campaign issue has been long foreshadowed, and is shrewdly calculated to appeal to both the St. Lawrence and the prairie provinces. That it does so on different and slightly contradictory grounds will probably be lost sight of in a general glorification of the principle of low tariff rates. To Manitoba and Saskatchewan Sir Wilfrid can promise that a free-wheat measure, operating through the reciprocity agreement with the United States, will throw open the great American market to Canadian growers. Just how this access to a new and higher market will lower the price of flour in Ontario and Quebec it is not easy to see. But it would at least equalize prices, and might destroy the growing monopoly of the Canadian Pacific in wheat shipments, which has been a main factor in the high cost of food stuffs in the East. In the fact that since the passage of the Underwood tariff Canadian meats and dairy products have risen greatly, and are actually sold for less across the border than at home, the Liberals have a powerful appeal for demolishing the tariff wall. Nor is their stand unpatriotic, for they contemplate new preferential rates to England in woollen and cotton fabrics, of no less advantage to Manchester and Birmingham than to their own consumers. But in essence a victory for the Laurier platform will virtually accomplish what the Reciprocity bill of 1911 attempted.

French railways, too, have need of "safety first" provisions, even if their lack of them does not result so disastrously as does ours. There is a familiar ring about the report upon the recent Melun wreck: "The engine-driver ran past three signals set clearly against him." As for steel carriages, it may be doubted if France has so much as heard of them. Yet the schedules are not slow. There is one train on the Northern Railway that has a run of a hundred miles in a hundred minutes, and makes it. The locomotives used on the French railways are more complicated than ours, and hence require closer attention from the driver, who is accordingly left with too little time to watch the track. Here are exemplified our own favorite faults of speed and economy, for it is the super-heaters and the steam-saving devices that have done much to make the engine engross the driver's mind. Suggestions are not wanting for meeting the dangers created or increased by this more rapid travel. In addition to the block system of signals now in use, audible signals for the engineer's benefit are sought for. It is interesting to note, however, that the French railway managers do not seem greatly disturbed over the imperfections of such audible signals as are already employed, since they look with distrust upon anything that tends to reduce the vigilance of the driver and thus renders him less of a man and more of an automaton.

Ex-Chancellor von Bülow's warning to his countrymen against French designs upon Alsace-Lorraine finds pertinent comment in the outbreak of something like open warfare between the inhabitants of Zabern, in Alsace, and the German garrison. If anything is likely to nurture the spirit of *revanche* in the hearts of the French people it is precisely such extraordinary exhibitions of militarist arrogance as have brought on the disorders at Zabern and have aroused resentment in the Reichstag, a body which, in spite of its large Socialist membership, is not inclined to be any too harsh on the Fatherland's army. The spirit of toleration in dealing with a conquered people which the case of Great Britain has shown again and again to be the safest means of fostering loyalty, still seems foreign to German methods of government. Arbitrary oppression of citizens by the military does more to foster the anti-German feeling in the conquered provinces than all the fulminations of French patriots. And so long as the anti-German spirit is alive in Alsace, the hot-heads across the frontier will make good use of it.

"RECALL" OF THE IVES DECISION.

Figures of the vote at the last election in New York State on the Constitutional amendments have been coming in very slowly, but they leave no room to doubt that Amendment Number Two has been ratified by a heavy majority. This result was a foregone conclusion. There was virtually no opposition. The amendment removes all limitations which the New York Constitution might otherwise be construed to place upon the power of the Legislature to enact laws for the protection of the lives or safety of employees or for any desired system of workmen's compensation for injuries or death. Yet this highly important amendment was not only passed by two successive Legislatures, with very little difficulty, but went to the people with the explicit endorsement even of newspapers of the most extreme "capitalistic" type.

The decision of the Court of Appeals in the Ives case, pronouncing unconstitutional the workmen's compensation act drawn by the Wainwright Commission, was the occasion for this amendment of the State Constitution. In the opinion of some excellent lawyers, that decision was an instance of that extreme interpretation of Constitutional restraints which for a long time was prevalent among our courts, though it is now in a fair way to disappear altogether, and is in distinct contrast to the spirit shown for some years past by the Supreme Court of the United States. That Court has unanimously upheld an employers' liability act whose constitutionality had been disputed on essentially the same grounds as those asserted in the Ives case; and in a number of decisions concerning the scope of the police power it has laid down doctrines based upon liberal interpretation.

This Ives decision has furnished no end of capital to Mr. Roosevelt and his followers. They have pointed to it as showing the urgent need of his scheme for the recall, or reversal, of judicial decisions by popular vote. Now the object has been accomplished, not only with great ease, but with great promptness, while leaving the functions of the judiciary unimpaired; yet there is no telling but the Rooseveltians may regard this not as a disproof, but as a vindication, of their position. "It is true," they may say, "that you have found it easy to amend the Constitution, while we have been talking as though it were next to impossible; but wouldn't our way have been much better? Why not just set aside the objection to the particular law you want, instead of going to the length of amending the Constitution itself? If the Court was wrong in its interpretation, would it not be best simply to reject this in the specific instance, and let the future take care of itself?"

The plea is not without plausibility. But there is a fundamental and fatal objection to it. The process of popular appeal upon specific decisions cannot possibly be limited to cases in which the Court's interpretation of the Constitution is "wrong." It is bound to work out in practice as simply a vote on the disputed legislative measure; and, however sound and wise may have been the decision of the Court as a matter of Constitutional interpretation, the people would vote it down if they wished the measure enacted. Indeed, the Colonel, in his most recent statement of the recall-of-decisions project, drops the Constitutional element completely, the question to be put to the people being simply whether the law in controversy shall stand or not. It is a tenable position that we should be better off without any written Constitution; it is a tenable position that, even with a written Constitution, the judiciary should have no power to declare laws unconstitutional. But to have a written Constitution, and to give the courts the power to pass upon the validity of a law under it, and then to permit Constitution and judicial decision alike to be reduced to so much waste paper whenever a popular majority desires to have its way in spite of them, is a palpable absurdity.

One feature of our judicial system which is clearly in need of alteration is pointed to in the situation arising out of the adoption of Amendment Number Two. The United States Constitution contains a provision essentially identical with that in the State Constitution upon which the Ives decision was based. It is by no means inconceivable that if the validity of a compulsory workmen's compensation act, passed at Albany this winter, were to be challenged as a violation of the Constitution of the United States, the Court of Appeals might decide against the law. Probably it would not, since the Supreme Court's precedents would then be binding; but it is possible that the new law would involve some feature not covered by the precedents. Now, if the Court of Appeals were to decide against the law as violating the United States Constitution, an appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States ought to be possible. But it is not. Under the Federal statutes, such an appeal does lie from a decision upholding the law, but not from a decision invalidating it. This is an anomaly, though it is not difficult to see how it may naturally have arisen. But all that is required to remove it is the passing of an act of Congress. This ought to be done at a very early date. It would remove a real grievance. The matter has been brought forward from time to time, but has apparently been neglected out of sheer inertia. It would be a particularly happy stroke for Senator Root to advocate this reform and push it to speedy accomplishment.

EUGENICS AND COMMON-SENSE.

A decided reaction from the first fine frenzy of the militant eugenists is revealed in the latest literature on the subject. It is a reaction based less on the fundamental principles of the new "science" than on the application of such principles; based less on the contention that eugenics is utterly wrong than on the contention that we do not know enough of the subject to justify us in formulating definite rules of conduct for individuals or the state. From the eugenic laboratories in England, where the doctrine had its origin, there now come warnings against the dangers that lie in overhasty assumptions and generalizations. This was the tenor of Professor Bateson's speech at the recent International Congress of Medicine in London, and it was the point driven home by another English student of repute in his recent animated controversy with Prof. C. B. Davenport, who probably stands at the head of investigators in this country. The cry to-day is for caution.

The difficulty is not one of ascertaining the end towards which the laws of heredity should be directed—always a tremendous objection to the "stock-farm" argument. We simply do not know enough about the laws of heredity. Theory is outrunning fact. This would

seem to be admitted even by those who have lost no time in advocating the application of eugenic principles to life. Professor Davenport has admitted that his recent pronouncement concerning the mating of strength with weakness, for which he was so violently assailed by an English critic, was dictated, in the last resort, not by strictly scientific considerations but by common-sense.

And common-sense is always bound to make itself heard under such circumstances. Common-sense has no authority in the field of pure science where discoveries frequently consist in establishing the truth of things that the ordinary sense of men has declared impossible. But once the principles of science are brought into touch with life, the corrective and inhibiting influence of common-sense must enter. It is then, when we are facing a practical problem, that we so often find that the latest teachings of science have been anticipated by the ordinary experiences of mankind. Those few principles of eugenics which we are to-day bound to recognize have been recognized, and applied, for ages. Eugenics is embodied in the laws and regulations of marriage obtaining among all peoples, and all creeds and legal systems. The prohibition of marriage within certain degrees of kinship is largely based on eugenic principles, consciously or unconsciously. The Catholic Church, in forbidding the marriage of cousins, is more thoroughly eugenic than some of our cautious eugenists are inclined to be to-day. Science renders immense service by giving definite expression to, and supplying a conscious basis for, practices that men have developed in the harsh experience of the ages. And this long continuity of human experience must always remain as one of the tests for legislation dealing with the intimacies of life.

Common-sense, as applied to this question of eugenics, denotes something far different from a Gradgrind philosophy of hard facts and strictly prudential considerations. Common-sense connotes sentiment, poesy, and the higher human instincts when it upholds the sanctity of life, of love, and of human purpose against the stock-farm interpreters of eugenism. Common-sense is much more philosophical than the mass of pseudo-scientific eugenists when it refuses to fix its attention upon an isolated problem to the overlooking of counter-problems. Common-sense refuses to grow excited over the necessity of preventing the "degeneration" of the race because it recognizes that no such process is under way; because it recognizes that the health of the race is improving, that the span of human life is increasing, and that a greater proportion of the race is tasting a greater share of happiness than ever before. Common-sense is aware, for instance, that discoveries are constantly and continually made in the field of medicine which at one stroke do more for the health and well-being of the race than the eugenists could hope to attain through ages of painful effort.

In general, common-sense recognizes that, as compared with the difficult and uncertain business of improving the race by regulating birth, a vastly greater amount of good can be accomplished by concentrating upon the human material after birth. To drop into scientific vernacular, common-sense opposes the well-proven influence of environment to the still dubious functioning of heredity. It recognizes that poverty, alcoholism, and crime are not prenatally determined, but are the product largely of social conditions. It was Prof. Karl Pearson, the most distinguished of Galton's followers, who conducted an investigation some years ago into the effects of alcoholism upon the young, and found that the children of alcoholic parents are not noticeably inferior in health to the children of sober parents. The eugenists are appalled by the birth-rate in the English slums, and foresee the swamping of the fit of the nation by the unfit. But common-sense ventures to doubt whether the English lower classes have ever been better off than they are to-day, and asks to what extent a rapidly growing population has been justified by the peopling of the waste places of the earth and the upbuilding of an empire with its millions of prosperous colonists.

It is not a simple problem. Every broad assertion made in behalf of common-sense immediately calls for its reservations and exceptions. The ideal of a healthier race towards which the eugenist strives cannot wisely be put aside by any man of sense. Nor can certain contentions of the eugenist be dismissed, such as the demand for the regulation of marriage among the notoriously diseased or otherwise obviously unfit. But the great objection is that, passing from what is absolutely justified, the eugenists, on the basis of principles whose validity is by no means established, have been clamoring for a short and easy way with problems of the utmost concern for the future of the race.

MEXICANIZING ENGLAND.

If we may believe the dispatches, the British Isles will soon be filled with rival armies. In Ulster fifty or sixty thousand men are drilling—with wooden guns. Not to be outdone by Belfast, Dublin has begun the recruiting of an "army." Ten thousand men enrolled the first day. They will presumably drill with shillelahs. But the thing does not stop there. The striking Transport Workers in Dublin are catching up the idea. They, too, say they will have their army, General Larkin will take the field against General Redmond, with General Carson perhaps moving against both from the North of Ireland. And at the same time the embattled ladies under General Drummond may be marching on Downing Street. It will soon be so that every political faction, even every clique, will have its "army." The Labor party and the trades unions are growing restless, with everybody else arming, and say that the time is drawing near when they also will cease to depend upon voting to get what they want, and will seize guns to extort it from the Government.

The whole thing, if we are to accept the reports as printed, has a Mexican air. Sir Edward Carson does not like what the Government proposes to do in Ireland, and so he issues his *pronunciamiento* in Belfast, just as if his first name were Eduardo and his last Orozco. John Redmond looks with dislike and envy upon this North of Ireland insurrection, and raises his "cry" in Dublin, after the fashion of "el grito de Hidalgo." Then there are the "plans" of Larkin and the suffragettes and the labor unions, put out with all the prolixity and the vehemence of a Comonfort or a Madero rushing to arms. An alarmed and too credulous observer might think that, by a year from now, Prime Minister Asquith will be in London like another Huerta in Mexico City, giving out bulletins about the operations

against rebels in all parts of the United Kingdom.

In the very fact that all this sounds comic lies the best hope that a peaceful and sensible way out will be found. Englishmen, too, have an "ancient humor" which will save them at the last. The process of raising an "army" to enforce every local or factional demand will soon reduce itself to the absurd; and then the armies will disband amid a universal smile. Batteries of public ridicule will be opened on the fierce paper-warriors. This kind of firing has, indeed, already begun—it is probably the only firing that will be done—and it is as hard for public men to endure it in England as it is on the Boulevards of Paris. Several months must pass before any of the Irish armies will have any excuse for mobilizing, and when the time comes it will very likely be the old story over again of thousands of infuriated and determined patriots who would have risen had they not been prevented by the police.

That the entire matter has a deeply serious aspect, however, no one who stops to think will deny. Not without disquietude can those accustomed to associate England with ordered liberty read of these threats of violence and of civil war. English political methods have always been rough. The Chartist movement had its fringe of incendiarism and murder. What the Fenians did and attempted, it is not necessary to recount. The lawless outrages by the suffragists can plead many bad precedents. But those English agitators misread the history of their own country who think that anything is to be gained by terrorism. It was not the burning and killing threatened by the Chartists that won the workingmen the vote; nor was it the pulling down of the Hyde Park railings, so often cited mistakenly; but the long appeal to reason and justice made by the Quaker, John Bright, and those who fought by his side, using only weapons of warfare that were spiritual. This is the kind of peaceful triumph of an idea that we like to think of as characteristic of England; and every friend of hers is shocked and pained to read of this new incursion of rowdyism in English public life; every man proposing to do what is right in his own eyes, regardless of the law, and throwing away the rifle in order to grasp the bludgeon.

For these sporadic outbreaks of warlike talk and action, the example set by Ulster is no doubt largely responsible. Sir Edward Carson and his followers have much to answer for in cultivating the spirit of violent resistance to the law of the land. The thing could not be confined to their corner of Ireland. No sooner do the men of Belfast undertake to act upon Lord Randolph Churchill's fine gasconading cry, "Ulster will fight, and Ulster will be right," than the men of Dublin shout in response, "Leinster will fight, and Leinster will be right." To this kind of angry separatism has led a movement avowedly started in the name of the Empire! It is one of the huge absurdities of the notion of raising armies to get what you are too rash and impatient to seek to obtain by the slower methods of discussion and law-making. First evoked by professed Imperialists, the spirit of violence has speedily given us a Larkin, addressing great audiences in England and crying out, "Damn the Empire!"

COMBINING IN SOCIAL WORK.

Germany has lately shown the possibility of two institutions, one formed for the practical treatment of a social evil, the other for its theoretical study, existing in ignorance of each other, though by joining they could heighten their effectiveness. At the International Congress of Criminologists at Copenhagen last summer, emphasis was laid upon a proposal for a *Kriminalistisches Reichsinstitut* at Berlin. It was to study criminal psychology, sociology, and psychiatry; police methods, trial methods, and the Bertillon and other systems of identification; with prisons and penal systems in detail. In the course of discussion, however, so Professor von Liszt writes in *Die Woche*, Chief of Police Lindenau, of Berlin, and the representatives of the University of Berlin discovered that in two divided parts the *Reichsinstitut* already existed. One was the *Polizei-Präsidium*, with a special museum, a criminal laboratory, a system of graphic charts, and a collection of criminal archives. The other was a department of the University, a *Kriminalistisches Seminar*, enrolling large classes. No one doubted the value of a Royal Institute; but why spend thousands for one when by throwing open the doors between classroom and bureau a perfect substitute could be created?

This is an example of shortsightedness in sociological work. Of the necessity for coördinating schemes of social benevolence we hear much; some plans for central supervision of philanthropies have actually been put into operation. But they meet a need coming after that of combining efforts at the active treatment of a social evil with those for its theoretical study. Any positive maladjustment in society calls into being an agency to deal with it. Such agencies are remedial. Of another sort are those reform organizations which study social questions in a scientific spirit. The boundary line between the two is more and more broken down. But even in so complex and advanced a matter as criminology the division is still found, as the German criminologists discovered.

It is natural to demand that the reform agencies shall cover both grounds. The primary basis for this is not economy of effort and money; rather, it is the feeling that social schemes should be planned upon the broadest possible scale. The proposal for the *Reichsinstitut* is typical of this new requirement; it was to unite the effective with the theoretical, the permanent reform with the immediate remedy, the humanitarian with the philosophical. It is a partial estimate of the need for inclusiveness of scope which prompts to expand one or the other isolated agency, without an effort to bring the two together. The Berlin *Polizei-Präsidium* might have gone on enlarging its functions indefinitely, as might also the Seminar of the University; yet neither would have reached its full usefulness, since their constitutions forbade trenching on each other's field. But once the largest possible view is taken, a hundred agencies spring to their places in the plan. It is a frequent criticism of schemes of practical reform that they are wanting in breadth and in insight into the future. Theoretical studies are said to be remote, intangible, and academic. The winning forward of social movements is by eliminating the deficiencies of the two and joining their virtues.

In a recent issue of the *Nineteenth Century*, an article upon "Blundering Social Reform," by Sir Guilford L. Molesworth, gathers together a number

of instances of costly errors on the part of institutions prominent in philanthropic work in the British Isles. The conclusion of the writer is that too often the eyes of England's legislators and social reformers are fixed either upon the ground at their feet, or upon nothing but the distant horizon. He quotes a sentence from Chateaubriand's "Memoirs": "There are two consequences in history: an immediate one, at once recognized; and one in the distance, which is not at first perceived. These consequences often contradict each other." His conclusion is that, while the breach between the practical and the theoretical schools of social reformers is often bridged, the very complexities of modern reform keep the necessity for eternal vigilance always present. And he tries to show in England to-day the necessity for that broadness of purpose which, in Herbert Spencer's phrase, holds in mind not merely "the immediate object to be achieved, but the indirect and far-off result."

BARBARA FRIETCHIE AND FAME.

The story of Barbara Frietchie is again under fire. Whittier's account of the supposed incident of September 13, 1862, is felt as an aspersion upon the Confederate troops, and so testimony is offered concerning the affair that would delight the heart of a district attorney. Why any one should be offended by the tale is not evident. "Who touches a hair of yon gray head," Stonewall Jackson is represented as exclaiming, "dies like a dog. March on!" Surely this is true Southern chivalry. But it does not satisfy the critics in the Southland, and they remind us accordingly, not simply that the story is false, but that it has been proved so by the mouths and the pens of several persons who ought to know. Here is a letter written from Frederick City only nine years after the war by Valerius Ebert, nephew of Barbara and administrator of her husband's estate, setting forth that Jackson and his troops did not pass nearer the Frietchie residence than three hundred yards, that they were never on the same street as the house, and that the lady herself, being ninety-six years old, was bedridden, and so far from being able to clamber to the attic window that she could not even get upon her feet without assistance. Finally, Whittier himself is said to have acknowledged that he had been misled and to have expressed his regret over the occurrence.

If this is not enough to demolish the myth, there is a later version, come fresh from Frederick City, which tears it to shreds. Two of Jackson's men, so this rendering goes, having entered the Frietchie house to take down the offending flag, Dame Frietchie chased them back into the street with a broom. It is possible that in this form the tale will be no more palatable to its critics than it is in the orthodox version, but when you set out to dispose of a myth, you cannot object to others who are engaged in the same laudable endeavor. But those who resent the story as Whittier told it do not stop with destructive criticism; they attempt to put it entirely out of the way by showing its probable origin. To Col. Kyd Douglas of Jackson's staff belongs the credit for the following narrative:

> Two very pretty girls, with ribbons of red, white, and blue floating from their hair, small Union flags in their hands, rushed out of a house as we passed, came to the curbstone, and with much laughter waved their flags defiantly in the face of the General. He bowed, raised his hat, and turning with his quiet smile to the staff, said, "We evidently have no friends in this town."

"Doubtless," comments the Charlotte, N. C., *Observer*, "girls or women who were Union sympathizers waved Union flags at Confederate invaders in the border States or the Union States beyond." But as for anything such as is related in connection with Barbara Frietchie, perish the thought!

Why should one have a grudge against myths? Well, the truth is that very few persons are so enamoured of fact as to wish to war against myths. All that most of us care to do is to crush a particular myth that offends us. Some of the leading critics of this Barbara Frietchie tale, for instance, become stanch supporters of a myth, or at least of an extremely doubtful story, when any one ventures to wonder about the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence. The shoe is then on the other foot. All the evidence tending to establish the fact of such a Declaration is greeted as entitled to respect. Any one contemplating an attack upon a myth of any standing would do well, therefore, to begin doubtfully and far away. If you have reason to suspect the authenticity of the Boston Tea Party, commence your war upon it in Nevada or Arizona. Point out the considerations that incline Bostonians to cling to any tale that does honor to Revolutionary traditions of this kind. Pour scorn upon the narrowness of the spirit that prefers local glory to the pure and unadulterated truth. Your Nevada or Arizona audience, not being especially concerned in the issue, will agree with you heartily, and in time you may create a sentiment regarding the famous Party that will put Boston decidedly on the defensive.

If one looks at the story of Barbara Frietchie in cold blood, one fails to see why the exact truth about it should greatly matter. Prove it to be false, and what have you achieved except to deprive a picturesque figure of its halo? But we do not look at myths in cold blood. If we could, we should not care for them. When we read about Barbara, we are not a jury in the box, making up our minds about the relative weight of evidence in the case of Jackson vs. Frietchie. Not at all. We are up there in the attic window with the intrepid old woman. More than that; it is our hands that seize the flag as it falls from its shattered staff. It is our hands that wave it defiantly before the advancing guns, our voice that shouts the challenge that may mean its silencing forever, and our victory for a cause that is dearer to us than life. We value myths, not for their truth to history, but for the tribute they pay to the possibilities of human nature. We cling to them, not because their destruction would deprive us of our ideas of the past, but because it would strike a blow at our faith in ourselves.

CHARLES ELIOT NORTON.

One of the mottoes prefixed to the second volume of these letters* is a sentence from Sainte-Beuve, which would read in English something like this: "The illustrious writers, the great poets, scarcely exist without having about them other men, themselves essential rather than secondary, great in their incompleteness, the equals in the inner life of thought with those whom they love, whom they serve, and who are kings by right of art." The words could not be more fitting if they had been written with Norton in mind, so perfect-

**Letters of Charles Eliot Norton.* With Biographical Comment by His Daughter Sara Norton and M. A. DeWolfe Howe. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. Two volumes, illustrated.

ly do they express his relation to the artists of his generation. We think of him first, perhaps, as the friend of Ruskin and Carlyle, of Longfellow and Lowell, and of the other writers who were giving lustre to the Victorian and —may we say?—Cantabrigian age, and we recall the epitaph he once playfully suggested for himself: "He had good friends, whom he loved"; but we do his memory wrong if we regard him merely as parasite, or shadow, of those greater reputations. He was more than friend and audience; he was counsellor and, at times, judge. One of the few notes of personal resentment in his correspondence is a protest against a passage in Ruskin's "Præterita" which had represented him as seeking unasked the society of the more famous man. Ruskin, indeed, meant to cast no slur, and in the same book adds the most generous praise of his "first tutor": "Norton saw all my weaknesses, measured all my narrownesses, and, from the first, took serenely, and as it seemed of necessity, a kind of paternal authority over me, and a right of guidance—though the younger of the two—and always admitting my full power in its own kind."

Something of that "rectorial power" he had with whomsoever he lived, whether individual or community, and from it came his honor and a measure, too, of bitter reproach. His letters, as they are now published in selection, have other claims to attention, but their greatest value is in the clear revelation of the man himself to those who knew him not at all or, like the writer of this essay, knew him but slightly, and of the source of the authority which made him among his more productive contemporaries an *égal au dedans*. The opportunity to set forth the nature of that power brings a peculiar pleasure, not without a sense also of humility, to the present editor of the journal which Norton helped to found and into which so much of his character entered.

I.

As for the work of the editors of these volumes it is sufficient to say that there is not a word of their own about Norton, nor is there a letter of his included, which would have given offence to his scrupulous taste in such matters; and, on the other hand, there is no evidence that anything has been omitted which is necessary to the understanding of the man and his position. Possibly the interest of the volumes would not have been diminished if an even stricter selection had been exercised in the earlier letters. He came to maturity late, and it is the gravity of his judgment more than any adventitious aids of fancy or cleverness that holds our attention.

His letters in this respect are curiously unlike those of Lowell, with which one naturally compares them. After the first crude effervescence of youth Lowell charms us with his grace and keeps us almost spellbound with the fecundity of his wit; we say that never was there a fellow like this to amuse and entertain. But somehow the interest does not quite hold to the end; we are a little irked to find that he never entirely controlled his own faculties; we never touch bottom with him, not so much because of the depth of his mind as because of the drift of its currents. With Norton it is just the reverse. We begin by thinking him, comparatively at least, a trifle dull; but as we read on we are caught by the sheer integrity of his utterance; we are impressed by the feeling that here was a man of utter veracity, who never swerved aside to be funny or wise or profound or original, but was concerned to say with unflinching precision just what he felt and thought. No doubt these virtues are in a way negative and denote a certain slowness of imagination and a certain lack of higher spontaneity in the writer, but at the worst we are not annoyed by the attempt to conceal such deficiencies under a sham sprightliness, and at the best we forget them by reason of other positive qualities. There is nothing in this correspondence in any way equivalent to the winged phrases in which Lowell describes to Norton the effect of Emerson's Phi Beta Kappa oration: "It began nowhere and ended everywhere, and yet, as always with that divine man, it left you feeling that something beautiful had passed that way—something more beautiful than anything else, like the rising and setting of stars," etc. Nor was it within the compass of Norton's pen to write any one of a dozen of those improvisations in which Lowell fairly takes your breath away with the audacity of his wit. But neither was it within the scope of Lowell's intelligence to give finality to one of the commonplaces of experience with just such grave and pondered beauty of expression as that which Norton used to Leslie Stephen on the death of his brother: "It is one of those changes which alter the whole habit and aspect of life—shutting up so many chambers to which nobody else has a key, increasing the solitary and silent part of life which grows so disproportionate to the rest as we grow old." In the end we suspect that most readers will say, as they close the second of these volumes: Here is the larger man and the deeper nature, and here, after all deductions, are the finer letters.

But it must not be supposed that Norton was pedantic or priggish in his correspondence, or sent out an epistle with the solemn consideration of a judge handing down a decision. He is familiar and easy enough on occasion, and at times strong and picturesque. Especially during and after his third long visit abroad his letters and journal gain in liveliness by the occasional portraits of men and reports of conversations. Naturally, Carlyle is prominent in these, and he is presented as abounding in the kind of humorous exaggeration by virtue of which Norton always defended him against his detractors. One day it is Carlyle discoursing on Browning:

> So he went on till some one asked him if he had seen Browning lately. "Na," said he, with a twinkle in his eye, "but I've read the whole of his new poem, 'The Ring and the Book,' in four volumes, from beginning to end, without omitting a word, and a most extraordinary production it is—a work of great ingenuity and full of verra strikin' sentences. I met Browning, indeed, in Piccadilly the other day, and I told him I'd read his poem from the first word thereof way to the last, and he said to me, quickly, 'Well! Well?' and I replied that I thought it a book of prodigious talent and unparalleled ingenuity; but then, I suppose trusting to the sincerity of my own thoughts, I went on to say that of all the strange books produced on this distracted airth, by any of the sons of Adam, this one was altogether the strangest and the most preposterous in its construction; and where, said I, do ye think to find the eternal harmonies in it? Browning did not seem to be pleased with my speech, and he bade me good morning."

At another time it is Carlyle's swift judgment of Sumner, whom he defines as "the most completely nothin' of a mon that ever crossed my threshold—naught whatsoever in him or of him but wind and vanity." And again it is Carlyle on Carlyle, expressing a fundamental truth about himself which some of his critics have still to learn:

> While we were sitting by the fireside, before we left the house this afternoon, he said, speaking of himself,—"I've been much misunderstood in my time, and very lately now I was readin' an article on Froude's view of Ireland in the last number of *Macmillan*, written by a man whom ye may have seen, one——, a willow pattern of a man, very shrill and voluble, but harmless, a pure herbivorous, nay, graminivorous creature, and he says with many terms of compliment that there's 'a great and venerable author' who's done infinite harm to the world by preachin' the gospel that *Might makes Right*, which is the verra precise contrary to the truth I hold and have endeavored to set forth, which is simply that *Right makes Might*. And I well remember when, in my younger days, the force o' this truth first dawned on me, it was a sort of Theodicee to me, a clew to many facts to which I have held on from that day."

II.

But it is Norton himself we come to seek in this correspondence, rather than Carlyle or another, and Norton's place as the last representative of a remarkable generation—*ultimus Novorum Anglicanorum*. Some day we shall appreciate New England literature at its true value. But before that day we must learn to distinguish between what is provincial and what is merely local. If anything is provincial it is to incorporate such

men as the old Scottish poets in the main body of English literature, as is commonly done in manuals of the subject, and to relegate the Massachusetts writers to an appendix, if they are mentioned at all, as though they were foreign to the spirit of the language in which they wrote. In one of his letters from London, Lowell tells of a Scotsman who "had the ill-manners" to compliment him on his English: "Why, I shouldn't know you weren't an Englishman. Where did you get it?" Lowell's was the reproof valiant. "I couldn't resist," he says, "and answered with a couple of verses from a Scottish ballad—

> I got it in my mither's wame,
> Whaur ye'll get never the like!

He will never compliment me again, I fear." Whatever justification there may be for separating off the New England group lies rather in their cosmopolitanism. It is true that they showed symptoms of a weakening at the root by their too ready submission to influences from Germany and Spain and Italy, but in the main they were faithful inheritors of one of the dominant British traditions. Through all the changes that inevitably came with the passage of two hundred years, they still remembered the voice of Bunyan and Baxter and Marvell and Herbert and Wither and the others to whom their fathers had hearkened at the time of the great exodus. They created no one piece quite of the first rank in the realm of the imagination, but the body of their work, when the final account is made, will stand out honorably in the general production of the Victorian era, and the spirit which controlled them and which rises from their books as a kind of fine and fragrant exhalation, will be recognized as one of the very precious things in the history of the world.

And Norton himself was fully aware of the beauty and meaning of that tradition into which he was born. No doubt, in the course of his long life he said many hard things about America, speaking sometimes not altogether wisely. Like others of his generation, he was caught up by the enthusiasm of the years when the country was moved to its depths by a passionate idea, and had it not been for ill health he would have fought in the Civil War with the soldiers of his State. But after the war he was never in sympathy with certain marked tendencies of democracy and never hesitated to express his opinion. "I have been too much of an idealist about America," he wrote, near the end of his life, "had set my hopes too high, had formed too fair an image of what she might become. Never had nation such an opportunity, she was the hope of the world." This disillusion was in part due to his fastidious social sense, sharpened by the contrast of America with the large opportunities he had enjoyed. Society was to him "the very rarest and best thing that the world proper can give us. It is the thing that our modern materialism is largely killing out—that is, in its highest form, the society that bears witness to leisure and culture, and good breeding, made up of men who, though versed in affairs, are still idealists and lovers of poetry." This was the idea he had in mind, no doubt, when he began a lecture on the word "gentleman" before a large class with the grave pleasantry: "None of you, probably, has ever seen a gentleman." Such sentiments and words were not always taken kindly, and when, as at the time of the Spanish War, he did not hesitate to expose publicly the mixture of hypocrisy and thoughtlessness that entered into the popular furor, resentment against him became almost a mark of loyalty to the country. Opinions may still vary in regard to his tilt with Senator Hoar; there are those who still think he was rightly rebuked for "the habit of bitter and sneering speech"; but these, we may suspect, are not many. Reading the letters of Norton and Senator Hoar side by side, most of us to-day will feel that honor and truth are rather on the side of Norton, and his address to the Cambridge Club, which, in a garbled report, called forth the storm of reproach, will seem to-day the memorable utterance of a calm and virile patriotism. Nor should it be forgotten that the address ended with the strong words, "*Nil desperandum de republica.*" Norton himself did, in fact, never despair. Many times in his letters he expresses his faith in the essential soundness of the people, and as he grew older his confidence in the destiny of his country increased rather than diminished. It is notable that the architecture of the World's Fair at Chicago was to him a magnificent achievement and a greater promise, and that from the city itself he could draw happy auguries for the future of America. A Brahmin of New England who can admire Chicago is not quite lost to virtue.

III.

But withal, whether for his credit or discredit, it must be admitted that Norton stood before the country and exercised the office of critic as the product of a particular time and place. He was of Cambridge, the earlier Cambridge which was, with Concord, one of the eyes of New England, the Greece of Greece, so to speak; and this position he never forgot. Again and again in his letters he refers to the exceptional character of the generation in which his own life began. "I believe, indeed," he says once, writing at the end of the century, "that the very pleasantest little oasis of space and time was that of New England from about the beginning of the century to about 1825 [he himself was born in 1827]. The spirit of that time was embodied in Emerson, in Longfellow, in Holmes, and in Lowell. It was an inexperienced and youthful spirit, but it was a happy one; it had the charm of youth, its hope, its simplicity, its sweetness." He might have added, as his reader no doubt added, that he, too, was one of the bearers of that spirit —*sacra fero ingenti percussus amore*— though, for the hopefulness of youth, he brought other qualities. Innumerable forces of inheritance made him what he was. His ancestor, John Norton, named for his more noted uncle, one of the four famous Johns (Cotton, Norton, Wilson, and Davenport), took charge of the parish of Hingham in 1678. In the same year he published a poem, being nothing other than a "Funeral Elogy, Upon that Patron of Virtue, the truly pious, peerless & matchless Gentlewoman, Mrs. Anne Bradstreet." In 1897 our Norton edited the poems of the matchless gentlewoman, and in his introduction wrote of her with more than his usual freedom and intimacy:

> It struck me that there would be something of quaint appropriateness in my writing, at this long interval, in regard to her whose praises he [John Norton] had sung, and that the act would not be without a certain piety toward my ancestor. And, further, I reflected, that as I could trace my descent in one line directly from Gov. Thomas Dudley, the father of Mrs. Bradstreet, and as portraits of her brother, Gov. Joseph Dudley, and his wife, looked down on me every day while I sat at breakfast and dinner, she, as my Aunt many times removed, might not unjustly have a claim upon me for such token of respect to her memory as had been asked of me. . . . She cherished in herself and in her children the things of the mind and of the spirit; and if such memory as her verses have secured for her depend rather on the circumstance of a woman's writing them at the time when she did, and in the place where she lived, than upon their poetic worth, it is a memory honorable to her, and it happily preserves the name of a good woman, among whose descendants has been more than one poet whose verses reflect lustre on her own. (Through one of her children she is the ancestress of Richard Henry Dana; through another, of Oliver Wendell Holmes.)

From a daughter of John Norton, married to John Quincy, were descended John Adams and John Quincy Adams. In the direct male line came Andrews Norton, who in 1811 was appointed a tutor at Harvard and later professor of sacred literature. In 1821 he married Catharine Eliot (whence the relationship with President Eliot), and soon bought the house with some fifty acres of land in Cambridge known as Shady Hill. In that quiet home, which was to welcome so many of the great scholars and writers of the world, and whose gracious courtesies and dignity so many Harvard men still cherish in memory as a possession equal in value to any

learning,* Charles Eliot Norton, one of four children who grew to maturity, was born, and there, after many years and many labors, laid down his life.

By every right of tradition Norton belonged with the group of scholars and poets who just preceded him in birth, and he belonged with them also by virtue of his own accomplishments. When we consider the work of that generation it seems as if we saw the energy of a strong people, nourished through long discipline and austere abstentions, now suddenly freed from repression and displaying itself in manifold, and all too brief, expansion. Each man had his particular share in that activity: to one it was the exercise of wit, to another the sentiment of home and hearth, to another the comfort of religion, to another the recreation of the past, to another the critical judgment, to another the symbolism of a brooding imagination, to another the freedom of nature, to another the justification of the untrammelled spirit. Now it must be admitted that in none of these fields was Norton quite eminent; even as a critic his writing falls below Whipple's, who was nevertheless in every way a smaller man than he. It is not unlikely that the melancholy which shows itself occasionally in his letters was in some small measure due to the consciousness of these deficiencies. So he writes one day to Lowell: "Except for George, I have been very solitary. From year to year I seem to myself to grow more and more silent, and to express less of what is in my soul. I should like to have the power of expression—at least long enough to give form and utterance to a few of the deeper conceptions of Life and its significance and uses which come to one as one grows old and draws the lessons from his own experience." It is true, as he says, that he never embodied his wisdom of experience in literary form, but this wisdom is precisely what he stood for among his contemporaries, and just because we feel this in his letters we shall treasure them. He was, in the deepest sense of the word, the man of culture, the ripe scholar, to whom the lessons of the past had become a personal experience. To the multiform flowering of the time he brought the true cosmopolitanism.

But he brought also with that culture, and this was his finest gift, a peculiar virtue of inheritance. More than any other man of his group, he represented the naked New England conscience and its tenacity of character. It may seem that his powers were manifested chiefly in negation. To the individual, and particularly to the young student who showed promise of achievement, he could be generous of help and encouragement. But in relation to the community at large he stood undeniably as critic and check; and this attitude was often deeply resented. What has this man done, people would ask in a tone of cavilling rebellion, that he should set himself up as judge over others? Well, the question was not unnatural; yet is not character always in some way negative? Is it not of its very essence to act as a check upon the impulsive temperament, and even upon the ranging enthusiasms of the soul? And especially in the hour of expansive liberty that came to New England when it had broken from the bondage of religion, it was desirable that the principal of restraint, broadened indeed by contact with the world, but not weakened or clouded, should have had its voice and embodiment. On the ship which brought Norton home from Europe in May of 1873 Emerson also sailed, and we have in Norton's journal a record of his wonderful conversation, with the journalist's comment and criticism. For one who reflects on the later course of New England and America these are memorable pages:

> Emerson was the greatest talker in the ship's company. He talked with all men, and yet was fresh and zealous for talk at night. His serene sweetness, the pure whiteness of his soul, the reflection of his soul in his face, were never more apparent to me; but never before in intercourse with him had I been so impressed with the limits of his mind. His optimistic philosophy has hardened into a creed, with the usual effects of a creed in closing the avenues of truth. . . . He refuses to believe in disorder or evil. Order is the absolute law; disorder is but a phenomenon. . . .
>
> But such inveterate and persistent optimism, though it may show only its pleasant side in such a character as Emerson's, is dangerous doctrine for a people. It degenerates into fatalistic indifference to moral considerations and to personal responsibilities; it is the root of much of the irrational sentimentalism in our American politics. . . .

Never were truer words put on paper. The pure whiteness of Emerson's soul is, when all has been reckoned up, the finest thing that New England has given to the world; but in the society for which he ministered as a high priest of ecstatic vision, there was a place also, an indispensable place, for the questioner who stood for the traditional New England conscience and sense of evil. We shall do well to honor Norton in our memory as one who through all spiritual temptations kept his feet firmly planted on the bedrock of character.

The winds of folly blew about him as they blow about us, the dust of pedantries smote his eyes, cant and sentimentalism fouled his air, but he held to his course unmoved, cherishing always in his heart what is lovely and of good report, a faithful teacher, to whom were well applied the words of the poet who had been the chief study of his life:

> Felice te, che si parli a tua posta.

*For a happy recollection of Norton's Christmas reception of students, see the letter in the *Nation* of May 11, 1911, written from a far-away college of South Dakota.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

An additional note on the political features of the Washington Benevolent Society (see the Bibliophile in the *Nation*, October 30), from the Democratic point of view, may be of interest. The Democrats always regarded the social and benevolent work of the society as subordinate to its political activity. When the Providence branch was organized in 1810, the *Rhode Island Republican* denounced its members as "wolves in sheep's clothing," their real object being to prevent the execution of Congressional commercial laws, and to neutralize the power of the Democratic Tammany Society in elections. The outbreak of war with England in 1812 was accompanied by great activity on the part of the Federalists. The *New Hampshire Patriot* on January 12, 1813, declares:

> The Washington Benevolent Societies are extending in every direction. They fan to a big flame the spirit of party animosity, and succeed in marshalling and preparing to act on all occasions, each individual of their party.

The fact that the New England States were under Federalist control during the war was widely attributed to the efforts of this organization. Democratic hostility towards it was intense. Resolutions of conventions at Windham and Woodstock, Vt., declared the societies too friendly to England, "guilty of treason and rebellion," and "dangerous by reason of their numbers, extent, and secrecy." In Berkshire, Mass., similar resolutions warned them to beware of "the vengeance of an indignant people." Throughout the war, smuggling, trading with the enemy, obstruction of recruiting, and even spying, were offences commonly charged against the societies. In short, the tone of the Democrats resembles that which the Republicans maintained towards the Knights of the Golden Circle half a century later. The files of Isaac Hills's *New Hampshire Patriot* contain much interesting material on this subject. A very witty satire on the society is, "The Book of the Washington Benevolents; otherwise called the Book of the Knaves," published in Boston in 1813. There is a copy of this pamphlet in the collection of the American Antiquarian Society.

W. A. Robinson.

Correspondence

WIDENING THE LEGAL VISION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The *Columbia Law Review* for November contains an article entitled "The Future of the Common Law," by Robert Ludlow Fowler, Surrogate of New York County. The article can be interpreted in only one way. It is a veiled attack on a notable and systematic effort now being made to widen the legal vision of American judges, practitioners, educators, and students, by encouraging a study of contemporary jurisprudence as it exists on the Continent of Europe. Among the leaders

of this notable and systematic effort—so displeasing to the Surrogate of New York County—are Mr. Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes; John B. Winslow, Chief Justice of Wisconsin; Prof. John H. Wigmore, of the Northwestern University Law School; Prof. Roscoe Pound, of the Harvard Law School; Rapelje Howell, Esq., of the New York bar, and Edward Lindsay, Esq., of the Pennsylvania bar. Three learned societies which have done much to foster this notable and systematic effort are the American Bar Association, the Association of American Law Schools, and the American Institute of Criminal Law and Criminology. The last two organizations are now engaged in translating, editing, and publishing no fewer than thirty-three volumes of modern legal literature by European authors.

The article in question contains a number of amusing errors. One of them is seen in this sentence: "It was the Italian Mazzini and the Central European Democracy of 1849 who first employed the term 'Progressives' and came out for the 'Progress of Humanity'" (p. 604). Like so many judges in New York, the Surrogate is evidently more interested in politics than in jurisprudence. If he knew the a-b-c of comparative jurisprudence, which he condemns so glibly, he would know that long before 1849 the adjective "progressive" was used interchangeably with "historical," to indicate a method of studying law and social science. Anybody can verify this by glancing over chapter x of Book VI of the first edition of John Stuart Mill's "Logic," published in 1843. TYRRELL WILLIAMS.

Washington University, St. Louis, November 26.

DIALECT VERSES AND COLLEGE FLUMMERY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The letters upon these topics in your issue of November 13 interested me much, and I hope that others among your readers will continue the discussion more fully than I can at present. Of course, in both cases there is involved the question of taste; I hold that one of the functions of the *Nation* is to improve our standards rather than to follow or even condone the fashions of the day, too often set by the ignorant or thoughtless.

That which may be at first piquant may become by repetition wearisome and even odious. Dogberry, Mrs. Malaprop, Natty Bumpo, and the Yankee of the "Biglow Papers" had the merit of novelty; virtually they were original creations. Similar place may be accorded to the earlier verse of the Hoosier type. But no such claim can be made for their imitations, through all grades, down to the ineffable vulgarities of the legends of the "comic" pictures in some contemporary newspapers, based upon what one may imagine to be the language of the slums.

So, too, "Old Folks at Home," "Old Uncle Ned," and "Mighty Lak a Rose" were new departures; but words fail to characterize their degenerate imitations, the "coon songs" that flood the music shops and are tolerated by persons otherwise apparently refined.

The writer of the letter on "Deans" refers to an article of some years ago on "The Flummery of Caps and Gowns," which I wish had been known to me before publishing the letter, "Is the Academic Costume Worth While?" in *Science* for January 31 last. Those who still try to persuade themselves that scholarly dignity is enhanced by gaudy garments are sympathetically referred to the costumes of the Philippine Bukidnons in the current number of the *National Geographic Magazine*.

BURT G. WILDER.

Brookline, Mass., November 24.

FROM SCHOLARS TO UNDERGRADUATES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Habits of speech doubtless follow facts of life and are significant of them. It is worthy of notice, then, that those who formerly attended our colleges were called "scholars." A specialization and intensification of the meaning of that word led to a shift in usage. They became "students," merely scholars in the making. Now, since they so frequently do not study at all, the word "students" in its turn is dropping out of use. Members of faculties everywhere show a growing tendency to speak of the mass as "undergraduates," a non-committal term, and of portions of the whole as "members of the class of 1913," or "members of Mathematics III," and so on.

In the old days the "female sex" in college was referred to as "young ladies." Now they are openly called by their elders "girls," and in private conversation "children."

Can speech affect fact? By persistent use of "scholars" (to go to the extreme) and "young ladies," can we change at all the trend of things? At least this is true: in general people try to live up to what is expected of them, good or bad, and when the teaching force of a college proclaims its discouragement and frankly expects no serious work of its "undergraduates," even by so doing it lessens its chance of getting serious work. C. A. H.

South Hadley, Mass., November 27.

THE CAFETERIA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Let me answer briefly the query in regard to "Cafetaria" presented by Mr. Hart in his letter of November 12. The form cafeteria is the only one recognized in Los Angeles, where this type of dining place took its rise above seven years ago. Although the word chosen by its originator, a lady who has left this form of business and is now conducting a hotel, might be Italian, yet our proximity to Mexico, where Spanish is spoken, favors a Mexican origin; and this is the case. The accent on the penultimate is still imperative here, where the cafeteria has become an established institution.

The original cafeteria was opened at the northeast corner of Hill and Fourth Streets in the winter of 1906-7, and was soon a popular resort. Next year, in the block just south on Hill Street, an unpretentious cafeteria was opened by two business men, who conducted it with such success that they have now two large houses across the street, where excellent music is served by a string band. Los Angeles is, indeed, a city of cafeterias, so much so that a Senator from the northern part of the State facetiously proposed last year that, if the southern part should set up for itself, it might adopt the name "Southern Cafeteria." And a complaint was made that in the census she returned last year the city gave no list of the number of her cafeterias.

The first cafeteria was soon distanced, its management being slow to adopt music and other improvements. It reorganized itself two years ago as the "Original Cafeteria," and is now known as the "American Cafeteria." There is a busy cafeteria at the University of Southern California, which has been open for several years; others are to be found at the Young Men's Christian Association and elsewhere. So much for our local form of restaurant; it has never been so popular at San Francisco. JAMES MAIN DIXON.

University of Southern California, Los Angeles, November 29.

A REMEDY FOR INSOMNIA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I venture to speak in your columns of a remedy for sleeplessness which I have found useful, after vainly trying the various methods that are so often resorted to in the hope of coaxing sleep, such as fixing the attention upon a single subject or upon any one object in the room, counting, imagining a waving field, or the heaving sea, etc. It is not easy to describe what is mainly a negative process, but, roughly speaking, I try what I call to unthink. I shut out, as it were, any image or thought that obtrudes upon the blankness of the mind, and keep before me only the consciousness that all *is* blank and dark. In my case this expedient works well, and perhaps it may also benefit others. Whether it has the merit of objective originality I do not know. X.

New York, November 28.

Literature

HOLIDAY BOOKS.—I.

Travel is well represented this year among the more festive publications. Thus "Eöthen" ($3.50 net) comes from Lippincotts with illustrations by Frank Brangwyn, some of these ornaments for chapter-heads, others full-page color plates pasted in. No travel book out of the Orient, published since 1844, has equalled Kinglake's for color and humanity and persuasive veracity, and Mr. Brangwyn has not been disloyal to the spirit of his author. Also of the Orient, and suited to the writer's sense of color and form, and to his powers of varied description, is Pierre Loti's "India"; of which George Inman's translation is of recognized quality. As issued in Duffield's new edition ($2.50 net), the book is finely bound and printed, and a score of illustrations are added from the hand of A. Hugh Fisher, A.R.E. To these last only a qualified commendation can be allowed. Of the frontispiece, from a colored painting in oils, we shall not speak; but the other illustrations are mere outline sketches, rough and hazy to the destruction of vividness. In the case of another Oriental work, Robert Hichens's "The Near East: Dalmatia, Greece, and Constantinople" (Century; $6 net), with

paintings in color by Jules Guérin, author, illustrator, and publisher have joined to make a notable gift-book. To readers familiar with text and pictures as they have appeared serially in the *Century*, the arresting feature of the volume will be its cover, of Byzantine design, in gold and rich colorings; but the heavy paper, the large, clear type, and the plates upon which the illustrations are printed all deserve praise. Mr. Hichens's descriptions are of the most freshness in Turkey, which seems to have appealed chiefly to him; and the same country has wrought with best effect upon the artist.

From the "Arabian Nights" we have the "Princess Radoura" (Doran; $3 net), retold by Laurence Housman in vigorous English, which, while not absolutely disdaining archaic phrases, gets along with a small number of them. The illustrations, however, supply the necessary atmosphere. Edmund Dulac knows how to represent a scene and to furnish a decoration at the same time. His pictures tell a story clearly, as if that were their one aim, and yet from central figure to decorative border there is a wealth of color and design. The present series of illustrations is a worthy addition to the notable list that he has to his credit.

Turning from the East to the West, we have Walter Tyndale's "Artist in Italy" (Doran; $5 net). When the narrator of a journey paints his own pictures of it, there is not likely to be any of that discrepancy too often felt between text and illustration. This harmony of conception is, however, the least of the merits of Mr. Tyndale's work. The places to be depicted, although limited to Venice and the hill towns of Tuscany, are selected with good judgment, and painted with happy skill. The bright colors of the market-places alternate with the quieter hues of town walls and the varying effects of sunlight upon sea and shore.

A new joyous edition of "Lorna Doone" is as fixed an event as Christmas itself. This year Crowell brings out the novel with sixteen illustrations in color by Christopher Clark ($2.50 net). Although the pages are large, the volume is light. The lover of this romance will be gratified to see how faithfully the illustrator has followed the text, while allowing his imagination full play.

Other new novels in holiday dress are not lacking. A clean specimen of these, with colored pictures, but with the look of a thing to be handled and read, is Hardy's "Under the Greenwood Tree" (Putnam; $2 net). A still more attractive volume from the same house is "Tom Brown's School Days" ($3 net), which might be ranged among the children's books if children can be of all ages. Views of Rugby, inside and out, will make the story more vivid for American readers who are not familiar with the English school. Thackeray is represented by an edition of "Vanity Fair" (Doran; $5 net), on which great care has been expended by artist and publisher. In case of so live a character as Becky Sharp, who forms the centre of most of the illustrations, opinions will always differ as to how she outwardly appeared at the crucial moments of her career. Yet it may be said for Lewis Baumer's pictures that they are always interesting, dainty, and piquant, and his colors are pretty without being garish.

To the four of Thoreau's books which the Crowell Company has already published with illustrations by Clifton Johnson, is now added "Excursions" ($2 net). Those familiar with Mr. Johnson's work will not need to have the many careful photographs in the present volume recommended to them. All are taken in or about Concord; and vary from snapshots of The Farmer with his Scythe and The Woodchopper's Dinner, to such bits of pure nature as The Snowy Woodland and Moonlight on Lancaster Meadow. For the most part they chime admirably with the text. Only now and then the line of a trolley down a country road, or the gleam of telephone wires across a shady landscape, reminds us of the distance from our day of the author of "Wild Apples," "A Walk to Wachusetts," and "The Succession of Forest Trees." Emerson's biographical sketch is printed as an introduction, and the book is bound in appropriate russet and green. The transition from Thoreau to Richard Jefferies is a transition from natural Nature to hectic Nature. And not the least hectic of Jefferies's books, though with an interest of its own, is the intensely subjective "Story of My Heart." E. W. Waite's pictures for this book, in Dutton's new edition ($2.50 net), should satisfy the most discriminating. They are not over frequent, being only eight in number; each is a landscape pure and simple, without human figure or scarcely even the suggestion of human life; and they are of attractive coloring and outline. Mr. C. J. Longman introduces the book with some hitherto unpublished letters from Jefferies to his firm, at the time (1883) the work was first going through the press. In Albert B. Osborne's "As It Is in England" (McBride, Nast; $3 net) there are again lovely bits of English country and country towns. Mr. Osborne has avoided the cities, because, aside from London, which is too big for his purpose, they don't interest him. We meet the old standbys, the cathedrals, castles, universities, besides a cosey cottage here and there. Though the text is not distinguished, it forms pleasant reading.

For a view of nature as the scene of active life, and for an attractive holiday book, one may take "Winter Sports in Switzerland" (Dodd, Mead; $4 net). Skating, skiing, tobogganing, "tailing," known in this country as "hitching," and all the other out-of-doors games with which Switzerland makes merry in the winter are well caught in colors by C. Fleming Williams. The rich atmosphere and the varied lights on the mountains offered him an excellent background of color. Merely to look at all this pictured sport makes one breathe deeply and one's blood tingle. E. F. Benson, who is something of an authority on these subjects, besides being a writer of novels, furnishes the text, which runs to nearly 200 large pages. Not only is he most informing, he is able to convey the zest which the topics demand. We regret that there is room for only one sample:

> Then the glad word goes forth that the lake bears, and you hurry forth to skate on it. But mountain and wood and landscape are all mirrored in it as in perfectly still water, and it is almost incredible that here is ice a foot or two thick. Tremblingly you launch yourself on it, scarcely able to believe in its solidity; for through that unwavering surface you see every weed and stump under water. The very fishes flit and flick visibly below your feet.

Maeterlinck's "News of Spring and Other Nature Studies" is brought out in a choice edition by Dodd, Mead ($4 net). Alexander Teixeira de Mattos, who has done more than any one else to present this author in adequate English, is responsible for the text, and there are a number of full-page illustrations in color by Edward J. Detmold. If at first glance the colors seem a bit too vivid, closer observation will show that they are in reality calculated with great accuracy. Detailed studies of flowers and birds and insects are the subjects chosen.

Perhaps the most attractive of Mr. Mosher's books this season, both for substance and for form, is a reprint of Alexander Smith's "Dreamthorp," in clear type on a clean page, and with no nonsense. Mr. Mosher in his "foreword" speaks of a revival of interest in Smith's poetry and prose. Of the former, we are not so sure; it is hard to imagine the world taking the paroxysms of "A Life Drama" very seriously again; but this "book of essays written in the country" is full of good quiet writing, and has never lacked its warm admirers.

Mosher has also done well to bring out in a separate volume what is perhaps the most successful work of England's new laureate, "The Growth of Love." It is here reprinted in old-style Roman face from the unique edition in Fell's Old English type (100 numbered copies), published at Oxford in 1890; and will serve both as a timely gift and one of enduring worth. Dr. Bridges's own attitude towards this sonnet-sequence is expressed in number lviii. It may represent, considering his well-known aversion to publication, something more than conventional self-effacement:

> O my uncared-for songs, what are ye worth,
> That in my secret book with so much care
> I write you, this one here and that one there,
> Marking the time and order of your birth?
> Now, with a fancy so unkind to mirth,
> A sense so hard, a style so worn and bare,
> Look ye for any welcome anywhere
> From any shelf or heart-home on the earth?
>
> Should others ask you this, say then I yearned
> To write you such as once, when I was young,
> Finding I should have loved and thereto turned.
> 'Twere something yet to live again among
> The gentle youth beloved and where I learned
> My art be there remembered for my song.

Among Mr. Mosher's other new publications are Gilbert Murray's translation of the "Andromache" of Euripides, Mary F. Robinson's "Songs from an Italian Garden," and "The Sermon on the Mount."

F. Hopkinson Smith has done text and pictures for "In Thackeray's London" (Doubleday, Page; $3.50 net). The text is partly Hopkinson Smith and partly Thackeray, and wholly satisfactory, and the twenty-one full-page pictures in crayon are of a gray, shadowy, rain-soaked London. That is the advantage of England's capital over every other city. For London the artist need not resort to the expedient of blurring clear outlines and breaking rectilinear angles and covering sunshine with a mantle of mist. London offers all that ready made. It certainly has plenty of atmosphere on an autumn day of fog. What other capital can compare with a city in which fifteen years of fog and soot produce the most deceiving semblance of antiquity? Nothing can ever be new in London for more than two or three winters. Mr. Smith starts at the inevitable point—Charterhouse and Grey Friars and Col. Newcome, and ends with

young Newcome and Pendennis in Middle Temple.

Among the many other holiday books we may mention Maeterlinck's "Our Friend the Dog," in unpretentious form (Dodd, Mead; $1.25 net). The translation has been made by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos and pictures of the short-lived Pelléas made by Cecil Alden. Four booklets of tinted paper hold sundry productions by Carolyn Wells (Franklin Bigelow Corporation). Their titles are "The Re-echo Club," "The Eternal Feminine," "Girls and Gaiety," and "Pleasing Prose." "The Wisdom of Bernard Shaw, being Passages from the Works of Bernard Shaw, chosen by Charlotte F. Shaw" (Brentano's; $1 net), is a volume of pocket size, having upwards of 400 pages and bound in a red leather sufficiently splashed with gilt to harmonize with the glitter of the contents. Those who confess to a liking for Harrison Fisher's paintings of fresh-checked girls and natty young men will find in Dodd, Mead & Co.'s "Beauties" ($3.50 net) a collection of his typical productions, printed and bound with a single eye to holiday attractiveness.

Buyers of books at this season may care to have their attention called to the titles of several large and handsome publications, which have just come to our table and must be reserved for more deliberate treatment than can be afforded them in this place. Longmans, Green & Co. have now ready Vols. XVII to XX of their great subscription edition of William Morris. From Dodd, Mead & Co. come "Scott's Last Expedition" in two large volumes ($10 net), Mrs. Hugh Fraser's "Italian Yesterdays," in two volumes ($6 net), and A. B. Chamberlain's "Hans Holbein, the Younger," in two quarto volumes ($16 net). All of these books are elaborately illustrated.

GOBINEAU'S "RENAISSANCE."

La Renaissance. Savonarole, César Borgia, Jules II, Léon X, Michel-Ange. Scènes Historiques. Par le Comte de Gobineau. Sixième edition, 1911. Paris: Plon.

The Renaissance. Savonarola, Cesare Borgia, Julius II, Leo X, Michael Angelo. Translated by Paul V. Cohn. Edited with an Introduction by Dr. Oscar Levy. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.75 net.

Cesare Borgia. By William Harrison Woodward. London: Chapman & Hall.

Maximilian the Dreamer, Holy Roman Emperor, 1459-1519. By Christopher Hare. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3 net.

The emergence of Gobineau at this date illustrates the caprice which sometimes determines fame. George Meredith, writing to John Morley on February 1, 1906, says: "If you have not read the 'Renaissance' of the Comte de Gobineau, you will find pleasant relaxation in it. The ideas in the heads of the characters of the time are given with masterly sureness, in refreshing French." That reference, published in Meredith's "Letters" less than two years ago, apparently started up Mr. Cohn and other translators.

The tardiness of English recognition need not surprise us. On the Continent, however, Gobineau has long been not only well known, but even the object of a vigorous cult. It is from him, a Frenchman, that the Germans have drawn many of their arguments for militarism and their doctrines as to what constitutes a dominant race. For twenty years Gobineau societies have flourished in the Fatherland, "Gobinismus" has taken its place in the vocabulary of accepted political and racial truths, Gobineau's works have been translated into German, and many essays, critiques, and monographs have poured out upon them. In France also Gobineau long since came to his own. His "Renaissance," crowned by the Academy, has passed through six editions, and his seminal ideas have become common property: but he seems to have been accepted there as a politico-literary thinker, as an artist in pen-portraiture rather than as the apostle of a new creed. The fact that he regarded the French as a decadent and the German as a crescent people may account for the fact that his countrymen, with their usual intellectual hospitality, welcome him as a man of letters rather than as a prophet.

Born in 1816 of a noble family, Arthur Gobineau was a bookish youth, and a reader and thinker at the age when most of his class devoted themselves to dissipation. In 1848, he served De Tocqueville as secretary. Then he entered the diplomatic career, filling minor posts at Berne, Frankfort, and other places. He spent three years as first secretary at Teheran, thereby getting material for his "Histoire des Perses." For nearly twenty years he alternated between short sojourns in Paris and service at Athens, Rio de Janeiro, Stockholm, and the East. He died in 1882. The year before, he fell in with Richard Wagner, who, captivated by Gobineau's views on aristocracy and artists, published, in the *Bayreuther Blätter*, an article by him on "Heroism and Christianity." This led to the "discovery" of Gobineau by the Germans, who soon came to accept as gospel Gobineau's laws of race supremacy.

These had appeared in his epoch-making book, "Essai sur l'inégalité des races humaines," the first volume of which was printed in 1853, and the second in 1855. This is not the place for a critique of the "Essai"; suffice it to say that in it Gobineau investigates why some races have achieved greatness while others have remained mediocre, or have even sunk to be the subjects and slaves of the powerful. He concludes that purity of stock accounts for these differences, on which what we call moral considerations have little influence. That a race is strong is proof enough for him that it ought to be strong; and its aim should be to go on strengthening itself at the expense of its neighbors. This pleasant doctrine harmonized with the desires of the "superior" peoples of Europe when they set out, a quarter of a century ago, to subdue or assimilate "inferior" peoples; and, being based on the cornerstone of absolute aristocracy, it also fortified the theory of the Superman which has been exploited during the past two decades. In short, Gobineau had assembled the most characteristic elements in Nietzsche's system thirty years before Nietzsche himself. These would be reasons enough to explain Gobineau's importance; and to them should be added the fact that he was the spokesman of conservatism in its life-and-death struggle with democracy.

One may, however, read his "Renaissance," published in 1877, without a knowledge of these details; for in it Gobineau writes objectively, seeking neither to preach nor to persuade, but simply to exhibit the chief figures of that period in typical acts and utterances. He uses the dialogue as his medium, a device which lends objectivity to his portraits and has the advantage of sparing the reader long descriptions and explanations. But mere dialogue does not always result in dramatic quality, and on many occasions it resolves itself into monologues in which, as in Browning's best examples, we cannot always separate the author from his creation. There must inevitably be in such work a suggestion of the knowledge that comes by retrospect, which the actors themselves could not have had. Nevertheless, the total effect is one of verisimilitude: Gobineau has caught the strange drama of the Italian Renaissance in many of its most marked features, and he has painted them with remorseless veracity.

Only a doctrinaire, steeped in Gobineau's theory of racial and individual supremacy, would discover in "The Renaissance" a glorification of the pessimism which culminates in the Superman. If Gobineau chose the wickedest period of modern times because it gave the freest play to individuality, he does not hush up the horrors to which unbridled egotism led. The moralist can deduce from him a hundred arguments against the soul-killing license of the Renaissance, arguments just as cogent as, and more savory than, those which Dr. Levy, in his introduction, draws from him.

Gobineau devotes his dialogues to the careers of Savonarola, Cæsar Borgia, Julius II, Leo X, and Michael Angelo. Round each of these protagonists he groups a host of contemporaries, nearly all of whom have historical antecedents. Beginning with Savonarola, he shows how, when the Roman Church had reach-

ed the highest point of corruption, that God-fearing, terribly earnest friar tried to reform the church from within, and how, despite his genius and his zeal and the support of a righteous remnant, he was crushed by the monstrous ecclesiastical machine as ruthlessly as an Alpine climber by an avalanche. Only second to Savonarola in this dialogue are Alexander VI and Machiavelli—the Borgian Pope bent wholly on securing the greatness of his dynasty and his own sensual gratifications, Machiavelli longing for some master—a Mohammed, or even a Tamerlane—to rise up and guide the revolution. It is not by accident that Gobineau puts into the Borgian Pope's mouth, not into Machiavelli's, the rules of statecraft which have passed for Machiavellian.

We cannot mention, much less criticise in detail, even the most salient passages in the 550 pages of these dialogues. For subtlety, no portrait excels that of Alexander VI, with his superstition, his cruelty, his man-of-the-world politeness, his love of luxury and of the fine arts. He carries a holy wafer in a little gold box to ward off evil, just as a negro carries a rabbit's paw; and, not having it, he drinks the poison he has prepared for the cardinals. Cæsar Borgia is less complex, and his unblushing villanies necessarily shock us less than those of his father, whose position as head of the church made his iniquities tenfold worse. In Julius II we behold the familiar warrior-prelate, who loved fighting before all things, whose conscience troubled him with no scruples, who seemed at times to doubt the efficacy of the crucifix, but never that of the sword. Leo X is admirably sketched, as in the scene with the Saxon envoy Maltitz—come to discuss Luther's arraignment of Tetzel—whom the Pope dismisses with the words: "I am disposed to remain conciliatory in all matters, provided that the needs of the Apostolic Chamber are satisfied." To which Cardinal Bibbiena adds: "My dear Maltitz, you understand that we do not care whether the money comes by way of indulgences or otherwise; but remember that in any case we want the money, and you must not imagine that we will yield an obolus of this money."

Such passages, which crystallize the irreligion of the heads of the church, are, however, only bits of the great whole. Gobineau, who professed himself a Roman Catholic to the end, had no quarrel with the church. To him, clerical corruption was merely an incident in the vast historic episode. He describes the sins and foibles of kings, soldiers, scholars, politicians, and artists with equally pitiless impartiality. Contrary, perhaps, to his intention, but wholly in harmony with the fact as he states it, the Renaissance, which we were to admire as the Golden Age when individualism, freed from moral restraints, was to blossom in a thousand beautiful talents, turns out to be the heyday of primitive lusts, passions, and ferocities. Even the artists, whose work alone remains to gladden posterity, seem mere accessories to the general orgy of Supermen. But Gobineau does not show us, we do not feel sure that he could show, an inevitable connection between moral and social degeneration and splendid achievements in art.

Nevertheless, Gobineau keeps the artist constantly in mind. The one figure who comes and goes through his dialogues is Michael Angelo, with whose death, indeed, he regards the Renaissance as closed. If there be any character in his *dramatis personæ* through whom the author himself seems to speak, it is precisely Michael Angelo. We cite two characteristic passages:

"I am an artist," says Buonarotti, "and I see in the world only my work, and above all our holy religion. I do not inquire why the Lord God—blessed be his name—has put on the earth so many princes, captains, and podestas, who devour each other. Their only occupation ought to be to do virtuous deeds, punish vice, and protect the arts. They do just the opposite. God ought to suppress them. It is true that then we should fall into the hands of the populace, the vilest beast that ever crawled on the ground."

In that last sentence speaks Gobineau, who had seen the blue-bloused Parisian mob swarm up the boulevards in 1848, and had thereafter loathed Demos in all his forms. So he puts into Michael Angelo's mouth, at the close of the book, what we may regard as his own summing up of the Renaissance:

I knew Brother Savonarola, and the aspect of his august face has never vanished from my memory. I have lived by his teachings. Either because he demanded too much of us, or because poor Italy presumed too much upon her forces and imagination in her was disproportioned to honesty, Italy quitted his hands and remained in those of vice. Yet, nevertheless, she felt herself; she was conscious of her superiority over the rest of the world. She despised other countries and used their resources for her own ends; they held her in admiration and she knew it. She knew that she was great and dreamed only of becoming greater. Her artists . . . you know what they have been! Now, all is over. The fire is extinguished. There exists no Italy more. Those whom we disdained become our masters. The artists have perished. I am the last survivor of the holy phalanx; what they call by the same glorious name we bore are now only traders, and not without impudence. It was time indeed to die! We die ill, miserably. What matter? There have been beautiful souls, glorious souls in this Italy, henceforth enslaved and prostrate. I do not regret to have lived. . . . We leave great things after us and great examples. Earth is richer than she was before we came.

The restraint of utterance which characterizes this farewell belongs to Gobineau throughout his book. He is no maker of epigrams. He never resorts to rhetoric to heighten his effects. Though the persons and episodes he describes are among the most extraordinary exemplars of romanticism running riot, Gobineau treats them as a classicist. This does not mean that he disdains realistic touches in order to enhance the lifelikeness of his presentation. Take, for instance, the Florentine citizen who, at the execution of Savonarola, says to his wife: "It was a pretty fine ceremony, and even imposing! But I think it's going to rain. Let's go home." To which she replies: "Yes, my dear, let's go home! I am afraid of catching cold." By such a sardonic stroke—and there are many of them—Gobineau reminds us of the tragic contrast between the supreme moments of human passion and historical crisis, and the indifference with which dull persons behold them. He never falls into the "pathetic fallacy," for he knows too well the insensibility of Nature to Man's joys and sorrows. While he has at his command the historical facts, he does not always stick slavishly to historical sequence; for his purpose is, primarily, to interpret the significance of the Renaissance. So he dates the last interview between Michael Angelo and Vittoria Colonna thirteen years after her death; and in other cases he prefers the spirit to the letter of the records. Occasionally, as in the matter of the poisoning of the cardinals by Alexander VI, investigations made since Gobineau wrote have either raised doubts or reversed earlier opinions.

But after all necessary qualifications, "The Renaissance" remains essentially a true book, in which one of the most amazing episodes in history is vividly embodied. It extenuates nothing; it sets down naught in malice; it leaves you, in the main, to draw your own deductions. If Gobineau had possessed Voltaire's style, it might have been a literary masterpiece; but even so, one feels that it must have been easier deliberately to satirize wickedness in "Candide" than to spread dispassionately on the vast canvas of "The Renaissance" a host of persons who reveal themselves heart and soul to the life. With Gobineau to *personalize* the Renaissance, and Burckhardt to *generalize* its manners, customs, and ideals, one who is not a specialist can come at its essence.

Mr. Cohn's translation, although not distinguished, is readable, and, wherever we have compared it with the French we have found it trustworthy. Dr. Oscar Levy's introduction, whether in tone or substance, is most objectionable. That the fastidious aristocrat Gobineau, who detested vulgarians and disdained to take part in controversies

or to defend his views in public—leaving his books to speak for him—should be championed by a ranting atheist, is irony without mitigation. It is not the atheism that he would object to; it is the crudity, the lack of knowledge, the vulgarity of manner, the raw-turnip flavor. We infer that Dr. Levy, who is Nietzsche's English sponsor, venerates Nietzsche, Stendhal, and Gobineau as mankind's supreme products. His introduction deals chiefly with Gobineau's theories of racial primacy and of aristocracy, with digressions in which he aims bungling sarcasm at the poor god of the nineteenth century, or assails H. S. Chamberlain, or expatiates on the blunders of "the hopeless Nazarene." These topics, and many others, have nothing to do with "The Renaissance."

Of the two recent books included under our title, Professor Woodward's "Cesare Borgia" deserves commendation as a solid piece of work. He has examined the authorities without prejudice, and, having canvassed the conclusions of modern historians, he gives his own verdict dispassionately. He has the historic sense well developed. His printing of the text of a score of documents adds to the value of his volume, in which, while some of the sensational crimes attributed to the Borgias are disproved or doubted, the general charges against them are confirmed.

Mr. Christopher Hare is too well-known a bookmaker to require an introduction. He is a popularizer of history through the medium of striking personages. In Maximilian I he takes for his hero the Emperor whose reign corresponded with the culmination of the Italian Renaissance, and whose policy led him to meddle in Italy. Mr. Hare has perhaps exaggerated "the dreamer's" ability and good qualities; but he is justified in exalting the interest of Maximilian's career.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Passionate Friends. By H. G. Wells. New York: Harper & Bros.

Mr. Wells has hit upon an effective expedient for giving this story an individual atmosphere. Middle-aged Stephen Stratton is supposed to write it for the future benefit of his son, still a child at the time of its writing. So far as it is a confession, it is that of one man to another, outside the conventional relation of father and son. He fears that he may never be able to break down that convention in speech, and that with the years he may "become inaccessible as old people are sometimes inaccessible"—as his own father has been. But confession is not a word that Mr. Wells uses. One needs, in whatever shadowy sense, a conviction of sin for that. Stephen Stratton, with all his regrets, with all his sorrow in the past, looks upon himself as a product, a type of family and race; and sadly yet not despairingly predicts for his son, so like him in body and temperament, an experience not unlike his own.

There is much in these pages of Wellsian dreaming about a new fraternity, a new social order, a new world-race. The man Stratton at last devotes his life to the great vague cause of progress-by-unification. But this comes about half by chance—humanity being sought as a refuge from the unhappiness of an individual. The real story is the old story of a man and two women. Lady Mary is the sweetheart and companion of his youth. At first glance, she might be the old-fashioned heroine, the shrinking, beauteous one, longing to be wooed, and helpless in the arms of her lover. But her slenderness, her blue eyes, and golden hair, belong to a very modern person. The first kiss of the young pair is as much her doing as his: she is his equal in age, in authority, in mind. She has a stronger consciousness of self than he—loves him but will not leave her tower for him: "I don't want to become some one's certain possession," she cries, "to be just usual and familiar to any one. No, not even to you. . . . Don't you see?—I want to be wonderful to you, Stevenage, more than to any one. I want—I want always to make your heart beat faster. I want always to be coming to you with my own heart beating faster. Always and always I want it to be like that." So she will not have her Stephen, and, to insure that thrilling attachment, engages herself to another man. It is understood that the marriage is to be nominal, but that does not console Stephen, and he goes off to South Africa. It is not his fault that instead of finding the quietus of a Boer bullet, he returns, some years later, one of the lions of the war. Presently there comes a new intimacy with Lady Mary, lapsing from strained friendship into the entanglement of the flesh. Then follow suffering, scandal, and what the narrator somewhat pretentiously calls "tragedy" in the suicide of Lady Mary. Nobody comes out unscathed, least of all the innocent (but wise) Rachel, whom Stratton has married, and for whose son he tells his story. Yet, looking back, he discerns in the figure of Lady Mary, in his own figure, "a symbolical value," not as sinners from whose sin the world may draw a moral, but as victims of a false civilization—beings with "a sense of fine things entangled and stifled and unable to free themselves from the ancient limiting jealousies which law and custom embody."

There we are! Mr. Wells is but another victim, more intelligent than some others, of that passing belief that somehow happiness is to result for humanity from setting the emotions free of restraint rather than from the deliberate adjustment of the individual to the responsibilities imposed upon him.

An Average Man. By Robert Hugh Benson. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

Mr. Benson has adopted in this book one of the most effective of all modes of religious propaganda—the method of what one may call the non-argumentative argument. He employs all conceivable means for the making of converts to Catholicism save that of direct exposition of Catholic doctrine. He is constantly on the verge of exposition, but he goes no further. His characters are often found engaged in heated religious argument, but no sooner do we come upon them than some semi-personal issue arises and takes precedence. And yet one does not have the impression that the author is evasive, or that he avoids the main issue because he cannot grapple with it. On the contrary, one feels that he has held himself back, that, in deference to the proprieties of the novel, he has not tried to create belief in any other way than by showing the effects of faith, and lack of faith, upon character.

When we close the book, however, we realize that every turn of events has its tactical effect. The very fact that the hero does not after all become a convert, is a part of the general scheme of the book, by which Catholicism takes on the charm of a lost cause and a forsaken belief. The Anglican Church stands for worldly success, for propriety and convention; the Catholic, in some part through the social disrepute that attaches to it, appears a refuge of spirituality and idealism. With a fortune newly acquired, but an appropriate place among county families still to make, the hero finds that Catholicism would be too much of a handicap in his career, and beats an inglorious retreat. He is, after all, only "an average man."

The Lovely Lady. By Mary Austin. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Mrs. Austin's story has color instead of plot. The Lady appeared to Peter in his boyhood and her face often took on the features of those he loved best. She was his dream princess, and lived in a Wonderful House with "walls of shining pale greenish gold," amidst gardens. She was to Peter the princess whom St. George had saved in killing the fire-spitting dragon. And as the Lovely Lady became the princess, Peter became the knight. For he, too, had a dragon to encounter—he was paying off the mortgage on the house in which his mother and crippled sister lived. Peter also was full of courage, but he discovered that "princesses were for fairy-tales—that girls want Things." So Peter determined to get rich and overcome the dragon Things. He left for New York

and struggled for success, forgotten and forsaken even by his dream princess.

But as he grew richer and overcame the dragon Things, he felt the need of something beyond riches. When he met Eunice Goodward, he thought she was his long-sought princess. But the princess proved faithless and Peter went to the Old World to find the Shining House with its gates of music wherein he might find comfort. He found pools and cypress and "the fountain's soft incessant rain," but not the Wonderful House. Then the Girl appeared, and he saw her as he knew he should always see her—"his wife and the Lovely Lady." And for the first time the Wonderful House opened to him the gates of home.

Mrs. Austin's delicate touch, the play of color, and the aspects of fairyland that rise from every page, as well as the little practical lessons she sees fit to insert, leave the reader in no mood for criticism.

Youth Will Be Served. By Dolf Wyllarde. New York: John Lane Co.

Nothing happens in this novel. But then a great deal might have happened; and since the spice of life is in its hopes and fears, there is ample defenee in logic and common-sense for the story-teller who adopts the plan of making his story thrilling by not having any. It must be supposed in the present instance that the lady who calls herself Dolf Wyllarde has proceeded with deliberation. For she is no tyro at the game, and she has charged her book with possibilities of the most explosive sort. Here are some of the ingredients: A young wife in London and an elderly husband engaged in fighting his country's battles in India and the like remote places, an admirable male cousin of the absent husband acting as Mentor, an admiring troupe of young men holding commissions in the Household Cavalry, a neat flat in Knightsbridge overlooking Hyde Park, acquaintance in musical and stock-broking circles, a handsome and unscrupulous Jewess, supper parties off the Strand with partners one would not care to invite to meet one's own set, and motor rides with persons of the same sort.

It is the heroine who calls these little affairs "Cur Parties." But they are all perfectly innocent, bless you! Of course, meantime, the reader's feelings are going to be harrowed. Supposing the lady should kick over the traces! Supposing Cousin Mentor were to turn out to be no better than Lancelot and Tristan and such fellows! Supposing one of the curs were to bite the fair hand that condescended! Supposing the handsome and unscrupulous Jewess should steal the sable coat or lead captive the young son, by this time out of Eton and ready for Sandhurst! Supposing on some motor trip the host (no better than he should be) should not ride in front with the chauffeur! Supposing—but the explosive possibilities are endless. As already intimated, the book is full of them.

And, then, the London smart set is all about you—you look out of your back windows upon the Park, you buy your things in Bond Street, you meet titled persons at parties, and you have elderly relatives who cling to Victorian traditions and give you Prayer Books. The author knows the trick.

TRUE PROSPERITY.

Wealth and Welfare. By A. C. Pigou. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.25 net.

It is a popular delusion, declares Professor Pigou, that while economic science itself is a difficult subject, the discussion of practical problems, in which economic forces play an important part, can safely be undertaken without special preparation. There is, as he rightly says, no warrant for this view. The study of economic theory is, indeed, difficult; but the application of the knowledge which that study wins to the guidance of practical affairs is an even harder task; for it needs not only a full understanding of the theory, but also the trained judgment that can balance against one another a large number of qualifying considerations. This would be the case even if human life were such that economic welfare and welfare in general were coincident terms. But, in fact, man does not live by bread alone; and, therefore, besides estimating the probable economic consequences of his action, a reformer needs always to beware lest, in his ardor to promote economic benefit, he may sacrifice unwittingly some higher and more elusive good.

Professor Pigou's analysis of the task constitutes one of the most painstaking economic works of recent years. The wealth and variety of information which he employs remind the reader of Adam Smith, as does also the subtlety of his dissections. And one might suppose, too, that he had once occupied the chair of moral philosophy; yet one must not expect to find here that almost artless diction which characterizes the most complicated discussions in "The Wealth of Nations." The reader understands at the start that he has a task before him, but he sees also that the task is well worth the effort.

This work might almost be called an analysis of human consciousness; for Professor Pigou begins by telling us that welfare can belong only to states of consciousness, his aim being to make clear the distinctions between economic welfare and general welfare, and to show the interplay of the two. He tells us, for example, that causes that modify economic welfare may influence other parts of welfare, not directly, but indirectly through objective conditions of welfare other than the national dividend. The most important of these conditions are the services rendered by certain objects of natural beauty, and those rendered by persons, for which no money payment is made. The effect of economic causes on objects of natural beauty is illustrated by the frequent desolation of beautiful scenery through the hunt for coal or gold, the desecration widely wrought by uncontrolled smoke from factories, and the degraded form frequently assumed by public advertisements. Effects or services rendered by certain people occur whenever economic causes, such as Poor Law or factory regulations, or fluctuations in the demand for men's labor, divert women workers from factory work or paid home-work to unpaid home-work, in attendance on their children, economical preparation of the family meals, repair of the family clothes, thoughtful expenditure of housekeeping money, and so on. It is clear, in cases of this kind, that the changes that appear in economic welfare result almost entirely from the definition that Professor Pigou has selected for that term, and do not represent any considerable change in total welfare.

For the most part, economic causes act upon economic welfare, not directly, but through the national dividend. The gross national dividend consists of the annual flow of those goods and services that can easily be brought into relation with a money measure, and the true net dividend consists of the gross national dividend minus an appropriate allowance for depreciation of capital. If a cause is introduced which makes for an increase in the aggregate size of the net national dividend, provided that the absolute share of no group of members, in terms of the commodities which that group is accustomed chiefly to consume, decreases, the economic welfare of the community as a whole is likely to be augmented. If a cause is introduced which makes for an increase in the absolute share of relatively poor groups of persons, provided that the magnitude of the aggregate national dividend does not decrease, economic welfare is likely to be augmented. If a cause is introduced which diminishes the variability, or inequality in time, of the dividend, and especially of that part of it which accrues to the poorer classes, economic welfare is likely to be augmented.

On these theses the present work is built up. The argument is too closely knit, is the product of too many streams of observation and reflection, to admit of recapitulation in remarks of this length. The inference which we draw first and last from all that Professor Pigou has to say is that to keep the national divi-

dend undiminished is the only sure means of safeguarding individual welfare. His chapters on the distribution of the national dividend, in which he discusses at some length attempts to improve the distribution by the deliberate transference of resources from relatively rich to relatively poor persons, reflect powers of analysis of the highest order. We are reminded that the advantage to the real income of the poor, which an act of transference brings about immediately, can only prove an advantage on the whole, if the act does not involve an injury to the magnitude of the national dividend. The consequences of artificial and differential wage-rates are here explained, as are also those of direct attempts at transference by philanthropists or the state on behalf of the less fortunate classes. The reader need not be told that a discussion of such points as these strikes at the very heart of the most important practical problems of the present day. There are many theorists who would like to diminish the portion of the national dividend now going to the rich and increase that of the poorer classes. Professor Pigou does not afford these much encouragement in connection with artificial and differential wage rates. He does say, however, that there is little doubt that plans could be devised which would enable transference from rich to poor to be made with results advantageous to production. This end could be attained through Government establishment of a national minimum of conditions, below which the fortunes of any citizen are not allowed to fall. Economic welfare, he says, is best promoted by the establishment of a national minimum at such a level that the direct good resulting from the marginal transference to the poor just balances the indirect evil brought about by the consequent reduction of the dividend. This is admirable, but is it certain that the human mind could be found which could strike this balance? If not, what would happen?

A History of Continental Criminal Procedure, with Special Reference to France. By A. Esmein. Translated by John Simpson. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $4.50 net.

This is the fifth volume in the Continental Legal History series, published under the auspices of the Association of American Law Schools. Although the title-page ascribes the authorship to Professor Esmein, several chapters are taken from the writings of Professors Garrand and Mittermaier. These have been woven together very deftly, and the book is interesting and instructive. No American lawyer can read it without learning many things. He may be surprised, at times, as when he reads on page 595: "The criminal procedure is less formal in the United States than in England. Technical errors in procedure are immaterial, unless they impair the material rights of the defence." Such statements will make him wonder whether the author is mistaken, or whether our American agitators for reform in criminal procedure have been too much disturbed.

In the four prefaces and introductions to this volume, the American reader is congratulated upon the opportunity here afforded to gain wisdom from the experience of continental nations. It is suggested that "America could benefit by imitating to some extent the mixed type of criminal procedure now in use on the Continent of Europe"; and the assertion is made that "criminal procedure in the United States is half a century or more behind that of Great Britain and Continental Europe."

A careful perusal of the volume has led us to a different conclusion. In our opinion, it warrants the American citizen in congratulating himself that he is not subject to the criminal law of France or Germany. Undoubtedly, he can learn much from the experience of the French, under their various systems of criminal procedure, but it will be chiefly by way of warning. This appears to be the view of Professor Esmein, as well as of such statesmen as M. Briand and M. Ribot. They believe in the public accusatory methods of the English procedure, which are our methods also. One of the best historical sketches of the English jury system (which we have inherited) is found in this volume, as well as one of the strongest arguments for the retention of that system. Professor Esmein has unstinted praise for the members of the State's Council, who braved the opposition of Napoleon and gained the victory for jury trials, in criminal cases, while he laments the fact that they were not able to discard entirely the harsh methods of the old inquisitorial system. His belief in the value of the jury for criminal trials is unshakable:

> The jury is one of the institutions, the happy product of history in a particularly favorable environment, which is found to answer the crying needs of civilized humanity. Born among the English, adopted by the French Revolution, it is being propagated gradually along with modern civilization, like the constitutional government and the civil State. A great civilized nation cannot renounce it without losing its rank. It is, it may be said, one of those conquests which, once achieved, are final.

Professor Esmein deprecates the present French rule which forbids a summing up by the presiding judge; and prefers the English practice, under which the judge "directs the jury as to the rules according to which their verdict must be rendered," and uses "his authority to make the jury feel the weight and import of the evidence." French experience, upon this point, should warn us against weakening the influence of the judge and subordinating him either to the emotions of the jury or the caprice or the populace.

The lessons to be learned by Americans from this volume appear to be these: Retain the grand and petit juries in their integrity. Have all criminal proceedings conducted publicly. Maintain a well-educated and independent judiciary to preside at criminal trials; to decide all questions of law; to make a clear and impartial statement to the jury of the issues of fact in the case, and to pass upon appeals from the trial court. Rid criminal procedure of its technicalities, so far as this can be done without injustice to the prisoner. Give no heed to the strident demand for the adoption of some Continental system of criminal procedure in the place of that which we have inherited, as one of the institutions of English common law. Be ready always to reform criminal procedure, but reject all schemes for revolution.

The German Classics of the Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries. Masterpieces of German Literature Translated into English. Vols. I, II, and III. Edited by Kuno Francke and William Guild Howard. New York: The German Publication Society.

German literature is still largely an unexplored field to those unfamiliar with the language, and to give English readers a survey of the classic writers through good translations is certainly a commendable plan. It must be said that the publishers of the work before us have, to judge from the first three volumes, missed a rare opportunity, though it is fair to add that the real work of the editors, whose names appear on the title-page, promises to become more apparent in the subsequent volumes. The intrinsic importance of what has so far been done scarcely justifies the elaborate apparatus of editors, especial writers, translators, and consulting boards of foreign authorities, that has been set in motion for this enterprise. We find in the three volumes translations, all well known, of several of the dramatic masterpieces of Goethe and Schiller, together with renderings, also old for the most part, of some of their poems and of various prose writings. Thus, we have of Goethe the "Iphigenia in Tauris," the entire "Faust" (minus, however, the "Dedication," the "Prologue on the Stage," and the "Prologue in Heaven"), the "Elective Affinities," and an extract from "Wilhelm Meister's Travels"; while of Schiller there is "The Death of Wallenstein" and "William Tell." Twenty-six poems by Goethe and fifteen by Schiller appear in the collection.

Opinions will differ as to the selections made. Of Goethe we have neither "Der Gott und die Bajadere," nor "Die Braut von Korinth," nor "Der Zauberlehrling." The editors have done wisely in availing themselves of Anna Swanwick's translations of the "Iphigenia" and of "Faust," and of Ellen Frothingham's admirable rendering of "Hermann und Dorothea"; but there certainly was no need of including Lord Lytton's wooden version of "Der Graf von Habsburg."

Of fresh translations there is little in these volumes, and that none of the best, unless we except Charles Wharton Stork's spirited rendering of Goethe's "Greeting and Departure." On the whole, poetry fares better than prose at the hands of the translators, though Miss Julia Franklin's version of Goethe's "Shakespeare und kein Ende" deserves a word of praise; Professor Coleman's verse is far more idiomatic than Dr. Louis H. Gray's translation of Goethe's "Letters to Wilhelm von Humboldt and his Wife." The opening sentence of the first letter reads:

> How many an hour have I thought of you with genuine and lively interest; and nearly every time I have marvelled at the outrageous intention which correspondents can express, that when far apart they will write to each other once a month.

Such handling of Goethe's prose is unfortunately only too common with English translators. It is the irony of fate that halting phrases should be put into the mouth of the great German to whom the world owes the classic translation of Benvenuto Cellini's "Autobiography," of Diderot's "Le Neveu de Monsieur Rameau," of Manzoni's ode to "The Fifth of May," and Voltaire's "Mahomet" and "Tancrède." And how full of charm are his versions of the letters addressed to him by Carlyle and Walter Scott, and how sound his advice to translators!

The editors have prefixed to the first volume a General Introduction by the eminent critic, Prof. Richard M. Meyer, of the University of Berlin. In itself this is a valuable piece of writing, though by no means an exhaustive survey of the subject, and we fear it will not be found easily comprehensible by English readers unacquainted with the main currents of German literature. At all events, as here presented, what Professor Meyer has to say falls strangely on English ears. It may safely be said that no English or American writer on the subject would have expressed himself as Professor Meyer does. The following passage will make our meaning clear:

> On the whole, however, German lyric poetry is rather made up of simple formations in the style of the folk-song, especially since the important rhythmic transformation of this material by Heine created new possibilities for accommodating the inner form to new subject-matter without conspicuously changing the outer form. For two great simplifying factors have, since Goethe, been predominant in protecting our lyric poetry from unfruitful artificiality; the influence of the folk-song and the connection with music have kept it more full of vital energy than the too literary lyric poetry of the French, and richer in variety than the too cultivated lyric of the English. Whoever shut the door on the influences spoken of, as did Franz Grillparzer or Hebbel, and, in a different way, Annette von Droste-Hülshoff or Heinrich Leuthold, at the same time nullified a good part of his efficiency.

This is difficult reading, though probably a literal translation; what the English reader finds cloudy, the German accepts unhesitatingly in the original. The volumes contain valuable articles on Goethe and Schiller, by Prof. Calvin Thomas, and there are various other scholarly and readable critical notices.

It is to be hoped that succeeding volumes (there are to be twenty in all) may disclose greater originality and more striking merits than are discoverable in the three at hand. Much certainly is promised by the publishers. The external appearance of the work is that of the various voluminous anthologies of literature to which we have become accustomed. The paper is scarcely good enough, and the illustrations vary greatly in merit, some of them being very pleasing, while others are poor reprints.

Notes

Putnams publish this week "The Rise of the Novel: Johnson and his Circle," being Vol. X of "The Cambridge History of English Literature," edited by A. W. Ward and A. R. Waller, and "The Sonnets of William Shakespeare: New Light and Old Evidence," by the Countess de Chambrun.

Among the new books which Revells are bringing out is "The Story-Life of the Son of Man," by Wayne Whipple.

The Oxford University Press announces for immediate publication "The Layman's Old Testament," which will be procurable in two volumes or one. It comprises the major part of the Old Testament, with selections from the Apocrypha, edited with brief notes by Canon Glazebrook. The text is that of the Revised Version, amended by the use of many of the marginal readings. Leviticus, Chronicles, Esther, Lamentations, and the Song of Solomon are omitted entirely, and also repetitions, passages in which the text is unintelligible, and certain Hebrew forms of speech which are too frank for modern taste and add nothing to the sense.

It is announced by the Henry Bradshaw Society of London that the introduction to the "Stowe Missal" is now in the press and that this work will be completed by the publication at an early date of the long-delayed second volume.

Professor Haverfield has enlarged the paper which he read as the Creighton Lecture to the University of London and also submitted in part to the London Conference on Town-Planning, and it is about to be published under the title "Ancient Town-Planning," by the Oxford University Press. Greek and Roman town-planning—in Italy and the Roman provincial towns—is dealt with, and there are also a chapter on Roman building laws, an appendix on town-planning in China, and thirty-six plans and other illustrations.

The seventh annual meeting of the American Association for Labor Legislation will be held at the Shoreham Hotel, in Washington, on Tuesday and Wednesday, December 30 and 31. The programme this year, which includes a joint session with the American Political Science Association, will bring out prominently the plans of the Federal Industrial Relations Commission, recently appointed by President Wilson.

Prizes amounting to $2,000 have been awarded to winners of the Hart, Schaffner & Marx essay contests for 1913. The first prize of $1,000 was won by Arthur E. Suffern, a graduate student of Columbia University, for a paper entitled "Conciliation and Arbitration in the Coal Industry in the United States." The second prize in the graduate contest was given to G. P. Watkins, formerly a graduate student of Cornell University, now of the Public Service Commission, New York city. He produced a paper entitled "Welfare as an Economic Quantity," and received a prize of $500. In the contest among undergraduates, the first prize of $300 went to Jenss Waldo Myers, Cornell University, for a paper entitled "Unemployment." The second prize for undergraduates, amounting to $200, was given to Fred W. Eckert of Northwestern University, who wrote an essay on "Government Regulation of Public Utility Securities."

Longmans have a new edition, in cheaper form, of Andrew Lang's "Maid of France."

The third edition of Jessie Thornley Clarke's "Songs of the South" (Doubleday, Page) differs from the first only in the omission of three poems: "All Quiet Along the Potomac" and "The Long Ago" having been shown to be wrongly credited, and the biographer of George D. Prentice having confessed error in attributing "A Name in the Sand" to that journalist. This excellent anthology contains many poems by minor Southern writers, from St. George Tucker to living hands, not conveniently to be found elsewhere.

We recall a preacher of a generation ago whose method of sermonizing was to choose one of the abstract virtues, such as faith or humility, and illustrate it by a *seriatim* application to the Biblical characters, beginning always with Adam. By a somewhat similar method, rather popular among the anthropologists, Lewis Leopold has built up a sizable volume on "Prestige," to which the publishers (Dutton) have given an imposing appearance. Mr. Leopold brings to his task a large store of reading, literary, historical, and anthropological, which makes some of his pages interesting, though more of them are dull, and the book as a whole seems pointless. To acquire prestige among your fellows you must be just above their comprehension. Prestige need not imply intrinsic excellence; it is none the

less an important social force; but "persons of value" should not make prestige an end in itself. It should seem that so lame a conclusion might be demonstrated more briefly. The book abounds in obscure and ill-constructed sentences of a kind to suggest that the writer, though a man of culture, is not quite at home in the English language.

Rabindranath Tagore, now of Nobel prize fame, is, if the vulgar image may be permitted, making hay while the sun shines. In the *Nation* of November 20 his love poems, "The Gardener," were noticed, and now we have two further volumes from him. One of these, "The Crescent Moon" (Macmillan), is a book of "child-poems" prettily rendered into English from the original Bengali by the author himself. This volume has eight illustrations in color.

The other new book by Mr. Tagore is of a different character altogether. It is called "Sādhanā" (Macmillan), and is a study of the ancient Hindu philosophy of the Upanishads for modern use. We must say frankly that we do not take more pleasure in this adaptation than in most of the others of the same kind, whether they be produced by the various Hindu propagandist societies or by private Oriental gentlemen who have a passion for reconciling Jesus and Krishna, or by enthusiasts of the Occident who have gone astray in the mazes of the Vedānta.

A fair specimen of Mr. Tagore's philosophy may be found on page 28:

To understand anything is to find in it something which is our own, and it is the discovery of ourselves outside us which makes us glad. This relation of understanding is partial, but the relation of love is complete. In love the sense of difference is obliterated and the human soul fulfils its purpose in perfection, transcending the limits of itself and reaching across the threshold of the infinite.

Which is pretty enough gush, though woefully trite. It may even have a parallel in some Sanskrit passage of the Upanishads or Brāhmanas, for anything may be found in those books, but it is about as far from their real spirit as the sunset is from the sunrise. We have here merely another illustration of the modern, rather flabby mysticism which is crusading over the world.

Most writers of travels are so cocksure of freshness and a new literary point of view that it is pleasant to find George Hamlin Fitch admitting, in "The Critic in the Occident" (Elder), to a mere journalistic motive. As in "The Critic in the Orient," his sketches are entertaining and clear, but serve their best purpose as the matrix of a wide array of photographs. Greece, Italy, and France are each shown in fifteen well-chosen plates, in sepia; London and New York have between them twenty more, and there are ten photographic inserts of scenes varying from Pompeii to Fifth Avenue. The word "critic" means only, in Mr. Fitch's words, that in long years as literary editor of the San Francisco *Examiner* he had so developed the "newspaper instinct" that to jot down observations upon his peregrinations was "as the breath of [his] nostrils."

"Self-Realization" (Holt), by Henry W. Wright, of Lake Forest College, is a fresh attempt to solve the difficult problem of introducing the undergraduate to the significance of moral philosophy. Following in general the course laid by T. H. Green, Professor Wright has steered clear of the Scylla of mere practical moralizing, but he has not escaped the Charybdis of abstractness and remoteness. One reason is that his handling of the ethical problem is not quite rigorous. Especially unsatisfactory is his treatment of the crucial problem of self-sacrifice. Does it pay to sacrifice self on behalf of social welfare? Mr. Wright seeks to prove that it does pay, and even that such a sacrifice would be recommended by an enlightened self-interest. In that case one fails to see why egoistic motives are condemned as inadequate. Mr. Wright offers no discoveries in the field of ethics. He is content to present the conventional morality of the more idealistic sort as final. The treatment of the subject is, however, comprehensive and well-ordered, and in these important respects the book is not ill-suited for its purpose as a text.

Prof. John M. Gillette's "Constructive Rural Sociology" (Sturgis & Walton) is a product of the growing interest in country life. There are not many essentials of rural existence about which we cannot here acquire solid information, and often helpful suggestion. The author has much to say concerning the types and the advantages and disadvantages of country life. He deals extensively with the economics of agricultural production, the question of the improvement of transportation and communication not being neglected. Rural health and sanitation, the task of making farm life attractive, the socialization of country life, each of these vital subjects is discussed sanely and sympathetically. The value of such a work cannot be overestimated by any one familiar with rural conditions in America. Economists and social philosophers continually preach a "return to the land," often without reflecting that a return to the land means the abandonment of much that "exalts and embellishes civilized life." If the conditions of rural life are still such as to repel those who have passed their lives in cities, it is a fair inference that they are unworthy of those who have clung to the land. Doubtless rural conditions are improving in many ways, as Professor Gillette instances; but that very much remains to be done to make country life as inspiring as it should be, is easily gleaned from these pages. The author has attempted to give the facts and conditions of country life a broad sociological interpretation, and has achieved no small measure of success. We know the farmer and his needs better than before.

"Louis XI and Charles the Bold" (Moffat, Yard), by Lieut.-Col. Andrew C. P. Haggard, is a journalesque and disjointed narrative of some 400 pages, based upon secondary accounts and an uncritical reading of Commines and other memoirs. It adds nothing to our knowledge of the subject, furnishes no new interpretation of the facts, and is not even a well-told story. The author has scarcely understood the odd mixture of qualities which goes by the name of Louis XI, and has done nothing more with him than to present, by means of cheap literary devices, some of the more superficial characteristics of the man. A good life of Louis XI in English would be welcome; but the present book may be safely ignored by serious students, while those who desire only entertainment will do well to go straight to the memoirs.

"Sirenica" (Lane), by W. Compton Leith, is by turns an apology and an indictment of the man-destroying sisters called Sirens. Their lay entices, not as the vulgar believe to sensual pleasure, but to dissent, hatred of common things, high adventure. The Sirens are the goddesses of romance, eternally disquieting a world whose interest it is to submit to classic restraint. A reasonable and enduring happiness can never come to him who has heard the Sirens sing—only a fleeting ecstasy and uncertain joy. Our author passes in review the course of the world, and finds it an attempt at reason and a quest of happiness ever thwarted by the fact that many of the best will follow instead illusion (or is it higher reality?) in the realm the Sirens rule. As might be expected from the author of "Apologia Diffidentis," the style is distinguished with a preciosity that at times becomes saccharine. The publisher has shown a sense of Mr. Leith's literary models in making the book with ruled pages, like a seventeenth-century duodecimo. This is in every way an unusual and delightful book for a fastidious reader. A quotation will show that Mr. Leith is by no means unqualifiedly the champion of the Sirens; at least, he gives fair warning of their hidden talons:

Like the rule of some rigid order, the service of the Sirens chills human sympathy; theirs is a sequestering law, too strange to share with many. Every hour of abandonment, each adventurous escape, enfeebles the hold upon common life; the colors of love and dislike grow paler, as all is said to pale when a long sickness draws to its end, and the soul is near its passing. The surface of the mind dulls like a mirror of silver tarnished; the reflections that once played over it come no more; it is estranged from the old light and the moving images of the world. To one thus inhumanly entreated, all men become as travellers moving in the next room of the inn, arriving and departing, brought nearer or removed by a machinery of unshared indifferent fates. His nature is slowly frozen; a fatal coldness rises in him, as from that icy poison of Nonacris of which it is fabled that Alexander died.

Those contemplating a tour in Spain and Portugal cannot do better than provide themselves with "The Tourist's Spain and Portugal" (Dodd, Mead). The author, Ruth Kedzie Wood, has contrived to pack into her little book a surprising amount of information. This has the merit of being the result of her own researches; nothing seems to have been taken from other guide books. There is full information with regard to steamboats, railways, cab tariffs, history, art, local customs, and many other things of interest to the traveller. In the appendix is a list of recommended hotels. Even timetables are given showing the service rendered between principal points, together with the cost of tickets. In future editions the publishers would do well to correct the too numerous misspellings of foreign words. There are eight of these on page 52 alone. These trivial errors produce a bad impression and mar an otherwise admirable work.

Mr. Arnold Bennett's literary equipment consists principally of an acute observation

and a gift of pungent expression. To these qualities must be added a singularly retentive memory, or, if not that, a habit of painstaking notation of impressions. He has little of the reforming zeal of Wells, still less of the romantic fire of Locke. The commonplace world, as he knows it, is, as he might say in the quotation marks that he finds so useful, "not half bad." There was a time, after "Clayhanger" made its appearance, when one thought of him as of one who held the promise of greatness, but of late years Mr. Bennett has settled down to a good workaday pace. It would be an exaggeration to say that he "adorns all that he touches," but at least he has the faculty of making most that he touches interesting. His method of arresting attention becomes at times a trifle mechanical, as might be expected of one who must turn out an almost incredible number of words per annum. The same tricks of style that appear in the novels appear again in "Your United States," and they crop up with even greater frequency in "Paris Nights" (Doran), his latest book of "impressions of places and peoples." It exhibits all Mr. Bennett's defects, but it exhibits his virtues as well. It is a bulky volume of attractive make-up and excellent type, containing a series of impressions gained in many parts of Europe; and most of it is very readable. At least half of the volume is devoted to his own land, and it is unquestionable that he writes best of what he knows best, which is the English middle classes. After spending a somewhat uninstructive evening with him at the Paris Variétés, or listening while he endeavors to convince himself that his native canniness is in peril of being overset by the meretricious attractions of Monte Carlo, it is a real relief to go with him again to the Potteries which he knows so well, to walk by his side along London's Embankment, or even to spend a day in his company at that North of England holiday inferno, Blackpool. Mr. Bennett's genius is domestic, and not the less admirable on that account, and he is at his best when explaining a mystery like the chronic tepidity of the hot water in the establishment of a "Mr. Smith," where the water, being heated by the kitchen range, is at its hottest at midday on Sunday, when nobody wants it, and at its coldest mornings and evenings, when everybody wants it; or when he is philosophizing on the household trials of "Mrs. Smith," and the problems presented by the case of Matilda, the maid-of-all work. "Paris Nights" is illustrated by E. A. Rickards, whose clever and spirited sketches add much to the attractiveness of the volume.

It is a pleasure to welcome the series of handsome, serviceable volumes which D. B. Updike at the Merrymount Press, Boston, is publishing in the Humanist's Library, edited by Lewis Einstein. The last volume to appear is Albrecht Dürer's "Records of Journeys to Venice and the Low Countries," issued under the editorship of Roger Fry. With the appearance of each number we feel tempted to praise at length the quality of paper, printing, and editing. Such care is not wasted when bestowed upon the large figures of the Renaissance who are the subjects of this rich Library, and is indeed no more than replacing them in the settings to which they were accustomed in their day. In some respects the letters from Venice, written in 1506 to Wilibald Pirkheimer are the most interesting part of the book. They have a touch of gayety which is lacking in the later journal. Dürer enjoys the society of the Venetian painters, at least of some of them. Bellini "has praised me highly to many gentlemen. He would willingly have something of mine, and came himself to me and asked me to do something for him, and said that he would pay well for it. . . . He is very old and yet he is the best painter of all." But some of the artists he calls "faithless, lying, thievish rascals," who are so jealous of him that they threaten his life. Dürer describes his one lesson in dancing and vows that it shall not be repeated, owing to the expense and his ineptness; he tells of precious stones and Greek books he has collected for Pirkheimer, and twits him on his loves, in the last instance furnishing a humorous drawing.

At the time of his journey to the Netherlands, 1520-1521, Dürer enjoyed an assured reputation and was on friendliest terms with Flemish painters. Yet we hear all too little of them on the personal side, rather too much space being given to the state of his finances. On one occasion he paid one stiver for a bath; on another he gave an attentive servant ten stivers as a tip, etc. There is one glowing passage based on rumors concerning Luther:

> On the Friday before Whitsuntide, 1521, tidings came to me at Antwerp that Martin Luther had been treacherously taken prisoner, for he trusted the Emperor Charles's herald, who had been granted to him with the Imperial safe conduct. . . . Immediately there appeared ten knights, who treacherously carried off the pious man, who had been betrayed; a man enlightened by the Holy Ghost, a follower of Christ and of the true Christian faith, and whether he lives yet or whether they have put him to death, I know not. If he has suffered, it is for the sake of Christian truth and because he has fought with the un-Christ-like papacy, which strives with its heavy load of human laws against the redemption of Christ.

He records a dinner with Erasmus, but without comment. Altogether, the journal gives the impression of a man somewhat conscious of his fame, yet of one who is painting quite as much for the money there is in it as for his love of it. The translation has been done by Rudolph Tombo. W. A. Dwiggins furnishes an attractive title-page, and Mr. Fry's introduction gives a comprehensive summary of Dürer's artistic achievements.

The artist who can write his own descriptive text and make the story of his travels as charming as his pictures is a rare person. At last one of his kind has visited the West Coast of South America, and the result is most satisfactory. A couple of years ago Ernest Peixotto took his sketch-book from Panama to Lima, Mollendo, Cuzco, and La Paz; then, retracing his steps, went up the Pacific Coast via Acapulco to the Golden Gate. The result is a delightful volume called "Pacific Shores from Panama" (Scribner), reminding one of Hopkinson Smith's ability to acquire accurate information, put it into pleasant English, and illustrate it with charming sketches. Mr. Peixotto has gone a step further, and, instead of limiting himself to somewhat disconnected travel essays, has told the whole story of his journey in an intimate manner. He makes no pretence at erudition or scholarship. There is no index, and the map is redolent of the era of the buccaneers. His volume is essentially of the gift-book type, and yet it is more than that, for the text of richly illustrated gift books is rarely as interesting and as trustworthy as in the present case. There are remarkably few misstatements. The author has succeeded also in catching that elusive will-o'-the-wisp "atmosphere." To those who are familiar with the West Coast the volume will be welcome, because it contains so many of those fleeting artistic scenes which the traveller's camera fails to get. While for those to whom the West Coast is still a *terra incognita* one could not wish a happier fate than that they should be introduced to the hospitable shores of Peru through the delightfully graphic pages of Mr. Peixotto.

"Rambles in Autograph Land" (Putnam), by Adrian H. Joline, is, as it were, the literary testament of a disappearing type of enthusiast. Autographs—meaning, of course, letters or literary manuscripts; Mr. Joline scorned the collecting of mere signatures—are on the one hand the trophies of a fascinating kind of hunt; on the other the clues to historic personalities. About half the book is given up to general considerations on collecting, the other half is a running commentary on Mr. Joline's own autograph collections with many facsimiles. Here whim rules supreme. The writers were so vivid to Mr. Joline that he patted them on the back, abused them, derided them, lauded them to the skies, as the mood demanded. Sometimes the comment is charmingly mellow, again tiresomely lengthy or crudely testy. Altogether it is a readable jumble, and an interesting memorial of a sturdy personality, but lightness of touch, the saving grace of such *abiblia*, is absent. One finds oneself reading along chiefly for tidbits like this from Frederick Locker-Lampson to Miss Collins, a poet's daughter, with a gift of earrings: "I am very glad you like the earrings. How is it that, your father being a poet, you never have had your ears bored?"

On the occasion of the first general meeting of the session of the Society for the Promotion of Hellenic Studies, held in the rooms of the Society of Antiquaries, Burlington House, London, Mr. Ellis H. Minns read an important paper on certain Greek documents of the first century B. C., recently found in Western Media. Mr. Minns explained that the documents—three in number—were preserved out of a collection from near Avroman. The first and second were in Greek, but the third, which has not yet been deciphered, was probably in Pehlevi. The fact that the first two were written in Greek was interesting, because non-Egyptian was rare. It went to prove, what had been suspected by archæologists for some time past, namely, the existence of a strong element of Hellenism in the most eastern portion of the Seleucid empire. With regard to the contents of the documents, they were both conveyances of a vineyard called Dadbakabag. Each is, according to an ancient custom, in duplicate, the "close" version being tied up and sealed by the witnesses to prevent any tampering with it, the "patent"

version, usually the fuller, being accessible. The dating formulæ give the titles of the Parthian Kings. One is of the time of Mithradates II, the other from the reign of Phraates IV. The names of the queens follow, three of Mithradates, two his sisters, the other a daughter of Tigranes; four of Phraates, including a Cleopatra, but not naming Musa. The place names are all unknown.

The death is reported from England of William Prideaux Courtney, who had a solid reputation especially as a biographer. He did considerable work for the "Dictionary of National Biography," and published a number of scholarly books, among them "Register of National Bibliography," 3 vols, "The Secrets of Our National Literature," and "Dodsley's Collection of Poetry."

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

This season, it is well worth the parents' while to examine the delightful reprint of Anatole France's "Girls and Boys" (Duffield)—a book rendered distinctive by the charming color-plates of Boutet de Monvel. The text is full of that understanding of child life which will fascinate the grown reader, and gain the immediate sympathy of the young. The illustrations are by a master hand of simple line and color. The French has been feelingly translated. Altogether the combination is refreshing.

"Mother Goose" (Century) consists of a judicious selection of some of the old nursery rhymes, compiled and illustrated by Arthur Rackham. Each page is a clear example of well-placed type and wide margin, while the line drawings are among the best Mr. Rackham has done.

"Gulliver's Travels" (Harper) belongs to a series embracing such other well-known classics as "Robin Hood," "The Swiss Family Robinson," and "Tom Brown's School Days." It is introduced in the right spirit by W. D. Howells, and the illustrations by Louis Rhead, imitative of wood-cuts, convey an admirable idea of the marvels, large and small, which crowd this "supreme" story.

A companion to last year's "Treasure Island" is the present edition of Stevenson's "Kidnapped" (Scribner), with pictures by the same artist, N. C. Wyeth. It is difficult to find a more adventurous-looking volume, with the essential action of the story heightened by colored illustrations as piratical as they are dramatic.

An edition of similar artistic proportions is "Tales from Washington Irving's Traveller" (Lippincott), illustrated in color by George Hood, whose method is a combination of Howard Pyle's and Maxfield Parrish's. But the pictures are disappointing both in imaginative conception and in pictorial effect.

Once more is "The Arabian Nights" (Holt) subjected to selection and overhauling, this time by the judicious hand of Frances Jenkins Olcott, formerly supervisor of children's work in the Pittsburgh Carnegie Library. A brief preface indicates her excellent taste in using the same version, and her conscientious efforts to preserve as much of the original as lies within juvenile understanding. Several unfamiliar stories are included. Whatever the decorative format of "The Arabian Nights," there is not quite that flavor which the old-time wood-cut gave of men with baggy trousers and women with veiled faces.

An imported edition of Hawthorne's "Tanglewood Tales" is sent forth by the T. Y. Crowell Company. This has been thoroughly illustrated by the English artist, George Soper.

It is interesting to note a tendency on the part of children's literature to follow lines similar to adult fiction. We have had many novelized dramas within recent years. This season finds two well-known plays converted into stories for the young. When Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird" was produced at the New Theatre, while it was not regarded strictly as a play for children, at least it contained much child interest in it, and did, in fact, attract numberless young folk. It may even be safely conjectured that they caught the meaning of many of the mystic scenes. But Madame Maeterlinck has evidently thought there was room for the "Children's Blue Bird" (Dodd, Mead), a daintily bound, fat-looking volume, with pictures by Herbert Paus, rather than photograph scenes from the stage production. Much descriptive matter is used, with here and there a sprinkling of dialogue.

Florence Yates Hann has been more original in converting Rostand's "Chanticleer" into a kind of La Fontaine fable for children (Stokes). The work has been done in a skilful fashion, for, instead of rewriting the story, a straight narrative on the order of a minute synopsis has been made, with much relish of humor and much use of satire. Wherever the dialogue has been translated it has been done colloquially and well. Many a grown person will relish this juvenile book for the spirited manner in which the incidents have been utilized. The pictures by J. A. Shepherd are unfailingly in accord with the uniqueness and wisdom of the text. On its own merit the book deserves success.

"The Strange Story Book" (Longmans) is the last volume to receive the editorial care of Andrew Lang. It therefore contains a portrait of this caterer to childhood's folklore, and an introduction by Mrs. Lang telling something of the twenty-five years' service bestowed on the compilation of the many-hued series of story books. We have no reason to change our views regarding the use of ethnological matter for children whose time would be better spent with Grimm and Andersen. As usual, the outward garb of this volume is handsome.

To one reading "The White Duckling and Other Tales" (Crowell), translated by Nathan Haskell Dole, there may be some added zest in the fact that the stories have been collected by the Czar himself for the amusement of the Imperial children. Certain it is that the pictures by Bilibin are rich in color and imagination, at the same time that they are very Russian. This is a reissue of what has hitherto been known as "The Russian Fairy Book."

Emilie Kip Baker's "Stories of Old Greece and Rome" (Macmillan) is an excellent combination of mythology and literature. We are sadly wanting these days in a knowledge of Olympia, and as incapable of understanding allusion to the gods and goddesses as we are of placing Biblical references. The author has wisely compiled an appendix wherein poetic references are given, so that the reader may be accustomed to associate the names with literature. For example, after reading the story of Prometheus, told in a simple and agreeable manner, we are referred to Æschylus's "Prometheus Bound," Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound," and to the poems on Prometheus by Longfellow and Lowell. Here is a Christmas gift that is a tonic for the weak imagination of the modern child.

"The Pipes of Clovis" (Little, Brown), written with freshness of style by Grace Duffie Boylan, is an interesting story of legendary character. Its hero is a forester's son who can play upon his pipes such music as to lure to him the beasts and birds of the land. Fortunate also that the lad discovers how to draw towards him all horses near and far, for a time arrives when his Queen is threatened by the Huns. The barbarians soon overflow the land, and this hero of ours, mounted upon a wild horse, whose feet are touched with magic swiftness, pipes the enemy out of the country and saves the day. A very holding story is this, and one above the ordinary.

The "Children's Book of Christmas Stories" (Doubleday, Page) has been compiled by Ada M. Skinner and Asa Don Dickinson to supply a want in the library. The frontispiece is that delightful color print by John Leech of Mr. Fezziwig's Ball in Dickens's "Christmas Carol." In the table of contents we find many old friends—as many as the law of copyright would allow.

Poetry is slimly represented this season. What there is of it, however, is of a marked kind. Frances Jenkins Olcott has compiled what she calls an anthology of "Story Telling Poems" (Houghton Mifflin), selected for story-telling and reading aloud, as well as for the children's own reading. There are many fables, myths, legends, tales, romantic or historical in treatment, so the editor argues, which, told in rhythmic form, are so logical in manner as to render it easy to retell the plots. Take, for instance, the sad career of "Augustus who would not have any Soup," as detailed by Dr. Heinrich Hoffman: the story possibilities in it are as striking as those in Campbell's "Lord Ullin's Daughter," in Cowper's "John Gilpin," and in Browning's "Pied Piper." For the benefit of those teachers who would emphasize the ethics in each poem, a subject index has been made. This is a judiciously planned little book, and no child could have a more competent guide than Miss Olcott.

E. Boyd Smith is an artist very much in demand. He seems to be the official illustrator for Houghton Mifflin. For a very richly manufactured edition of Scott's "Ivanhoe," he has done a number of colored full pages—pale in tint but sufficiently chivalric in conception. This volume exemplifies the belief that, given a popular exterior, Scott will be read as often as ever he was. The grown-up editions are much too severe in format and in paragraphing.

Peace-loving parents will frown upon H. G. Wells for writing "Little Wars" (Small, Maynard), but we personally cannot but delight in the science of warfare which he has reduced to terms of the nursery floor. Last year we hailed his "Floor Games" as much because they opened an infinite field of association between father and child as because they were delightfully described.

Soldiers of tin and lead and wood, weapons such as an elastic garter, a pea-shooter, a rubber ball—and an untrammelled floor! Follow the rules of the game as Mr. Wells frames them, and you will have an exciting round of military tactics and strategy—what he calls "tin murder." It is to be hoped that squeamish parents will not let their children miss such fun.

The more conventional type of book now claims our notice—the book of advice, more practical than Cobbett's sanctimonious guidance, less biographical than Smiles's "Self-Help." Lily R. Foxcraft has written the typical commonplaces in "While You Are a Girl" (Pilgrim). The text is perfect enough in its model attitude to turn the saintliest young person bad. Mrs. Christine Terhune Herrick's "My Boy and I" (Dana Estes) is better, and is tempered with a sense of humor. She particularly addresses the mother who has not yet realized that the son has a definite place in the household—the right to have his friends and to cultivate his interests.

There is only a step from *being* to *doing* in our present-day children's literature. That is why A. Russell Bond's "With Men Who Do Things" (Munn) will particularly appeal to the ambitious boy. For it discusses all the engineering activities to be seen in or near a city, and one gets a clear idea of many of the marvels occurring right before our eyes. Unfortunately, the romance of skyscrapers, of foundation building, of water tunnelling, and other similar activities is marred by an artificial story dealing with two boys who witness the wonders described.

Science

Robert Fulton, Engineer and Artist: His Life and Works. By H. W. Dickinson. New York: John Lane & Co. $3 net.

This biography has been written to do justice to a famous inventor, who has, perhaps, been overestimated by American biographers, and has not received proper credit from English writers. When it is recalled that Fulton spent some of the most important years of his life in England, it is not so surprising that we should be indebted at last to an English writer for an impartial survey of his life.

Fulton's life in England as an artist is considered carefully, as it was a period of great influence on his character. Mr. Dickinson evidently believes that he abandoned his profession and turned suddenly to that of engineering because of the conviction that he could never become more than a respectable artist. His American biographers are prone to give the impression that Fulton at once became a successful engineer and inventor. But Mr. Dickinson's analysis of the work of these years shows it rather as a foundation for future attainments. Exceedingly fertile in ideas though he might be, he needed time to learn what others had done.

Fulton's real work began in his long visit to France. Perceiving that war was the chief occupation of the country, he conceived the idea of attacking ships with submarines armed with explosives which could be attached to the hulls of vessels. Mr. Dickinson's account of the long endeavor to perfect the submarine is most interesting, and the appreciation of Fulton's genius in this invention, of his scientific spirit, and of his daring and surprising success in building and operating his submarines, is accurate and just. Fulton's persistence was indefatigable, and, though a foreigner and unknown, he managed to hold the attention of officials of all ranks, and even finally interested Napoleon, who not only appointed so eminent a commission as Volney, Monge, and Laplace to report on the invention, but also gave a grant of money and offered an opportunity to try his "torpedoes" against the English ships.

Then, just as Fulton's hopes were highest, came the bitter disappointment of neglect and dismissal. Mr. Dickinson gives as the probable reason for this action of Napoleon, the conviction that, however brilliant the experiment, it was only an experiment. He says:

> Napoleon was ready and anxious to employ any means known to science to further his ends, but it was no part of his policy to take up anything that had not been put into practice successfully. He allowed Fulton to work out his invention just to that point where he could judge whether or not it would be of use to him, and having convinced himself that it could not, dropped the matter without hesitation. And he was right; Fulton's series of experiments, brilliant though they were, only showed that until a motor could be developed capable of working under the restrictions imposed, further progress was impracticable. For this development the world had to wait many years longer.

The remainder of Fulton's life was spent on the problem of steam navigation, which he was destined to solve so brilliantly. Disgusted with the failure of his submarines, he must undoubtedly have felt that the great need for such boats was something better than muscular power to propel them. Thus his failure led him to his great work. With undiminished energy he obtained the financial aid of Chancellor Livingston and plunged into the designing and building of a steamboat. After many mishaps, the public trial of the first steamboat took place on the river Seine. Mr. Dickinson could find only a brief reference to it in one of the Paris newspapers, which recorded that, "On the 21st Thermidor (9th August, 1803) a trial was made of a new invention, of which the complete and brilliant success should have important consequences for the commerce and internal navigation of France. . . ."

But Fulton and Livingston had no intention of remaining in France; they were looking forward to the sure reward which awaited them in America. Fulton soon left for England, where he acquainted himself with what English engineers were doing and where he obtained from Boulton and Watts an engine for his boat. At last, after nineteen years of absence, he returned to his native land and finished his life-work. Mr. Dickinson gives Fulton ample credit for the way in which he met and overcame obstacles of all kinds, but he sets rather undue emphasis on his executive ability, which withdraws the attention from his inventive originality. He thinks that the English were so far advanced in steam engineering that it could have been but a few years before they would have solved the problem. But the same can be said of almost any invention, and the fact is that English engineers had tried and failed, whereas Fulton succeeded. Fulton's calculations and plans, as presented by Mr. Dickinson himself, are the most convincing evidence of Fulton's inventive genius.

From the days of "Wake-Robin," which John Burroughs wrote while a government clerk in Washington, to "The Summit of the Years" (Houghton Mifflin), his latest volume of essays, is a matter of above four decades—decades stretching back into that Mid-Victorian era of complacency, propriety, and signal achievement, and forward into this age of science of which Mr. Burroughs confesses that he, too, at times feels "the weary weight." His latest book differs little from his first. The new vintage is, all things considered, quite as good as the older ones, for if it leaves one somewhat more solemn, one enjoys nevertheless the old mingled tranquillity and exhilaration. The first essay, in the author's most confidential and at the same time most urbane mood, contains an Emersonian sentence that summarizes a large part of Mr. Burroughs's philosophy: "What I meet in life, in my walks, or in my travels, which is akin to me, or in the line of my interests and sympathies, that sticks to me like a burr, or, better than that, like the food I eat." Another essay, "In the Noon of Science," marks a shift in emphasis since the author's previous volume, "Time and Change," in which science was conceived as tending to crush out religion and poetry; now, the fault turns out to be ours—we, not science, are found wanting, for where is that "mental robustness, or spiritual joy and vigor, that enables one to transmute and spiritualize science"? (Perhaps, after all, the scientific spirit has spirited it away.) Although "science and poetry go hand in hand" in that "they transform and illuminate the common," life in America is "undoubtedly the ugliest and most materialistic that any country or age ever saw." Verily, Mr. Burroughs is cheerful rather than cheering.

A large section of Mr. Burroughs's book—five or six of the fourteen essays—is given up to a highly repetitious discussion of the

animal mind. Relying on the term "instinct," even though the "new psychology" is inclined to avoid the word, Mr. Burroughs stoutly maintains, as he has maintained for years, that "we reason for the brute"; and he professes scant interest in the laboratory study of animal psychology. He entertains, indeed, a general suspicion of elaborate paraphernalia, of "pother and appliances and tiresome calculations," and exclaims (as he well may): "With what desperate thoroughness the new men study the birds."

From Mr. Burroughs's essays, and from most "nature books," Dr. Townsend's "Sand Dunes and Salt Marshes" (Dana Estes) differs in being a sober account, in the manner of Gilbert White, of the innumerable interesting phenomena which the Massachusetts coast, particularly at Ipswich, has disclosed to the author in almost forty years. Half of the dozen chapters deal with the changes in the formation of dunes, and with the birds and flora and the harbor seal that are characteristic of the Ipswich dunes; most of the other half are devoted to a similar study of salt marshes. This book one may well find refreshing, as Lowell found Gibbon, through the writer's "honest incapacity of imagination." It contains an index, and is heavily loaded with illustrations from photographs.

A writer of conspicuously less hard sense than either of the foregoing is Stanton Davis Kirkham, whose somewhat trivial view of nature is again exemplified in "North and South" (Putnam). Despite the title, the book is not complementary to the author's "East and West," in which both North and South were already amply represented. Moreover, the mode of treatment is dissimilar, since in the present volume two localities are studied, and in the earlier volume about a dozen. The two places are Pine Bank in western New York, where the writer spends his summers, and Milford in South Carolina, whither he goes each winter to "be with my friends the birds." Mr. Kirkham's theory is that each part of our country has a delightful "atmosphere," or "spirit," which is unique, an atmosphere that is expressed by certain trees and birds, such as the white pine and the Carolina wren, and that it behooves us, as loyal citizens and true images of God, to have fellowship with these atmospheres. Every part of the country has its peculiar fascination; imagine Mr. Kirkham exclaiming with Mr. Burroughs, "Oh, the flat, featureless, monotonous, cornstalk-littered Middle West!" Though his writing sometimes has charm, the following sentence is only a little worse than others: "To truly associate with plants and birds means to completely lend one's self to them, to frequent their haunts almost as they do themselves."

The latest style in the out-of-doors life seems to prescribe an open barn door. Mr. Burroughs's essay entitled "A Barn-Door Outlook" begins: "I have a barn-door outlook because I have a hay-barn study, and I chose a hay-barn study because I wanted a barn-door outlook." We should not, therefore, be shocked by the novelty of the title of Mr. W. P. Eaton's book, "Barn Doors and Byways" (Small, Maynard), whatever we may think of the jocund but unlovely "Gift Book" binding in gold and milk white. It is worth noting that, whereas Mr. Burroughs desires his barn-door outlook in order that he may have "a wide, near view," Mr. Eaton desires his in order to have his scenery properly framed—"there was the picture, perfectly composed, the soul of the pasture caught." Mr. Eaton insists that he is not a naturalist, and that "a great deal of gush is written about birds," and he wisely confines himself to vivacious description and reminiscence. Though devoid of intellectual weight and emotional intensity, his essays are very agreeable reading on account of the vividness of the pictures which he carefully composes for us, and of the sensations and sentiments aroused in him by roads and rivers, harbors and swamps, abandoned farms, and Berkshire winters. The illustrations—drawings by Walter King Stone—are for the most part capital, and are thoroughly in accord with the mood of the book.

"The Stars and Their Stories" (Holt), by Alice Griffith, is a book for young people, containing an excellent collection of star-lore, with much likelihood of reflex helpfulness to literature as well as science. The author would seem to have brought together comprehensively from every source, excerpting widely and wisely; and her pen collaborator, Margaret Burroughs, has aided greatly in visualizing the asterisms referred to. Here and there a classic painting is introduced, with a few technical photographs; and at the end are maps of mid-latitude skies, though far from being as good as they ought to be. We have Addison and Aratus, Browning and Bryant, Carlyle and Catullus; also Hood and Hawthorne, Lowell and Longfellow, Taylor and Turner, with Richard Proctor and Edward Everett not neglected, the dignified address of the last named at the dedication of the Dudley Observatory in Albany half a century ago being appropriately adapted. Here, too, is Macaulay's "Battle of Lake Regillus," a much too lengthy lay sung at the feast in honor of Castor and Pollux. The interesting little book concludes with Galileo's account of his first telescope, translated from the *Sidereus Nuncius*, and cannot fail to turn starward old and young alike.

Sir Robert Stawell Ball, Lowndean professor of astronomy and geometry at Cambridge University, England, and for the last twenty-one years director of the Cambridge Observatory, died last week in London. He was born in Dublin in 1840, son of Robert Ball, a well-known naturalist, and was educated at Abbott's Grange, Chester, and at Trinity College, Dublin. He devoted himself throughout his college course to mathematical and physical studies, and graduated in 1861 as university student in mathematics. In 1867 he was appointed to the chair of applied mathematics in the Royal College of Science, just established in Dublin, and in 1868 director of the Science and Art Museum in that city. He became a fellow of the Royal Society in 1873, and professor of astronomy in the University of Dublin and royal astronomer of Ireland in 1874, which posts he held until 1892, when he was chosen for the Cambridge chair. He was made scientific adviser to the Commissioner of Irish Lights in 1884, and at various times he was president of the Royal Astronomical Society, of the Mathematical Association, and of the Royal Zoölogical Society of Ireland. He received the degree of LL.D. from Dublin, and was knighted in 1886 by Queen Victoria. Sir Robert visited America in 1901-02 and again in 1907. On the first visit he delivered a series of lectures under the direction of the late Major J. B. Pond, and lectured also at several universities and before various learned societies. He published many memoirs on mathematical, astronomical, and physical subjects, and the following works on astronomy: "A Treatise on Spherical Astronomy," "The Story of the Heavens," "Starland," "In Starry Realms," "In the High Heavens," "Time and Tide," "The Earth's Beginning," and "Popular Guide to the Heavens."

Drama

Thoughts and After-Thoughts. By Herbert Beerbohm Tree. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. $1.50 net.

This is a clever, witty, and entertaining book, but it is also disingenuous, because, in maintaining its particular thesis, it studiously ignores, or misrepresents, the chief argument of its opponents. Professing to deal with many topics, the one object of it is to justify the system of spectacular production of Shakespearean and other classic plays adopted by the author, the well-known manager of His Majesty's Theatre, in London, and to establish his claim to be regarded as the leading living interpreter and preserver of the poetic drama. The points of his own brief, scattered through various chapters, may be summarized as follows: Starting from the proposition that Shakespeare is not for an age, but for all time, he argues that he must be considered not only as an ancient but a modern author, and that therefore his works are entitled to whatever illusionary advantage may be conferred upon them by the latest devices of modern theatrical illustrative art. He quotes passages from the speeches of Chorus in "Henry V"—with a curious misapprehension of their actual drift—to show that Shakespeare bemoaned the absence of such appliances. What he meant, of course, was that all such defects must and might be supplied by the imagination. Sir Herbert holds that it is easier to believe in ships and armies, the splendors of pageantry, etc., when you can see them. As for the cutting and transposition of the text, that he asserts—not without plausibility—must have been common in Shakespeare's own day. Certainly, it is true that in doing this he has only followed authoritative precedent. Furthermore, he contends that the text itself, of which the most vital parts are scrupulously respected, is reinforced by this illuminative treatment. Upon mere literary enthusiasts—ideal-

ists as he calls them—who are in favor of a modest or "adequate" scenic equipment for such masterworks, he pours out all the vials of his contempt. Finally—and he seems to think it an unanswerable argument—he adduces his box-office receipts as evidence that the mass of public opinion is on his side.

Now, much of this, or even all of it, may be true, but none of it touches the real issue. There are, of course, those who believe that the sublimest creations of Shakespeare's genius can be enjoyed best in the closet. They may be left out of the question. Among theatre-goers, even of the most intelligent sort, very few object to scenery in itself, or would deny the possibility of its aid to illusion. What the real Shakespeare-lover—not necessarily a deep student—does object to most vehemently, is the unnecessary elaboration of scenery at the expense of the text and the art of acting, which it is the prime function and privilege of the theatre to foster and develop. Herein lies the gist of the charge which the most competent critics, since the days of Charles Kean, the first actor-manager who used the glitter of tinsel to blind the eyes of his patrons to his histrionic deficiencies, have preferred against his successors and imitators, including Sir Herbert Tree. And it is this vital nub of the whole matter that our essayist most carefully avoids. He discourses, with much glib unction, of the glories of his art, of the archæological and historical value of his pictorial decorations and his triumphant materialization of poetic visions, but concerning the acting, the actual interpretation of the plays themselves, he preserves, possibly from motives of modesty, a discreet silence. And yet, when the honor, and popularization, of Shakespeare is the aim, this is the all-important point. Sir Herbert himself, presumably, if pressed, would admit so much. This axiom granted, it follows, as a natural and inevitable corollary, that, in every Shakespearean production conducted on sound artistic principles, the principal character should be entrusted to the actor most capable of interpreting it. Sir Herbert, therefore, in protesting that his policy is the right one, virtually asserts his own preëminence as the interpreter of Hamlet, Othello, Macbeth, Shylock, and Falstaff. This claim, to say the least, is not supported by the bulk of the best critical opinion. It is only fair to add that in this arbitrary and egotistical preëmption of the most conspicuous parts he has simply followed the system of which he is so ardent an advocate. Incidentally, he has also touched upon its most obvious and mischievous fallacy. The very stress that he lays upon the attractive powers of spectacle suggests an uneasy suspicion that his success has been managerial rather than Shakespearean. And this has always been the verdict of the best equipped jurors.

With respect to the "illusion" upon which he insists so persistently, it may be remarked that of this quality there are two kinds in the theatre, the merely visual, which is created by costumes and pictures, and the intellectual and emotional, which is established by veracious and inspired acting, and which is virtually independent of scenic artifice. It is of the latter, of course, that Shakespeare speaks. What has been the chief source of illusion at His Majesty's, the acting of Sir Herbert or its gorgeous background? Unfortunately, no analysis of box-office figures can answer that query. But of what Shakespearean character has Sir Herbert been generally acknowledged as the best living representative, and which of his representations has been commended especially for its Shakespearean spirit? His book provokes these interrogations. How does his work as a Shakespearean devotee compare with that of F. R. Benson, who has produced, throughout the length and breadth of Great Britain, for thirty years, nearly all the plays of the poet, in the miserably "adequate" method to which Sir Herbert is so superior—maintaining, meanwhile, a practical dramatic school which has supplied the English stage with nearly all the rising young actors on whom the hope of a future theatrical revival rests? He has never found sumptuous adornment necessary to the creation of illusion or the reinforcement of the text. An actor and a student, not a showman, knowing that the play is the thing, he abjures excesses in upholstery, saves as much as possible of the written word, and demonstrates the modernity of "Hamlet" by giving it, in his simple fashion, without cuts or transpositions, and drawing appreciative audiences. It is men like Benson, William Poel, the Greets, and Granville Barker who best serve the cause of Shakespeare.

In the Masterpieces of English Drama (American Book Co.) has appeared "Philip Massinger," edited by Lucius A. Sherman, of the University of Nebraska. The small volume contains "The Roman Actor," "The Maid of Honor," "A New Way to Pay Old Debts," and "Believe As You List," together with a competent introduction, notes, and glossary.

Israel Zangwill has recently finished a three-act play, to which he has given the title "Plaster Saints." The chief issues are of a grave character, but their seriousness is leavened by an element of comedy. The piece has been acquired by Gaston Mayer, who hopes to produce it at a London West End theatre early in the coming year.

The Bushey Repertory Theatre has begun operations in England, with a programme consisting of three pieces, "The Dark Lady of the Sonnets," by Bernard Shaw; "The Unseen Helmsman," by Miss Laurence Alma-Tadema, and "The Maharani of Arakan," by Rabindranath Tagore and George Calderon. Two further performances are promised during the season, apart from meetings, debates, and lectures, while Arthur Bourchier has offered the use of the Garrick for a matinée. The Birmingham Repertory Theatre also is making a fresh start with "Candida" and "The Critic," and a lecture by John Drinkwater on the subject of "Repertory Theatres."

Arthur Bourchier has procured a piece, in four acts, by Herr Paul Lindau, entitled "Der Anderer." A French adaptation, called "Le Procureur Hallers," is at the Théâtre Antoine. Although there is a certain similarity between the main idea of "Der Anderer" and that of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," the story, its incidents, and characters are widely different from those in Robert Louis Stevenson's book. Moreover, Herr Lindau's play ends happily, in marked contrast to the tragic conclusion of Stevenson's story.

Music

Chopin the Composer. By Edgar Stillman Kelley. New York: G. Schirmer. $1.60.

Chamber Music. By Thomas E. Dunhill. New York: Macmillan & Co. $3.20 net.

In the field of musical literature Mr. Kelley's volume on Chopin is the most original and valuable book of the year; in some respects, moreover, it is the most important of all the monographs on this great and popular composer. Time was when the learned musicians condescendingly patted Chopin on the back as a writer of pleasing drawing-room pieces of the better sort, who, to be sure, indulged in daring feats and irregularities that deserved censure. The eminent German critic, Rellstab, found him "inexhaustible in his ear-splitting discords, forced transitions, harsh modulations, ugly distortions of melody and rhythm." Others conceived of his pieces as being the result of a mental condition akin to the morbid process in a mollusk which yields pearls. An English critic declared that Chopin's sojourn in Paris "exerted a salutary influence on his art, inasmuch as it toned down his Arabian howl." Others of the wise men admitted the subtle charm of his music, but denied that it had any scientific basis; one of these critics being Niecks, Chopin's most elaborate biographer. A prominent virtuoso spoke to Mr. Kelley of Chopin as the greatest composer for the piano, adding: "But, of course, he was no musician like Brahms."

This general estimate of Chopin afforded a striking illustration of the academic superstition that science and charm of style are incompatible. Liszt was the first to divine that Chopin's music was intellectual as well as sensuous and emotional; that its harmonic tissue was "both original and erudite"; that his

works mark "an epoch in the formation of style"; that one might advantageously "dissect his magnificent pages, which afford so rich a field for scientific observation." He did not, however, himself undertake this task, and it has remained for Mr. Kelley to do it. No one could be better qualified, for he is not only one of America's foremost and most erudite composers, but he has the gift of expressing himself clearly. His theme is the structural art of Chopin and its influence on contemporaneous composers. While others have hinted at these things, Mr. Kelley is the first who does not content himself with brief remarks, but discusses the topic thoroughly, citing passage after passage, in parallel columns, as it were, to prove his assertions.

All music composed since the thirties and forties of the last century shows, Mr. Kelley is convinced, Chopin's influence, either directly or indirectly. Even Wagner is not an exception; he admired what he called the "equipoise of means and ends" in Chopin as much as he did in Palestrina or in Mozart, and the examples cited by Mr. Kelley show beyond a doubt that he was strongly influenced by the chromatic progressions of Chopin; indeed, Wagner's "kinship to the Polish master is as evident as his relationship to Beethoven."

Particularly interesting and novel are Mr. Kelley's remarks on Chopin's attitude towards the orchestra. He is commonly supposed to have been almost a bungler in this department of composition, but in truth he actually anticipated some fine orchestral effects of the future, as when he added a trombone to the score of his E minor concerto—"an unheard-of procedure in concerted music." With plausible ingenuity Mr. Kelley makes it seem probable that the main reason why Chopin wrote so little for the orchestra was that the intensely chromatic character of his music made it unavailable for that purpose till chromatic horns and trumpets had been introduced by Wagner.

While this is more or less conjectural, Mr. Kelley establishes beyond a doubt that Chopin not only mastered the sonata form, but contributed fresh and important elements, opened new vistas, and introduced features which greatly increased the difficulty of treatment, as compared with the simple melodic curves of the classical school. "So absolutely did Chopin absorb the *spirit* of the sonata, so completely did he acquaint himself with every device known to the craft, that all his greater works became *sonatafied*." These great works are coming more and more to the front. Among them are the mazurkas, which have not been heretofore as popular as the valses, chiefly because of their exotic accents and harmonies. When Paderewski or Hofmann plays one of these mazurkas it mystifies audiences as much as it enchants them by its exotic, orchid-like features. Mr. Kelley devotes several pages to showing how Chopin was one of the first of the moderns to introduce novel harmonic effects by using the old Ionian, Dorian, Phrygian, Lydian, and other modes, thus anticipating Debussy.

Attention should be called to one more of Mr. Kelley's theses, which is important as a corrective of the general tendency of professional musicians to accept German art as the world-language and to look on all other music as lacking universality. The author shows how Chopin manifested Polish, French, Italian, German, and Oriental traits, "thus enabling him, in a certain sense, to speak a more universal tone language than Bach or Beethoven."

It would have been well if the author of "Chamber Music" could have read and digested Mr. Kelley's great book before he wrote his own. Like many, if not most, professionals, he labors under the delusion that perfect form in music is a German specialty. Chopin wrote a trio and a sonata for piano and violoncello which have never been surpassed for musical beauty, but Mr. Dunhill does not even refer to them. Another master of form and style, Grieg, is cited in these pages chiefly to show how not to do it (from the German point of view). These shortcomings, however, should not prevent students from consulting this volume. German masters undoubtedly did contribute the bulk of the world's best chamber music, and of this Mr. Dunhill gives an excellent account, taking up in succession the string quartet, the string trio, quintet, sextet, etc.; strings with piano; wind instruments, and larger combinations approximating orchestral size but not too large to be played in a private room. Of timely interest is the chapter on wind instruments, as this species of chamber music is coming more into favor every year. While intended chiefly for writers of chamber music, listeners will find much in these pages a knowledge of which will increase their pleasure in listening to concerts.

The conductor who did more than any one else to educate Parisians to like Wagner got the money he needed for teaching them from his father-in-law, a wealthy manufacturer of a hair tonic. One is reminded of this by the appointment of a new director of the Paris Grand Opera, Jacques Rouché, who has made a fortune by the manufacture of perfumery. He will doubtless be called upon to draw on his bank account, notwithstanding the $160,000 which the Opera gets from the Government annually; for, apart from "Faust" and "Carmen," there are hardly any operas, excepting some of Wagner's, that pay their own way in Paris. The latest manager to discover this is Gabriel Astruc, who has decided to close his new Théâtre des Champs-Elysées because of his deficits. At first everything went well. Russian singers and dancers drew large audiences last spring. It was hoped that the production of neglected operas, such as Berlioz's "Benvenuto Cellini," Weber's "Freischütz," Rossini's "Barber of Seville," and Moussorgsky's "Boris Godounoff," would keep the ball rolling, but it didn't. Wagner's operas would no doubt have helped, but they have not been available, as the copyright does not expire till January.

The youthful prodigy, Erich Wolfgang Korngold, whose compositions have, within a short space of time, found a hearing in all parts of the musical world, and the quality of whose indisputable talent is still a matter of general discussion, has recently published a new piano and violin sonata that was played a short time ago in Vienna by two prominent artists, Flesch and Schnabel. Very pretentious, monstrously difficult, and inordinately long, the general impression it left behind was of tedium, however flattering the rapturous applause may have been, part of which may, perhaps, be set down to spontaneous enthusiasm, but part, also, to the consideration for the boy's father, the leading critic of the leading Austrian paper.

Work has begun in San Francisco on the construction of a million-dollar music hall which will seat 11,000 persons, and be headquarters for a "continuous music festival" during the time of the Panama Exposition. There will be pageants, orchestral concerts, folk-lore concerts, interstate and international competitions, and other entertainments, prominent among which will be a Welsh Eisteddfod. Prizes are offered for choral and instrumental works.

Prof. Ellsworth C. Phelps, teacher of music in the public schools of Brooklyn, died on Saturday at the age of eighty-six. He was the composer of more than five hundred pieces of music, including "Hiawatha," a symphony in five movements; "Emancipation Symphony," a light opera entitled "David," and thirty or more orchestral compositions.

Adolf Schlösser, who is dead in his eighty-third year, was a pianist of considerable note, and for many years a professor at the Royal Academy of Music, London. He composed chamber-music, piano studies, and songs. His father was Louis Schlösser, who was a friend of Beethoven's.

Art

"Japanese Flower Arrangement: Ike Bana Applied to Western Needs" (Lane), by Mary Averill, is a prettily printed quarto with numerous outline illustrations. The author follows not the more abstruse and artificial canon of the school of Enshiu-Ryu, but the simpler and more informal methods of Koshin-Ryu. These are still sufficiently conventional for a Western taste. The requirements of a good arrangement are, that it should be clear, tripartite, asymmetrical yet balanced, and that it should suggest the season and give a sense of growth. The arrangement should also be in a definite proportion to the flower holder. All this is different enough

from the Western flower lover's ideal of masses of roses in midwinter. The directions are simple and explicit, the diagrams clear and often intrinsically delightful. An especial advantage of the system is that very acceptable arrangements may be made with branches in the absence of flowers. To follow the text and diagrams would be a novel recreation for any flower lover, and as well a disciplinary exercise in taste.

"Early English Water Colour" is the latest addition to McClurg's Little Books on Art ($1 net). The author, C. E. Hughes, has made a pretty complete list of all English aquarellists born before 1820, and has clearly analyzed the style of the more prominent. The book perforce falls into the form of a condensed critical and biographical chronicle, and is somewhat hard reading. As a pocket manual for the tourist collector it has evident advantages. There is a colored frontispiece besides thirty-six other illustrations.

Although John La Farge had long planned to write on the chief pictorial representations of the Gospel stories, "The Gospel Story in Art" (Macmillan; $5 net) was his last work, dictated in invalidism and left in an incomplete condition. The story of Christ is followed chronologically, but the pictures are introduced as the occasion suggests. Usually Giotto is the starting point and Rembrandt the end, but whenever possible Delacroix is introduced. Holman Hunt's Light of the World serves as a cover design, but concerning the religious painting of the Pre-Raphaelite there is significant silence. This cannot be reckoned among La Farge's important books, yet it is delightful in a rambling way and not without flashes of his rare wisdom. One reads it not for systematic information, here it is defective enough, but for a rather casual sort of enlightenment. There are many illustrations, and it should be an acceptable gift to a cultured person. There are a good many slips owing to lack of final revision. A few of the more important, waiving contestable or negligible matters of attribution, we subjoin. It would be difficult to find a Doubting Thomas in the work of Giotto, or a Christ among the Doctors in that of Botticelli. Bianchi Ferrari (p. 244) is converted into Gaudenzio Ferrari; the doors of Beneventum (p. 251) into Bonaventura. The text calls for Tintoretto's Crucifixion at S. Cassiano, but the Crucifixion of S. Rocco is reproduced. It would have been a convenience to the reader and a safeguard against such slips if the location of the picture had been given.

There is scarcely a topic connected with the Nile-land upon which any one is more competent to write than is Gaston Maspero, the director-general of the Service of Antiquities of Egypt. Hence, when a work is published by him such as "Art in Egypt" (Scribner), one feels assured that the subject has been covered with clearness and thoroughness. The book itself, with its five hundred and sixty-five half-tone illustrations, convinces one that every facility has been placed at the disposal of the reader. The only criticism that can be offered is that the illustrations are very often separated from the corresponding text by several pages. Doubtless this is to be excused on account of the large number of pictures. But at the same time the reader may, by taking the pains to examine the illustrations referred to, find almost every statement of the text verified pictorially. Unless this is done one has a sense of being swamped in detail. The historical plan which underlies the treatment is the true one and it serves to bring out the element of progress and development so often denied to exist in the art of Egypt. In fact, it has been feasible to write a true history of Egyptian art, and particularly to illustrate it, only within a few years, because it has only been possible to represent its artistic efforts faithfully within a decade or so. The old engravings of the earlier books were almost invariably no more than caricatures of the originals. Such reproductions as were given in such monumental works as Lepsius's "Denkmäler" were highly conventionalized and quite untrue to the varieties and variations of the actual work. Not till the introduction of the half-tone was it possible to show the fineness of the execution attained by the Egyptian artist, whose low reliefs were characterized by almost infinitesimal gradations of surface level. With this book in hand one scarcely needs to visit the various museums which store the chief treasures of Egyptian art.

As contrasted with the foregoing, another volume on "Egyptian Art" (Appleton), also by Maspero, has a double value. The book is made up of translations of twenty-five magazine articles published at various times, some dated as far back as 1890, some undated, dealing with as many topics connected with the art and archæology of Egypt. The majority have to do with various pieces of statuary and examples of the goldsmith's work in jewelry and plate. Each article may be regarded as an excursus upon some topic in the smaller book, while nearly all of the 107 illustrations have a special value on account of their larger size and greater detail. The second respect in which the book has considerable value is historical. The articles reflect the views entertained during the past quarter of a century or more, while the footnotes call attention to the changes which investigation has made meanwhile. There are two points on which the emphasis is laid: first, the proof of the existence of local schools of art at various centres and the absence of that uniformity with which Egyptian art has been charged; and, secondly, the fact that almost without exception the objects described had to do with the theological views of the makers or owners of them. Comparatively few can be dissociated from the Egyptian belief in the future life. The statues were portraits, so that the disembodied spirit might readily recognize its proper abiding place, its place of residence and retreat; the funereal objects served to secure the possession of the things represented in the land of shades. There are repetitions in the articles, as might be expected from the method and order of their original preparation and publication. These have been retained purposely, since they are historically true and also since they serve to record the reiterations which were needed to convince the skeptical of the truth of the positions advanced. Censure is due for adherence to the French method of transcription of proper names in an English version, which serves to confuse the layman hopelessly and in many cases almost completely to hide the real identity of the person intended.

In "Thomas Jefferson as an Architect and Designer of Landscapes" (Houghton Mifflin) a landscape architect of distinction, Mr. Warren H. Manning, has associated his labors with those of a physician and scholar, Dr. W. A. Lambeth, of the University of Virginia. The handsome volume which embodies the result of these labors is a contribution of great importance to the documented history of our national architecture, for it is based throughout on original sources in the archives of the University of Virginia and elsewhere, checked at every point by a careful study of the buildings themselves. The outcome of these investigations reveals Jefferson as no mere amateur and dilettante, copying the details of antique or Palladian models and relying upon others, with a more practical training, to work out his ideas, but as a real architect who combined scholarly erudition and a refined taste with a surprising amount of practical experience in the science and business of building. The volume is divided into two parts; the first, under Dr. Lambeth's name, treating of Jefferson's work as an architect; the second, by Mr. Manning, of his work as a landscape designer. The University of Virginia naturally furnishes the largest share of the work discussed, but Monticello and Jefferson's hand in the design of Farmington and Bruno (Virginia estates) receive proper attention. The many photographic prints are excellent, including facsimiles of manuscripts and sketches by Jefferson, as well as views of the buildings designed by him. The picture presented of Thomas Jefferson as a man of wonderful resource in widely varied fields is attractive, and is well supported by the evidence set forth by the authors.

"Home Furnishing" (Lane), by George Leland Hunter, is a very valuable book of its kind. It consists of chats, in a popular vein, about furniture, rugs, carpets, lamps, and other lighting fixtures, wall papers, window shades and draperies, potteries and tapestries. The author, who has been connected with a journal of the upholstery trade and who in recent years has qualified as an expert in tapestries, has the gift of talking very directly *ad hominem* or, and this is more important, *ad mulierem*. He knows the foolishness of many amateur home makers and the unscrupulousness of some purveyors to their needs and tastes. The story may or may not be apocryphal of the Kansas City woman who entered a New York furniture store to inquire where she should find Mr. Chippendale's shop and who, when informed that the gentleman had been dead some years, asked to be directed to Mr. Sheraton's; it at least illustrates the kind of public which exists for these books of household art. It is a fortunate home maker that gets so good a guide as Mr. Hunter, whose outlook on art is epitomized in this passage:

Art is a dangerous word. The ignorant use it too much; the cultivated use it too little. To describe anything as an art product introduces doubt into the mind of the connoisseur, so familiar are we with the art supplements of newspapers and magazines, and with art shops and the art departments of large stores. And the manufacturer who makes a bad copy of something good almost invariably tries to lift

it from fake to fact by means of the prefix, art.

The information about present values of antiques sounds authentic even though the figures will soon be antiquated. The author, or proofreader, on page 213 passed the name of Mrs. Marla Longworth Stover, which, of course, should be Storer.

George Browne Post, architect, died on Friday at his home in Bernardsville, N. J. He was born in New York in 1837, and in 1858 received the degree of civil engineer from the School of Science of New York University. He studied architecture with the late Richard M. Hunt. For gallant service in the Civil War he was promoted to the rank of colonel. Some of the buildings designed by Mr. Post are the New York Cotton Exchange, New York Produce Exchange, New York Stock Exchange, College of the City of New York, Pulitzer building, the building of the Equitable Life Assurance Society that was burned in 1912, the buildings of the Prudential Life and Mutual Life Insurance Companies, in Newark, N. J.; the Wisconsin State Capitol, Cleveland Trust Company building, Cleveland, O., and the Manufactures and Liberal Arts buildings at the Chicago Exposition. Mr. Post was made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor in 1901 and won great distinction in this country.

Finance

THREE FACTORS IN THE OUTLOOK.

While business on the financial markets this past week was declining to almost negligible proportions, three considerations, each embodied in the actual incidents of the day, appeal to the financial mind as possibly having a significant bearing on the future. One was the Interstate Commerce Commission's hearing of the request of the Eastern railways for permission to raise their freight rates. Another was the advancing of the banking and currency bill to an important stage in its progress towards enactment. The third was the utter stagnation on the Stock Exchange itself, which raised the question, what, if anything, it foreshadowed in the field of general industry, the tendencies of which are so often indicated beforehand by the action of the speculative and investment market.

Of the railway-rate hearing, it may be said at once that the railways presented a strong *prima facie* case for higher rates. It was based on evidence that expenses have increased largely during the past few years, with no compensatory increase in price of the transportation which the railways sell. Part of this increase in expenses has been merely the railway's side of the phenomenon known to every one as the rising cost of living; part has been an absolute grant, by arbitration boards, of higher wages to railway employees. It has resulted, according to the railway evidence, in a stationary or declining net income, in the face of increasing gross receipts. The railways asked for an average advance of 5 per cent. in freight rates. The evidence yet to be heard may show that they are entitled to this, or to 10 per cent., or conceivably to none at all. But the point of paramount interest, in this hearing, is the policy which the Commission will announce in their findings. As matters stand, the railways are in the very trying position of seeing the price of what they have to buy move steadily up, while, unlike other industrial concerns, they are inhibited from making any advance in what they have to sell. The Interstate Commission, with whom the inhibitory authority is lodged, must now say what its attitude hereafter is to be, and the decision is of great importance to investors.

It has been argued, both that a banking and currency law will immensely help the financial situation, and that it will inject into that situation new and formidable perils. But, obviously, this depends on the character of the bill enacted. With many excellent qualities, the House bill contained many very serious defects. When the Senate committee engaged in thorough review of its provisions, with an eye to amendment, an outcry arose, in certain quarters, that the programme of enacting the law in the extra session which ended last Monday was being inexcusably blockaded. Fortunately, the committee did not listen to these angry criticisms, and the bill has already gone over to the winter session.

There are more reasons than one why this was fortunate. One of the strongest arguments for postponing the vote on the banking bill to the winter session was the obscurity thrown about it, alike by its opponents and by its defenders. The spokesmen for the bill were beginning to talk of the Money Trust coercing the Senate, of the criminal Stock Exchange, of the need for "teaching a lesson" to the bankers. But the hostile critics were going even further, reading irredeemable paper money into the unhappy bill, pointing to a monster, hitherto unknown to political economy, but now described by the interesting name of "fiat credit," and reminding us that if the bill is passed, the Presidential campaign of 1896 will have been fought in vain.

All of these high deliverances, whether from friends or enemies, have no really serious relation to the bill. They properly belong to the class of oratory or literature known as humor of the day. But what that other humorist, Sir John Falstaff, would have called their "damnable iteration," had some inevitable results in clouding the atmosphere. Open Senate debate being now assured, there is prospect of a little fresh air in the controversy. In Congress itself, the danger was not so much that these eccentric views of the pending questions would of themselves influence the vote of either house, as that the directing of attention to such imaginary flaws in the bill might serve the highly undesirable purpose of diverting attention from other points where thorough consideration and intelligent amendment are required.

Whether the lapse in Stock Exchange activity, last week, to the smallest daily total of sales in twenty-five years, does or does not mean a similar contraction in the volume of general business to small dimensions, is doubtless open to discussion. But even if the general scope of this forecast were to be admitted—and the present tendency of the steel trade is at least in that direction—it would require a somewhat daring inference to suppose that volume of trade would have to come down to that of 1888. Analogies do not present themselves in just that way. Our abnormally dull seasons on the Stock Exchange, in recent years, have frequently been accompanied or followed by dull times in trade; but the slackening in business never went to any such lengths as that in stocks and bonds.

It could not possibly do so. The familiar argument, that "business cannot stop moving when the needs of a hundred million American consumers have to be provided for," is not overwhelmingly convincing against trade reaction; but it certainly disposes of a possible decline in business operations to a tenth or a twentieth part of what they lately were. The truth of the matter is that the Stock Exchange is extravagant in its way of "reflecting things." Because daily sales of stocks in 1900 ranged below half a million shares, and rose to two or three millions in April, 1901, it was certainly not to be inferred that merchants and manufacturers in the later month were doing five or six times as much business as in the earlier period. Neither is any one likely to suppose that the country's trade is about to fall to one-tenth of what it was a few months ago, because the daily transactions on the Stock Exchange, which used to be half a million shares, got down one day of last week to fifty thousand.

It is not in this way that deductions are to be drawn from the stock market. A much more useful analogy may be found in the temper and attitude of the market. For three weeks past, all Wall Street has been insisting that Stock Exchange prices must decline. Everything that could break them, from a Mexican crisis to a half-page advertisement by Thomas W. Lawson, was hurled at it; but prices stood immovable. If worse things were to come in the financial world, it was clear that the market ought to break again; and yet it would not break. If the daily trading had been 500,000 shares instead of 50,000, it is probable that Wall Street would have

gazed in wonderment at the amazing demonstration of strength.

What this may mean, so far as regards the future course of the Stock Exchange itself, is any man's conjecture. But what it may reasonably be taken to foreshadow, as regards the course of general trade in the immediate future, is that trade itself will presently be attracting comment because it holds up so surprisingly well. It will perhaps be said of general business, as it has been said with somewhat wearisome iteration of stock-market prices, that there is nothing to expect but for things to go from bad to worse. With each successive happening of an unfavorable nature, we shall hear that now, at last, the blow has fallen. But if Business, on a conservative basis of operations, thereupon listens calmly to the prophets of destruction, and goes about its own affairs without regard to them, it will fairly duplicate the stock market of the past week.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adams, C. F. Trans-Atlantic Historical Solidarity. Oxford Univ. Press.

Adams, Henry. Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $6 net.

Adcock, A. St. J. The Booklovers' London. Macmillan. $1.75 net.

Ambler, Louis. The Old Halls and Manor-Houses of Yorkshire. Scribner.

Arnold, Hugh. Stained Glass of the Middle Ages in England and France. Painted by L. B. Saint. Macmillan. $7 net.

Austen's Sense and Sensibility. Edited with notes by E. L. Miller. Macmillan's Pocket Classics. 25 cents.

Balleine, G. R. The Layman's History of the Church of England. Longmans. 50 cents net.

Barthou, Louis. Mirabeau: A Biography. Dodd, Mead. $3 net.

Bellet, Daniel. La Nouvelle voie Maritime, le Canal de Panama. Paris: E. Guilmoto.

Bergström, Hjalmar. Karen Borneman; Lynggaard & Co.: Two Plays. Trans. from the Danish by Edwin Björkman. Mitchell Kennerley. $1.50 net.

Betty's Bungalow Doll-House: Kitchen and Bed Room; Living Room and Bed Room. Bungalow Book & Toy Co.

Bolton, H. E. Guide to Materials for the History of the United States in the Principal Archives of Mexico. Carnegie Institution of Washington.

Book of Baby Pets. Illustrated by E. J. Detmold; descriptions by F. E. Dugdale Doran. $2.50 net.

Boswell's Life of Johnson. Selections, with notes by M. H. Watson. Macmillan's Pocket Classics. 25 cents.

Brady, C. T. The Island of the Stairs. Chicago: McClurg. $1.35 net.

Bragdon, Claude. A Primer of Higher Space. Rochester, N. Y.: The Manas Press.

Brandl, Alois. Shakespeare and Germany: A Lecture. Oxford Univ. Press.

Brilioth, Börje. Grammar of the Dialect of Lorton (Cumberland) Publications of the Philological Society. Oxford Univ. Press.

Browne, F. F. The Every-Day Life of Abraham Lincoln. New, revised edition. Chicago: Browne & Howell.

Browne, G. H. Elements of Figure Skating; Skating Primer; The New Skating; Handbook of Figure Skating (Fourth, revised edition). Springfield, Mass.: Barney & Berry.

Brown, F. H., and Rankin, H. A. Simple Pictorial Illustration. Isaac Pitman & Sons.

Bryant, A. B. A Jolly Jingle Book. Boston: Pilgrim Press. $1 net.

Cammack, Key. A Spartan Primer. Pictures by G. G. Drayton. Duffield.

Chavannes, Edouard. Les Documents Chinois Découverts par Aurel Stein. Oxford University Press.

Clegg's Directory of Booksellers. Rochdale, England: James Clegg.

Cochran, Jerome. General Specifications for Concrete and Reinforced Concrete. Van Nostrand. $2.50 net.

Coester, Robert. Verwaltung und Demokratie in den Staaten von Nordamerika. München: Duncker & Humblot.

Collection of Short Stories, Edited by L. A. Pittenger. Macmillan's Pocket Classics. 25 cents.

Colles, H. C. The Growth of Music Part II, The Age of the Sonata. Oxford University Press. 90 cents.

Colquhoun, Mrs. Archibald. The Vocation of Woman. Macmillan. $1.50 net.

Commons, J. R. Labor and Administration. Macmillan. $1.60 net.

Connelley, W. E. The Life of Preston B. Plumb, 1837-1891. Chicago: Browne & Howell. $3.50 net.

Cook, Edward. The Life of Florence Nightingale. Macmillan. 2 vols. $7.50 net.

Cotterill, H. B. Ancient Greece. Stokes. $2.50 net.

Cunnington, E. E. Lessons in Pawn Play. Dutton. 75 cents net.

Davenport, C. B. Heredity of Skin Color in Negro-White Crosses. Carnegie Institution of Washington.

Davenport, H. J. The Economics of Enterprise. Macmillan. $2.25 net.

De Garmo, Charles. Principles of Secondary Education: A Text-Book. Vol. I. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

Dodd, W. G. Courtly Love in Chaucer and Gower. Harvard Studies in English, Vol. I. Boston: Ginn. $2.

Dreiser, Theodore. A Traveler at Forty. Century Co. $1.80 net.

Dunbar, P. L. Complete Poems. Dodd, Mead. $2 net.

Evans, F. W. The Ride Home: Poems, with The Marriage of Guineth: A Play in One Act. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.

Exner, A. H. Japan As I Saw It. Stokes.

Facsimiles of Twelve Early English Manuscripts in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge. Oxford Univ. Press.

Fairless, Michael. The Gathering of Brother Hilarius. Illustrations by E. F. Brickdale. Dutton. $2.50 net.

Fairy Book. By the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." Illustrated by Warwick Goble. Macmillan. $4 net.

Fankhauser, W. C. A Financial History of California. Berkeley: University of California Press.

Farnsworth, H. W. The Log of a Would-be War Correspondent. Dodd, Mead. $1 net.

Finley, J. P., and Churchill, W. The Subanu: Studies of a Sub-Visayan Mountain Folk of Mindanao. Carnegie Institution of Washington.

Firman, A. F. A Woman's Hope. Boston: Pilgrim Press. 25 cents net

Fiske, B. A. War Time in Manila. Boston: Badger. $1.50 net.

Fiske, G. H. Studies in the Bi-literal Cipher of Francis Bacon. Boston: Luce & Co.

Ford, W. B., and Ammerman, C. Plane and Solid Geometry. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

Fraser, Mrs. Hugh. Italian Yesterdays. 2 vols. Dodd, Mead. $6 net.

Fromentin, Eugène. The Masters of Past Time. Translated from the French. Dutton. $2.50 net.

Giffen, Robert. Statistics. Edited with introduction by Henry Higgs and G. U. Yule. Macmillan. $3 net.

Giacosa, Giuseppe. The Stronger; Like Falling Leaves; Sacred Ground: Three plays. Trans. from the Italian by E. and A. Updegraff. (Modern Drama Series.) Mitchell Kennerley. $1.50 net.

Goldstein, Jacob. Twenty Years in State's Prison: The Case of Alfred Schwitofsky. Brooklyn: The Author. 75 cents.

Granger, A. H. Charles Follen McKim. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $6 net.

Griggs, E. H. The Philosophy of Art. Huebsch. $1.50 net.

Hall, A. Neely. The Handy Boy. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1.60 net.

Hardt, Ernst. Tristram the Jester. Translated from the German by John Heard, jr. Boston: Badger.

Hollingworth, H. L. Advertising and Selling. D. Appleton. $2 net.

Holm, N. S. The Runner's Bible. San Francisco: John Howell.

Howell, A. G. F. S. Bernardino of Siena. Methuen.

Hunt, H. A. Solos for Christian Science Services. Boston: Ditson. $1.

Hunt, T. F., and Burkett, C. W. Soils and Crops. Orange Judd Co.

Hyslop, J. H. Psychical Research and Survival. Macmillan. $1 net.

Ibsen's Peer Gynt. Trans. by R. Ellis Roberts. (Modern Drama Series) Mitchell Kennerley. $1.25 net.

Japan. Thirty-eighth Annual Report of the Minister of State for Education for 1910-1911. Tokio.

John Martin's Book, November issue. John Martin's House. 25 cents.

Johnson, Martin. Through the South Seas with Jack London. Dodd, Mead. $2 net.

Kauffman, R. W. The Spider's Web. Moffat, Yard.

Kelly, J. F. Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra. Oxford Univ. Press.

Kingsley, Charles. The Heroes. Edited, with notes, by Cyril Mayne. Oxford Univ. Press.

Knoop, Freda de. The Bible Story and its Teaching for Children. Dutton. $2.50 net.

Kyne, P. B. The Three Godfathers. Doran. $1 net.

Lang, A. and J. Highways and Byways in the Border. Illustrations by Hugh Thomson. Macmillan. $2 net.

Lawrence, E. G. How to Improve the Memory. Chicago: McClurg. 50 cents net.

Lee, Anne. A Woman in Revolt. Desmond FitzGerald. $1.25 net.

Leeds, E. T. The Archæology of the Anglo-Saxon Settlements. Oxford University Press.

Lewer, H. W. The China Collector. Dodd, Mead. $1.60 net.

MacGrath, Harold. Deuces Wild. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1 net.

Macgregor, Mary. The Story of Rome told to Boys and Girls. Stokes.

Macmillan's Fiction Library. Patience Sparhawk and Her Times, by Gertrude Atherton; Fair Margaret, by F. M. Crawford; The Long Road, by John Oxenham; The Convert, by Elizabeth Robins. 50 cents each.

Medical Research and Education—Vol. II. The Science Press.

Merington, Marguerite. Festival Plays. Duffield. $1.25 net.

Meyr, Melchior. Ludwig und Annemarie. Edited with notes by F. G. G. Schmidt. Oxford Univ. Press. 60 cents.

Morris, William. Collected Works. Vols. XVII to XX incl. Longmans.

Murray, H. J. R. A History of Chess. Oxford University Press.

Narratives of the Indian Wars, 1675-1699. (Original Narratives of Early American History.) Scribner. $3 net.

Nearing, Scott. Financing the Wage-Earner's Family. Huebsch. $1.25 net.

Nukariya, Kaiten. The Religion of the Samurai. London: Luzac.

Okakura-Yoshisaburo. The Life and Thought of Japan. Dutton. $1.25 net.

O'Neill, Elizabeth. The Story of the World. Illustrated in color. Putnam.

Osborne, Duffield. The Authors Club: An Historical Sketch. Knickerbocker Press.

Oxford Historical and Literary Studies. 3 vols. Oxford University Press.

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Palmer, John. The Comedy of Manners. Macmillan. $3.25 net.

Parker, David W. Guide to the Materials for United States History in Canadian Archives. Carnegie Institution of Washington.

Raabe, Wilhelm. Die schwarze Galeere. Edited with notes by C. A. Williams. Oxford University Press. 60 cents.

Reisner, C. F. Church Publicity. Methodist Book Concern. $1.50 net.

Richards, H. E. The Panama Canal Controversy: A Picture. Oxford University Press.

Robbins, C. H. The Gam: Whaling Stories Revised edition. Salem, Mass.: Newcomb & Gauss.
Rolt-Wheeler, Francis. The Boy with the U. S. Indians. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1.50.
Sage, J. H., and others. The Birds of Connecticut. Bulletin 20, State Geological and Natural History Survey. Hartford, Conn.
Sanday, W. The Primitive Church and Reunion. Oxford University Press.
Sardou, Victorien. Les Femmes Fortes. Edited by A. C. McMaster and F. B. Barton. Oxford University Press. 60 cents.
Schurz, Carl. Lebenserinnerungen bis zum Jahre 1850. Boston: Allyn & Bacon. $1.
Sedgefield, W. J. Beowulf. Second edition, revised. Longmans. $3 net.
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The comments thus far made by members of Congress and others on Mr. Wilson's recommendation concerning the method of nominating candidates for the Presidency, relate chiefly to Congressional legislation on the matter. But apart from the question of the agency there is another point involved in the President's statement which is well worthy of immediate attention. The party convention, he suggests, should be retained, though constituted upon a different plan; but it should be held "only for the purpose of accepting the verdict of the primaries and formulating the platforms of the parties." Now, this goes far beyond the "preference" idea which most people have in mind when speaking of Presidential primaries; for it precludes the possibility of the convention deciding even between the two candidates, say, receiving the highest number of "preference" votes in the event of nobody having a clear majority. One of the most important questions, therefore, that would have to be considered is that of so dealing with the question of a scattering vote as to guard against possibilities of the most serious mischief.

President Wilson's explanation to the suffragists of the sharp line which he draws between his private opinions and those which he feels at liberty to urge upon Congress would have delighted the heart of Monsieur Distinguo. It inevitably recalls the schoolboy who, when asked to define the art of logic, said that logic was not an art but a dodge. We say this quite irrespective of the particular demand made upon the President. He would doubtless have made a like statement to a labor delegation asking what he did not wish to grant; and, in either case, it does not square with what we believe to be the sound conception of the Presidency as an office in which initiative and leadership are essential. For that matter, it does not square with President Wilson's own practice. No Executive has been more insistent or more successful than he in impressing his personal views upon Congress; and we take it that he would not make a quibbling distinction between doing this in a public message and in earnest interviews with members.

The report of the committee of lawyers on the powers of the Republican National Committee is precisely such as common-sense would lead any one to expect. The National Committee, it is declared, has not the power to change the basis of representation, but it has the power to direct that elections of delegates in any State shall be conducted in conformity with the laws of that State, even if these be at variance with the rules established by the party. It has also the power to call a special national convention, giving due notice thereof. At the Chicago Convention of 1912, the snarl over the conflict between California law and Republican Convention rules furnished a great deal of capital to the Rooseveltians, the like of which can be made impossible hereafter by proper action of the National Committee; but the main difficulty lay in the flagrant Southern-delegate scandal which the Colonel exploited vociferously. The special convention will undoubtedly take radical action in regard to the basis of representation, which will reduce this element of difficulty to a minimum for the future. But it will doubtless do much more than that in the way of a harmony. Recent striking manifestations of progressive weakness in the Progressive party are calculated to add greatly to the interest with which the gathering of the Republican clans will be watched by the country.

In the Secretary of the Treasury's annual report to Congress, particular interest will be attached to the estimates of future public revenue. The ordinary Government receipts, for the fiscal year ending with last June, were $724,111,000; of that amount, $318,891,000 was contributed by customs duties and $344,416,000 by the internal revenue, including excise taxes and the corporation tax. Since the new tariff act and the income tax law went into effect in the first week of October, nearly nine months of the pending fiscal year will draw their revenues under the new and experimental provisions. For the full twelve months ending with next June, Secretary McAdoo estimates a customs revenue of $270,000,000, or $74,400,000 less than was received under the higher duties of the preceding fiscal year. But the internal revenue he estimates as $407,000,000, or $62,500,000 more than in the fiscal year 1913; this being wholly due to the new income tax, which he thinks will yield $33,000,000 from corporations and $54,000,000 from individuals, offset by an $8,000,000 compensatory reduction in the corporation excise tax, which, since the new law was passed, has been superseded by the income tax. In the fiscal year ending June 30, 1915, when the new law will be in force throughout the year, he expects an income tax yield of $105,000,000, of which $40,000,000 should come from corporations and $65,000,000 from individuals, while customs revenue will be $69,000,000 less than in the twelvemonth ending last June.

Our own expectation is that the income tax will be more productive than the Secretary thinks; though the factors of uncertainty in such a calculation are numerous. As for the customs revenue, that also has elements which confuse the calculation. Last month, for instance, so far as the figures are at hand, produced a customs revenue only four to five million dollars less than November of either 1912 or 1911, which would hardly indicate as great a reduction, for the whole pending fiscal year, as the Secretary thinks. In his more general comment on the Treasury finances of the year, Mr. McAdoo naturally makes special point of the placing of Government surplus funds with interior banks, against pledge of commercial paper, to avert an autumn stringency. Of the $50,000,000 thus offered by the Treasury, the national banks, up to November 25, had taken only $34,661,000. The Secretary, no doubt correctly, lays as much stress on the psychological effect of the Government's attitude as on the tangible results of the deposits. Observant financiers were aware, when the Treasury made its offer in midsummer, that the danger to the money market arose much more from

apprehension of imaginary evils than from actual shortage of funds to move the crops. That the Treasury's earlier offer to provide emergency currency under the Aldrich-Vreeland act, up to $500,000,000, should have elicited no requests at all from the banking community, is an incident from which various conclusions may be drawn.

Some people are smiling at Secretary McAdoo for his discovery that the Treasury can be made a great engine of altruism, but they ought to note, too, that he is making it the home of the sterner virtues. He has given out a letter offering him a bribe for an appointment to office, together with his severe and crushing reply. The man had proposed to pay the Secretary one-third of his first year's salary. To the honor of the Administration, be it recorded that Mr. McAdoo was not tempted for an instant. He scorned the "$100 just as soon as appointed," and then improved the occasion to read a great moral lesson to the writer of the letter, and, incidentally, to the whole country. He roundly declared that the offer to bribe the Secretary of the Treasury "shows your unfitness for public office"; and added: "You do not seem to realize that the era of graft and corruption in American politics is past." Some other things appear also to have passed: among them, one might infer, a sense of proportion and of humor in the Treasury Department. Every Secretary for years must have had idiotic or scoundrelly letters in his daily mail, which his clerks should have been discharged if they had not wit enough to throw away, but it remained for Mr. McAdoo to seize upon one peculiarly imbecile in order to demonstrate the Roman virtue of this Administration.

In spite of all the efforts of those who sought to preserve for the nation the beautiful valley in the Yosemite National Park which goes by the ill-sounding name of Hetch-Hetchy, the Senate on Saturday passed the bill which sacrifices it to the desire of San Franciscans for a cheaper water supply than, as they believe, they could otherwise obtain. But the proceedings in the Senate, and the final vote, showed how much force there was in the arguments and facts adduced against the scheme. Three months ago, the bill was passed in the House almost unanimously; the vote in the Senate on Saturday stood only 43 to 20. When the bill was first brought up in the Senate, an attempt was made to rush it through, and the opposition, at that time represented only by two or three Senators, satisfied itself with a postponement of the vote to a fixed day. Under this condition, the gain of strength for the defenders of the park did not suffice to defeat the bill; but the objections to it, not only on the score of the invasion of the Yosemite, but also because of its effect on the farming lands whose irrigation supply will be cut off, were brought out very strikingly. Senator Works, of California, fought the scheme vigorously; and a letter was read from one of the California Representatives who voted for the bill in the House, but who has discovered that he had been misled as to the facts and is now against it. The bill now goes to the President, with whom rests ultimate responsibility for the decision of its fate. And the paramount consideration in regard to that decision is furnished by the fact that the sacrifice of a national possession of this nature is unjustifiable except upon the clearest possible proof of its necessity.

What is the per capita cost of city government, and how does it rise or fall with an increase in the city's size? Material bearing on these questions was lately collected by a State Commission in Minnesota, and is analyzed by Prof. Edward V. D. Robinson in the *Economic Review*. The answer to the second query is stated briefly: "In Minnesota the cost of municipal government increases much less rapidly than wealth. In other words, while average cost per capita varies directly, average cost by true valuation varies inversely, with the population." For example, to govern every $10,000 true valuation costs $112.68 in Duluth; in St. Paul but $110.16; and in Minneapolis only $107.49. Lumping these cities in Class 1, towns between 20,000 and 5,000 in Class 2, and those below 5,000 in Class 3, it was found, again, that, while the per capita cost in Class 1 was $16.65, in Class 2 $12.01, and in Class 3 $11.42, the cost per valuation was, in Class 1, $107.20, in Class 2 $127.10, and in Class 3 $133.83. Thus every increase of 10 per cent. in the population of the average city increases the cost of government by about two cents for each citizen; but at the same time it increases the valuation per head about three cents, so that the net result is a gain.

Professor Robinson has less definite reasons for believing that the same facts hold good throughout the country. The net result of the Minnesota figures is simply to suggest that in a typical State there rests with the great city an economic advantage in government which would tend to make the city greater still. Certainly, they give no support to the theory that "increasing cost of city government will set a limit to the continued and ever-increasing congestion of population in urban centres," as compared with habitation in villages and small centres.

The death of Col. Gaillard, the conqueror of Culebra Cut, comes patheticaly close upon the completion of the historic task. In a very real sense he gave his life to his work. Unremitting toil broke his health, and one likes to imagine that it was only a brave spirit which held him on the Isthmus till the work in hand was done. That task was carried on in the manner of the true workman, outside of the glare of publicity and with thought only for the matter in hand. Had Col. Gaillard lived a few months, the nation would have undoubtedly expressed its recognition of his services. His promotion to brigadier-general is contained in a bill which is now pending in Congress and which has been delayed in the stress of business. Public recognition, in addition to such posthumous honors as Congress may decide upon, should now take the form of generous provision for those whom Col. Gaillard has left behind him.

The merciless manner in which Villa and his fellow-commanders in the north of Mexico signalize their victories has justly stirred public horror and indignation. But those who would fashion out of the "bandit" Villa an argument against the justice of the cause he represents, fail to make out their case. The ferocity of Mexican warfare might be compared with the greater ferocities of Balkan warfare among Christian nations and allies. But assuming that Villa is an outlaw, who for twenty years

has been a menace to public security, what becomes of the argument that the salvation of Mexico rests only in the strong hand of a Dictator? If the iron rule of Porfirio Diaz could not rid Mexico of brigandage, is it not apparent that permanent peace in Mexico must come in some other way than through the suppression of popular freedom? Brigandage on a large scale cannot flourish anywhere without the secret support of a discontented population. It was Spanish misrule in lower Italy and Sicily that drove the people to support the marauders and secret societies of which they were so frequently the victims. Brigands though they may be, Villa and Zapata are the products of a political system in which the masses are made to feel that the "law" as administered from above is intended not for their benefit but for their subjection.

Announcement that Lord Cromer, Lord Curzon, and Mr. Bryce have under way a movement for an American branch of the Anti-Slavery and Aborigines Society should arouse interest here. The abuses that persist in the darker corners of the world will yield only to this kind of international action. In Africa, in South America, and in Asia it has been found that the attack upon such evils must be through the awakening of indifferent Governments, and exposure of the methods of development companies. The sensitiveness of diplomatic relations and the interlinking of business interests make it important that civilized society join hands in such measures. If the American branch, which is proposed, could be headed by men like ex-Senator Crane and Booker T. Washington, and could throw a public light on the "shocking labor conditions" which investigators allege to exist in Mexico, Bolivia, and Peru, reforms of real world-value might follow.

Representatives of the three chief parties concerned in Home Rule are on record as desiring an amicable conference. Mr. Asquith's words were: "I invite an interchange of views and suggestions, free, frank, and without prejudice." Replying to this invitation, Mr. Bonar Law said that "if the Government have any proposals to make, we will consider them carefully, honestly, and with sole regard, not to the interests of a party, but to the welfare of the nation." And the leader of the Irish, John Redmond, with both the previous statements before him, declared that he did not "shut any door upon a possible settlement by consent." Now comes Asquith's speech at Manchester accepting the basis of agreement suggested by Sir Edward Carson. This makes it highly probable that some way of adjusting the Ulster difficulty without fighting will be found. One reason for believing this is the fact that, as the Chief Secretary for Ireland, Mr. Birrell, insisted the other day, the Irish question has now reached such a pass that, even if the Conservatives were to come into power next year, one of the first things they would have to do would be to pass a bill giving Ireland self-government.

It is not only in the Senate at Washington that the plague of eloquence devastates. Every year in the House of Commons an heroic member moves that "the length of speeches has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished." Now the evil is felt in France, where a Deputy has introduced a bill for the repression of eloquence in the Chamber. He would not go so far as one of his colleagues, who proposes to compel orators to stand upon a trap-door in the tribune, which should be sprung the instant they passed the allotted limit of time. The bill in question would restrict the number of speakers who could be heard on any measure, and would absolutely forbid any one of them to go beyond twenty minutes. This bold Deputy, M. Beauquier, maintains that, unless a man has absolutely nothing to say, he can say it in twenty minutes; of course, if he has neither ideas nor facts, it will take him longer. There is both reason and human experience behind this opinion.

In studying the make-up of the new French Cabinet, it is interesting to recall the nature of the discussion attending the election of M. Poincaré to the Presidency of the Republic last January. The advent of M. Poincaré was hailed in a great many quarters, where the wish was father to the thought, as marking the end of Radical ascendency in national affairs, the end of factionalism, and the establishment of a policy of comprehensive patriotism embracing all parties. M. Poincaré was the "strong man" who might even raise the Presidency to a position of real influence, and to that extent reduce the influence of the Chamber as expressed through the Cabinet. Specifically, under the new Administration the purification of national politics was to be brought about by the introduction of proportional representation in Parliament. The Cabinet that now takes office is headed by M. Doumergue, a Radical-Socialist, and is made up of members of that group, Radicals and straight-out Socialists. Only one out of a dozen Ministers is said to be in favor of electoral reform. The Minister of Education is M. Viviani, Socialist and arch-enemy of the religious influence in the schools. M. Poincaré's election has thus obviously brought about no revolution in French Government policy.

Secrets of European diplomacy are brought to light with sufficient frequency to prove that in this country, for all the cunning and audacity the London *Times* occasionally attributes to us, we are amateurs at the game, mere shirt-sleeved amateurs. The *Matin* of Paris has just published the text of two secret treaties between Servia and Bulgaria, signed in February, 1912, or more than half a year before the outbreak of the war with Turkey. From these treaties it plainly appears that some of the European Powers were by no means taken by surprise when the conflict broke out. Russia was kept in touch with the plans of the allies, and Austria-Hungary and Germany were also cognizant of the way things were going; England and France were in the dark. When, therefore, the European Concert in the early autumn of 1912 pleaded and fulminated against war, the majority of the Concert showed themselves admirable actors. There was a certain sincerity in the assertion of the Powers that the war would not be allowed to change the *status quo* in the Balkans. It should seem to have been the hope at St. Petersburg, Vienna, and Berlin, that the combatants would fight themselves into a condition of general exhaustion, with no vital change in the political situation and a consequently freer hand for the Powers to pursue their game of benevolent guidance in the Balkans.

"IDEALIZING" THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

Ambassador Page appears, quite unwittingly, to have fluttered the English dovecotes by his speech at the Savage Club on Saturday night. The London *Standard*, at all events, took great alarm at his account of the way in which the present Administration at Washington intends to apply the Monroe Doctrine. Mr. Page will probably be surprised to wake up and find that he was threatening British financial interests in Latin America, and that he was serving an important official notice. All that he had in mind, presumably, was to give a matter-of-fact summary of President Wilson's address at Mobile. It was in this that the new policies, so far as they are new, were outlined; yet the English press saw nothing to be frightened at in what Mr. Wilson said. His speech was praised for its fine idealism, though doubt was expressed if he would be able to work it out practically. Certainly, no threat to English investments in Central and South America was seen in it. It was left for the Ambassador, in merely repeating what the President said, to stir up an apprehension which the President himself did not excite.

The nub of the matter lies in the "third proposition" laid down by Mr. Page, that "no sort of financial control can, with the consent of the United States, be obtained over those weaker nations which would, in effect, control their Government." This was not, of course, new with the Ambassador. He was simply paraphrasing the language of the President. Mr. Wilson had said that government in Latin America by concessionaires would be looked upon unfavorably by the United States. And he plainly intimated that adventurers who fought their way to temporary power in those republics, purely for the sake of a chance at the Treasury and concessions, would not be recognized by this country. If this is, as the London *Standard* asserts, a dangerous "elaboration" of the Monroe Doctrine, it is plain that it had already been made by President Wilson.

Looked at calmly, we think that the truth and force in Mr. Wilson's plan can be discerned, but also the peril. It is true that financial scheming has been at the bottom of many a South American revolution. Possession of the Executive power by means of the army, together with a subservient Congress, has often been made a means of shameless exploitation. In Venezuela, Colombia, Nicaragua, and elsewhere, revolutionists have seized the Government, squeezed it like an orange, and presently gone to join the colony in Paris of kings and presidents *en exil*. Mr. Wilson is quite right in putting his finger on the wearisome repetition of this process as a great evil. If he can wisely and safely do anything to check it, he will surely be conferring a boon upon the revolution-racked countries to the south of us. And no objection lies to one of the steps he proposes to take. This is to refuse to enter into relations with any chance "President" who upsets an existing Government and fights his way to seeming power in order that he and his fellow-conspirators may feather their nests. In every such case, it would be well for the United States to decline to sanction this means of attaining office, with pecuniary greed stamped all over it. We could, while keeping our hands off, wait to see what happens to the usurper or dictator. We could do routine business with him as the *de-facto* head of the Government, but withhold full recognition of the validity of his title until his own people had had time deliberately to confirm it. This is the policy which Mr. Wilson at first sought to follow with Gen. Huerta in Mexico, though the increasing disturbances in that country, with their imperilling of American lives and property, soon led him to go further and insist upon Huerta's retiring. The end of this diplomatic intervention in Mexico is not yet, and is probably a long way off; but the course of conduct adopted by President Wilson at the beginning can be defended as proper and useful, and might be followed to advantage in other republics. If an unscrupulous military adventurer knows that he will not, on seizing power, be acknowledged at once as a "great and good friend," his vision of profit by revolution will be blurred.

The case of this "idealized" Monroe Doctrine becomes much more dubious, however, when it goes on to the question of financial control, and of seeing to it that all Spanish-American governments are based upon the consent of the governed. We are at this moment having illustration of the difficulties involved in this. Passing by the Nicaraguan treaty, which in effect proposes an American protectorate, but which is now sleeping in the Senate committee, we have the Dominican affair. First of all, we are administering the finances of San Domingo. This by itself looks as if, when Ambassador Page declared that the United States would assent to no financial control which would amount to control of the Government, he meant no such control except by ourselves. It was confidently asserted that our administration of the Dominican custom-houses would make revolutions in that island impossible. But they have latterly shown their head again. The last one was abandoned upon the promise of our Minister that the United States would insure a fair and free election; and, accordingly, several American "observers" are now en route to be a sort of unofficial inspectors of election in San Domingo next week. They sail despite a vigorous notification by the Dominican authorities that they are not wanted.

In this kind of thing, it is obvious, there lie the seeds of mischief. Deprecating "financial control" of Spanish-American governments, we may be found exercising it. Protesting against force, we may at any moment get into a position where we shall be using force. Standing up firmly for the consent of the governed, we may presently be threatening the governed unless they consent to be governed by us. The whole policy is plainly one requiring the utmost care and discretion in the execution. One precaution, above all, is indicated. All these delicate plans and negotiations must be entrusted to men fitted by character and training to handle them. It is this consideration which heightens the folly of displacing experienced and acceptable Ministers so as to make room for Mr. Bryan's happy-go-lucky friends. That way madness lies.

SWIFTER AND SURER JUSTICE.

In the December *World's Work* Mr. George W. Alger shows again how an elaborate growth of law-made regulation has hampered our judges. And it is, happily, at this vicious system that those who, in the various States, are working for reform of judicial procedure, are intelligently striking. We have already seen what a gain could be made by the Supreme Court in Washington,

in expediting the business before it, when it was empowered to revise its own rules. Much remains to be done in the Federal courts, but the path has been blazed. It is for the States to take the lesson to heart. The hopeful trend of law-reform in America at present is summed up by Mr. Alger as aiming at two things: first, to induce our Legislatures to give to courts the broad powers which English courts possess; and, secondly, to adopt in the United States some of the time-saving methods in judicial procedure which have been practically worked out in England.

The whole thing is a human problem. There is nothing vastly mysterious about it. The simplest inquiry shows that there is a great and wholly needless amount of "waste motion" in our courts. The phrase is Mr. Alger's, and he uses it with no thought of making a pun, though he links it closely with the enormous number of useless and time-consuming "motions" permitted to lawyers under the American practice. One law-reform committee after another has urged the English example, and has made the familiar comparison between the dispatch of business by judges in England and in the United States. This comparison, usually invidious in appearance, is not wholly fair. It may be that, as a rule, English judges are men of more ability and vigor than ours; and they may gain something from their assured position; but the main reason, after all, why they do so much better work is that they have so much better tools. On this point, some of Mr. Alger's statistics are highly illuminating. In 1907, the judges of the County Courts and the City of London Courts disposed of more than 1,300,000 cases. But judgment by default was entered in 448,000 cases, 413,000 were dismissed, 38,000 were tried by the judges without a jury (there were 929 cases tried with a jury), while 404,000 cases were tried by the registers, recorders, or referees. This last is the great relevant point. The English system provides for the handling of a large amount of court business by officers not strictly judicial. Mr. Alger declares that, in England, the greater part of the 63,732 orders signed by judges in non-litigated matters in New York County in 1912, and of the 14,914 orders in litigated matters, would have been disposed of by officials not called judges. In other words, the English judges have far more assistance than ours enjoy; the superfluous rubbish of cases is swept away before the real issue comes before them, and hence they are able to make rapid decisions.

It is along this line of improvement that the recent Practice act in New Jersey proceeds. It provides for commissioners to whom application must be made to determine the nature and issues of a trial before it is taken into court at all. Thus irrelevancies are got rid of in advance, and sham defences stricken out. On one abuse in American practice Mr. Alger comments with much force. It is that of permitting a case—or aspects of it—to be passed upon by a half-dozen different judges. Lawyers will make one motion before one judge and another before another, and so on, thus compelling different judges to familiarize themselves with a case which is really on trial elsewhere. There could hardly be a more ingenious method of wasting time and energy. But in England the rules of the court require that one judge shall be assigned to conduct a given case from the beginning to the end, and all motions concerning it must be made before him. Is there any good reason why Americans should not display equal sense?

Our plight is by no means hopeless. The wheels of our chariot of justice drive no more heavily than was the case in England when Sydney Smith wrote of the Court of Chancery that it showed "a complication, formality, entanglement, and delay which the life, the wealth, and the patience of men cannot endure." Similar words are often used of our present judicial procedure, and they are deserved; but the way out is clearly indicated. Fortunately, a great amount of well-directed energy is now expended by committees of the bar on the problem of judicial reform. It is only necessary to make steady application of common-sense and human experience.

REICHSTAG, ARMY, AND EMPIRE.

The debate in the Reichstag on Wednesday of last week, on the recent scandalous misconduct of an army officer in Zabern, Alsace, is said to have been the most exciting and the bitterest in nearly twenty years. But it was not without precedent—unless it be in the intensity of feeling. War Minister after War Minister has stood up in the Reichstag to defy its members, denounce the radical wing, and to utter the mediæval doctrine that in the Empire the army is supreme, and that its sacred honor must be upheld at any cost. In each case the Minister has either come direct from the Kaiser or spoken for him impliedly, and always the Reichstag has been helpless because of the lack of a Ministry responsible to its will. It has passed now a vote of censure on the Government—in itself an extraordinary occurrence—but nothing may happen. The garrison has indeed been removed from Zabern, somewhat to the dismay of the tradesfolk of that town; but no Ministers will fall, unless the Kaiser yields to public pressure, because the Kaiser alone makes or unmakes them, and it is his belief, frequently expressed, that before the "gay coat" of the military the people must bow, as Gessler tried to force Tell to make obeisance to his hat. The Kaiser learns but slowly.

It is precisely this independence of the Reichstag that renders the army so indifferent to popular anger and criticism. The newspapers may rage, but the army pays no attention to the "radical, traitorous press." Individual members of the Reichstag may criticise, but it is the rule that no one high up in the army loses his place or suffers for any act of official tyranny or misconduct towards the public. Lieut. Baron von Forstner, the offending Zabern officer, who gibed at the French Foreign Legion and the populace while drilling his company, is but too common a type. Oddly enough, the Reichstag is itself partly responsible for its own impotence, for, when the Ministry asks for more men, money, and arms, it votes them without hesitation. Even the Socialists made no determined fight last summer against the great levy for additional troops. The Reichstag invariably cowers before the old bogeys of a French war of revenge, of hostilities with Russia or England, and authorizes what is at least a "two-Power army," while the nation as a whole unquestionably approves. Thus the military trumphs and increases its strangle-hold on the country.

As a whole, the nation approves, we repeat. But deep down, we believe, there

are feelings ominous for those responsible for the present autocratic military régime. There is a national pride in the superb appearance, excellent physique, and drill of the army, but at the same time there is resentment not only at the overbearing attitude of the corps of officers, but at the withdrawal of so many men from industrial life, the huge waste of funds, and the fact that wnen in service the men under arms are not only there to frighten off foreign nations, but to overawe their countrymen. They are truly the props of the monarchy, though it is a gross exaggeration, of course, to say, as Gen. von Falkenhayn did last week, that without them not a stone of the Reichstag building would remain in place. For the present it is an easy task for the militarists to rivet their chains upon the people. The army is pictured as a democratic institution; every schoolboy is taught that but for it the German nation would never have come to pass, and could not now exist; and the periodical war scares are used to increase the terrible financial burdens. These, despite the nation's wonderful prosperity, steadily increase the trials of the poor, hundreds of thousands of whom can no longer afford meat save as a rare luxury. And always the army stands, by its very nature, in direct opposition to liberal progress of every kind. It would be certain to support the Kaiser if he should order the closing of the Reichstag, precisely as it ended the uprising of the people in 1849.

And it is especially deplorable that the particular excesses which have aroused the nation should have taken place in Alsace-Lorraine. Prince von Bülow has recently published his regret that the German Government has made no better headway in the recaptured provinces. They form the clearest kind of demonstration of the folly of any conquest to-day. The Germans have never won the hearts of the Alsatians any more than we have those of the Filipinos. They hold these lands as we do the Philippines, by brute strength. It is true that Alsace and Lorraine have shared the prosperity of the Empire, but all the revenue they have paid into the treasury is but a trifle as compared to what they have cost the nation by reason of their being a chief cause of its huge militaristic expenditures.

THE TOWN AND COUNTRY MUSE.

Whether we like it or not, the lark and the nightingale are fast disappearing from poetry. As in Dr. Johnson's day, the city presents a superior appeal to that of the country, and various poets are responding to its call. They have turned in part to street scenes. They note the unexpected meeting of eyes in a crowd—that experience which to Lowell was always so stimulating—the veiled sorrow of a passerby, and all the other individual semblances that lurk behind the masses' collective attitude. Most of such written observations are still in the experimental stage; at best are vignettes requiring a larger vision to lift them to real worth. Even Mr. Masefield's researches of the gutter, though bearing the authentic colors and intonations, are usually but raw material. One has only to compare one of his vagabonds with Wordsworth's poor Michael, simple character as the latter is, to feel the fundamental lack in much of such work.

Yet there are features of the city which can stir the imagination to transforming power. Admitting that the chirp of the sparrow cannot compensate for the lark's wild delight or for Philomel's sorrow, yet the city, too, has its whirr of wings and gush of song. Incidentally, it may be asked, has no city-dweller, stopping in the country, ever mistaken the note of a brook for a distant train? One American poet, Mr. Chester Firkins, sees sufficient poetic excitement in a subway express:

> I, who have lost the stars, the sod,
> For ehilling pave and eheerless light,
> Have made my meeting-place with God
> A new and nether Night—
>
> Have found a fane where thunder fills
> Loud caverns, tremulous;—and these
> Atone me for my reverend hills
> And moonlit silenees.
>
> A figment in the erowded dark,
> Where men sit muted by the roar,
> I ride upon the whirring Spark
> Beneath the city's floor.
>
> In this dim firmament, the stars
> Whirl by in blazing files and tiers;
> Kin meteors graze our flying bars
> Amid the spinning spheres.

It was perhaps too fanciful to discover in the Brooklyn Bridge, as one poet did, a great harp which softened by the breath of the sea the city's harsh music. Yet it illustrates an increasing endeavor to get behind the man-made metropolis and to reach its inner meaning. We commend to such writers that great witches' caldron which lies in New York over St. Paul's and near by the Singer building, where twilight merges into a thousand starry spaces and circling vapors cast a spell. Man builds, as man built Babel, and scarcely has he finished when his edifice is invested with a spirit on which he never reckoned and which only the seer can understand.

Foreigners have wondered why our writers have done so little with the blast furnaces of Pittsburgh. Well, one poet, at least, has given us a notable picture of a smelter on a hillside, like a Cyclops, looking down on the city. Not only the city proper, but the spectacular handiwork of the city wherever found, is quickening more and more our young poets' fancy. For Mr. Percy Mackaye the automobile can also be a Pegasus. The following lines are a portion of his sonnet on that topic:

> Fluid the world flows under us: the hills
> Billow on billow of umbrageous green
> Heaved us, aghast, to fresh horizons, seen
> One rapturous instant, blind with flash of rills
> And silver-rising storms and dewy stills
> Of dripping boulders, till the dim ravine
> Drowned us again in leafage, whose serene
> Coverts grew loud with our tumultuous wills.

Mr. Stephen Phillips, though without much success, has laid hold of the aeroplane. These new tendencies are most interesting, yet whether they will change the complexion of poetic imagery it is too early to say. Mr. Firkins, in the passage quoted, has described his feelings in the subway in the terms of the older poetry, using, that is, details which have a long poetic tradition. The strict modernist would, of course, object to this method by pointing out that it is almost as archaic to liken the subway to "fanes" and "firmaments" as to sing of Greek temples and the stars directly. It is indeed a question whether the poets of the present can, even if they would, dispense with "lyric Apollo" and all his kin. Mr. Mackaye, in the one instance cited, has, it is true, confined himself to a language of motion and sound which seldom harks back. But as a general rule poetry will hardly achieve desired sweep and perspective without drawing on the poetic associations of other days, and especially of the free out-of-doors. Wherever mere man, plodding for his daily bread—be it in a sweltering summer of the East Side or in the humdrum of a Wall Street

office—looks up and feels the stir of other things, Pan has piped for him. The muse of the country and that of the city are really first cousins, only one of them just now bears the ignominy of being styled a "country cousin."

SCIENTIFIC MANAGEMENT OF CHRISTMAS.

It has long been felt that something should be done to curb the excesses of the Christmas spirit. Beginning about a month before the 25th of December, a large part of the world falls victim to the most extravagantly benevolent impulses. The shops become filled with jostling crowds of careworn, irritable persons who glare at one another and exhaust their ingenuity in efforts, usually vain, to get the clerks to pay some attention to them. The evenings of the home are given over to discussions, now and then verging upon the acrimonious, as to what presents shall be purchased and where they shall be sent. This is often varied by conjectures as to what is likely to be received, and from whom. It is an inspiring spectacle. Everybody is thinking about giving. Finally, the long-awaited day arrives. The packages are opened. The doubt whether Cousin Kate would send anything or not is cleared up. With the strain of all these decisions removed, and their consequences known, there ensues a brief period in which people give way even more completely to the impulses of good-will. They exchange greetings with some show of warmth, inquire after the prosperity of those who do them any small service, and forget, for the moment, that business is business, and that life is short. It is sometimes as much as ten days after Christmas before normal conditions are restored.

Will our descendants believe that it was not until the second decade of the twentieth century that the world was aroused to the viciousness of this annual debauch of kindness? Will they believe that it was actually necessary to form societies in order to keep our better selves from getting the better of us? Such must be our humiliating confession. The first step towards scientific management of Christmas was the preparation of lists of gifts, so that no debt, hanging over from the previous year, should go unpaid. But this was not immediately followed by another. People were still so completely under the control of their unregulated impulses that they gave without thinking whether their gifts were useful or only representative of sentiment. Fathers still brought drums and horns to sons who were in dire need of books on "How to Study." Mothers still presented their daughters with dolls instead of copies of the election laws. And the amount of cards sent round, from hand-painted ones to those bought by the gross, staggers the imagination. From this intemperance of generosity we are just emerging. Its shadow is yet over us, so that we are not always absolutely sure of the distinction between the useful and the sentimental. But we are learning.

The worst effect of the unregulated Christmas spirit is that it lulls our natural suspicion of our fellows. To such an extreme of guilelessness has this carried us that the Police Commissioner of a great city has thought it necessary to issue an official warning. Don't forget, he says in substance, that this is in reality the same old lost world that it has been from the first. Christmases come and Christmases go, but human nature goes on forever. In particular, don't pay for C. O. D. packages until you have taken a look at them, and satisfied yourself that they contain something that you have ordered. Don't tempt your fellow-man by displaying what money you happen to have about you. Don't leave the room in which a messenger has delivered a parcel until the messenger has gone. Don't permit your cashier to hand out change before he has the piece of money he supposed himself to be changing. Don't leave your automobile unguarded in the street. Now, a careful person would be more or less apt to observe all of these injunctions at any season. The point of the Commissioner's warning is that at Christmas the individual is inclined to be so soft-hearted as to become the prey of the designing. How foolish to imagine that everybody is benevolently inclined merely because you are!

The good citizens of that town may endeavor to obey the Commissioner. But it will be a bit hard at first to look upon the person next them with one gracious and one suspicious eye. This, of course, is only because scientific management of Christmas is so new. As soon as we have had time to get accustomed to it, we shall be able to stare any messenger-boy with a C. O. D. package out of countenance while making him feel perfectly at home by the ardor of our greeting. We shall have no trouble in crying "Merry Christmas!" to the obliging stranger who directs us to the street we are hunting, in a tone that lets him know that we are not to be caught off our guard. It will become second nature for us to give the newsboy and the bootblack the little remembrance we have been in the habit of giving them, in a manner that tells them as plainly as words that we are not so "easy" as they may think we look. It is a high scientific ideal, but we shall manage to attain unto it. Whether it will be worth the trouble it will cost, is a question; it might even be easier to spread a little of the better part of the Christmas spirit over the rest of the year.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Almost before Indiana had acquired its statehood an historical work of some distinction was written and published on Hoosier soil. "The Sketchbook" and the "Leatherstocking Tales" had not yet appeared; William Cullen Bryant had published "Thanatopsis" only two years before, when the village of Salem, lying among the hills thirty miles north of Louisville, made its début as a publishing centre. It was before the days of railway or telegraph, and steamboats had only begun to appear on the Ohio. Paper, type, and presses had to be hauled by wagon from Louisville. The State capital was at Corydon, and the site of its successor, Indianapolis, was still unbroken forest. Salem itself was a backwoods village, yet, as county seat, already boasted a weekly paper; and it was in this little one-room office that the work in question, a biography of Napoleon, was published.

In 1818, when this book appeared, its hero still had half his dreary imprisonment at St. Helena to undergo. The title page reads: "The Life / of / Bonaparte, / late Emperor of the French, / &c., &c., &c., / from his birth until his departure / to the / Island of St. Helena, / by a citizen of the United States. / Salem, Indiana, / Printed by Patrick & Booth. / 1818." It will be observed that the author's name is not mentioned, and this omission has given rise to a deal of speculation. Some have thought that Mr. Patrick, the senior member of the publishing firm, himself wrote as well as printed the book. Another and more interesting theory attributes the composition to a German or Polish officer who had served on the staff of Marshal Ney and with him had undergone the horrors of the Russian campaign. He had appeared in Philadelphia in 1815, shortly after the final catastrophe at Waterloo, in a state of destitution, and had gradually drifted westward till he settled at length in southern Indiana. He gave his name as Lehmanowski (or Lemanowski), though some of those who came

to know him best declared later that it had originally been Lehmann. Finding a widespread interest in Napoleon throughout the West, he prepared and delivered in many places a series of lectures on the career of the great captain, of whom he was a warm admirer. In private conversation he told many thrilling experiences of his own, declaring that he had taken part in 125 battles in the army of Napoleon. Among other things he gave a circumstantial account of the supposed execution of his old chief, Marshal Ney, and of that hero's escape and his life in this country.

While it is not possible to prove this officer the author of our book, there are several bits of evidence which have weight. First, the book itself is written with entire confidence of statement, and displays an acquaintance with the acts and words of Napoleon which is natural enough in one who had personally known him. Many documents, too — decrees, proclamations, speeches, etc.—are given bodily, some of which do not appear in much larger and fuller works. There is, furthermore, the direct testimony of an early resident of Salem, who knew Lehmanowski intimately, to the effect that he was the author; and this is reinforced by the assertions of Lehmanowski's own sons. Yet with all this, the proof falls short of certainty.

As to the volume itself, it measures 4x7 inches over all, is printed on a tough, substantial paper, and bound in full calf. The type is approximately 9-point, with a rather small face. There are occasional errors in the typography, mostly of single letters, but on the whole it is a fairly "clean" and creditable piece of work. About one-third of the 257 pages of the biography are devoted to the first thirty-five years of Napoleon's life, and the rest to the history of his reign as Emperor. Only one short chapter—hardly more than five pages—is expended upon his early years, the second chapter opening with his marriage to Josephine. Three chapters contain the story of the Italian campaigns which first revealed his genius to the world; then two are given to his Egyptian enterprise, and another two to his gradual absorption of supreme power as consul.

The author's attitude towards his subject is revealed in this paragraph:

> To a philosophic mind no spectacle could be more interesting than that which France presented at this period of her history. It was the spectacle of a great nation which, after breasting the storms of a more terrible revolution than any that history records, was again forced back by a mighty combination of foreign powers to the point from which she started—to the sway of a family whom she had driven with ignominy from the throne and whose expulsion had been sealed by the blood of millions of her people. . . . The house of Bourbon was driven from the throne—for more than twenty years France remained steadfast in her aversion to that family; she waded through oceans of blood and endured every privation—the bravest of her warriors have fallen and the greatest and wisest of her patriots and philosophers have been sacrificed to confirm the expulsion of a dynasty which they declared incapable of reigning in consequence of its multiplied crimes. But vain have been her efforts! The iron hand of force has succeeded in dethroning the man who, with all his faults, has contributed more in the fourteen years of his power to the prosperity and glory of France than had been achieved for centuries before; and in the vacant throne they have put a member of the proscribed family of Bourbon, a man of imbecile character, an enemy to all those glorious recollections which can alone console France under her present misfortunes; a king, in short, who has avowed himself indebted for his crown to the ancient and unrelenting foe of the nation he was about to govern. Such was the humiliating picture which France presented at the period of Napoleon's abdication.

The explanation of the rout at Waterloo is one which a soldier of the grand army might have been expected to endorse. After mentioning the arrival on the field of the Prussians under Bülow and Blücher the author goes on:

> At this period a panic, strange and incomprehensible in men who had distinguished themselves by such unparalleled heroism before, was observed to have seized some troops of the middle guard, which immediately communicated itself to those around. The Prussians availed themselves of the moment and sprang forward to the charge, followed by the English army, and the effect was decisive. . . . Such was the issue of the ever-memorable battle of Mount St. John or Waterloo; a battle which cast a darker gloom over the destiny of France than any which has loured in her horizon since the day of Agincourt. Yet, fatal as the result was, the conflict shed a ray of glory on the arms of France of which defeat cannot rob them. For three days the French fought the armies of Prussia and England, commanded by their ablest generals, and victory attended them to the last hour, when it was snatched from their grasp by a fortuitous event which no skill could have anticipated.

The history closes with the exile's embarkation on the Northumberland, but in a brief appendix is given a two-page description of St. Helena, followed by lists of the members of Napoleon's family, the kings created by him, and the nobility of his creation. The little book is readable and in the main remarkably correct, especially when its early date is considered. Unfortunately not more than five copies are known to be in existence, and even the State Library of Indiana, which makes a specialty of State history and literature, has been obliged to be content with a typewritten copy.

HUGH MACMASTER KINGERY.

Correspondence

OPIUM IN THE DUTCH EAST INDIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of November 13 I find a communication from Mr. Bertrand Shadwell, dated September 18, which concludes with the remark that, if the Dutch East Indian Government "could be induced, in the interest of humanity, to renounce its profits [on the sale of opium] and to close its opium manufactory, the practice of the opium vice in Java would cease at once."

Mr. Shadwell's implied wish is shared by many, but a formidable obstacle lies in the path of its realization, to wit, precisely those profits he rightly calls very large since the revenue derived from the opium monopoly in the Dutch East Indies exceeds the outlay by more than 200 per cent. As regards her renouncing this lucrative if unholy traffic, Holland has always shown herself perfectly willing to engage in any amount of talk while reserving her liberty to shun parallel action in the interest of humanity as a totally different matter. Holland has consequently never lagged behind in joining opium conferences and congresses, bravely discussing conditions, and voting for or against amendments; gladly extending her hospitality to the delegates of the participating countries, lately assembled at The Hague. Holland furthermore, according to the periodically recurring statements of her successive Ministers for the Colonies, takes nothing so much to heart as the moral and material welfare of the millions of inhabitants of her vast Asiatic possessions. But it is a curious fact that the louder she proclaims her determination to perform her colonial duties, the less chance these laudable intentions stand, by destiny's strange decree, of being translated into deeds—every one in her oversea dominions knows that.

The opium vice has been imported into Java, not to forget the exterior possessions, and sedulously fostered expressly for the sake of gain. When the scandals of the opium farm began to cry to heaven, reform was promised in the shape of the so-called Opium Regie. Government was going to restrain, gradually to prohibit, the use of opium by doing away with the Chinese middlemen, by preparing opium for native consumption in a Government opium manufactory, and retailing it in Government opium shops, to be smoked in Government opium dens. And what now is the result of this fine measure? In the year 1903 I was clapped in jail, thanks to the power conferred upon Dutch colonial authorities by a mediæval Press act, for predicting in the Batavia newspaper I then edited what since has happened and could not fail to happen, given Dutch colonial shortsighted rapacity. I foresaw, as any one might have foreseen, that the "reform" ushered in with a tremendous show of paternal care for the native population at the expense of the Dutch exchequer, would produce a diametrically opposite effect. In vindication of my protest, the opium habit has spread far beyond its former confines, and goes on spreading under the Government Regie worse than ever under the Chinese opium farm, with continually greater immediate profit to the aforementioned exchequer and corresponding greater loss, materially and morally, to the peoples under Dutch colonial rule. The net gain, less than $5,600,000 in 1902, is estimated at $8,000,000 for the current year and $8,400,000 for 1914, while the actual net receipts will doubtless enormously exceed the latter sum, since the Government estimates referring to this shady source of revenue are, for obvious reasons, kept very low.

Yet official and non-official spokesmen of the Dutch and Dutch East Indian Governments declare solemnly in official, semi-official, and non-official statements on each and every occasion that they are stamping out the opium vice in the Dutch East Indies—not the only fiction assiduously maintained: *mundus vult decipi, ergo decipiatur.* No wonder that the colonial excellencies, comfortably retired after their diligent application of this golden rule, meeting at their clubs or in the street, can hardly

refrain from smiling, like the Roman augurs, when looking at one another.

J. F. SCHELTEMA.

Edinburgh, November 24.

DIALECT IN LITERATURE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: When in doubt as to the merits of a literary dispute, consult Goethe. What he says concerning dialects seems to me to have a direct bearing on the subject recently discussed in the columns of the *Nation*. I translate from the second part (sixth Book) of "Wahrheit und Dichtung."

I had been born and bred to use the Upper-German dialect, and although my father always cultivated a certain purity of language, and early called the attention of his children to what may be regarded as the defects of that idiom, preparing us thus for better speech, I still retained certain deep-seated and naïve peculiarities, of which I had grown fond. I liked to air them, though by their use I invariably incurred a severe reprimand from my new fellow-townsmen. [He was living in Leipzig at the time.] . . . The Upper-Germans, and particularly those who live near the Rhine and Main (great rivers, like the sea-coast, diffuse general animation) are fond of expressing themselves in similes and allusions, and clothe sound common-sense in apt proverbs. Such language is sometimes blunt, though never out of place, considering its intent. Nevertheless, it cannot be denied that here and there a delicate ear may object to certain idioms.

Every province loves its own dialect, for, properly speaking, the soul draws from it its very life-breath. But every one knows with what obstinacy the dialect of Meissen has lorded it over the rest, so that all other speech was almost excluded in that region. . . . I was made to feel that I ought to eschew the use of proverbs, which, instead of beating about the bush, always hit the nail on the head. . . . I was to forget all that, in the ardor of my youth, I had made my own. My inmost heart was, as it were, struck dumb, and I scarcely knew how to express the commonest things. Withal, I was told that one should speak as one writes, and write as one speaks; while to me speaking and writing were absolutely two different things, each of which had its own rights.

Elsewhere, in reviewing a play, written in the Alsatian dialect, Goethe deprecates the "consolidation of the various German dialects as a means of promoting national unity." This, he said, would only lead to "the destruction of the real character of the nation." He thought dialects "a perfectly legitimate outgrowth of youthful impressions and of the concurrence of the organs of hearing, speech, and thought."

Now, what Goethe says of the German language is equally true of another. But, in speaking of dialect, we must distinguish between long-established speech and passing slang, between what is homely and permanent and what is vulgar and ephemeral. True poets have at all times known how to put existing dialects to effective use. In the most cultivated literary circles of northern Germany the popularity of Fritz Reuter's *plattdeutsche* poems and stories is as great as is that of Hebel's "Alemannische Gedichte" in southern Germany. The charm of Rosegger's and Anzengruber's Styrian peasant speech is as real as that of Burns's Scotch idiom, which has captured the whole world. Some lines in Tennyson's "Northern Farmer" are as striking as the polished verse of "In Memoriam." Gerhart Hauptmann's Silesian dialect is often telling; his Berlin dialect never is. Our "coon songs" are, indeed, generally vile, but in Foster's negro melodies the words seem as truly poetic as anything ever set to music. Uncle Remus's negro prose continues to live and delight. Mistral has enriched Provençal speech until it has become, as has been said, the classic vulgate of the Félibres. Some dialects, such as the Pennsylvania Dutch, seem incapable of furnishing poetic inspiration; others, like that of the mountaineers of Tennessee, when handled by as able a writer as Miss Murfree, have made their entrance into literature. Whether "hoosier" poetry deserves to be seriously discussed in a journal like the *Nation* depends entirely on the question whether we esteem the man who writes it a real poet or not.

GUSTAV POLLAK.

New York, December 5.

THACKERAY'S "LITTLE BILLEE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issues of November 6 and 20 the News for Bibliophiles contains discussions of the source of Thackeray's "Little Billee." The London *Academy* of July 12, 1884, has a letter on the subject by "E. G." (Edmund Gosse?), and there are other letters in the numbers for July 19 and August 16. The first letter contains the text of "Le Petit Navire," quoted from *Mélusine*, I, 463. In the second number, which contains three letters, there is a rendering into Greek, and Alfred Nutt remarks: "The 'Petit Navire' is a catch as familiar in France as the 'Three Blind Mice' in England. Every boy and girl throughout the country knows it by heart. There can be no doubt that Thackeray picked it up during his stay in France, and simply adapted it." ALBERT S. COOK.

Yale University, December 4.

CELT AND KELT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: When freshmen talk about "Kelts" something should be done. This barbarism —*Kelt*—came into fashion presumably some time after the late Professor Freeman had indulged his fancies of spelling—fancies hardly outdone by Robert Browning. The Hellenism of both men was picturesque, and it was pleasant to observe the freedom of these masters.

Upon what authority—save that of a growing desire to be different from others—have *Kelt* and *Keltic* thus come into use? The answer would seem simple enough: a dictionary will clear up the matter. Curiously, I have found no single instance where *Kelt* and *Keltic* have been cited as warrant for this use. In one dictionary only is precedence given to *Kelt* over *Celt*, and that is in Liddell and Scott's Lexicon, though why it should be given first when later in the text "κελτικός = Celtic, Gallic." is not apparent. The last edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica has no entry under *Kelt, Keltic*. The Standard and New International Dictionaries give *Kelt* as a variant for *Celt*, with no authorities; and the New International relegates *Kelt* to the fine print at the bottom of the page. Although the 1908 edition of Brockhaus's Konversationslexicon enters the name under *Kelt* for treatment—a cross-reference from the bare word *Celt*—the Wörterbuch of Flügel-Schmidt-Tanger enters only *Celte, celtisch*. Harper's Latin Dictionary naturally gives *Celtic*. From the French sense of the fitness of things one could expect only *Celt, celtique*, recognized in the dictionaries of that self-respecting language. And the Spaniards observe Romance tradition in *Celta, celtico*, etc.

The real humor of *Kelt* is most keenly perceived in reading the long list of perfectly natural English words, *Celt, celtic*, etc., given in the Oxford Dictionary. *Celt* has been a normal form since 1607. Its origin is obvious; and nouns, adjectives, and adverbs have been made from it for 300 years. Celtic scholars in Great Britain have found *Celt* and *Celtic* quite good enough for their modest, not to say reverent, use. He would be rash who questioned Whitely-Stokes's taste or good sense in writing *Celtic*. Nor have Celtic scholars on the Continent felt bound to adopt an initial *K* for the word because the Greeks used it. The *Zeitschrift fur Celtische Philologie* suggests that *Kelt* is not universal in German university circles. When Holder gave the name to his monumental "Alt-Celtischer Sprachschatz" he did not affect a pedantic superiority to the usage of the vernacular.

Who shall defend this barbarism in English? *Kelt* and *Keltic* are the only forms admitted in volume one of the Cambridge "Mediæval History." Who will accept the challenge thus thrown at the historical evidence for *Celt* offered by Oxford? In plain terms, is not *Kelt* a mere affectation?

W. P. REEVES.

Kenyon College, Gambier, O., December 3.

SWINBURNE BIBLIOGRAPHY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I solicit the aid of your readers in my attempt to render more nearly complete my bibliography of books, articles, and poems by Swinburne? This bibliography, tentatively published as an appendix to the new collection of Swinburniana entitled "A Pilgrimage of Pleasure," is admittedly incomplete. It does not, however, pretend to mention articles or poems which have been gathered into volumes by Mr. Swinburne or his executor. It does aim to list all first editions and such essays, stories, and poems as Mr. Swinburne has not seen fit to reissue in book form. I shall be exceedingly grateful for such assistance as your readers may give me in my effort to publish a complete checklist of Swinburniana. EDWARD J. O'BRIEN.

South Yarmouth, Mass., December 4.

INSOMNIA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The remedy for insomnia contributed to your issue of December 4 may be called a mental method. There is a strictly physical method that often works successfully, as I and others have found. Get a woven rubber bandage from a surgical supply store and wind it around the chest, so that an appreciable exertion must be put forth to expand the lungs. The additional effort required to breathe will in a very short time relieve the congestion that

is causing the trouble. The bandage must not be so tight as to cause real difficulty in breathing, or it will defeat the purpose desired. OSCAR WOODWARD ZEIGLER.

Baltimore, Md., December 5.

Literature

HOLIDAY BOOKS.—II.

Dickens is naturally among the novelists brought out for the holiday season. Of the quarto "Old Curiosity Shop" (Doran; $5 net) the distinguishing feature is the illustrations in color by Frank Reynolds, R.I. It is not every novel that admits of being elaborately illustrated to the satisfaction of those who treasure their own mental images of its characters; and when the thing does admit of being done, there are still a hundred ways of going astray in the execution. But Dickens's story of Little Nell, and her grandfather, and Sampson Brass, and Sally Brass, and Quilp, and Dick Swiveller is precisely of the kind which good pictures cannot hurt; and Mr. Reynolds has made capital ones—at once good to look at and chiming in with our notion of the characters.

Mrs. Gaskell, of "Cranford," was not a towering genius, but her work was sterling, and it has worn well. Dodd, Mead & Co. have issued her "Wives and Daughters" ($1.50 net) in a pleasing volume of 641 pages, with many illustrations. The print is small, but remarkably clear. There is an interesting analytical and critical preface by Thomas Seccombe, sketching and estimating Mrs. Gaskell's literary career as a whole, but devoted chiefly to this work. "The characters," says Mr. Seccombe in closing, "are as difficult as ever novelist attempted, the success as great as ever novelist achieved."

Very slender are the princesses and much bewigged are their suitors in Kay Nielsen's illustrations of the fairy tales which, retold by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, form the text of the happily named volume, "In Powder and Crinoline" (Doran). Sir Arthur complains of a plentiful lack of fairy stories of the age of crinoline, but has made shift to find three, including one of his own.

A charming book from Doran's is Barrie's "Quality Street" ($5 net). Here we have, owing to the brevity of the work, a quarto sumptuous in its heavy paper and large type, with illustrations by Hugh Thomson—some in color and some in black and white—of a rare delicacy and piquancy. Those to whom the play, as given by Maude Adams, is a delightful memory, will enjoy having that memory refreshed by the text and pictures of this attractive volume.

Two essays, believed to be hitherto unpublished, one by Charles Dudley Warner and the other by Walt Whitman, are put forth by the Carteret Book Club of Newark in editions limited to one hundred copies. Warner's essay is a short appreciation of Charles Dickens, of whom it remarks that half an hour "is worth a lifetime of his self-conscious analyzers." Whitman begins his essay, which is on "Criticism," by suggesting that he may be going to write upon something that does not exist. But he thinks that it might exist, and, if of the right kind, "might arrest, hold up to scorn, and in due time thoroughly exterminate, a false and vicious school of current writers, and might prepare for, beget, and bring forward to maturity, crops of noble writers and even poets, instead. But this," he also thinks, "is supposing a stature of Critics and Criticism . . . far higher than British or European literature has even yet afforded."

Robert Haven Schauffler has written a "Romantic America" (Century; $5 net). There is a robust text to carry the handsome illustrations, which is not always the case with your volume *de luxe*. It is no disparagement to the galaxy of artists who have collaborated with the writer—Maxfield Parrish, Joseph Pennell, André Castaigne, Anne Bosworth Greene, Harry Fenn, and Henry Guy Fangel among others—to say that without their work the book would still be a vivid portrayal of the charm of American landscape and our older architecture. Much of the material is necessarily preordained—the Grand Cañon, the Yosemite, the Yellowstone, New Orleans, and the colonial homes of old Virginia; but the familiar stuff is freshly handled. The volume is a handsomely printed quarto.

One of the most elaborately wrought books of the present season is "Parsifal, or The Legend of the Holy Grail, Retold from Ancient Sources, with Acknowledgment to the 'Parsifal' of Richard Wagner," by T. W. Rolleston, presented by Willy Pogány (Crowell; $6 net). The 192 pages have been reproduced by lithography in two colors, each page, including the lettering, being the work of the artist. There are sixteen plates in full color, besides numerous marginal designs. Though not distinguished, the heroic couplets in which the legend is told move for the most part smoothly.

From the same publishers comes a new edition of the "Rubáiyát" ($1.50 net), in less expensive style than that issued by them two years ago. Though the size of the page has been slightly decreased and the weight of the paper reduced, the new edition has been printed from the same plates as the more elaborate volume, and has the same number of illustrations (twenty-four) in full color. The work of the artist, Willy Pogány, is too well known to require description.

Henry van Dyke's "The Toiling of Felix," a poem based upon the "sayings of Jesus" discovered in a papyrus fragment near the Nile in 1897, receives holiday recognition in an edition containing illustrations in color by Herbert Moore and border decorations by Edward B. Edwards (Scribner; $1.50 net). Another book of verse is Robert W. Service's songs of travel and adventure and sentiment, well named "Rhymes of a Rolling Stone" ($2 net), which has been brought out by Dodd, Mead with photographic reproductions of many of the scenes described or alluded to. The first poem tells the story of the book:

> There's sunshine in the heart of me,
> My blood sings in the breeze;
> The mountains are a part of me,
> I'm fellow to the trees.
> My golden youth I'm squandering,
> Sun-libertine am I;
> A-wandering, a-wandering,
> Until the day I die.

Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" appears in handsome holiday colors (Dutton; $6 net). As the text for her illustrations Margaret Cook, the artist, has apparently taken Whitman's verse, "I am the poet of the Body and I am the poet of the Soul," and has attempted to poetize the several stark masculine figures called for by the text by a mirage of colors and blurred outlines; but she has had better success with the figures of women. The cover, which illustrates the title, is most effective, being nothing more than a few sprigs in gilt superimposed upon a background of dull green cloth.

Youthful readers and many who are not so young will find pleasure in the pages of "The Book of the Sagas" (Dutton; $2.50). Even in modern English Thor looks every inch a hero. But the English version, made by Alice S. Hoffman, would be much better if the trick of introducing sentences with "and" had not been overworked and the simplicity of the original Icelandic had not been falsified. The illustrations by Gordon Browne, R. I., several of them in glowing colors, are in themselves worth the price of the book.

Mr. Max Beerbohm has chosen an opportune moment to issue his "Fifty Caricatures" (Dutton; $2 net). Funny and clever at any time, they are delicious at just this season when between the drums and tramplings of Sir Edward Carson and Mrs. Pankhurst English statesmen have taken on a harassed look. Sir Edward Carson himself appears, or rather not himself, being conceived as something like a combination of the devil and a lily pad. But this is the only case in which the artist has permitted symbolic value to blur life-likeness. Outstanding personalities of other nations are represented, such as Caruso, Hauptmann, and Rodin.

A number of illustrations, four of them reproductions in color, may explain the inclusion of Fromentin's "Masters of Past Time" (Dutton; $2.50 net) among the special holiday books. For those who do not know the "Maîtres d'Autrefois" in the original this English version may be recommended.

ASSYRIAN RELIGION.

Die Religion Babyloniens und Assyriens. Von Morris Jastrow, jr. Three volumes. Giessen: Alfred Töpelmann.

In 1898 Professor Jastrow published his "Religion of Babylonia and Assyria," in a series of handbooks on the History of Religion edited by him. In 1902 appeared the first part of a translation of this work into German, under the title, "Die Religion des Babyloniens und Assyriens," a somewhat unusual experience for an American author. In the announcement accompanying the first part of this translation, the complete work was promised in ten parts within a year, revised by the author and brought up to date. As the work progressed this original plan was changed several times, until at last, after eleven years, we have three bulky volumes, together with a portfolio of illustrations, containing in all some 1,800 pages against less than 800 pages in the orig-

inal. As the pages in the German are considerably larger than those in the English volume, the new German work may be said to be, in the matter of text, three times as large as the original English work. This difference in size is not, however, the only difference between the two books. The last seven chapters, or about one-half of the original English work, dealing with cosmology, myths and legends, future life, temples and ritual, and containing finally a general summing up, are altogether omitted from the German volume, which, in spite of its larger size, is therefore as yet a torso. Dr. Jastrow attempts to present an exhaustive treatment of the omen and magical literature of the Babylonians. Through the first fourteen chapters the difference in contents and in size between the two books is not great—252 pages in the English to 272 pages in the German. It is when he begins to deal with the magical texts that the change takes place. The result is that the book is strangely out of proportion. The first 272 pages, constituting the first half of the first volume, are part of a handbook of the history of the religion, like the original English edition. The remaining two volumes and a half are, in continually increasing ratio, a collection in full or by content of all known magical texts, prayers and hymns, penitential psalms, and more especially oracles and omens of every description, particularly the omens derived from the examination of the liver and the study of the heavens.

As might be expected from the length of time consumed in this immensely painstaking work, with the constant addition of new material as a result of excavations in progress, or new discoveries in old material through decipherment of texts theretofore unknown, Professor Jastrow has undergone various changes of opinion in the process of publication. The pages dealing with the history and relation of the various forms of wedge-shaped writing, in the earlier part of the work, had to be rewritten later, and, similarly, the views first expressed with regard to the Sumerian language, which Professor Jastrow did not believe existed, were changed and modified later, the proof of the existence of that language having become too convincing for him longer to refuse to accept it. With all the wealth of material which he has presented, Dr. Jastrow yet finds himself obliged to apologize in the preface for various omissions, especially a treatise on the Elamite language by Dr. Hüsing, omitted for lack of space, and specimens of purely Sumerian hymns and penitential songs. The latter omission he promises to repair in another work, which is to treat also the material covered in the latter chapters of the original English volume, not included in the present book. We wish, by the way, that in his preface the author had followed Anglo-American rather than German custom, and omitted altogether polemical references to his critics.

Naturally, the relatively disproportionate space allotted in this book to the discussion of omen literature gives the reader the impression that this was the real content of the Babylonian-Assyrian religion, and, in point of fact, in ordinary practice, magic did constitute, during a considerable part of its history certainly, the religion of Babylonia-Assyria, as it did of Egypt. This is evidenced by the great mass of this literature which has been handed down to us. Dr. Jastrow has deserved well of scholars, especially by his study of the omen texts. The more important results of this study have already been noted in the columns of the *Nation* as the different parts of the work were issued.

To many students, however, and to readers in general, the most interesting and valuable part of this whole publication will prove to be the "Bildermappe zur Religion des Babyloniens und Assyriens," a portfolio of pictures dealing with or in any way illustrating Babylonian religion, 226 illustrations in all, with about 100 pages of text. As in the case of the omen literature, Professor Jastrow has sought to make this pictorial representation of Babylonian-Assyrian religion exhaustive, and he has, in fact, assembled here, if not all, at least all of importance, from the monuments of various sorts, including the seal cylinders. We note a few places in which the collection might have been enlarged to advantage, especially the parts dealing with the temples and *zigurats*, and with burial and the future life. In some cases, also, the pictures lack clearness; but, on the whole, Dr. Jastrow has accomplished his difficult task well, and the text accompanying the pictures is, in general, a sane and helpful interpretation of their meaning.

The illustrations from the seal cylinders were selected by Dr. William Hayes Ward, who also wrote the text accompanying. With these explanations and with Dr. Ward's general view of the Babylonian religion and its relation to neighboring cults, we do not find ourselves always able to agree. On page 105 he says: "The genuine Babylonian art has carefully avoided everything obscene," and he accordingly refers the figures of naked goddesses upon the cylinders to northern, particularly Hittite, influence, or ascribes the cylinders to other than Babylonian sources. In point of fact, sexual representations are extremely common in the figurines found in the temples of southern and middle Babylonia in the very earliest period. Indeed, the temples are full of sexual symbols, both male and female, in the earliest period very crude and literal, and gradually assuming conventional forms. One does not need, after examining the remains found in these temples, to read Herodotus's account in order to be convinced that the sexual cult was very pronounced in the Babylonian religion. We think there is more of it on the cylinders than Dr. Ward has realized, although there is less there than in the images and figures to which we have referred. This is not the sort of thing that can be published *in extenso*, and Dr. Jastrow wisely exhibits very little of it in his pictures. He does, however, recognize its existence in the religious art.

The last volume is provided with most elaborate indices, including a dictionary covering in all almost 150 pages. They represent a colossal industry. One curious geographical error should be corrected in any future edition. The procession of the gods, in plate 98, is described as: "Grosse Felsenskulptur zu Malatia in Anti-Taurusgebirge." The real place is Maltäi, about thirty miles due north of Mosul.

CURRENT FICTION.

Here Are Ladies. By James Stephens. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Mr. Stephens is a poet, and so declared himself by issuing two volumes of verse before. With "The Crock of Gold" he showed mastery of humorous and imaginative prose. That was an unusual book, and the critic could only vaguely range it with "Alice in Wonderland" and "The Water Babies"—which is to say, very much above and beyond books merely conventional or merely clever. "Here Are Ladies" is almost as unusual. The short papers here collected are not quite stories—certainly not "short stories" in the American sense. They are "sketches" rather, scenes and situations presented on their own merits, as Maupassant, for example, often thought them worth presenting. These sketches arrange themselves for the most part in triads, as "Three Heavy Husbands," "Three Women Who Wept," "Three Happy Places," and so on. In most of them Mr. Stephens plays with the perennial subjects of romancer and satirist, women and marriage. But his play is mirthful, seldom merely facetious, and never merely bitter; his humor is that of a poet masking as a satirist. Taken by themselves, some of these pages, like certain episodes in "The Crock of Gold," may shock "the gentle reader," but their extravagance is (to compare small things with great) that of Rabelais rather than that of Swift. A deep vein of romantic feeling underlies all this display of cynicism, and crops up in the intercalary verses which offer so sharp a contrast, on the surface, to the prose text.

Mr. Stephens deals with types rather than persons. For example, the first of

his "heavy husbands" is the silent man. Having thoughtlessly exposed himself to matrimony, he looks forward to the wedding ceremony as the beginning of a lifetime of conversation:

It lay, therefore, that he must amend his own hand, and, accordingly, for the purpose of marital intercourse, he began a sad inquiry into the nature of things. The world was so full of things; clouds and winds and sewing-machines, kings and brigands, hats and heads, flower-pots, jam and public-houses—surely one must find a little to chat about at any moment if one were not ambitiously particular.

But the dread moment arrives and he finds himself dumb:

As he sat in the train beside his wife the silence which he so dreaded came upon them. Emptiness buzzed in his head. He sought diligently for something to speak about — the characteristics of objects! There were objects and to spare, but he could not say—"that window is square, it is made of glass," or, "the roof of this carriage is flat, it is made of wood."

Suddenly his wife buried her face in her muff, and her shoulders were convulsed. . . .

Love and contrition possessed him on the instant. He eased his husky throat, and the dreaded, interminable conversation began—"What are you crying for, my dear?" said he.

Her voice, smothered by the fur, replied: "I am not crying, darling," said she; "I am only laugbing."

Perhaps the real charm and strength of the book lie in the fact that it is a man's book; a book free of the drawing-room conventions, decent or indecent, which now obsess our fiction; a book with the free and hearty voice of one honest man speaking to another in his shop or at his club.

Pelle the Conqueror: Boyhood. By Martin Anderson Nexö. Translated from the Danish by Jessie Muir. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

When this first of the four parts of this novel appeared some seven years ago, its author was hardly known even in little Denmark. Now he is famous there; and as his work has the sturdy human quality, which is of all qualities most likely to weather the risks of translation, we see no reason why he may not reach a world-wide audience. He writes from his heart and his experience. Like his hero, he fought his way up from the humblest origin and the least promising conditions to a place of dignity and influence.

Pelle is the conqueror, because he is born, and never ceases to be, the captain of his soul. Nexö, like Pelle, passed his boyhood on the prosperous little island of Bornholm in the Baltic, where work and fair pay offered themselves to the starving farm laborers of Sweden and Denmark. Pelle is hardly more than a child when his old father brings him to Bornholm. They find a foothold upon one of the larger farms, and there, however precariously, they stick throughout Pelle's boyhood. Stone Farm is a little world in itself; we hardly step beyond it in the course of these pages. The master, Kongstrup, is a big, thriving, earthy fellow, kind enough to his men, but a devastator among women. Life at Stone Farm involves much of the savagery, the wreaking of primitive emotions, which our newspapers gloat over, and our novelists (perhaps wisely) ignore. This writer neither gloats nor glozes over the simple facts of rural life, as he has learned them from experience. His people of Bornholm are uncouth, unclean, lewd, but, above all, human and lovable, if not likable. No figure among them is less imposing or even respectable than Pelle's father, poor old Lasse, with his bragging cowardice, his belated gallantry, his innate feebleness of mind and soul. And yet there is something infinitely touching and even engaging about him. This ineffective, prattling, tippling drudge among the cowsheds has a heart of his own, and blood in his veins. Pelle, the young and strong, loves him. Their parting, when the time comes for Pelle to set out upon his great adventure, wrings them both, almost speechless though it be.

Pelle held out his hand. "Good-by and thank you, father—for all your kindness!" he added gently.

"Yes, yes; yes, yes!" said Lasse, shaking his head. It was all he was able to say.

He went out with Pelle past the outhouses, and there stopped, while Pelle went on along the dikes with his sack on his back, up towards the highroad. Two or three times he turned and nodded; Lasse, overcome, stood gazing, with his hand shading his eyes. He had never looked so old before. . . .

Now Lasse turned and went in. How forlorn he looked! Pelle felt a quick desire to throw down the sack and run back and say something nice to him; but before he could do so the impulse had disappeared upon the fresh morning breeze. His feet carried him on upon the straight way, away, away. . . .

Sons and Lovers. By D. H. Lawrence. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

It is hard to see why the author chose the coal fields of Derbyshire as his setting, and for his hero the son of a miner, unless, indeed, he wished to imply that the free thinking and free living of a certain fashionable London society have penetrated, like the tango and the victrola, to the lower classes. The story will leave a gloomy impression on most readers. It is too strongly grasped and wrought out to be negligible, and will force many, in spite of themselves, to accept it as a true picture. As to the general background, there can be no question that the writer has his eye on the object. Life in the Morel household, hard as it is, is no more severe than an occasional miner's wife has to contend with. Mrs. Morel is obliged not only to wring enough from her hard-drinking husband to make both ends meet, but to bear him children in rapid succession; and the early chapters also relate her struggle to maintain the ideals to which before marriage she has been accustomed. In this battle lies the book's real charm and pathos. The mother's relation to her children, especially two sons, is described with the firm knowledge that brings conviction.

The second son, Paul Morel, is the central character of the story. Having learned to paint, though he continues in a clerkship throughout the book, he is promptly endowed by the author with all the heartache expected of great genius. He loves Miriam, the attractive daughter of a farmer, yet cannot marry her because she is too shadowy. Instead, he claims her body, and, passion having cooled, is convinced that his soul requires pastures new. He has a similar and more extended relation with a young married woman living apart from her husband, and again interprets the vicissitudes of physical desire in spiritual terms. At length his mother dies, after long-drawn-out suffering with cancer; rather, her actual end is accomplished by him by means of an overdose of morphia, intended, one must believe, not only to relieve her anguish, but his own as well. Then nothing is left for him. Miriam offers to marry him, but he refuses, and walks forth into the night.

Paul's "affairs" are the indulgence of an egotist, whose egotism has no large transforming power.

"LABBY."

The Life of Henry Labouchere. By Algar Labouchere Thorold. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $4.50 net.

This is a book of varied and sustained interest, but somehow fails to be completely satisfying. This fact, however, may be a subtle recommendation. A life that was, in some senses, *manqué*, does not go ill with a biography that here and there is broken and disappointing. The work is full and conscientious, though occasionally marred by carelessness; it is quite without hero-worship or family pride; but it is a thing of sections and glances rather than a consistent and unified whole. But so, too, was Labouchere.

Mr. Thorold quietly assumes that he was "the greatest English wit since Sheridan." This might be challenged on several grounds. It would be like "Labby" to challenge it by remarking that Sheridan was Irish and Labouchere was French. Such he indubitably was not only by descent but by cast of mind and aptitude of expression. The crisp turn of his epigrams and paradoxes reached

London by way of the Seine. One of them is well said to be inconceivable as coming from lips right English. It was his saying of a Parliamentary colleague—Bradlaugh, of course—that "the mere denial of the existence of God did not entitle a man's opinion to be taken without scrutiny on matters of greater importance." This is one of the class of utterances which led some to dub Labouchere Voltairian. The resemblance is not thoroughgoing. But the quality of whimsical cynicism was bred in his French blood. He began to be audacious with his tongue in boyhood, and kept it up until almost literally the day of his death. A few hours before his end at Florence, an attendant upset a spirit-lamp by his bedside. Labouchere was startled out of his comatose condition, noted the glow, and said, "Flames? Not yet, I think," and quizzically laughed himself off to sleep. It recalls the Talleyrand story of the "souffrances de l'enfer" and "Quoi, déjà?"

Labouchere warmed his hands at many different fires of life. He was fond of travel, dabbled at the diplomatic career a few years, until his superiors could no longer put up with his freakish impudence; was for a time in Mexico, thought he admired the United States—if he had lived here, Heaven knows what he would have said about us—was theatrical manager, journalist, Radical member of Parliament, and free lance in all. His escapades were as numerous as his witticisms. Both were doubtless fathered upon him, after the fashion of giving such things to him that hath. He himself had an embroidering memory; some of his early adventures, as he loved to recount them in smoking-rooms or write them out in *Truth*, lost nothing in the frequent retelling. Many of them are set forth in these pages, and make amusing reading. They have been quoted endlessly —especially his retorts and verbal quips, which we are asked to believe were never stair-case wit. But, indeed, the evidence is ample that Labouchere was extraordinarily ready, as he was amazingly adroit. And his manner is said to have been perfect. His whimsicalities were uttered with quiet deliberation, and his most terrifying audacities were accompanied by an air of bland simplicity. This no doubt helped to give him his reputation in the House of Commons, where his set speeches were less attended to than his guerrilla interventions in debate. In the latter he was unexcelled for airy banter, for witty characterization, and for deft puncturing of pomposity.

The points at which Labouchere touched public life are clearly indicated by the author. As part proprietor of the *Daily News*, Labouchere found himself in Paris in 1870, sent away the regular French correspondent, himself stayed through the siege and got out his letters by balloon. His work as observer and reporter was capital and brought him deserved fame. The other journalistic repute—if such it was—which he won was as owner and editor of *Truth*. Its present editor, Mr. Bennett, furnishes a chapter detailing Labouchere's *insouciant* connection with that picturesque toy—for such the publication long was to him. That a thing which he took up for amusement came to bring him in a good deal of money which he did not need, only added to the piquancy of the experience. His best labor he long gave to politics, until successive disappointments made him somewhat out of humor with public life. Party interest reached its highest in him about 1886, when he was doing his best to persuade Chamberlain to support Irish Home Rule and thereafter make himself Radical Prime Minister. The letters which passed between the two at that crisis are of more historical interest than anything else in the volume. We see here that Chamberlain was nearer than had been supposed to agreeing to a modified Irish bill. But at the last moment he shied off, and Labouchere never forgave him. Nor did he ever expect again to live to see a Radical party triumphant.

This was his greatest political disillusion. Next to it came Gladstone's refusal to invite him into the Cabinet in 1880, and Rosebery's to send him as Minister to Washington. The reasons are not very clearly given. Probably the deepest one was that Labouchere was not really taken by the English as a serious man. This is not to say that he was not sincere. Yet for a man born rich, a cosmopolitan, a professed wit, to announce himself a Radical of the deepest jet, was a little too much for the ordinary Englishman. He could not help suspecting a pose. He joined in the chuckles provoked by the man, yet, after all, could not get over thinking of him as "Our Labby." So it was that the highest ambitions were necessarily frustrated. Yet Labouchere was not embittered. He kept a brave and smiling front to the world. Nor was his final retirement to Florence a retreat. Buying Michael Angelo's villa, he turned it inside out with refittings, observing that "old Michael knew nothing about the comforts of a modern establishment, and it was time that he should learn them." There he passed his last years, surviving, in a way, his own reputation, but kept warm to the end by enduring friendships.

Our Eternity. By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50 net.

The good fortune of Maeterlinck in his translators continues undiminished: an English Maeterlinck, if such existed, would propose few emendations in the limpid, fluid, and undulant prose of Mr. Alexander Teixeira de Mattos's version of "La Mort," now republished in a revised and much enlarged edition; for the grisly title, "Death," the grandiose "Our Eternity" (Dodd, Mead) has been substituted.

Maeterlinck opens his argument by distinguishing the moment of death, the *articulus mortis*, from its formidable concomitants and environs, sickness, physical corruption, and retributive torment—discriminations logically sound, but put forth with a little more complacence than belongs properly to the mere act of "rectifying the frontiers" of a definition. In a chapter partly derived from a former essay, "L'Immortalité," he proceeds to demonstrate the unlikelihood of the permanent survival of the ego; the eternization of that trickle of memory in which he finds the frail and insubstantial nucleus of the ego impresses him as unreasonable. The logic in this section is subtle and astute, though, in deprecation of the emphasis on memory, a critic might suggest that what we demand in a future life is not so much continuity as proprietorship, the warmth and intimacy celebrated by William James, and that the difficulty in dissociating the two is a mere accident of our temporal existence.

The new chapters, iv-viii, deal with theosophy, psychical research, and reincarnation. Maeterlinck's expertness in dialectic is really remarkable in a master of intuition, and his perfect craftsmanship is shown in the ease with which he adapts the spare and meagre syllogism—so prone, from Euclid to Macaulay, to the use of detached, staccato forms—to the sweep of his own flexible and vibrant periods. His wariness in the matter of so-called manifestations is truly admirable, and will surprise only those who have failed to consider that the mystical imagination, which is his prime faculty, is adverse to that appetite for signs and tokens which drives the unimaginative to séances suggestive of the recognition scenes at the winding-up of a Plautine or Terentian comedy. There is an amenity in Macterlinck's incredulity that is almost without precedent; the burly, aggressive skepticism of Huxley and the feline Gibboncsque skepticism were both familiar to us, but the genuinely humane, the winning, caressing skepticism that emanates from Saint Wandrille is almost a literary novelty. The author notes that spirits are loquacious as to the old life, but reticent as to the new, and doubts if experiment has educed any facts inexplicable by the aid of telepathy, clairvoyance, and suggestion.

There follow two curious chapters on The Two Aspects of Infinity and Our Fate in these Infinities, In which the

old distinction between being and becoming, the resting and the flowing universe, is expounded with an eloquence which, in its common leaning towards the sidereal and the metaphysical infinite, recalls the speculations of Plotinus. In these roamings of the adventurous imagination on the high seas of thought, Maeterlinck shows the enterprise, the zest, the controlled exultation, of the true explorer, and his inability to find a port (a failure which evokes in him an austere joy) provides new occasions for the exhibitions of his seamanship. It is hardly to be wondered at if, in these careerings through infinity, his particular theme seems almost to undergo that submergence which he foresees for the human personality.

In the final chapter, Conclusions, after hesitating between the two theories of a consciousness modified beyond recognition, even self-recognition, and absorption in the cosmic consciousness, Maeterlinck inclines very tentatively to the latter. In the one point in which he manifests a premature and indiscreet certainty, his temperament has got the better of his logic. He insists that in this new existence we cannot be unhappy, since we should be parts of infinity, and a self-torturing infinite is inconceivable. The fortitude that enables the universe to put up with the toothaches and heartaches in the section of infinity known as earth is left without explanation.

The book as a whole will consolidate, if it does not raise, the reputation of its author. The presumptions of fragility and tenuity in the thought which a hasty reasoner might deduce from the aerial and exquisite style are not verified by a scrutiny of the logic. Without technical completeness or basic originality, the work merits the praise of impartial temper, an alert critical spirit, acute and circumspect reasoning, duly circumscribed and wisely tentative conclusions.

Early Memories. By Henry Cabot Lodge. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50 net.

"The world of Boston, when I opened my eyes upon it," writes Senator Lodge in the course of what he hints is the first instalment of an autobiography, "was a very small and simple world as I look back at it now in the glare and noise of the twentieth century. There was an abundance of gayety, but expenditures were small. Everybody knew everybody else and all about everybody else's family. Most people were related, for in the small colonial communities of the eighteenth century the established families had intermarried in a manner most bewildering even to the trained genealogist. Yet the extreme familiarity and ease of intercourse which I now observe among young men and young women entirely unrelated did not then exist. However intimate people might be, a certain formality of address was thought to be demanded by good manners." This selection is characteristic of the volume, in which comment and airing of views accompany, sometimes clog, the narrative. Three pages are required to express Senator Lodge's abhorrence of the excessive magnanimity of some Northerners, who in their zeal virtually confess the justice of the position of the South in the Civil War. The expansion in the size and power of fortunes also is a text for a long discussion; and the hurry of our time, with its consequences for the art of letter-writing and form in general, distresses the Senator greatly.

It is all the more interesting, therefore, to come upon a note which an Englishman, Henry Greville, made in his diary in 1858, when the future United States Senator was eight years old. Wrote Greville: "An amusing letter from Fanny Kemble, dated Nahant, U. S. (a favorite sea-bathing place near Boston), received to-day, says: 'How you would open your eyes and stop your ears if you were here! This enormous house is filled with American women, one prettier than the other, who look like fairies, dress like duchesses or *femmes entretenues*, behave like housemaids, and scream like peacocks.'" This is sufficient evidence of Senator Lodge's judicial attitude towards the era of his childhood, and, indeed, he expressly denies being a *laudator temporis acti*. Yet a reader of a book of reminiscences may be forgiven for wishing a maximum of memories and a minimum of moralizing.

Of memories, there are, nevertheless, a goodly supply, and of a character for which one must be grateful. Although the story stops with its narrator's entrance into public life, its continuance so far is enough to include a list of famous names like those of Rufus Choate, Evarts, Sumner, Phillips, Gov. Andrew, Motley, Parkman, Bancroft, Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, and Emerson. Not all of the best anecdotes are about the immortals. It was Dr. Bigelow, for instance, who was suggested by Lodge's father as the final court of appeal, when Lodge and some of his youthful friends, having announced their intention of going in swimming immediately after a heavy luncheon, found that their notions of the proper time for violent exercise ran counter to those of their elders. The boys went to the doctor, and put their question. He looked at them with a quizzical smile, and said: "I should not do it myself, but nothing hurts boys. Yes, you may go in." Sure enough, no evil results followed. One of the epigrams of Francis E. Parker, the lawyer, is worth quoting. Of a friend whom he in reality loved, he remarked: "If he had lived in the Middle Ages, he would have gone to the stake for a principle under a misapprehension as to the facts." Upon the occasion of a dinner for Porfirio Diaz, a Mexican Senator asked Lodge what he thought of the guest of honor. Lodge answered that he looked rather stern, as if he would not hesitate to shoot an enemy before breakfast. "Shoot an enemy!" exclaimed the Mexican. "I have known him to shoot three hundred enemies before breakfast."

There is a certain timeliness in one of the anecdotes about Evarts. On going to the polling-place in New York one election-day, he was told by the election clerk that Mr. Evarts had already voted. "Has he, indeed?" said the lawyer, pleasantly, as if there were no such thing as fraud in an election. "I hope he voted right." Sumner was not a wit, but there was keenness in a remark he made to Gambetta, after the two men had been discussing the situation in France. "Ah, M. Sumner," said the French leader, "il nous faut un Jefferson!" Sumner replied: "Trouvez un Washington, M. Gambetta, et un Jefferson arrivera." And, finally, there is the happy description made by Lowell, upon a Commencement Day, of one of the early benefactors of Harvard: "There is William Pennoyer, of whom we know nothing except that he comes down to us in the most graceful of attitudes with his hand in his pocket."

Nothing is of greater interest in a life story than the turning-points. As it happens, Senator Lodge can put his finger upon the influences that determined him to become a public man and writer. He grew up without much thought of what he should be and do. It was not necessary that he should earn his bread; and no particular spirit of ambition had been aroused in him when, a few weeks after his graduation from Harvard, he set out for Europe with his bride. That winter, in Rome, he found a classmate, named Simpson. This man also was wealthy, but was possessed of a longing to give his life to literature and public service. Association with him fired Lodge with the same determination. A few weeks after they had parted, Lodge heard of his death, whereupon he wrote of his new idea to Henry Adams, whose course in mediæval history in Lodge's senior year had been his first stimulus "to anything resembling active thought." Adams replied encouragingly, and a year later, when he became editor of the *North American Review*, made Lodge his assistant. While engaged in this work, Lodge went through the Harvard Law School. He was then appointed a lecturer at Harvard in American history, which position he held for three years, resigning it in 1879. The next year he was elected to the Massachusetts House of Rep-

resentatives, and began his political career.

Familiar Spanish Travels. By W. D. Howells. New York: Harper & Bros. $2 net.

Those who have read "My Literary Passions" will recall Mr. Howells's youthful enthusiasm for "Don Quixote," "Lazarillo de Tormes," and other masterpieces of Spanish fiction. In later years he found kindred spirits in writers like Palacio Valdés and Pérez Galdós, whose realism, like his own, is relieved by abundant humor and an optimistic outlook upon life. It is surprising, therefore, that Mr. Howells waited until his seventy-fourth year before visiting a land in which he had long dwelt in imagination, and which meant so much to his friends, Longfellow, Lowell, and Hay. Readers of the present volume will rejoice that in his case Spain did not prove to be the unattainable Carcassonne.

His tour was the conventional one embracing Burgos, Valladolid, Madrid, the Escorial, Toledo, Cordova, Seville, Granada, Ronda, and Algeciras. He never strayed from the beaten track. All told he lingered only six weeks in Spain. We have, therefore, that comparative novelty: a book of Spanish travels, the author of which does not pose as an authority or a romantic adventurer. And yet Mr. Howells had his adventures, of the same comfortable sort so often experienced by his own fictitious personages. Not even one who travels first-class by the Sud-Express and frequents, when possible, the double-starred hotels, can quite escape them in a land where, like the Knight of the Rueful Countenance, "we may plunge our hands up to the elbows in what they call adventures." And when in Spain adventures fail, there are always misadventures for the traveller to fall back upon. Happily, Mr. Howells experienced none of the latter more serious than his cold reception in Burgos, where he sat shivering beside a steamless radiator, and his failure to draw upon his letter of credit after a wait of several hours in a Valladolid bank. We cannot help thinking that if he had put up at a humbler hotel he might have basked before a comforting brazier. One always pays dearly for luxury in Spain. And was he, we may ask, playing the part of a Roman in Rome when he expected a Spanish banker to honor a letter of credit on the very day when it was presented?

Mr. Howells's experiences make excellent copy. He is plainly most interested in human types and the trivial incidents of travel. The reader must not expect him to go into ecstasies over the Alhambra. He wisely refrains from attempting to out-Irving Irving. Instead, he disarms criticism by confining his narrative to his own personal experiences. Mr. Howells's powers of close observation have not diminished with years. Every travelling-companion, cabman, servant, and blind beggar whom he met was made the subject of sympathetic study. In describing these types his genial humor and kindly philosophy find free play. On the whole, Spain has left upon him a pleasant impression. He experienced no more disillusion than was to have been expected. The title is well chosen. Writer and reader meet on familiar terms, and on ending the book one feels that one has himself made a pleasant tour in delightful company. Drawings by Norman Irving Black and Walter Hale add attractiveness.

Great Debates in American History. From the Debates in the British Parliament on the Colonial Stamp Act (1764-1765) to the Debates in Congress at the Close of the Taft Administration (1912-1913). Edited by Marion Mills Miller. 14 vols. New York: The Current Literature Publishing Co.

This collection is a very different sort of thing from a set of "The World's Best Orations." In those, the speeches are isolated, and are read as much for their literary as their political values. The present undertaking is rather to be compared with Benton's "Abridgment of the Debates of Congress from 1789 to 1856." The speeches are grouped by subject; sometimes they are quoted in full, sometimes in part, sometimes merely summarized, and the historical circumstances of their delivery are given, together with some account of the development of the legislation which they influenced. The word "debates" is interpreted in these volumes in a broad sense, as they include a digest of the *Federalist*, the Dred Scott decision, partly verbatim, partly in summary, and Lincoln's Gettysburg address.

Each volume has an introduction in the form of a paper on some matter of public interest, although not all of these were written for this series. From an address of Senator Lodge, for instance, is drawn "The Constitution and Its Makers"; from one by Charles Francis Adams, "The Doctrine of Equality and the Race Problem"; and from one by President Van Hise, "Control of Trusts by Commission." Among the others who contribute introductions are Woodrow Wilson, Walter H. Page, Henry Watterson, Ida M. Tarbell, President Hadley, and Senator Burton. Each volume is illustrated with a photogravure of a public man or public event, such as Patrick Henry delivering the "liberty or death" speech, or Lincoln signing the Emancipation Proclamation, and also with reproductions of cartoons. In the preface is a selected bibliography of collections of American speeches. There are two indexes, one of persons and one of subjects.

A work of this kind, done at all well, cannot but be exceedingly useful. As evidence of his industry, the editor lets us know that he leafed every page in the records of Congressional debate, and that these contain two billion words. Better proof, not only of his industry, but of his judgment, is to be found in the text of the volumes resulting from this truly terrifying survey of verbosity. To take an example, the Webster-Hayne debate is introduced with a summary of its parliamentary history, while for a further discussion of the subject of public lands, out of which the debate arose, the reader is referred to debates on the homestead laws in a subsequent volume. After a brief description, in the language of contemporaries, of the scene when Webster arose to make his reply, we have the preliminary debate on "Consolidation," the debate proper on "Disunion by Nullification," with a cross-reference to a digest of Madison's "Report on the Virginia Resolutions," cited by Hayne, the latter's almost forgotten rebuttal speech to Webster's great effort, and, finally, Benton's caustic commentary of a few days later upon the position of the Massachusetts Senator.

The subjects treated range from the Stamp Act and the supremacy of Parliament as discussed in both England and America through State rights and the tariff, including Canadian reciprocity, to child labor, pure food, woman suffrage, and the regulation of railway rates. All of these are arranged for the investigator with conscientious intelligence. The volumes put at the disposal of the student a mass of material, much of which has hitherto been buried so deep as to repel every one but the most persistent.

Notes

Macmillans will have ready shortly "The Philippines," by Dean C. Worcester.

Count Ilya Tolstoy has arranged for the publication on both sides of the Atlantic of an English translation of his recollections of his late father.

The Rev. J. P. Mahaffy has been appointed vice-provost of Trinity College, Dublin. Professor Dowden's place in the same college has been filled by Mr. William Fitz John Trench, formerly professor of English literature in Queen's College, Galway.

Henry Holt & Company announce that they are about to publish the January issue of a new quarterly, to be called the *Unpopular Review*. In the mind of the editor "there is great need for the dissemination of some disagreeable truths." The prospectus states that

Most of the fallacies now popular depend upon vague notions that the republic can prosper with ono law for the rich and another for the poor; that something can be had for nothing; that it is unnecessary to better the man in order permanently to better his estate; that the march of progress should be tuned to the pace of the slowest; that policies can rise higher than their source, and that wisdom can be attained by the counting of noses.

Though fault-finding will be a necessary part of its policy, the *Review* "will dwell upon remedies more gladly than defects, and . . . will be optimistic—spontaneously, though cautiously, optimistic." The titles of the articles in the first issue will be: "The New Irrepressible Conflict," "The Majority Juggernaut," "The Democrat Reflects," "The New Morality," "Professor Bergson and Psychical Research," "Two Neglected Virtues," "The Unfermented Cabinet," "A Needed Unpopular Reform," "Our Tobacco: Its Cost," "Our Alcohol: Its Use," "The Microbophobiac," "The Standing Incentives to War," "The Machinery for Peace," "En Casserole—Short Pieces on Tobacco and Alcohol, Answering Big Questions, Decency and the Stage, What's the Matter with Our Colleges? Proportionate News, Simplified Spelling."

Mr. M. A. de Wolfe Howe calls our attention to an error in a footnote in Norton's "Letters" (corrected in a later printing of the book) which was copied in the essay on Norton in the *Nation* of last week. "Instead of saying that John Adams and John Quincy Adams were both descended from John Quincy, the note should have ascribed this descent to John Quincy Adams only. John Quincy was his mother's ancestor, not his father's."

The Boston Public Library has issued a second revised edition of its "List of Books for Boys and Girls." It includes authors, titles, and subjects in a single alphabetical arrangement, the subjects being intended to meet requirements of the schools and to cover the range of children's interest. There are about 4,500 entries in the list, the alertness of which is indicated by the fact that there are references to fourteen Boy Scout books.

We have received from the Clarendon Press the twentieth edition of the "Oxford University Handbook," which is the students' handbook revised to September, 1913.

"The Complete Poems of Paul Laurence Dunbar" have been issued by Dodd, Mead & Co., in a single volume, with W. D. Howells's introduction to "Lyrics of Lowly Life."

The poetical works of Oscar Wilde have been added to Crowell's Astor edition of the poets, with a biographical introduction by Nathan Haskell Dole.

The Oxford University Press announces the publication of "English Church Architecture," by Francis Bond, author of "Gothic Architecture in England." The work is of an introductory character, such as is required by the general reader with no previous knowledge of the subject. It is fully equipped with glossaries and indexes, and contains 1,400 reproductions of photographs, sketches, measured drawings, plans, and sections. It is in two volumes, demy quarto.

It is not perfectly clear from the preface to the Highways and Byways volume, "In the Border," just what portion, if any, of the actual writing was done by Andrew Lang and how much was left to his brother John Lang. Apparently both brothers had been gathering material together, but the composition is entirely the work of the survivor. This, however, is a matter of curiosity only. As it stands, the book is worthy of the unvaryingly excellent series which Macmillans have had the good fortune to carry through. Whether this account of the Borderland is as interesting to a particular reader as the other volumes have been, will depend on the attraction for him of the dour deeds of the Douglases and Percys and their like, compared with the more civilized literary traditions that prevail in the Southern counties. But there is humor, too, in Mr. Lang's pages, besides the romance of ruthless feuds. As an example of this we may cite the story of the exciseman from the Highlands who used to sit under the nose of the Rev. Mr. Ramsay of Kelso, and scribble notes during the sermon with a keel-o-vine (pencil). Pausing in his discourse one day, and looking straight at the offender, the preacher cried: "My brethren, I tell ye, except ye be born again, it is as impossible for you to enter the Kingdom of Heaven as it is for a Hielander no to be a thief! Man wi' the keel-o-vine, do ye hear *that?*" As might be expected, the book has much to say of trout fishing, but generally in a tone of lamentation for factory-polluted streams and glories that have departed.

It may seem desirable on many accounts to include a life of Jane Austen in the English Men of Letters series (Macmillan), but it is unfortunate that the author of this volume, Mr. Francis Warre Cornish, should have been so recently preceded by the excellent and official biography from the hands of Mr. William Austen Leigh and Mr. Richard A. Austen Leigh (noticed in the *Nation*, October 2, 1913). There was really nothing left for Mr. Cornish to say in the way of biography, and he has, possibly for that reason, devoted most of his chapters to a running comment on the novels. Here his criticism of the characters is shrewd and has the pleasant flavor of talk about people with whom one is intimately acquainted, but one cannot take much interest in the analysis of the plots. In attempting to reproduce the atmosphere of the country life which surrounded Jane Austen, it may be objected that Mr. Cornish rather overdraws. "The depth of Steventon leisure [a vile phrase] is indicated," he exclaims, "by the fact that Mr. Austen used to read Cowper aloud to his family in the morning." Such leisure seems to Mr. Cornish, looking from the superiority of a generation accustomed "to enhance life by locomotion," to be mere "vacuity."

"London: An Intimate Picture" (McBride), is an attractive title, but the author, Mr. H. J. Forman, unhappily fails to live up to its promise. As one reads, the dull conviction grows that this sort of thing has been done before, and done better. The author confesses himself an ardent lover of London, and we are glad to take him at his word; but not all ardent lovers have the gift to

> frame love ditties passing rare
> And sing them to a lady fair,

and we can only regret that Mr. Forman's achievement should fall short of the excellence of his intentions. To be intimate, one must be sympathetic, and sympathy is the quality that appears to be especially lacking in Mr. Forman's descriptions. He faithfully tells us who lived in such and such a house, and frequently adds some historical data concerning the place or the personage; but this is not intimacy. Even when he comes to such a house of tragedy as Lady Hamilton's he will hardly pause in his businesslike progress down Piccadilly. Despite the presence of a chapter devoted to the Atmosphere of London and tributes to London's rains and fogs, "atmosphere" is exactly that which this book conspicuously lacks. That indefinable quality is only to be subtly conveyed and may not be consciously created. So far as the author's descriptions of London go, they are conscientious and accurate, but intimate they certainly are not. "I fear this is becoming a catalogue," he says, apologizing for his account of St. Paul's Cathedral. A similar apology might be made for other chapters.

Intimate knowledge of the matters considered is evident on every page of "The Carolina Mountains," by Margaret W. Morley (Houghton Mifflin). The varying atmospheric effects in the "Land of the Sky" and the "Sapphire Country," the customs and speech of the natives, the roads and the rivers, birds and flowers, Asheville and the moonshiners, are presented to the reader with a quiet enthusiasm that keeps the account of them from becoming either a catalogue or a mere exercise in rhetoric. In addition, glimpses are given of vanished or vanishing modes of life. So wide is the range of things comprehended within the writer's scheme that we are told of so exotic a development as Biltmore, with, however, much more attention to the effect of the estate upon the economic life of those in reach of its influence than we get from the ordinary travel book. The volume is a little larger than is necessary, as some history and reflections are included that one finds oneself skipping. Mention should be made of the two dozen illustrations, almost all of which are from photographs by the author.

Oliver Huckel's "Through England with Tennyson" (Crowell) suggests by its title a not too serious or profound series of sketches. Indeed, these visits to literary shrines were executed with admirable facility and dispatch, with the apparent object of "doing" the Tennyson country in one short summer. Naturally some places, such as Dozmare (in this book called "Dozemary") Pool among the hills and bogs of Cornwall, were not visited at all. But such omissions can hardly perturb an author who cherishes no ambition of making an original contribution to knowledge. The quotations and accounts that fill the volume are largely taken from a single source, Hallam Tennyson's "Memoir." The reference is seldom more explicit than "I also remembered having read somewhere," or "Some one has said." Sometimes it is more definite but misleading. In describing Tennyson's honeymoon at Coniston Lake he writes: "In this diary he [Tennyson] says of her [his wife]: 'I have known many women who were excellent, one in one way, another

in another way, but this woman is the noblest woman I have ever known.'" Now Hallam Tennyson, from whose account the saying is taken without acknowledgment, quotes it from a MS. of Aubrey de Vere as a remark of the poet to his friend while puffing a pipe in intimate converse.

This holiday irresponsibility characterizes also Mr. Huckel's discussion of Tennyson's poetry. The influence of surroundings on his poetry is of course too exacting a subject of investigation to be entered upon. The material of his poems must be dealt with in a romantic and nebulous manner. Of the ruins at Tintagel Mr. Huckel innocently remarks: "Some investigators contend that they cannot be quite so ancient as King Arthur's day." Our author is an adept on subjects where mistakes are difficult. We read with wonder that Tennyson "was engaged on the 'Idylls of the King' for thirty years of his life." He then proceeds to enumerate "The Lady of Shalott" and "Morte d'Arthur," which certainly date from 1832 and 1833 respectively. He concludes: "In 1885 he completed the 'Idylls' by publishing 'Balin and Balan,' 'Geraint and Enid,' and 'The Marriage of Geraint,' which was really the first idyll of 'Enid' divided in two and completed." The facts are that "Balin and Balan" was published in 1885, but "Enid" had been divided in two parts, numbered i and ii, in 1884 under the title "Geraint and Enid." The titles for the separate parts were not introduced till 1888. To achieve these inaccuracies requires no special ingenuity, but to make thirty years stretch from 1832 to 1885 is not an ordinary feat. Erroneous statements and misleading conceptions about the most popular poet of the nineteenth century might be viewed with a more tolerant eye if the narrative bore any special charm of personal experience or wholesome enthusiasm for the great poet.

"The Russian Ballet," by A. E. Johnson (Houghton Mifflin), is a sumptuous holiday volume intended as a souvenir of the much-admired performances of the Russian dancers. There are numerous illustrations, many of them full page and colored, by René Bull. A brief history of the ballet introduces the volume, which includes the plots of seventeen of the most popular dances brought forward by Anna Pavlowa and the other Russians. With some recent additions to their répertoire the author is displeased, because of a tendency to "abandon discipline and to run riot, achieving nothing and arriving nowhere."

From San Francisco (Paul Elder & Company) comes an exceptionally handsome volume, "The Old Missions of California," intended to be "a book as fine as the printer's art can make it." The missions are described in the order of their founding, and the author, Paul Elder, has culled facts from the writings of the fathers themselves and from a score of volumes relating to them, including the exhaustive work, in several volumes, of Father Zephyrin Engelhardt, now in process of publication. Among the illustrations are more than fifty duo-tone reproductions of photographs taken by Western artists.

In all parts of Africa the influences of civilization are such that the primitive life, customs, and beliefs of the natives are fast disappearing. The record of these matters, especially with reference to the negro, is found in Donald Fraser's "Winning a Primitive People" (Dutton). A member of the Livingstonia Mission, he came in 1896 to West Nyasa, which was then almost unchanged by contact with the Western world. On the high plateau to the west of the lake Nyasa lived two typical races, the Ngoni and the Tumbuka. The one was a conglomerate of robust warrior tribes who had invaded the region from the south, the other was a weak and effeminate race whom they found there and had made their slaves. The sole occupation of the one was raiding, of the other to find shelter in the impenetrable forest. From his own experiences among them, Mr. Fraser is able to give a vivid picture of early conditions. In his pages we see communities passing from indolence, ignorance, superstition, and lawlessness into thrift, intelligence, and well-ordered life. Where twenty-five years ago no native had seen a book, or could count accurately beyond ten, there are now "250 schools and 15,000 scholars. There are 500 natives engaged in the work of teaching, and thousands of others who can read. They have schoolbooks, and pamphlets, religious books, and above all, the Bible in the Ngoni and the New Testament in the Tumbuka language." All this has been accomplished by the missionaries, aided since 1904 by the paternal oversight of the British Government. The book contains 27 reproductions of photographs and two maps.

Marshall Monroe Kirkman's "History of Alexander the Great" (Chicago: Cropley Phillips Co.) is a large volume sumptuously bound and adorned with illustrations that are purely imaginary but enlivening. Fully a third of his narrative is mere panegyric, and the shade of Alexander, who sighed for a Homer, ought now to be appeased. Not that we share the author's belief that Alexander nowadays is popularly regarded as a "monster of blood and wine: a man of degraded personality whose unbridged (*sic*) passions and gross appetites overcame in him all sense of reason and justice"; or that his reputation for intemperance "has destroyed the interest the multitude would otherwise feel in his personality." Even in our abstemious age we have not come to that. It is true that Niebuhr and Grote, with their eyes fixed on the glory that was Greece, and the achievements of the Athenian democracy, devoted much space to proving that Alexander was a filibustering barbarian who crushed the liberties of Greece. But who reads Niebuhr? And not even to Grote does the general reader turn for his conception, vague as it is, of the surpassing personality of Alexander. The Alexander the Great of the popular imagination, however there enshrined, may be trusted to keep down the Alexander of critical historians who insist on permanence as a test of genuine achievement. Even President Wheeler's scholarly book in the Heroes of the Nations series, with its severely archæological illustrations, so different from Mr. Kirkman's elephants and scenery, makes the best of such incidents as the murder of Cleitus. But he does not go so far as Mr. Kirkman, who declares that it was "an execcutive act," coldly calculated and to be approved by prudent men. Mr. Kirkman will hardly admit that Alexander died too young, lest anything should seem imperfect in that "superhuman" and "godlike" career. In spite of these absurdities, Alexander's story is here well told, and while the average boy could not be induced to read President Wheeler's book with its careful analysis of all the conditions in Greece and the East, he will read Mr. Kirkman's rapid pages, and sympathize with his hero-worship.

We greatly fear that Prof. Henry C. Emery's "Politician, Party, and People" (Yale University Press) will be misunderstood by a good many of those who may happen to read it. The book, originally the Page lectures at the Sheffield Scientific School in 1912, attempts, apparently, an ethical survey of various aspects of political duties and activities. Doubtless, it is legitimate, especially in the discussion of current problems, to raise questions rather than to answer them; but the way in which the thing is done, and the implications which the author's statement of the case involves, are matters of some importance. Shall a member of Congress prefer the interests of his district or State to those of the country? Shall the voter stay with his party when he does not agree with the party principles? Is the opinion of a leader more to be relied upon than the opinion of the people? The substance of Professor Emery's answer to these and many other similar queries is that these are serious and perplexing questions; that they often involve questions of conscience, that in dealing with them you have sometimes to act in one way and sometimes in another, and that, on the whole the balance of safety is on the side of party regularity. Perhaps, however, Professor Emery does not mean quite this; in which case we can only wish that he had stated his political philosophy with more precision. Incidentally, the text, which preserves the familiar form of the lecture, ought to have been revised. There are numerous inelegancies, and on pages 42 and 58 are sentences that will not parse.

"Beyond the Old Frontier," by George Bird Grinnell, is a new addition to Scribner's Adventure and Exploration series, appealing particularly to the boy reader. Mr. Grinnell has not made the mistake of writing down with malice aforethought to an arbitrarily assumed level of boyhood intelligence. The adult who has carried along enough of youth to relish stirring tales of adventure with Indians, buffalo, and other incidents of frontier life will find this a very readable volume, and after all there could be no better test of its fitness for boys. The book is made up largely of material from works now out of print, sometimes quoted directly and sometimes given merely in substance. Alexander Ross, the Scotchman who was one of the early acquisitions of John Jacob Astor in his far Western fur-trading operations and wrote a book on "The Fur Hunters of the Far West"; George Frederick Ruxton, "Adventures in Mexico and the Rocky Mountains"; Lewis H. Garrard, "Wah-To-Yah and the Taos Trail," and John Palisser, an Irishman who visited the American frontier in the late forties as a hunter and sightseer, are the authors upon whom Mr. Grinnell has chiefly drawn.

"Unruly Daughters: A Romance of the House of Orleans" (Putnam) is not a ro-

mance in the ordinary sense of the term, but an account of the doings of the six daughters of the Duc d'Orléans, Regent of France. The author, H. Noel Williams, has now to his credit a long list of books dealing with the Court of France in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. He is familiar with the memoirs and with the best recent French literature on the subject. He is accurate enough, and fair-minded enough, and knows his people well enough, and has written, in the present case, in a clear and sprightly, if somewhat mechanical, style, a book which will doubtless prove entertaining to people who are interested in what Edmond de Goncourt called the "indiscretions of history." Mr. Williams himself seems inclined to write about people with tarnished reputations, such as Pompadour, Du Barry, and the irresistible Duc de Richelieu. People of that sort, however, may be important as well as notorious; and some of Mr. Williams's books were well worth the doing. The main objection to the present undertaking is that the Regent's daughters scarcely merit so much attention; and of the six, those who receive most attention from the author deserve it least—the unspeakable Duchesse de Berry and Mlle. de Valois. Still, familiarity with the Court of the Regent has this advantage: it makes the Court of Louis XV appear almost decent, and that of Louis XVI actually puritanical!

"Before old age should make my hand falter, and the scenes and the faces of the past become indistinct in my memory, I desired to fix an image that is always with me," says M. Augustin Filon, the aged and devoted author of an excellent biography of Napoleon III's unfortunate son, "The Prince Imperial, 1856-1879" (Little, Brown). In 1867, when the shadows were still distant on the horizon, M. Filon was called from the Lycée at Grenoble to become tutor to the Prince Imperial. In July, 1870, the fourteen-year-old Prince started for the front with the Emperor, received his "baptism of fire," and in a boyish letter to his tutor described the French success at Sarrebrück. But this success was swiftly followed by the crushing Prussian blows and the mouse-trap at Sedan. M. Filon, who had remained at Paris with the Empress, telegraphed to the aides in charge of the Prince to make for Belgium, though not in the punning brevity which Republican enemies have merrily alleged: "Filons sur Belge.—Filon." From Belgium the Prince crossed to England and joined his parents at Chislehurst. He was allowed to enter with English boys at Woolwich Academy, where he diligently studied the military engineers' course, and then passed on with the regular English officers to Aldershot. In 1879, after forty-eight hours of mental struggle, he made up his mind to ask to be permitted to join the English force which was to operate against the Zulus. His mother and the leaders of the Bonapartist party did their best to dissuade him, but he replied in words (slightly condensed) which sound like an echo of his great-uncle:

> All hopes are centred in my person; if that becomes great, the strength of the Imperial party becomes ten-fold. No one will be followed but a man of known energy, and my care has been to find a way of making myself known. Writing letters of condolence, harboring politicians, patting journalists on the back, hob-nobbing with them, and working with them to stir up social problems—that is what the headstrong call "making myself conspicuous." Others want me to travel through Europe with a great retinue. I have turned a deaf ear. When one belongs to a race of soldiers, it is only with the sword in hand that one gains recognition, and he who wants to learn by travel must go far. The disaster at Isandhlwana gives me the opportunity I want.

The sequel is known. The Prince went with a party of half a dozen horsemen to look for a camping place near the Zulus. While the party was off its guard, preparing supper, it was suddenly attacked by Zulus, who had crawled up stealthily in the long grass. Most of the party managed to mount their horses and escape; but the Prince could not swing himself into the saddle of his frightened beast. He tried to defend himself with his revolver, but could not hold out against the overwhelming force of black spearmen. The spot where he fell, to which his mother made a pilgrimage the next year, is now marked by a simple cairn. M. Filon's devoted story of this boy's life is very human, with its good photographs of the Prince's playmates, rooms, handwriting, and father and mother. It is also an authoritative biography, for in addition to his own intimate personal knowledge, the author was allowed by the Empress the unrestricted use of all her son's correspondence.

In "Apocrypha and Pseudepigrapha of the Old Testament" (Oxford University Press) we have for the first time a substantially complete collection, in English translation, of the non-canonical Jewish writings of the period extending from 200 B. C. to 100 A. D. The work is in two handsomely printed volumes, the first giving the Apocrypha, the second the Pseudepigrapha; the general editor is R. H. Charles, of Oxford, well known as a scholarly student of this branch of Jewish literature. The first volume contains all the books commonly regarded as apocryphal (those, namely, given in the Septuagint and the Latin Vulgate, but not in the Hebrew Bible) except Second Esdras (Fourth Ezra), which, as claiming a false authorship, is put in the second volume; on the other hand, Third Maccabees, contrary to the usual custom, is inserted here. In the second volume are given Jubilees, the Letter of Aristeas, the Books of Adam and Eve, the Martyrdom of Isaiah, First Enoch, the Testaments of the Twelve Patriarchs, the Sibylline Oracles, the Assumption of Moses, Second Enoch (the Secrets of Enoch), Second Baruch (the Syriac Apocalypse), Third Baruch (Greek Apocalypse), Fourth Ezra, and the Psalms of Solomon; and, further, four books (Fourth Maccabees, Pirke Aboth, the Story of Ahikar, and Fragments of a Zadokite Work), which, though not pseudepigrapha, are added as reflecting certain ideas of the time. In regard to this arrangement in the two volumes, it may be observed that the Wisdom of Solomon and the Epistle of Jeremy appear under false names, and it is not clear why they stand in the first volume, while Fourth Ezra is removed to the second. The few Apocryphal books omitted are of little or no importance for the religious history of the time.

It is not possible to take note here of the numerous and difficult critical and exegetical questions that arise in connection with the books included in the collection. It must suffice to say that the material is brought up to the date of publication (L. W. Batten's excellent volume on Ezra and Nehemiah, in the "International Critical Commentary," in which First Esdras is discussed, appeared after the Oxford work was issued). A general introduction to each volume is furnished by Dr. Charles, and each book is edited, with introduction and notes, by a specialist. The various views held by scholars are stated and examined, and extensive bibliographies are given. Thus the student of the non-canonical literature may gain a knowledge of the questions to be solved, even the most recent, and of the material available for their solution. He will find here also a view of the whole field, and will be able to compare book with book and critic with critic more conveniently than if he had to go to separate volumes devoted to the various books. The work will, doubtless, further the study of the Jewish thought of the period in question, a period remarkable for its religious and intellectual activity and important for the illustration of the New Testament.

MORE CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

A little book which will appeal to a child's sense of humor as well as to his ideas of the "fitness of things" is Gelett Burgess's "The Goop Directory" (Stokes), wherein all people, from Marmaduke Argyll, who would insist on talking while eating, even to Rosie L. V. Trood, famed for playing with her food, are stamped both in pictures and verses for their coarse habits. As the author declares:

> In this Directory you'll see
> Just what you never ought to be.

The illustrations are in accordance with the Goop curvatures, made famous in other volumes.

Three once-upon-a-time stories by Eva March Tappan have been gathered together in a volume bearing the title "The House with the Silver Door" (Houghton). Silvery Girl and Silver Boy figure as characters in the first narrative. There are occasional drawings by Emily Hall Chamberlain.

A brightly covered volume is "The Rose Fairy Book" (Doran), edited by Mrs. Herbert Strang. Some of Perrault's tales have been retranslated, while Cinderella, Ali Baba, and Aladdin have been rewritten—shades of our honored classics! Even Red Riding Hood is grabbed from the jaws of death! The text is handsomely printed, and the pictures are plentiful.

A story by Annie Fellows Johnston, called "Miss Santa Claus of the Pullman" (Century), is a mild narrative which seeks to reform young Will'm's idea of stepmothers. At times the story borders on the sentimental, but it is a book well suited to youngsters five and six years of age.

Some years ago Dr. Headland gave us a "Chinese Mother Goose"; this year we meet with Mary Fenollosa's "Blossoms from a Japanese Garden" (Stokes), a unique bouquet of child-verses. The illustrations in color are by Japanese artists, delicately

tinted and quaint in their interpretative spirit.

Juvenile dramatics are now a formidable part of every boy's and every girl's education. Mrs. Emma Sheridan Fry has considered the subject in a handy brochure which she calls "Educational Dramatics" (Moffat, Yard). The manual is intended for teachers, club leaders, and amateur players. Stella G. S. Perry's "When Mother Lets Us Act" (Moffat, Yard) offers practical suggestions for actual performances. If you would know how to make costumes and scenery, how to play statues, tableaux, pantomimes, and charades, this small book will give adequate explanation. "Plays for the Home" (Houghton Mifflin) consists of dramatizations, by Augusta Stevenson, of some of Æsop's Fables and the fairy tales of Grimm and Andersen—which reminds us that "Snow White," the children's play given so charmingly at Winthrop Ames's Little Theatre, has been issued in book form by Dodd, Mead. There is a great field open to those who write small plays for children; such dialogues have to be kept as simple as possible.

Martha Foote Crow has told the life of "Harriet Beecher Stowe" for the distinctive biographies which Appletons issue yearly for young readers. The author, who first saw Mrs. Stowe, an old lady, seated in chapel at Wellesley College, has handled her material reverently.

It is to be deplored that Miss Porter's "The Scottish Chiefs" and Miss Aguilar's "The Days of Bruce" are not more generally read. Old-fashioned in a sentimental way, yet they contain the action of a wonderfully exciting time in history. It may be that R. L. Mackie's "Story of Robert the Bruce," which has been imported by the Crowells, will serve to revive an interest in these two books. These publishers are to be commended for the biographical series of which this record of Bruce is one.

We can well imagine the delight with which the expectant youngster will receive Chelsea Curtis Fraser's "Every Boy's Book of Handicraft, Sports, and Amusements" (Dana Estes), wherein every conceivable activity of youth is prescribed for: woodworking and electricity, printing and collecting, camping and gardening, to mention only a few. There are seven hundred pages of fun here.

"The Handy Boy" (Lothrop, Lee) is Miss Neely Hall's contribution, actuated by the motto that to "do something" means to "be something." If the boy has no proper tools, this author suggests a practical way of earning the money to spend for them.

"Harper's Beginning Electricity," by Don. Cameron Shafer, is another simplified manual of instruction. After a boy has sufficiently weighed its contents, there is no reason why he should not be able to untangle the most complicated electrical knot, and place electrical surprises all over his house—if he is permitted.

To many the best of all fairy books is "The Fairy Book," by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." We are glad to see that Macmillans have brought out this collection in a handsome edition. It appears in a cloth gilt cover, on which is embossed the legend of the little men who stole down and disappeared when the cock had crowed for the third time. The illustrations in color, by Walter Goble, are as pretty and dainty things of the kind as we have ever seen.

Brief accounts of the birds and animals which children are wont to coddle are furnished by Florence E. Dugdale in "The Book of Pets" (Doran). The creatures' habits and haunts are fully explained, with no great charm of style, together with the sort of care which they should receive. E. J. Detmold's drawings in color are not always true to perspective.

Science

The world's cotton crop and manufacture is the subject of the leading article, by Prof. A. Woeikof, of St. Petersburg, in the *Annales de Géographie* for November. He believes the great cotton fields in the future will be in the Russian empire, the eastern Sudan, and the middle Niger region. The results of four years' study of the tsetse fly problem in the French colonies in western Africa is given by M. E. Roubaud, chief of the laboratory of the Pasteur Institute. In his opinion the fly will fundamentally change the conditions of life in tropical Africa and be a serious obstacle to the civilization of the natives. There is also a detailed account of the ninth inter-university geographical excursion by its leader, besides an urgent recommendation to make Rabat the capital of that part of Morocco under French protection.

The latest of the numerous atlases which are appearing these days has been prepared by Mr. Fawcett Allen, assistant map-curator to the Royal Geographical Society, entitled "An Atlas of Commercial Geography" (Cambridge University Press; Putnam). For work below that of collegiate grade, the volume is one of more than ordinary excellence; it is intended to serve primarily as a companion volume to the same publishers' "Elementary Commercial Geography." Nevertheless, this atlas presents the fundamental principles of economic geography in such compact and workable form that it is adapted to still wider use. Though smaller in bulk and scope, Mr. Allen's work bears a resemblance to the excellent older "Handels-Atlas zur Verkehrs- und Wirtschaftsgeographie" of Scobel, and in one particular is superior, in that it contains a voluminous index. The maps are arranged in two main divisions, of which the first contains such general maps as are necessary to lay the foundation for teaching the principles of economic geography. Here are portrayed the main features of topography, ocean depths, the distribution of rainfall, ocean currents, drainage basins, and other similar factors in man's physical environment. These are followed by a series of maps illustrating the distribution of man himself, the situation of the principal languages of commerce, and the regions of supply of the world's leading raw products. The second main division of the book contains a number of plates of each of the continents, arranged in a consistent series, and exhibiting their subject-matter in sufficient detail to serve a variety of purposes, including regional study. The coloring of the maps is good, and in general each one is well calculated to impress the main points had in mind. In some cases, however, an attempt has been made to show too many separate things on a single map. The volume contains a well-written introduction by D. A. Jones, who is the assistant librarian to the Royal Geographical Society. It is in the form of short paragraphs on the separate maps in the first main division of the book, and serves to indicate a logical method of study, by joining together facts and observations in a natural sequence.

Dr. John Green, an oculist of international fame, and since 1886 professor of ophthalmology in St. Louis Medical College, Washington University, died Sunday at his home in St. Louis. He was born in Worcester, Mass., in 1835, and graduated from Harvard in 1855, later studying medicine in Cambridge and in Europe. He was an assistant surgeon in the Civil War.

Drama

Burbage and Shakespeare's Stage. By Mrs. C. C. Stopes. London: The De La More Press (Alexander Moring). 5 shillings net.

The title of this book does not give a very exact idea of its contents. It is a history of the three Burbages—James, Richard, and Cuthbert—and of their business ventures as managers of companies and theatres (The Theatre, Globe, and Blackfriars), from the first appearance of James Burbage as a member of the Earl of Leicester's company of actors in the early years of Elizabeth's reign until the death of Cuthbert (who was himself never an actor) in 1636. Mrs. Stopes's work accordingly is not limited to the period of Shakespeare's activity. Moreover, her narrative of the years during which the great dramatist was composing plays for the Burbages' company is not written with any special reference to their connection with one another. Indeed, in the body of her work the author rarely mentions the plays that this company produced.

The materials which we possess for the lives of the Burbages consist almost wholly of official orders and legal documents pertaining to the numerous lawsuits in which they were involved as theatre-managers. Such records, of course, throw little or no light on the personal traits of the men concerned or on what distinguished them in their art—the things that really matter. Mrs. Stopes has made some additions to the materials of this kind that were already available, but none, it seems to us, of any particular importance. Under such circumstances writers are tempted to draw far-fetched inferences in order to give some color to the dim images on which they are working. We cannot but account it as an instance of yielding to this temptation when Mrs. Stopes observes in regard to the acceptance of

James Burbage by the Earl of Leicester as one of his players: "His acceptance argues not only James Burbage's honesty and prudence, but his handsome appearance, charming manners, tact, and ready wit." On the other hand, there is a genuine personal interest in the letter from the Earl of Pembroke to Viscount Doncaster which she has been so fortunate as to unearth in the British Museum. It relates to the death of Richard Burbage in 1619, and, among other things, makes it clear that relations of genuine friendship could exist between an actor and a great nobleman of the time. The letter, as printed by Mrs. Stopes, runs as follows:

My Lord,—

I could not let my cousin Berkley go without this small testimony of my unceremonious respect unto your Lordship.

. . . This day the French Ambassador took leave. . . . we shall put off our blacks [*i. e.*, mourning on account of the death of James I's consort] and be laught at for it by all Christendom at Midsummer. . . . Now you have all that I know that past since your departure but that my Lord of Lenox made a great supper to the French Embassador this night here and even now all the company are at the play, which I being tender-harted, could not endure to see so soone after the loss of my old acquaintance Burbage. . . . Your Lordship's most affectionate friend and servaunt. Pembroke.

Whitehall
20th May.

Among other new details presented in this book we may note that Mrs. Stopes fixes 1583 as the year when Richard Burbage began his career on the stage. She also gives good reasons for dating at the end of 1575 or beginning of 1576 the order of the corporation of London wholly prohibiting all plays within the city and consequently for again connecting the founding of The Theatre with the decree of expulsion. Since E. K. Chambers's discussion of the matter some years ago it has been customary to assign a later date to this order. The little in the book that relates directly to Shakespeare is conjecture pure and simple—for example, the suggestion that the poet first came to London in order to press the law-suit of his family about the Asbies property and the theory that "Midsummer Night's Dream" was written for the marriage of Sir Thomas Heneage to the mother of Shakespeare's patron, the Earl of Southampton. We do not see, either, why Mrs. Stopes should have reproduced so obvious a forgery as the elegy on Richard Burbage which Collier pretended to have discovered in some unknown manuscript.

At the end of her volume the author has assembled the documents on which her account of the Burbages is based. They occupy almost as many pages as the account itself. Those which sprang from the Burbages' law-suit with their ground landlord, Giles Alleyn, are interminable. The liberties which Mrs. Stopes has taken with the original spelling of these various documents seem to us uncalled for. A more serious ground for complaint is that hardly ever throughout the work does she indicate whether a document has appeared in print before. Most of these records have, of course, already been published by at least one of the earlier writers on the stage, such as Collier, Halliwell-Phillipps, Hazlitt, and others. References to these works would have been helpful even to professional students. Among the notes especially valuable is the list of the court performances of the Burbages' company from 1560 on, for a period of eighty years.

A. C. McClurg & Co. announce a volume containing three plays by Arthur Schnitzler in an English translation by Horace B. Samuel. The plays are entitled "The Green Cockatoo," "The Mate," and "Paracelsus."

Among forthcoming books announced by Brentano's are the following: Bernard Shaw's "Fanny's First Play," "Misalliance," and "The Dark Lady of the Sonnets," the three pieces in one volume, and a volume of "Three More Plays by Brieux," containing "La Robe Rouge," "La Foi," and "La Femme Seule."

Martha Hedman, who lately appeared with John Mason in "Indian Summer" and "The Attack," is going to London to support Sir George Alexander in the latter play.

During the last three weeks of their tenancy of the St. James's Theatre, in London, Granville Barker and Lillah McCarthy are illustrating the advantages of the repertory system by changing their programme every night.

The Birmingham Repertory Theatre has just produced a translation by Christopher Sanderman of the German dramatist Max Halbe's play, "Der Strom," rechristened "The River." The original was done some eight years ago in London by a German company, with Frau Rosa Bertens in the part of Renate, which Miss Darragh sustains in the present version.

Lewis Waller has been appearing in "Henry V" in Australia, with great success. It is a performance deserving of more appreciation, critical and popular, than it found in this city.

"The Woodlanders" has just been played in the Dorchester Corn Exchange by the Dramatic Society of that town. A special correspondent of a London newspaper writes:

"The Woodlanders," like all the preceding plays (with the single exception of "The Three Wayfarers," which was prepared for the stage by Mr. Thomas Hardy himself), was adapted from the novel by Mr. A. H. Evans. It differs from all its predecessors in that the element of rustic humor is much less conspicuous, and as the story advances it resolves itself unmistakably into tragedy, and ends on a sombre tragic note—the death of Giles Winterborne in the rain-sodden autumn woods, and the lament of the two women who loved him—Grace Melbury and Marty South—over his dead body and his undeserved fate.

"L'Occident," a new play by the Belgian dramatist, Henry Kistemaeckers, has just been produced at the Renaissance in Paris. The scenes are laid in and about the navy yard at Toulon, where a fair Arabian girl is the favorite of the captain of the Dreadnought Fraternité. Presently, she learns from a wandering tribesman that her whole tribe, including her father, her three brothers, and her younger sister, Fatma, had been killed during a bombardment near Mogador by a French warship. That warship was the Fraternité, and the captain, her lover, was its commander. Then she vows dire vengeance. The unsuspecting captain is the protector of a young lieutenant, who suddenly wishes to resign his commission and desert his duty because he is a slave to opium, a pacifist, and a collectivist; and warfare in his estimation is the greatest of crimes. The girl of the desert finds in him her opportunity for revenge. She uses all her charms to lure him to desert his duty at the very time that his ship is ordered away to face the enemy. But the captain of the Fraternité discovers the flight in time, catches up with the fugitive, and makes him listen to the voice of reason in a poignant scene at the end of the third act. Patriotism and the call of duty are stronger than love; and the child of the slaughtered Arabs returns to the desert.

Music

RICHARD STRAUSS'S "ROSENKAVALIER."

The first and most important operatic novelty of the season had its première at the Metropolitan on Tuesday evening. Richard Strauss did not, as had been hoped, come to New York to superintend the production of his comic opera, "The Rose-Bearer," probably because resentment at the suppression of his "Salome" after a single performance still rankles in his bosom; but he kindly allowed it—doubtless for a very substantial consideration—to be staged here, after having vowed he would never again have anything to do with the Metropolitan. His presence would have added to the éclat of the occasion, but could hardly have improved the performance, which, under Alfred Hertz, and with a cast including Frieda Hempel, Frl. Ober, Anna Case, Goritz, Weil, Jörn, and Reiss, was remarkably good. For this first performance the prices for seats had been nearly doubled, yet there was a large audience, and there was much applause.

When the German newspapers, a few years ago, first began to give the world driblets of information regarding the "Rosenkavalier" much was made of the fact that it was to be entirely different from Strauss's other operas. "In place of bloodthirst, perversity, and general unhealthiness," readers were informed, there would be "melody, merriment, and simplicity"; indeed, it was hinted that Strauss, whose usual aim seemed to be to break all records in the matter of complexity of scoring, had gone back to

Mozart for his model. Naturally, all this served to arouse general curiosity, and when the opera had its first performance, on January 26, 1911, in Dresden, the audience included so many musical celebrities that, as some one remarked, "if a bomb had been exploded in the Royal Opera, the course of the history of music would have been changed."

Hugo von Hofmannsthal, who prepared the libretto for "Elektra," also wrote that of the "Rosenkavalier." This name refers to a custom in vogue in Austria two centuries ago, in compliance with which a suitor for a lady's hand sent a cavalier to bring her a silver rose. The suitor in this case is Baron Ochs von Lerchanau, an extremely coarse and vulgar personage, who, having come to the end of his pecuniary resources, has decided condescendingly to marry Sophia, the beautiful daughter of Von Faninal, a newly ennobled wealthy army contractor. In the first scene Ochs visits his cousin, the Princess Werdenberg, to ask her aid in finding a suitable rose-bearer. The Princess, whose husband is one of Maria Theresa's field marshals, carries on, while he is absent in Croatia, an intrigue with a youth named Octavian, who happens to be making love to the Princess when the Baron arrives, but hides behind a screen, whence he presently emerges in the attire of a lady's maid. The Baron at once sees a chance for an intrigue, and invites the supposed maid to a supper. Left alone, the Princess decides to select Octavian as the rose-bearer, though she foresees he will fall in love with Sophia. In the second act this actually happens. The Baron, who is present, becomes jealous and provokes the rose-bearer to a duel, in which he (the Baron) is wounded slightly. Before he leaves, a note is put in his hand from the "lady's maid," who promises to meet him at supper; and in the final act this meeting takes place. Arrangements have been made for playing all sorts of practical jokes on the Baron. Things reach such a pass that the police interfere. The Baron is completely routed, and Octavian wins Sophia's hand.

The librettist calls his poem a "comedy for music," but it is really a farce, of the broadest sort. In the original, the text of the first act is extremely coarse, and before the Imperial family allowed the opera to be performed in Berlin a sofa had to be substituted for the bed. The version used here is expurgated, and Otto Goritz, on whose shoulders the action chiefly rests, knows how to be funny without being offensive. He is the only one in the cast who sings everything intelligibly; but even he cannot greatly interest an American audience in a dialogue the fun of which lies largely in the use of the quaint Viennese dialect. Hofmannsthal has not given much more of real humor in this "comedy" than he has in his "Der Thor und der Tod" or his other plays. From the composer's point of view, his libretto is less successful than the one he provided for Strauss's "Elektra," being too crowded with details that cannot be effectively set to music. In trying to illustrate all these details musically, Strauss displayed great ingenuity but spoiled the opera, besides making it extremely difficult for the singers.

Because of these complexities one cannot find the vaunted Mozartean quality in this score. That Strauss, however, tried to be truly tuneful for once is certain; there are waltzes and other episodes that are really melodious; but, unfortunately, the melody is for the most part commonplace. Almost any musician could sit at the piano and improvise waltzes and tunes as good as these, by the hour. As in most of the other works of this composer, it is the orchestral coloring, chiefly, that enchants; but the average opera-goer is not content with that; he wants broad melodies and passionate accents, and these are not to be found in "Der Rosenkavalier," even in the love-scenes. These, in fact, are the dullest parts of the opera. There are beauty spots in each of the acts, but almost the only episodes one longs to hear again are the presenting of the rose to Sophia, where the music, with the aid of harps and celesta, becomes quasi-fragrant, and the trio at the end of the last act—a trio which the Straussites place on a level with the quintet in Wagner's "Meistersinger." It certainly is beautiful, and it shows a regard for the proper idiom of the human voice which the "Rose-Bearer" as a whole does not.

Among musical and allied publications of the season, not all of which can be reviewed in these columns before the holidays, are "Memoirs of an American Prima Donna" (Clara Louise Kellogg), published by G. P. Putnam's Sons; "Symphonies and Their Meaning" (third series), by Philip Goepp (Lippincott); Loie Fuller's "Fifteen Years of a Dancer's Life" (Small, Maynard & Co.); Thompson's "Life of Ethelbert Nevin" (Boston Music Co.); "Advice to Violin Students," by Wallace Ritchie (Scribner); Hamilton's "Outlines of Music History," revised edition (Oliver Ditson Co.); Spaeth's "Milton's Knowledge of Music" (Princeton University Library); Filson Young's "Opera Stories" (Henry Holt & Co.); Evans's translation of Wagner's "Opera and Drama" (Scribner); an excellent guide to Humperdinck's "Hänsel and Gretel," by Lewis M. Isaacs and Kurt J. Rahlston (Dodd, Mead & Co.); Vincent D'Indy's "Beethoven," translated by Theodore Baker (Boston Music Co.); a translation, by Edwin Evans, of Berlioz's admirable analyses of Beethoven's nine symphonies (Scribner); Oliver Huckel's translation of Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde" (Thomas Y. Crowell Co.); "The Growth of Music," by H. C. Colles (Oxford University Press); Landon Ronald's "Masterpieces of Tchaikovsky" (F. A. Stokes Co.); C. W. Grimm's "Harmony Study" (W. H. Willis Co.); Joseffy's extremely valuable "First Studies for the Piano" (G. Schirmer); Kobbé's "Opera Singers," profusely illustrated (Oliver Ditson Co.); "Swedish Song Games," by Kastman and Köhler (Ginn & Co.); "Old Fogy" (Theodore Pressor Co.); and Ethel Shubert's "Stories of the Operas" (Penn Publishing Co.).

It is characteristic of Saint-Saëns that at what he declared to be his final appearance as pianist and organist he played in Paris the other day pieces by Liszt and Mozart, two of his idols. He intends to spend the winter in Algiers and Egypt, enjoying nature and composing pieces for organ and piano; also, perhaps, a choral work.

Art

WILLIAM BLAKE AT THE TATE GALLERY.

London, November 25.

The director of the Tate Gallery continues to make up for the general mediocrity of the British collection under his charge by giving special Loan Exhibitions, which are of genuine importance to artists. He has already, in the short time since the Gallery has been under his care, arranged shows of the Pre-Raphaelites, Whistler, the English Alfred Stevens, Legros; now, he has got together a fine and representative series of paintings, drawings, and prints by William Blake, which will remain on the walls until the end of December.

It can hardly be said that of late years Blake has suffered from neglect or indifference. Indeed, it is even a question whether he suffered so much in his lifetime as his recent biographers and eulogists have a way of making out—whether, in fact, his grievances, as in the case of Millet, have not been greatly overrated. Pleasure in art is not to be measured by the palatial studios the artist is able to build for himself or by the social honors lavished upon him. Blake, no less than Millet, was free to lead the life that best suited him and to do the work he wished most to do, and no man can be called unhappy, or is to be pitied, who enjoys the privilege of living and working as he chooses. True, he did pass through moments of bitter poverty, but, on the whole, he prospered as well as most engravers of his day—and he was primarily an engraver; what is more, after his first years, he was seldom reduced to mere hack work or potboiling. It may be said that this could not have been except for the help of one or two men, like his friends, Butt and Linnell, who bought his work and commissioned it. But most artists would starve if they looked to the general public for practical recognition. After his death, Blake was neglected and forgotten by all save the most forlorn saving

remnant. The period was one when work such as his was bound to be neglected—the period when the majority of artists in England believed with Wilkie that to know the taste of the public is the most valuable knowledge for the artist, and, accordingly, did their best to play down to it. But the indifference came to an end with the publication of Gilchrist's Life of Blake, half a century ago, and since then, and after Swinburne had promptly opened the floodgates of his rhetoric upon Blake, almost too much has been said and written about him; he has been set on almost too high a pinnacle for all the world to see, numerous exhibitions of his work have been held, and he has been the easy prey of the English critic who, engrossed in the literary or mystical meaning of his designs, can comfortably ignore that there is in them also a question of art.

This is the difficulty with the posthumous popularity thrust upon Blake: Blake the artist has been sacrificed to Blake the mystic. He may have seen visions, and it may have been the visions he desired above all to paint or draw or engrave. But how many artists could tell you that they, too, see visions, different as their inspiration may be from his—that they, too, with their fancy, imagination, mind's eye, or whatever it may be called, see before them their painting, or drawing, or print, complete before ever they put the first touch on canvas, or paper, or metal. That Blake's visions were not in the least the same as those of most artists, that his preoccupation with them was greater, cannot affect the quality of his art one way or the other. To him might have been revealed still more extraordinary things, his preoccupation with them might have been still more intense, and had he not had the technical ability to express himself, the revelations would not be worth the canvas or paper or metal on which he recorded them.

A comprehensive exhibition like the present one at the Tate is therefore useful from time to time as a reminder that Blake was not merely a visionary, but an artist with a great deal of technical ability—of amazing technical ability, when it comes to his prints. There are here numerous examples of his illustrations, culminating in the series for the Book of Job; in some cases several states shown side by side, the original reduced drawings done for Linnell included—a series that proves beyond a doubt what a master he was of design, how splendid was his power of composition. No matter what the subject, his beautiful interpretation of the text, "When the morning stars sang together, and all the Sons of God shouted for joy," in which the rhythmical lines and curves sing of themselves, would be one of the most memorable prints in the world. There are numerous examples of the paintings which he called frescoes, and for which the catalogue uses the term tempera, and they prove as indisputably what a master he was of color. The most famous are shown: The Canterbury Pilgrims, The Spiritual Form of Pitt Guiding Behemoth, The Spiritual Form of Nelson Guiding Leviathan, Adam Naming the Beasts, all crammed full of meaning and symbol and allegory, and too familiar to be described anew. With them are smaller less well-known subjects, The Temptation of Eve, Bathsheba at the Bath, Our Lady and Child, The Procession from Calvary, and many besides, all together giving something of the same emotion that is felt before the Venetian masterpieces. Not that I would rank Blake with the great Venetians—he was not one of the giants—but he had a fine sense of harmony that in any other country, or at any other period, might almost have made him their rival as a colorist. There are also examples of his color prints, his printed drawings, for which he invented or perfected his own method, one requiring a precision that probably no other engraver of his day could have attained. To have invented or perfected a method adapted to one's own needs, to practice it, to excel in it—there is a pleasure that pays the artist more substantial coin than mere dollars and cents.

Space has been found for the work of some of Blake's contemporaries, friends, and followers—Fuseli, Stothard, Flaxman, Linnell, Palmer, Calvert, George Richmond, almost all of whom were considerably influenced by him, and who seem at times to have endeavored conscientiously not only to see visions, but to see his special kind of visions. Only a few examples of each of these men have been selected for the purpose, and, when thus shown with the Blakes, it must be confessed they leave the impression that they were ambitious artists, but that their achievements did not keep pace with their intentions. Here and there is a little masterpiece, like Stothard's Tam O'Shanter, that has a splendor and loveliness of color worthy of Blake. But as a rule this smaller series is overshadowed by the larger, though it is of sufficient interest to suggest that this group of artists, seldom seen and half-forgotten, might provide the director of the Tate with his next Loan Exhibition.

A full and elaborate catalogue has been prepared by Mr. Archibald G. B. Russell, that should have its value for collectors. But a serious drawback to the pleasure and comfort of the student is the failure of the numbers of the works on the walls to follow in consecutive order the numbers of the books in the catalogue. This is a mistake so seldom made in English exhibitions that it is all the more seriously felt.

N. N.

The Reminiscences of Augustus Saint-Gaudens. Edited and amplified by Homer Saint-Gaudens. New York: The Century Co. Two volumes. Illustrated. $7 net.

In his later invalid years Saint-Gaudens dictated his autobiography. It is of a vivacity and inaccuracy worthy of his Gascon-Irish origins, and his son and biographer has had an uncommonly difficult task in building a two-volume memoir of such materials. But by cutting the autobiography into chapters, adding explanatory and corrective interchapters, and interweaving letters, the feat has been accomplished with considerable success. One gets, if hardly a satisfactory account of a notable artistic career, at least the sense of a brilliant and lovable personality.

Saint-Gaudens was a foreordained artist. Trained in the hard school of stone cameo cutting, he supported himself by that trade through early years of poverty in Europe. Like almost all his American predecessors, he found the way to Rome, and his marble Hiawatha done in 1871, his twenty-third year, is remarkably like the neo-classic work of Harriet Hosmer and Crawford. What turned him from this outworn mode to the delicate and strenuous modelling of the Early Renaissance masters, one would like to know. Here this book is disappointing. Saint-Gaudens made it a point of coquetry not to write shop, and we may merely guess how he came to follow the road of Fremiet and Mercié. In any case, he became the chief exemplar in America of that refined craftsmanship in which the Early Florentines excelled, and in such disciples as Macmonnies, Adams, McNeil, and Fraser made it almost the distinctive American note in sculpture. His most personal qualities are shown in the remarkable portraits in low relief of which the Stevenson is best known. After fifteen years of hardships cheerfully endured, he did the Farragut, 1881, and his position as the leading American sculptor was assured. It seems to us on the whole his best work of a monumental sort, having a simplicity, directness, and virility that were often refined away in the great works of his later time. There never was a more scrupulous craftsman. The inscription for the Stevenson portrait in St. Giles's, Edinburgh, was fully modelled twelve times. There are no less than twenty-seven position sketches for the Peter Cooper.

The scorn of the commonplace or overemphatic is the characteristic note of the artist. A somewhat scornful comment on Rodin's Balzac is one of the few artistic opinions recorded of Saint-

Gaudens. It looked too much "like a guttering candle." In his complete lucidity Saint-Gaudens was true to his Gallic heredity. The breadth of pathos which informs the splendid Shaw Memorial and the repressed prophetic fire of the Sherman he may well have drawn from his admirable Irish mother.

On several occasions Saint-Gaudens complains humorously that Stanford White is trying to make a man-about-town of him, and, curiously enough, this memoir gives some sense of a self-protecting brilliancy and geniality, as if he kept the artist exclusively for the fevered solitude of the studio. No great artist who has written about himself has left so few opinions on matters artistic. It is as if Saint-Gaudens insisted on being judged solely by his work. Apparently it was enough for him to draw about himself the choicest spirits of his time, and by them to be judged simply as the delightful companion. This programme of privacy, which may well have enriched his life, has naturally somewhat impoverished his memoirs.

As to the value of his work, aside from the mysterious figure of the Rock Creek Cemetery and the Farragut, it seems to lie in exquisite craftsmanship and charm. He is crisp and full of rather subtle implication; monumental breadth he rarely tried for or achieved. In that reaction towards fine craftsmanship which followed the first naïve strivings of American art, he played an important, perhaps the most important, part. This religious devotion to technical perfection implies a degree of self-consciousness which the very greatest masters either never have or live down. Yet precisely this gospel of strenuous craftsmanship was what American art very much needed at the moment. Occasionally, as in the Shaw memorial and the two Lincolns, and earlier in the Farragut, Saint-Gaudens attained simplicity and gravity. Generally, his work reveals a captivating preciosity discreetly minimized and evident only to a very sensitive observer. Indeed, his career has interesting analogies with that of his older contemporary, Whistler, barring, of course, Whistler's waspishness. In both men are found the same fastidious taste, the same astute eclecticism, a similar positive charm, and kindred flashes of higher seriousness. In spite of the excellent studies of Messrs. Cortissoz, Cox, and Hind, the artistic personality of Saint-Gaudens remains to be elucidated. Naturally, this memoir, being a personal memorial, makes no such attempt. It is interesting throughout, and will doubtless be satisfactory to those unplagued by the critic's curiosity as to the way of the genius *qua* artist.

At the annual meeting of the Egypt Exploration Fund, recently held in the rooms of the Royal Society, Burlington House, London, it was announced that arrangements have been made to complete this winter the excavation of the Osireion of Abydos. Results of the greatest importance for Egyptian archæology and for the history of Egyptian religion are expected from the enterprise. Prof. Edouard Naville, on whose advice the excavation was originally undertaken, will again take charge of the work.

An interesting archæological discovery has been made in Rome, near the Baths of Caracalla, by Professor Ferri. He found a large subterranean gallery, above half a mile long, as well as drains for carrying away the water from the Baths. In one of these drains he came across fragments of a marble group representing Mithras killing the sacred bull. The Baths of Caracalla were already known to have been connected with the worship of Mithras, and this discovery further bears out this theory.

In the excavations conducted on the Palatine by Prof. Giacomo Boni some important discoveries have again been made. Traces of two Imperial palaces, those of Caligula and of Nero, have been brought to light. A number of houses belonging to the Republican period have been found—two under the vestibule of the palace of Domitian, three under the Basilica, one under the Treasury, and one under the Triclinium. Further, there have been unearthed traces of the Imperial nympheum, as well as numerous constructions dating from the age of Domitian.

Marcel Dieulafoy's "Art in Spain and Portugal" (Scribner) is a rather curious apparition in the useful Ars Una series. Generally we find compilations of accepted results. A considerable part of this work is both original and somewhat controversial. M. Dieulafoy contends that all the significant features of early Spanish architecture may be explained as adaptation of Iranian modes of building imported by the Moors. He insists further that in architecture Spain, through Catalonia, contributed nearly as much to France as she received. We have no space to signalize the interesting anticipations of Gothic construction which M. Dieulafoy notes both in Spain and earlier in Persia. The rather lengthy presentation of such debatable matters, while most interesting for the special student, is a little hard on the layman for whom the series is intended. He, however, may skip contentious matters, and still find with profusion of small cuts plenty of highly condensed information. Unusual and deserved prominence is given to the minor arts. M. Dieulafoy emphasizes the unbroken tradition of polychrome sculpture in the peninsula, and generally stresses the national accent in those branches, like painting, in which foreign influence is most discernible. He writes from abundant knowledge and with unflagging enthusiasm. We fancy that few impartial critics will share his unqualified admiration for plateresque architectural ornament. Yet possibly no one who has his doubts about plateresque has any business to write on things Spanish. The publishers of this International series are to be congratulated once more on procuring a handbook which, without serious waiver of its informational function, has strong personal flavor.

The National Arts Club offers a prize of $1,000 for the best literary production embodying "A Critical Estimate of the Altman Collection," which shall be submitted by one of its members before March 1, 1914. The manuscripts will be submitted anonymously and the jury of award will be announced later.

"Painting in East and West" (Longmans), by Robert Douglas Norton, treats the whole contrast of Eastern and Western art in a very general way. Eastern art stops at suggestion and requires a definite effort of appreciation. Western art tends to imitation and requires only recognition. The defect of the Western theory of imitation Mr. Norton finds in a principle of limits. Once imitation is attained, nothing but repetition remains for later artists. For example, Chardin, Manet, and Cézanne may be said to have spoiled still life for their successors. The advantage of the Eastern theory of art as interpretation or suggestion of the rhythm of the universe is that such interpretation may be various. Moreover, such a programme implies the closest understanding between artist, philosopher, amateur, and critic. In comparison the Western artist is singularly isolated and unrepresentative. His art becomes a trick of mimicry "destined for untrained eyes; eyes slow to recognize aught but the obvious and the proximate." What Western art lacks is worthy aims and a real public. Mr. Norton sees the remedy in an education in beauty such as Plato shadowed forth in the "Republic." The race must be made anew æsthetically in the schools. Throughout the spirit of the book is winning, the style excellent, and the argument happily illustrated from both Eastern and Western literature. As to the rather lamentable lack of creative imagination in most modern art, we fully agree with the author. Yet it is fair to note that the condition is a universal one. Except in an inherited dexterity the living art of the East has to-day no advantage over that of the West. Spiritually they are alike deficient, and deficient for the same reason that there is no authoritative body of living thought. Moreover, the charm of the great examples of historic Eastern art is not necessarily to be interpreted as superiority. Chinese landscape is uniquely excellent, but in religious art we feel the great Buddhist painters had small advantage over a Simone Memmi or an Ambroglo Lorenzetti. Indeed, a comparison of the best with the best all along the line will bring a stronger sense of kinship than of difference. That modern Western art is suffering from raw individualism and general lack of ideas is patent. Such books as Mr. Norton's grave and thoughtful study help to make the situation clear. Familiarity with the well-balanced idealism of the Chinese painters and critics might well be the beginning of æsthetic wisdom for many a bewildered Western artist. Similarly a Far Eastern artist might find profit in studying the great examples of older European art. There is room for many such mediatory books at the present.

Among the disciples of Blake the most remarkable were Samuel Palmer and Ed-

ward Calvert. To Calvert's scant work Mr. Mosher, of Portland, Me., devotes a beautifully printed folio in an edition limited to 400 copies. "Edward Calvert, Ten Spiritual Designs enlarged from Proofs of the Originals in Copper, Wood, and Stone," is the sufficient descriptive title. Mr. Mosher contributes a brief introductory note telling of the precious scrap-book from which the prints have been reproduced. He puts under requisition Mr. Herbert P. Horne's excellent essay from the *Hobby Horse*, and relevant passages from the Memoirs of Calvert by his son. Our chief quarrel with an attractive work is the fact that the tiny designs have been enlarged to double scale. They suffer under a treatment for which no motive is apparent, except that of making a more expensive book. The cuts are well known to the inner circle of art lovers, but deserve wider divulgation. Calvert had a charming idyllic imagination, and quite extraordinary decorative power. The blacks, whether in etching, wood block, or lithograph, have great depth and splendid disposition. He excels in this regard the numerous archaistic illustrators who have served the Kelmscott and the Vale Presses.

Sincere belief in one's own genius is in itself sufficient to carry conviction to a certain audience, and in Miss Elsie de Wolfe's "The House in Good Taste" (Century) we have evidence that the author has gained a considerable following among influential people who have come to believe her to be endowed with a special artistic gift. The reality of the gift is not so certain.

Franklin Simmons, the American sculptor, died suddenly in Rome, Italy, on Monday. He was born at Webster, Me., in 1839. He was educated at the public school in Webster and at Bates College. He began modelling in the coarse clay from the Androscoggin River banks in Maine, and his first attempt in sculpture was a statue called "The Sailor Boy." Since 1868 he had lived mostly in Rome. He produced about one hundred portrait busts in marble, fifteen public monuments, among them being a Grand Army of the Republic monument of Gen. Grant and an equestrian monument of Gen. Logan for the Iowa Circle, at Washington, and numerous ideal statues. He was decorated three times by the King of Italy.

Finance

NEW IMPRESSIONS.

When the Stock Exchange, during the past week or so, suddenly displayed renewed activity, with an advance of 3 to 5 points in prices, there were reasons why the movement attracted unusual attention. The advance began and continued in the face of a deficit in New York bank reserves, with money rates on the Stock Exchange up to 8 per cent., and with news of trade reaction and reduced employment of labor reported from many sections of the country. A rising stock market, therefore, seemed on its face to mean either that all the above-named unfavorable influences had been expected and were fully prepared for, or else that the watch-towers of finance had discerned on the horizon signs of a turn to better things.

This was more fairly to be inferred, because a rise in Stock Exchange prices is usually dependent on the facilities for credit which Wall Street at the moment appears conspicuously to lack. It is no new phenomenon, to be sure, for the market to advance in the face of depleted home reserves and high call money rates. But on most occasions of the sort, the achievement was made possible because our markets drew on London, which was bound to meet our needs for increased credits and for new gold reserves, both because of our merchandise export balance and because of our robust bid for money.

This year our country has the export balance—all things considered, it is exceptionally great—and our market has made the bid for money. But the London reservoir of gold and credit has been all but shut to us—not, by any means, as in such years as 1905 and 1909, because we had already exceeded our rightful line of borrowings, but because Lombard Street cannot spare the cash. Instead of Europe carrying Wall Street on its back, as happened on those earlier occasions, New York has this year most unmistakably been carrying hard-pressed Europe.

This being so, and credit resources for the use of the Stock Exchange being to so great an extent blockaded both at home and abroad, it was a natural comment that the stock market's advance, these past eight days, may have meant more than a rise in an ordinary season would have done. When markets make a showing of the kind, Wall Street must have some definite explanation, and this week it discovered one which contented it. At Washington, the financial interests long ago found themselves fallen on evil days. The legislator who desired to "draw" the public had only to denounce the Interests from the floor of Congress. The legislator who pleaded for cautious action on a "regulation bill" was at once suspected of accepting retainers from the Money Trust. Corporation officers, if they appeared in a House committee-room to advocate a pending measure, were apt to find that they had sealed its fate. Other organizations—even of what in bygone days was known as the frailer sex—may pound on the White House door and demand in threatening tones that the Chief Executive shall recommend their case in his official address to Congress; incorporated wealth would not venture even to ask that its own case might be left out.

Necessarily, under such circumstances, the financial community—ranging from the Small Investor to the Malefactor of Great Wealth—faced the opening proceedings at each successive session of Congress with a sinking heart, asking despondently what fresh discipline they were to undergo. The President who hammered the pulpit was accepted as the prosecutor; the President who laid down the law was accepted as the judge, and the corporation always felt itself to be in the prisoner's dock. At last the time arrived when the wretched and possibly repentant corporation looked for a President who should be the headsman; when, to its undisguised surprise, it had nothing handed to it, in the annual message of December 2, but an intimation that the Anti-Trust law should be clarified and "made fairer to all concerned"; that business men "should be relieved from all uncertainties," and that it is quite as important "that they should be set free to prosper as that private monopoly should be destroyed."

Such assurances may of themselves mean much or little; that depends on the plan to be proposed, and on the manner in which Congress will receive it. This very week, there have been rumblings at the Capitol from the statesmen who hold that all the world is wrong, and that it should be reformed overnight. But a somewhat striking tendency on their part to rumble by themselves, and without the enthusiastic echo which used to follow their most violent proposals, is not easy to ignore.

Nothing at all is heard, from the high authorities in politics, of hanging financial magnates as high as Haman because there has been reaction in the markets. Instead, the word appears to have been cautiously given out that a time of trade reaction is not a time to unsettle the business mind by new and startling moves in "regulation." When the protagonist of the Money Trust inquiry declares himself "in favor of a general amnesty" in the matter of past corporation offences, there should seem to be something in the atmosphere, at Washington and elsewhere, to suggest at least a temporary suspension of the national sport of corporation-baiting.

That is a matter of the future—which will as usual contain disappointments as well as reassurances. But the Wall Street which watches tendencies may have expressed its sentiments this past week, even in the stock market's more or less ineffective pull at the cords which bind it.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Baedeker's Spain and Portugal. 1913 edition. Scribner. $4.80.

Barnes, P. T. The Suburban Garden Guide. Macmillan. 50 cents net.

Bourgeois, Maurice. John Millington Synge and the Irish Theatre. Macmillan. $2.50 net.

Brett, G. S. The Government of Man. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

Broadley, A. M., and Melville, Lewis. The Beautiful Lady Craven. 2 vols. Lane, $7.50 net.

Budge, E. A. W. The Book of the Dead: The Papyrus of Ani. Putnam. $12.50 net.

Burton, M. L. Our Intellectual Attitude in an Age of Criticism. Boston: Pilgrim Press. $1.25 net.
Buttel-Reepen, H. v. Man and his Forerunners. Trans. by A. G. Thacher. Longmans. $1 net.
Campbell, M. G. A Textbook of Domestic Science for High Schools. Macmillan. 90 cents net.
Cautley, R. W. Descriptions of Land. Macmillan. $1 net.
Chamberlain, A. B. Hans Holbein, the Younger. 2 vols. Dodd, Mead. $16 net.
Chamber of Commerce, State of New York. Arbitration Records—1779-1792. Privately printed.
Channing, Edward. Student's History of the United States. Third revised edition. Macmillan. $1.40 net.
Chatfield-Taylor, H. C. Goldoni: A Biography. Duffield. $4 net.
Chatterbox, 1913. Boston: Dana Estes. $1.25.
Chesterton, G. K. Magic: A Fantastic Comedy. Putnam. $1 net.
Clarke, W. H. Standard Organ Building. Boston: Badger. $2 net.
Colonial Society of Massachusetts publications. Vol. IV, Transactions 1911-1913. Boston: The Society.
Delano, J. A. and McIsaac, I. American Red Cross Textbook. Phila.: Blakiston. $1 net.
Dudley, A. T. The Half-Miler. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1.25.
Duncan-Clark, S. J. The Progressive Movement. Boston: Small, Maynard. 50 cents net.
Eaton, W. P. The Man Who Found Christmas. McBride, Nast. 50 cents.
Eliot's The Mill on the Floss. Macmillan's Pocket Classics. Edited by Ida Ausherman. 25 cents.
Ellis, J. B. Lahoma. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1.25 net.
Emerson's Journals. Vol. IX, 1856-1863. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.75 net.
Encyclopædia Britannica, Reader's Gulde. Encyclopædia Brit. Co.
England's Parnassus. Compiled by Robert Allot, 1600. Edited from the Original Text by Charles Crawford. Oxford University Press.
Field, H. E. The Technique of Oil Paintings and Other Essays. Brooklyn, N. Y.: Ardsley House.
Freeman, A. M. Freedom. (Fellowship books.) Dutton. 37 cents net.
Gaines, Ruth. Little Light (Lucita). Chicago: Rand, McNally. 75 cents net.
Gale, Norman. Solitude. (Fellowship books.) Dutton. 37 cents net.
Gibson, Frank. Charles Conder, His Life and Works. Lane. $6 net.
Gordon, Ernest. The Anti-Alcohol Movement In Europe. Revell. $1.50 net.
Graham, Harry. Splendid Failures. Longmans. $3 net.
Grimm's Fairy Tales. Illus. by Hope Dunlap. Chicago: Rand, McNally. $1.20 net.
Hargrave, J. E. Roadside Rhymes. Denver: Kendrick-Bellamy Co.
Hart, E. V. The Baby's Physical Culture Guide. Chicago: Rand, McNally.
Hauff, Wilhelm. Der Zwerg Nase. Introduction and Notes by O. R. Patzwald and C. W. Robson. Boston: Heath. 30 cents.
Hawley, Walter A. Oriental Rugs. Lane. $7.50 net.
Heath, R. S. A Textbook of Elementary Statics. Oxford University Press.
Herzog, Rudolph. The Story of Helga. English version by Adele Lewisohn. Dutton. $1.35 net.
Hoffman, A. S. The Book of The Sagas. Illustrated by Gordon Browne. Dutton. $2.50 net.
Holzwarth, C. H. Gruss aus Deutschland. Boston: Heath. 90 cents.
Hopkins, J. C. French Canada and the St. Lawrence. Phila.: Winston Co.
Jennings, J. G. Select Passages on Duty to the State and Kindred Subjects. Oxford University Press.
Jewett, Sophie. Folk-Ballads of Southern Europe. Putnam.
Johnston, R. M. Bull Run: Its Strategy and Tactics. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $2.50 net.
Kobbé, Gustav. Opera Singers: A Pictorial Souvenir. Boston: Ditson. $2.50.
Koebel, W. H. South America. Macmillan. $2 net.
Kunz, G. F. The Curious Lore of Precious Stones. (Advance copy.) Phila.: Lippincott.
Lea, Hermann. Thomas Hardy's Wessex. Macmillan.
Lee, Annabel. Little Stories by Big Men. Putnam. $1.25 net.
Lehmann, R. C. A Spark Divine. (Fellowship books.) Dutton. 37 cents net.
Life's Beginnings. Compiled by F. J. N. and C. D. M. Third Impression. Boston: Pilgrim Press.
Lytton, Earl of. The Life of Edward Bulwer, First Lord Lytton. 2 vols. Macmillan. $7.50 net.
McClung, R. G. The Theory of Debit and Credit in Accounting. Boston: Morgan, Mills & Co. $1.
Mark, Thiselton. For Childhood and Youth. Boston: Pilgrim Press. 60 cents net.
Marshall, H. E. A History of Germany. Colored illustrations. Doran. $2.50 net.
Mason, E. H. The Great Plan. Chicago: McClurg. $1.25 net.
Maud, C. and M. Shakespeare's Stories. Longmans. $1.50 net.
Mearns, E. A. Descriptions of Ten New African Birds. Washington: Smithsonian Inst.
Meynell, Alice. Childhood. (Fellowship books.) Dutton. 37 cents net.
Meynell, Everard. The Life of Francis Thompson. Scribner.
Monkhouse, Allan. Mary Broome: A Comedy. Second edition. Boston: Luce.
Munhall, L. W. Breakers: Methodism Adrift. Charles C. Cook. $1 net.
Peabody, J. P. (Mrs. Marks). The Wolf of Gubbio: A Comedy. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.10 net.
Piozzi and Pennington. The Intimate Letters of Hester Piozzi and Penelope Pennington—1788-1821. Edited by O. G. Knapp. Lane. $4.50 net.
Pogány, Nandor. The Hungarian Fairy Book. Illustrated by Willy Pogány. Stokes.
Policy and Paint, or Some Incidents in the Lives of Dudley Carleton and Peter Paul Rubens. By the author of "A Life of Sir Kenelm Digby." Longmans. $2.75 net.
Ragnau, Hugues de. The Vatican. D. Appleton. $4 net.
Rhys, Ernest. Romance. (Fellowship books.) Dutton. 37 cents net.
Richards, Frank. Compressed Air Practice. McGraw-Hill Book Co.
Rippey, S. C. The Goody-Naughty Book. Chicago: Rand, McNally. 50 cents net.
Runciman, J. F. Richard Wagner. Macmillan. $3.25 net.
St. Mars, F. On Nature's Trail. Colored illustrations. Doran. $2 net.
Salzmann, L. F. Mediæval Byways. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.75 net.
Sampson, Alden. Studies in Milton and an Essay on Poetry. Moffat, Yard. $2 net.
Schevill, Rudolph. Ovid and the Renascence in Spain. Berkeley: Univ. of California Press.
Scott, G. F. Jean Cabot in the British Isles. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1 net.
Scott's Last Expedition: The Journals of Capt. R. F. Scott. 2 vols. Dodd, Mead. $10 net.
Spears, R. S. The Cabin Boat Primer. Columbus, O.: A. R. Harding.
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Whitman, Walt. Poems from Leaves of Grass. Illustrated by Margaret Cook. Dutton. $6 net.
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Winthrop, Theodore. The Canoe and the Saddle. New edition, illustrated. Tacoma, Wash.: John H. Williams. $5 net.
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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1913.

The Week

The condition upon which Mr. Roosevelt will accept the regular Republican nomination for President in 1916, as stated by his campaign secretary of 1912, is simplicity itself. All that the party of total depravity need do is to "purge" itself. Purge, says Mr. Martin, is the Colonel's own word. This is not the Herculean labor that one might think. Let the Colonel be named, and, *ipso facto*, the party is purged, black is white, the party of piracy is the party of social justice. We should not be surprised if this view of the matter had already occurred to the agile standard-bearer of the Progressives. Nor would acceptance of the nomination be desertion of the Progressives. The country has not so soon forgotten the inspiring scene when settlement workers joined with bosslets in the strains of "Everywhere he leads me I will follow on." How can you desert a party that proposes to cling to your coat-tails?

The fact that in a number of directions business activity has recently slackened makes all the more remarkable the almost complete absence of alarmist talk concerning the operation of the new tariff. The general judgment of business men is to the effect that the tariff has played little if any part in bringing about the conditions in question, and that the return of full activity is to be expected in the ordinary course of things, with the tariff just as it is. This feeling is not based on an examination of the figures of foreign commerce, but on an appreciation of factors affecting business which have no relation to the tariff; and, indeed, the figures for the brief period since the new tariff law went into effect cannot furnish any solid basis for inference. Such as they are, however, they offer no temptation for exploitation by any who might feel inclined to use them to point an alarmist moral. As Secretary Redfield says, in commenting on them, "the flooding of our markets with the alleged cheap wares of Europe has not happened." Imports for October, the first month under the new law, were far less in quantity than in the same month of last year, while it happens that exports greatly increased. Incidentally, it is worth while to mention that, according to the doctrine that passed current in high-tariff circles during a period of a dozen years and more after the panic of 1893, business gets knocked in the head by a reduction of the tariff long before the law is passed; and perhaps the failure of the thing to show any signs of going off on time this year may account for the sobriety of the protectionists in the present circumstances.

This is most gratifying news that comes from Washington in relation to the Administration's policy as to segregation. Just how much has been done towards restoring the situation as it existed before the unfortunate move was made which introduced an offensive distinction between negroes and whites where none had existed is not yet quite clear; but it seems plain that the word has gone forth that the segregationists must take the back track. In one important office, it is stated, the separation of the races has come to an end already, and it appears that a return to former conditions is under way all along the line. We trust that all this will soon take the shape of an accomplished fact; and we do not hesitate to say that in performing this act of justice and humanity, President Wilson will not only have the approval of his own conscience, but will distinctly and notably strengthen himself with the people of the whole country. The courage and right-mindedness which would be shown in a complete wiping out of his error would more than redeem the original fault.

Penny wise and pound foolish is the policy of road-building in most parts of this country. Its folly is now much more apparent than formerly, owing to the coming of the automobile. Indianapolis, for example, is waking up to the fact that it has been spending thousands of dollars on maintenance of roads which are always fast approaching dissolution. Yet the county in which is situated Detroit, the home of the automobile industry, manages to keep its main roads in repair at a cost of from ten to twenty-five dollars a mile a year. This is to be placed in contrast with the sum of $900, $1,000, and $1,200 a mile expended in New Jersey, New York, and Massachusetts. The explanation is stated to be that the Wayne County (Detroit) Commissioners have the wisdom and the courage to put $15,000 into every mile of new road, building it of concrete, and thereby virtually wiping out maintenance cost. Even Detroit can hardly have the traffic of some other portions of the country, but its course in road-building could be followed with profit in many places. One important element in it is the continual study of the roads built, with the result of great improvements in the concrete structure.

In explaining South Carolina's indifference to woman suffrage, the Columbia *State* makes a striking confession regarding the misuse of manhood suffrage in that commonwealth. The State has about 330,000 men of voting age. But "the central and principal policy of our politics is the exclusion of 165,000 of these possible voters from the polls because they are negroes." Worse remains behind, however, in the use the white voters themselves make of the franchise. "Everybody knows," the *State* declares, "that in recent years we have failed to conduct a white man's primary free from fraud and corruption. . . . We lack either the intelligence or the courage to prosecute bribe-takers and bribe-givers. Our corrupt-practice laws are honored in the breach. We have so far neglected to arrange a party enrolment that is even a reasonable check on illegal voting and repeating." The discouraging element in the situation is that the primaries were once conducted honestly; their debauching is a recent development. If there be "treason" in the *State's* frankness, it is the kind of treason that it behooves honest voters to make the most of.

Advocates of the army canteen who have asserted that nothing but the sale of beer and light wines in army posts would reduce drinking in the service and its corollary, venereal disease, will rub their eyes when they read Secretary Garrison's first annual report. The

rate for alcoholism with troops serving in the United States was, he says, lower in 1912-13 than in any year since 1873, with the exception of the war year of 1898. As for venereal disease, last year Secretary Stimson reported that the American army's record was "shameful beyond that of the army of any other civilized nation"; this year, Secretary Garrison says, the admission rate to hospitals for venereal disease has been reduced to less than one-half of the average annual rate for the five preceding years. What has worked these miracles? Chiefly a simple little law passed by Congress stopping the pay of officers and enlisted men incapacitated for duty by reason of drink or shameful disease. This legislation went into effect on September 12, 1912, and therefore affected but nine and one-half months; a still more favorable showing is expected for the year 1913-14, particularly as the army medical authorities have bestirred themselves and have lent valuable aid by a campaign of education and of compulsory prophylaxis.

Army opinion is turning more and more to the abolition of isolated army posts, those costly suburban villages whose very isolation and restraints make for restlessness and disorder. In their place, wherever possible, progressive officers hope to see our troops placed in barracks in cities, precisely as is the case in Europe and England. Then the canteen problem would solve itself, and if the men drank more than was good for them in the saloons of the town, the punishment could be of the sternest. Human nature is the same the world over; if German and French and British troops can be made to behave amid urban temptations, ours can similarly be controlled, unless our officers are unequal to the task.

The dedication of "Grundy County's new $80,000 court house" in northern Illinois is noteworthy for the sort of political discussion of which it was made the occasion. Twelve words sufficed for the actual dedication, but the main part of the speechmaking was concerned with some of the most important issues of the day. Ex-Speaker Cannon spoke against the initiative and referendum, the recall of judges and decisions, Presidential primaries, and the direct election of President. A representative of Gov. Dunne spoke in favor of all of these changes, and a Chicago judge spoke against the recall of judges and decisions. Neither appeals to partisanship nor personalities were indulged in. Surely, this is the stuff of which public opinion is made. There is appropriateness in such a discussion in the State that had the privilege of hearing the Lincoln-Douglas debates, and no reason exists, except the unwillingness of speakers, why the same kind of thing should not be more frequent everywhere.

If there were any marks of irritability in the speech of the New Haven's new president before the Railway Business Association in New York, they are easily comprehensible in the light of contemporary events. But there can be no doubt that President Elliott's statement of the case of the railways against the Government in the matter of remuneration for the carrying of the mails is well founded. His protest against the prevailing method of fixing remuneration on the basis of weighings made once in four years is by no means so forceful as his explanation regarding the parcel-post problem. The four-year arrangement is one that has long been in effect, and in the absence of any violent protests by the railways hitherto may be assumed to have worked justly in the long run. A normal increase in mail traffic during these four years was assumed and presumably discounted in advance. But no such sudden increase as that occasioned by the parcel post was contemplated, and there cannot be the least doubt that the railways should be compensated proportionately, nor that they will be. Postmaster-General Burleson has already spoken out to that effect, and Congress will be urged to make the necessary appropriation. To charge "deliberate fraud" by the Government is absurd.

The simultaneous award of two Nobel prizes—the year 1912 was not a year for friends of peace to rejoice over—to a statesman in the person of Elihu Root and to a professor of international law, is in accordance with precedent. In both cases the prize has been worthily bestowed. Some day, however, it is to be hoped that the administrators of the Nobel Fund will depart from the custom of choosing between professors of law and high officers of state and confer their peace prize on a class of men whose services have hitherto been unrecognized. We refer to a man like Dr. Karl Liebknecht, whose exposure of the intimate relations existing between gun manufacturers and army officials affords an excellent insight into the workings of armament politics. Or the Nobel Fund directors might reward the enterprising reporter or special correspondent who procured the other day for the Paris *Matin* copies of the secret treaties between Bulgaria and Servia, in which the shrewd and unscrupulous game played by the great chancelleries of Europe on the eve of the Balkan War is brought to light. It is an open question whether such disclosures of the commercial and diplomatic wire-pulling that drives nations into "inevitable" and sanguinary wars, are not as powerful an agent for peace as the books of professors of international law or the acts of statesmen.

Of the countless theories brought forward to explain the disappearance of the Mona Lisa from the Louvre, the simplest one seems to stand a chance of being justified by the facts: that the theft, namely, was the act of a madman. The young Italian who confesses to having stolen Da Vinci's masterpiece in revenge for Napoleon's looting of Italy's treasures would very well fit the case of a motive of revenge taking shape in a disordered brain. Revenge or madness alone would induce a man to steal a treasure that could not be disposed of, unless to one of those fantastic art-lovers of whom Balzac used to write who might gloat in secret over a possession they never dare avow. Of the authenticity of the recovered portrait there would seem to be little question, after the opinion of the highly competent Italian experts. The manner of its abstraction from the Louvre, like all magnificent acts of audacity, was simple to a degree. The portrait was not destroyed by acid, it was not stolen by the French Minister of Fine Arts, it was not spirited away in an aeroplane. A workman put the picture under his blouse and carried it off.

It must be assumed that the person or persons who sent out the false wireless reports of a fire on the steamer Rio Grande thought they were doing no more than playing a practical joke. They could hardly have been so deliberately

inhuman as to take the risks they did take maliciously. Yet it is not at all impossible for just such a hoax to cause destruction of life and property. Suppose that another vessel had actually been on fire or in distress, and sending out wireless calls for help. These calls might have failed to reach the vessels racing towards the Rio Grande, owing to their getting out of range of the messages; or they might have believed their first duty to be on behalf of the steamer first summoning their aid. Indeed, the calls sent out as a hoax would be likely to picture an especially dangerous condition, such as to lead a vessel to turn its course in the direction of the ship that did not require help rather than in the direction of the one that did. The least that the Government can do is to make the thorough investigation that is promised; but surely no one operating the wireless "for fun" will indulge in pranks of this sort, if he once realizes the peril in which he may be placing whole shiploads of human beings.

Members of society saw themselves in moving-pictures last night and enjoyed the novelty immensely.

Robert Burns's famous prayer has been answered. The gift has been given us to see ourselves as others see us. If society has enjoyed the revelation, it is to be congratulated. It is not always that the sight of one's own unfamiliar profile or the sound of one's unfamiliar voice is conducive to satisfaction. The motion film, in conjunction with the phonograph, thus directed to self-study, can be made of enormous educational value and a factor for the increase of human happiness. Take the after-dinner speaker. A cinematograph presentation of himself, erect above rows of heads bent in submission, reinforced by a phonographic reproduction of himself staggering on through a Serbonian bog of platitudes and imbecilities, would make an extraordinary impression in the cold light of the morning after. The swelling tide of oratory will experience a remarkable subsidence when a speaker begins wondering whether he could really have been so big an idiot as he looks and sounds.

Said Mr. Taft the other night with regard to Mexico:

All that those of us who are not in the Government can do is to support the hands of the President and the Secretary of State and to present to the European Powers and the world a solid front, with the prayer that the policy which is being pursued, whatever it may be, will be a successful one and relieve us from the awful burden of such a war as I have described.

One can only contrast the manly tone of this plea for calm and conscience in the face of a great emergency with the partisan outcry from Progressive quarters against President Wilson's "do-nothing" policy. Repeatedly we have been asked to consider how the Mexican question would have been settled in a jiffy if affairs were in the hands of some one who shall here be nameless, but who is now on the way from Paraguay into the Amazon forest. Just what would have been done to settle the Mexican difficulty off-hand, we are not told. Apparently, interest lies less in the point that something would be done by this nameless statesman than that there would be something doing.

The defeat of the rebels at Tampico emphasizes the obstinacy of the present struggle as compared with the two previous campaigns, since the outbreak of civil war in Mexico. It was in November, 1910, that the forces of Francisco Madero began operations. By May of the following year President Diaz had abdicated and Madero had made his entrance into the capital. The counter-revolution headed by Orozco came into being in February, 1912, and met discomfiture in about half a year, the Felix Diaz *coup* at Vera Cruz in October being in the nature of an isolated demonstration. The present campaign against Huerta began in March and has now been nearly ten months under way, although it is only within the last three months that the rebel offensive has assumed considerable proportions. It is notable also that the fate of Porfirio Diaz was decided in the northern States. This was true of the revolution headed by Orozco, whose downfall came at Torreon. The present fighting is much more obstinate. The Constitutionalists have pressed closer to the capital than in the two earlier uprisings, and have felt themselves strong enough to undertake an assault on a sea-coast town. But Huerta, though more closely pressed than either of his predecessors in office, is fighting back valiantly.

To describe the action of the British Trade-Union Congress, in rejecting by a heavy vote the proposal of a general sympathetic strike in support of the Dublin workers, as a blow at "Larkinism," would be hasty. Thereby the meaning is conveyed that Larkinism is a species of blatant demagoguery, a campaign for personal aggrandizement, without justification in the facts of life and labor in the Irish capital. The truth is that Larkin's is a passionate and possibly unrestrained voice, which nevertheless the conscience of the British nation at large has recognized as a voice crying out against the well-nigh intolerable conditions to which the working class of Dublin is subjected. In voting down Larkin the man of wrath, the British trade-unionists have simply declared that the spirit of wrath is not the state of mind in which to carry on a successful campaign of any kind, and especially so formidable a movement as a general strike. British labor in recent years has had experience with general strikes more or less complete, and has discovered, as labor all over the world has discovered, that the general strike is a weapon not lightly to be brought into play.

Viceroy Hardinge's recent speech at Madras defending the Hindus in South Africa contains some statements so straightforward that it is not strange much of the English press characterized it as a grave indiscretion. He spoke of the Hindus' "passive resistance" to laws which they regarded as invidious and unjust. "They have the deep and burning sympathy of India, and also of those who, like myself, without being Indians, sympathize with the people of the country." And the Viceroy went on to mention reports of repressive measures "which would not be tolerated for a moment in any country claiming to be civilized," adding that these reports had been imperfectly denied by the Government of South Africa. Such a speech was certainly not calculated to allay feeling, but there is no doubt of the Viceroy's sincerity. If he could display such heat, it is evident that native sentiment is acute indeed. When news of the speech was received in South Africa, Gen. Botha replied with much resentment, challenging Lord Hardinge to bring any alleged cruelties under investigation. Thus the Empire has the spectacle of not merely two of its peoples, but two of its Governments, at odds.

THE ART DIPLOMATIC.

"Your art diplomatic," once exclaimed Coleridge, "is stuff!" He was declaiming against the conventions and absurd rigmarole and roundaboutness of diplomatic intercourse, and stoutly contended that sensible men did not do business in that way. But what would Coleridge have said of a system of appointing diplomatic representatives which resulted in the choice of men who neither knew anything about the technique of their calling, nor had any real fitness for the actual duties of their position? He would have used some word more picturesque than "stuff," we may be sure. The National Civil Service Reform League has to be more polite, yet at its annual meeting in Boston, last week, it made pointed reference to the way in which our diplomatic service has been injured by the Wilson Administration.

As to other matters affecting the civil service, the League made hearty recognition of what President Wilson has stood for. What he has done is partly to be measured by what he has resisted. Congress has made several assaults on the reformed methods. To some of these Mr. Wilson has given way in form, so far as concerns signing bills with vicious "riders" upon them, but has announced his purpose, nevertheless, to keep in effect the principles of the merit system. For this and for his other acts in keeping off the thronging spoilsmen, the League accords him due praise. But the diplomatic appointments are the sore spot. As President Eliot put the matter in his address, the complaint is not only that Ambassadors and Ministers have been dismissed, but that they have been replaced by untrained men. The gravamen of the charge lies in the treatment of Ministers. Out of 35 in the service, 22 have been replaced by appointees whose diplomatic and other abilities have been sedulously concealed from the public. And several of the Ministers removed had the advantage of long experience and were specially competent. To turn them out in order to give room for greenhorns is surely to make "stuff," or something worse, of the American diplomatic service.

There is, of course, in all this no charge that any civil-service law has been violated. Ambassadors and Ministers are without protection in their offices. Too often the sport of politics themselves, they always walk, as Lowell said that he did, like St. Denis, with their heads under their arms. This has been a long-standing folly and disgrace. But the point is that an effort had been under way to make an inroad upon this pie-counter theory of diplomatic appointments. The shame of it had taken hold of President Roosevelt and President Taft, and they had set about humble beginnings of a reformation, looking towards something like a permanent career for able men devoting themselves to the diplomatic service. Young men of talent were named, without political dictation, as secretaries of legation. In the State Department an efficiency record was kept for them, and they were promoted when vacancies occurred and they had shown exceptional capacity to fill these. Finally, after a few years of training, several of them were appointed Ministers, in comparatively unimportant legations, all as a recognition for ability displayed, and as an earnest of a better system. But now nearly every one of these Ministers, who had fairly earned their positions without any aid from political influence, is turned adrift at the demand of politicians. Of what use is it, under such circumstances, to point to the fact that many secretaries of legation have been retained? What outlook have they? If they prove themselves unusually capable, they will be promoted, it is said; yes, but will they not think, in view of what has happened, that promotion will mean simply an invitation to mount the guillotine and have their heads cut off? If this thing is to go on, the obvious effect will be to put a premium upon stupidity or inefficiency on the part of young secretaries of legation, and to throw knowledge and skill out of the window as so much trash.

For the harm that has been done to the diplomatic service President Eliot chiefly blames Mr. Bryan. This appears to be on the theory of Charles II, that his words were his own, but his acts his Ministers'. Of course, President Wilson must bear the ultimate responsibility. It is very likely true that the President turned over to the Secretary the work of selecting the appointees to minor diplomatic positions. It is certain that several of Mr. Bryan's friends have turned up in these offices. Considering the great pressure of work put upon Mr. Wilson, it is not surprising that he desired the Secretary of State to relieve him of a part of it. But when a principle was at stake, involving the good of the service and the hope of its steady betterment in the future, he should have laid down a rule for Mr. Bryan to observe. It would have been both easy and right for the President to single out the few Ministers who had risen by desert, and against whom there were no charges, and to order that those men should be kept. They could be transferred, if desirable, but must not be dismissed as if they were so many janitors. If something of this kind had been done, there would have been little complaint about the removal of Ambassadors, frankly political appointees as most of them were—though there might still have been criticism of some of their designated successors—and the hope of opening at last a permanent career in American diplomacy would not have seemed to be wantonly strangled in its cradle.

SENATOR ROOT ON THE BANKING BILL.

The speech of Mr. Root in the Senate on the banking and currency bill has been read by most people, we imagine, with a feeling of perplexity. This bill has been before the public nearly six months. It has been under fire of the National Bankers' Convention, has been examined by numerous financial organizations, has been publicly discussed by anti-Administration Congressmen, including some who had a hand in framing the Aldrich bill, and has been made the subject of exhaustive revision and amendment in the report of the Republican members of the Senate Banking Committee. But the singular fact is that none of these careful, experienced, and more or less hostile critics have included in their objections to the measure the objection set forth in his three-hour speech of Saturday by Senator Root—that the currency provisions of the bill are in effect identical with those of the Bryan platform of 1896, that the note circulation would always expand indefinitely and would never be reduced, and that the consequent perfectly inevitable inflation would be so prodigious as to wreck both public and private credit.

We say that the lateness of this discovery of what, if the facts are as Senator Root alleges, not only supersedes every other objection to the banking

bill, but must have been patent from the first in its provisions, is singular. But that is no reason for dismissing it from consideration. The *Nation* has insisted from the start that the highest public interest would be served by the urging of every rational objection to the House bill. We have ourselves devoted considerable space to pointing out with emphasis what we believed to be the faults and dangers which it was necessary to remove, before the bill could be safely trusted on the statute books. If Senator Root's contentions are well grounded, there would be general agreement that the bill ought to be rejected.

Let us examine these contentions. First, Mr. Root informs us, there is no limit placed by the law on the issues of notes to regional central banks, secured by an equivalent amount in high-grade commercial paper pledged against them, and by a 33 1-3 per cent. reserve in gold. Secondly, he tells us that the bill makes no provision to compel retirement of any notes from circulation. Therefore, the sure result must be that our trade "would absorb" of the new notes "the maximum which the required reserves permit"; that a period of wild inflation would ensue; that our gold, as always, would "leave the country in which the amount of currency exceeds the legitimate demands of business," and that then the whole structure would come down. The two questions which arise are, whether the facts are accurately stated by Mr. Root, and whether his deductions are correct.

No arbitrary maximum is fixed in the bill for the amount of notes to be at any time outstanding; this is as true of the Republican report from the Senate Banking Committee as it is of the House bill. But that the notes, as Mr. Root declares, are "not a currency for which the bill contains any provisions compelling reduction," is entirely untrue. The moment any notes of one regional bank are received on deposit by another, they must, under heavy penalty, be sent back to the bank of issue for redemption. This clause, wholly ignored by Mr. Root, has attracted the close attention and warm commendation of every other conservative critic.

Thus for the facts. When one examines the inferences drawn from them, one is likely to be perplexed as to what the Senator has in mind when he says that the country "will absorb the maximum" of note issues "which the required reserves permit." We can understand this statement only if it means that as much of the currency would be absorbed as the regional banks could conveniently provide a 33 1-3 per cent. gold reserve for. Mr. Root appears to think that no limit could exist to the gold supply available for that purpose. If this were so, the recent well-known difficulties of the European central banks, in obtaining gold reserves on which to build up an increased note circulation of their own, would be indeed mysterious.

The Senator further warns us of the outflow of gold from the United States which would ensue whenever an inflation process should be under way. That sequel would be altogether probable; and with what result? The gold exported would be taken from the regional bank reserves; but when the ratio of such a bank's reserve to its outstanding circulation falls below 33 1-3 per cent., no recourse would remain for the bank but to reduce its notes. We have failed to find, in the reports of Senator Root's speech of Saturday, the slightest recognition of this inevitable and automatic process. Yet that process, along with the raising of the official discount rate that naturally accompanies it, is the historic cornerstone of the regulation of note issues, markets, and foreign exchanges by the central banks of Europe.

It is far from our purpose to discountenance any sober warning of possible dangers in the operation of this bill. We particularly welcome Senator Root's revival of the question, whether the bill ought not to adopt the Aldrich plan of an arbitrary maximum of untaxed outstanding notes, with a progressively rising tax on issues in excess of it. But we repeat what we have said before, that extravagant misstatement in regard to provisions of the pending bill will do far more harm than good. That the present bill requires 50 per cent. more deposit of commercial paper, as collateral for the notes, than the Aldrich bill required; that it does not, like that bill, provide that the notes "shall be received for all salaries and other debts and demands owing by the United States," outside of specific gold obligations, and that its authors rejected from the start the Aldrich bill's proposal for the use of the notes as part of an individual bank's reserve—these facts have escaped Mr. Root's consideration; even though, if our recollection serves us, he himself favored the enactment of the Aldrich bill.

BIOGRAPHY FOR THE MILLION.

One of the less conservative of French reviews, *Mercure de France*, now possesses a department called "La Vie Anecdotique." The matter that falls into this particular pigeonhole represents anecdotal biography. Excessively as biography in general has grown in recent years, this form of it has grown disproportionately. The vogue of the frankly entertaining species of personal history is one of the most marked evidences of the popularization of learning. All the social factors that have helped the short story, the flashy novel, the clever magazine article, and other products of New Grub Street, have won readers for anecdotal biography. It places no strain upon the modern attention which regards even Paine's Mark Twain and Trevelyan's Macaulay as food for the time before the flood, when men had long lives and endless leisure. It has the merits of unflagging interest, dramatic quality, and a suggestiveness that leaves much to the imagination, without actually requiring a passing of judgment. Above all, it tries to define from a background of history or society or art, in which few are interested, the breathing man—in whom all are interested. It is thus a democratization of the old memoir. It has given the lie direct to Lord Acton's principle, laid down in his "Advice to Persons about to Write a History," that "no public character has ever stood the revelation of private utterances and correspondence"! It is one of the extreme results of the tendency to discard the histories of men and "their times" for an account of personality alone. Finally, it has grown in favor with the biographer, for it is narrative, not analytic; it is facile, and it relieves the writer of much of his responsibility for a formal verdict.

All must grant certain of the claims of this kind of writing, from the few who read Plutarch to the many who find relaxation in the last volume of Recollections. But definitions are difficult. What constitutes an anecdote is a matter of perspective. And the only valid distinction is between works wholly

anecdotal and those only partly so, for any biography since Sir Thomas More has some infusion of the element. All that many get from Boswell is a score of pictures of that oaken Englishman, with his heart in the right place, who in his poverty put pence in the hands of children asleep on the doorsteps as he went home from night-work; who wrote Chesterfield the downright letter that ended patronage; who did penance one rainy day in Lichfield market for an unkind word to his father; who went after oysters for his cat Hodge lest his negro servant Frank should think it an insult to have to wait upon an animal. But these are true anecdotes and give us a flash into the soul of the hero. The cheap current anecdote, which might happen to a hundred characters, resembles only a detached incident from a newspaper or magazine. There is nothing in it to chime with the constantly developing character which a really serious biography traces, and harmonizes through every change of circumstance. Thus the purely anecdotal biographies are like the picaresque novels, in that they may often be taken up with pleasure, but never laid down with regret; for they never acquaint us with real personalities. Much could be said about the baneful influence of biography of the opposite type, such as Sprat's "Life of Cowley," and Jeremy Taylor's funeral orations, which suppressed definition and familiar detail to aim at "moral effect and solemn grandeur." But the defect of anecdotal biography is that it not merely fails to touch the crises of life with proper emphasis, its concern being with the minor incidents, but that it fails also to touch the "stuff" of a life.

The question is not merely one of proportion, but of insight. Beyond the first duty in biography of making the essential events stand out, is the duty of developing personality and choosing characteristic illustration. But what process of selection is used by the modern scamped biographical sketch, with its collection of anecdotes merely ornamental or enlivening? Their dazzling succession, like a stream of Roman candles, obscures true values, and this is the more regrettable, from the great wealth of present-day social anecdote. In its flower, anecdotal biography belongs to recent times, when clubs, academies, links of a hundred sorts, draw into new intercourse the roster of the great. It deals by preference with literary men, statesmen of the minor sort, artists and adventurers, rather than austere fighters of the camp or parliament. It is thus sheer want of the art of true narrative that is betrayed by inability to choose anecdotes which illumine character. The true novelist does not forget his plot, or the demands of character-drawing, in attention to incident. The thousands who piece together chatty lives with the intention of thus disavowing any claims to profound insight, or the power of making final conclusions upon character, often expose a worse weakness—ignorance of the very principles of sustained story-telling. The simple facts would be less dangerous to them and more satisfactory to the reader.

Our flood of anecdotal biography is thus rather a literary fashion than the index of a new and dangerous attitude towards notable men. Multiplication of anecdotal memoirs will only the more certainly end in their classification as a sort of gossipy journalism. The same reaction may come that Edmund Gosse noted in the field of the bad novel, when he said that its writers began to appreciate that "there is less intellectual effort involved in writing a story of the third order than in any other work of letters." Out of the ruck may rise again the biography of sincere conception and careful workmanship. The whole anecdotal tendency is a natural accompaniment of the excess in the habit of modern biography. Nowadays any person who has ever held a transient place in the public eye is entitled to a biography almost before he is safe in the grave.

THE CITY MALIGNED.

Even so wise and sympathetic an observer as "David Grayson" cannot help doing the city an injustice. That part of the Friendly Road (David Grayson, "The Friendly Road," Doubleday, Page & Co.) which lies in the open fields runs amidst scenes of peace. The wanderer makes no deliberate attempt to deny that there may be evil and sorrow in the "pure" country. Yet it is his belief, and more than that, his purpose, to show that whatever of evil and sorrow he encounters on the highway is part of an inevitable scheme. Life's maladjustments in the rural regions need only to be scanned with an understanding eye to be revealed as something other and better than they appear. Whereas the city? When David Grayson enters the city it must be to find it given over to the grim turmoil of labor war. The men he consorts with must be strikers or labor agitators or dreamers of revolutionary ideals. He must not be long in the city before he encounters its most agonizing problem in the shape of a young factory girl lurking in the night shadows. When he leaves the city it is with a sense of escape. When he turns back to look at the city it is at a monster lying there in the valley. But he is not fair.

Here is a problem for the young thinkers of the pragmatic school who believe that the spirit of man is made over every thirty-three and a third years. The steam engine, Darwin, and wireless may reshape our world of ideas. Within a lifetime there may be revolutionary changes in the position of the church, of woman, of labor, of morals. But the belief that the land is good and the city is evil, because the land is natural and the city is an excrescence, seems to be ineradicable. Specifically, we may deny that the contrast exists, and the next moment slip into the ancient tradition. Specifically, we know that good can come out of the city. In the past the city has been the cradle of political freedom. In the present it is described by earnest students as the hope of democracy. In face of city slums we may yet recall that life is as healthful nowadays in the city as in the country, and that poverty, though more conspicuous and sordid, is possibly not more oppressive. City schools are better than country schools. City food is often more wholesome than country food. Hours of labor in the great city are shorter than in the small town or on the farm. Political morals in the city are not worse than rural morals. Great enthusiasms and great charities flourish in the cities. So one will argue point by point; and having so argued, will unquestioningly subscribe to the hereditary faith that man was made for the land and lives in cities for his sins.

So with the "drift" to the cities. One can see why this should be seriously regarded as an economic problem. To the extent that it destroys the balance between food-producers and food-consumers, it is a very real difficulty. But it ceases to be real when we moralize the

process, when we describe it as involving a change from a natural life to an artificial life, from essential duties to undeserving duties, from honest pleasures to factitious or reprehensible pleasures. There is no real censure in saying that it is the crowds, the moving-picture theatre, the shops and lights, the dance-hall, that lure the young men and women from the farm. A moving-picture theatre is inherently just as moral in the city as it would be in the country. Dancing on a polished floor under electric light is quite as excusable as dancing on a barn floor under kerosene lamps. And there is nothing immoral in the attraction of the crowd. On the contrary, those who lay stress on the cheap amusements of the town exaggerate the appeal which those pleasures hold out to the farmer's children. It is not the specialized appeal of this or that particular pleasure which draws them, but the general appeal of that much-traduced entity, the crowd. Why not recognize in this longing for the city mass one of the most fundamental of human qualities—the longing for companionship, the primitive instinct to huddle together for warmth and protection and coöperation in face of the mysteries of life?

Mr. Chesterton has somewhere protested, possibly in speaking of Charles Dickens, against the uniformly drab pictures which we are apt to paint of life among the poor. It does not occur to us that drab uniformity, as the more fortunate see it, may embrace, to those who live in it, as wide a range of sensations and experiences as any one class enjoys. In pictures of so-called "slum" life the tenement house and the corner saloon are part of the same depressing reality. It does not occur to us, as Chesterton points out, that a visit to the corner saloon may be just as exciting an event to the tenement-house dweller as a dinner at a gold and marble hotel may be to the average middle-class citizen. The city as a whole suffers from being reduced to something of the same monotone. We assume that city life, as opposed to an ideal picture of country life, is one thing, whereas it is a thousand things. We assume that city pleasures mean the "Gay White Way" and the "lobster palaces." Yet we know well enough that city pleasures mean also the libraries, the concert halls, the museums, the decent theatres, not to mention the quieter pleasures of social communion and quiet talk and the play of healthy children in a million households. Item by item we know these pleasures exist in the city. Only when we talk in symbols does the city become synonymous with Broadway on New Year's Eve.

Sometimes the city turns. Balzac in "Les Paysans" and Zola in "La Terre" and Hamlin Garland in his earlier vein, have shown how the muckraking method can be applied to life in the open country. And every little while comes a Government report on rural congestion, a study of village industries, a symposium on health conditions on the farm, which seem to shatter the ideal of Arcadia. But the ideal is indestructible. It is proof against statistics and against reason, even as the traditional conception of the city is proof against them. The land obtrudes itself as the only rightful place for man. The city stands out as a temporary abode. Primitive instinct will not down.

"PORNOGRAPHY FOR HIRE."

The phrase is that of Eden Phillpotts. In a letter defending the rights of the sincere literary artist against the assaults of a stupid censorship, he referred in a single scornful sentence to "those writers who deliberately deal with certain facts and sink to pornography for hire." About them, or those who publish them, Mr. Phillpotts affirmed, "there can exist no two opinions." But if he had been in New York during the past year he would have discovered several opinions. He would have encountered many men and women, apparently of sound mind and decent life, who defend the commercial exploitation of the baser human instincts upon the stage. In what is, in its essence, a purely money-making venture, they have read, not high art—for there is no pretence of that—but great and vital lessons to the community. They have resented the interference of the police with theatrical shows plainly demoralizing, on the ground that in no other way than by plays could the "facts of life" be presented so as to convey a moral teaching of mighty import to the race. They will probably feel outraged by the action of the authorities last week in stopping another brothel drama. Of this we know nothing except by report, but it is apparently only a little more unblushing than several others freely offered to the public.

The thing is done for hire. This is the point upon which the worthy people who seek to gather violets in the gutter refuse to fix their attention; yet it is essential to the whole discussion. No one objects to having the dangers of brutal passions made known in the right way and on proper occasion; the sole question is whether they ought to be promiscuously exhibited for cash. On this subject a vast amount of nonsense has been emitted in this city within the last months. We have been told that the theatre was coming to a new conception of its high mission. At last, the stage was to become a power for social reform. A new dramatic "movement" had arrived, and it behooved us all to bow reverently before it.

What rubbish this was the simplest inspection of the facts would show. The motive in all this display of indecency on the stage is necessarily the touchstone of its moral intent, and that motive is, without any concealment at all, mercenary. The wonderful "movement" in the drama is simply a passing fashion. Theatrical managers did not tumble over each other in the rush to see who could first produce the most "risky" play, because they had suddenly found artistic salvation. It was merely the jingle of the guinea that made them prick up their ears. One or two venturous pioneers discovered that money could be made out of turning the stage into a clinic for the study of disease, and then the others followed them pell-mell. There is absolutely no question of dramatic art about it. These belauded moral reformers—of the box-office—would drop the whole rôle the instant they perceived that there was no money in it. Let a reaction towards prudery set in, and let it be shown that it paid well to be a prude, and these same people would go in for kindergarten virtues as enthusiastically as they now go in for the unmentionable vices. In that fact lies hope, for soon the reigning theatrical fad is bound to pass. With it, sensible people will earnestly pray, will pass also the intolerable mush that has been uttered about this temporary sinking into pornography for hire.

Wholly apart from this stands the large and vexed question of the real artist and his difficulties in trying to see

life steadily and see it whole. Eden Phillpotts, whose own work speaks for the serious conscientiousness and sad sincerity in which he labors, puts the matter as follows:

A problem rises before us concerned with some human activity, or danger, or passion. We weigh it in the terms of art, whether it involve finance or politics, sex or religion; and should the vision grow and take shape and promise a live achievement, we embrace it. From that moment the matter absorbs our best energies, and we devote ourselves heart and soul to the most perfect, beautiful and compelling presentation of our problem that lies within our power to accomplish.

This is at least intelligible and respectable; which is more than can be said of theories that improvise exalted art and deep morals out of the ephemeral coining of money out of filth. We do not say, however, that Mr. Phillpotts satisfactorily answers all the questions which grow out of the relations of the artist to the public. It is said that he "must live"; but the austere artist should be the first to say that "je n'en vois pas la nécessité." That is, if he really is devoted to his own vision of beauty, he will make the thought of tangible and pecuniary rewards an entirely secondary thing. If they come, well and good; but it should be something like a profanation to him to suggest that even the best and noblest in him should be swayed by the thought of "hire."

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

A little above two years ago, and about the same time, there appeared in England a couple of books on Thomas Love Peacock. One was written by Mr. A. Martin Freeman; the other by Mr. Carl Van Doren, of Columbia University. Each was an excellent piece of work, well written, well planned, and showed an intimate knowledge of the subject by the writer. Mr. Van Doren's contribution was the completest biography of Peacock which has yet been published, while Mr. Freeman's, though not avoiding biographical details, was chiefly a "critical study" of Peacock's novels, poems, etc.

Both authors referred to an article "On the Poetry of Nonnus" which appeared in the *London Magazine* for October and November, 1822, and which was written by a contributor who adopted the pseudonym "Vida." Mr. Van Doren comments as follows:

The *London Magazine* for October and November of the same year [1822] contains an article "On the Poetry of Nonnus," with considerable translations from the "Dionysiaca," which Sir Henry Cole ascribed to Peacock, an ascription which has recently been accepted by Dr. Young. It is tolerably clear, however, that Cole had no reason for thinking Peacock wrote the essay except the fact that Peacock was exceptionally fond of Nonnus. A note which Cole sent to *Notes and Queries*, some years after he had put the statement into print, asking whether the "Vida" articles in the *London Magazine* were by Peacock, confirms one in the belief that his previous judgment had been mere guesswork. Moreover, Peacock himself in 1862 sent Thomas L'Estrange a list of his periodical essays, in which he says nothing whatever of this one. A single article, indeed, might have escaped his memory; an examination of the *London Magazine* shows that "Vida" contributed no less than nine articles to its columns from October, 1822, to November, 1823. Two are on Nonnus, three on Quintus Calaber, three are versions from the Greek tragic poets; and one a general essay "On the Tragic Drama of Greece." No one really familiar with Peacock's verse can think the translation his; the prose of these essays has none of his point; and the last-named contains opinions so at variance with Peacock's own that little further doubt can remain.

Mr. Freeman writes:

An article on "The Poetry of Nonnus" in the *London Magazine* for October, 1822, is included in the list of Peacock's works. It would be interesting to know on what grounds it is attributed to him. The subject is, of course, one likely to be selected by an editor who wished for a contribution from him, and the writer's method of dealing with the received notions on the subject are mildly reminiscent of his polemical procedure. With this exception there is nothing characteristic of Peacock in the article, in manner or substance; the style is quite undistinguished; and the defence of Southey and Darwin, author of "the Botanic Garden" and the "Loves of the Plants," against the attacks of the critics, makes it difficult to accept this, without proof, as his work. The same pseudonym is used by a writer in a subsequent number on the "Tragic Drama of the Greeks," and is also appended to a series of translations from the tragedians by which this is followed.

It will be seen that although both authors decide against the ascription to Peacock of the article in question, neither is able to enlighten his readers as to who, in fact, was the writer. The "only begetter" was Sir Charles Abraham Elton. Most, if not all, of the articles on the classics in the *London Magazine* were contributed by him. His first series of Essays, which bore the title "Leisure Hours," began in the number for September, 1821, and was continued monthly up to April of the following year. They were signed "An Idler." In the May number the notorious Thomas Griffiths Wainwright, who was a frequent writer in the magazine, wrote the "Letter from Janus Weathercock, Esq." In it he requests the editor to "be so obliging to ask our Idler by the green sea, wherefore he gave up the fourteen syllabic measure (which becomes him so well) in the 'Hymn to Ceres'—remind him, too, that we have never had a satisfactory specimen of an English Æschylus or Euripides; and that some good things might be picked out of Quintus Calaber and Nonnus." An article on Quintus Calaber appeared in the journal for December, 1822, and was continued in the number for January and February, 1823; that on Nonnus as before stated. That "Vida" and "An Idler" were one and the same person is proved by the fact that the paper "On the Tragic Drama of Greece," printed in June, 1823, and also signed "Vida," was referred to in the editorial notes ("The Lion's Head") for the preceding months: "We are compelled for want of room to postpone the appearance of the following interesting essays . . . on the Tragic Drama of Greece. By the author of Leisure Hours."

The identity of "An Idler" with "Vida" having been established, it remains to produce evidence that Elton and the author of "On the Poetry of Nonnus" were the same individual. This evidence is forthcoming in Thomas Hood's "Literary Reminiscences No. IV," one of the articles in "Hood's Own" (First Series), and in Barry Cornwall's "Memoir of Charles Lamb" published in 1866. Hood, it will be remembered, was for some time sub-editor of the *London Magazine*. His testimony is as follows:

How I used to look forward to Elia! and backward for Hazlitt, and all round for Edward Herbert [John Hamilton Reynolds, Hood's brother-in-law], and how I used to *look up* to Allan Cunningham! for at that time the *London* had a goodly list of writers—a rare company. It is now defunct, and perhaps no ex-periodical might so appropriately be apostrophized with the Irish funereal question—"Arrah, honey, why did you die?" Had you not an editor, and elegant prose writers, and beautiful poets, and broths of boys for criticism and *classics* [the italics are ours] and wits and humorists—Elia, Cary, Procter, Cunningham, Bowring, Barton, Hazlitt, Elton, Hartley Coleridge, Talfourd, Soane, Horace Smith, Reynolds, Poole, Clare, and Thomas Benyon, with a power besides?

As before mentioned, Elton was the only one who wrote on classical subjects. Procter's attestation is more definite: "Mr. Elton contributed many translations from Greek and Latin authors, from the minor poems of Homer, from Catullus, Nonnus, Propertius, etc."

S. BUTTERWORTH.

Correspondence

OPIUM-SMOKING IN JAVA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am not going to enter into a general discussion on the evil of opium-smoking in the Indias, and the possibility of prohibitive measures. I only feel bound to correct a few statements made by Mr. Bertrand Shadwell in his letter to the *Nation* on the subject.

Opium-smoking is absolutely not a "chief," nor a "general vice," among the inhabitants of Java. Recent statistics speak of only .51 per cent. of the whole population practicing opium-smoking, and this percentage consists chiefly of Chinese immigrants. This may show that "the inhabitants of Java" should not and could not be described as living on the slope of demoralization by opium.

The Government Regie of opium, far from having been introduced from mere fiscal motives, has been an experiment to replace the sale of opium by private contractors. The experiment has not been a disappointing one; in 1890 the contractors disposed of 105,800 katis of opium; in 1911, under Government Regie, 49,700 katis were sold.

Furthermore, opium is not imported by the Government in the form of poppy heads, and the Government works do not manufacture the poison. It is imported as ready produce, and the business of the Government works consists only in giving it a final adaptation and shape—which serves also for the purpose of preventing unlawful smuggling.

Of course, the practice of a Government in bringing into circulation a dangerous narcotic, does not suit my idealism, and I do not wish to whitewash the act. But it must be acknowledged that the now adopted policy is not a bad one, having regard

to people who will use opium, and who would otherwise seek their satisfaction from unlawful and uncontrolled trade (a far more dangerous thing for the whole population, as then mercantile interests will try to make the narcotic popular). The policy of the Dutch Colonial Government is to restrict, not to favor, opium-smoking.

Undoubtedly, the treasury of the Indian Government draws benefits from the prices paid by the smokers—although these benefits are not by far so large as several other countries find in their duties and excises on spirits. Besides, opium prices are kept high, in order to deter amateurs. And it does not seem so unjust to find some revenue from the comparatively small group of smokers. Financial motives have absolutely not been preponderant in the Dutch Indian opium policy.

That the system as a whole is not an unreasonable one, may be ascertained by the fact that it is followed by the British Administration in the Straits, the Federate Malay States, Hongkong, and has long been in use in French Indo-China.

That prohibition would not, as your correspondent thinks, make "the vice cease at once," may be seen from the experience in Australia. And have not smuggling and secret smoking been recently started in the Philippines also, where prohibition prevails?

I do not intend to act as a champion for the Dutch, or for any system of dealing with the opium problem. But I could not endure to see the columns of a paper like the *Nation*, whose impartial style and perfect good taste I weekly appreciate as a reader, throw an entirely wrong light on the Dutch Colonial Administration. It is not fair to represent as a proof of the commercial spirit of the materialistic Dutchmen what is in reality the honest act of a Government which may pride itself on having placed the administration of its colonies on the ethical principle of responsibility for the welfare of their inhabitants.

DR. J. A. VAN HAMEL,
Professor of Law, University of Amsterdam.

Amsterdam, December 1.

THE HUNGER-STRIKE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Pankhurstians have broken loose again, and the Pankhurstian hunger-strike, born of hysteria, has again been brought into play as an engine of redress. It is, in fact, a curious use of a primitive custom, which has proved remarkably effective.

From time immemorial the rejected lover has resorted to it in order to win the smiles, or at least the endurance or forgiveness, of his lady-love; every day the disappointed and hysterical child falls back upon it as a last resort to bring over the tender-hearted parent, who cannot endure to feel that the little one is suffering.

Neither is the use of the hunger-strike so very obsolete as a means of legal redress. It was in common use among the natives of India, surviving at Benares into the nineteenth century (1846). It was not called the "hunger-strike," but "dharna baithna," or sitting "dharna." It was used by the Brahmans to enforce justice at the hands of wrong-doers, usually to collect a debt. The creditor went to the front doorstep of the debtor (he had no back door), and settled himself there with poison or a dagger in his hand, and there remained, taking neither food nor drink, until he died of starvation or obtained redress, which latter he seldom failed of. Moreover, the debtor must fast, too.

The process of "dharna baithna" was the most effective known, for if the debtor went out over the threshold where the creditor sat, the latter used his dagger—on himself, not on the debtor—or took the poison; if the debtor chose to remain indoors, the creditor sat outside and starved to death, and in any case the moral responsibility for the death of the sitter, whether by the dagger, poison, or starvation, was visited upon the debtor by the community.

A similar custom was formerly in vogue among the Irish, to how late a date I do not know. Perhaps, now, it may turn out that the Pankhurst is of Irish descent, and this hunger-striking may be due to an inherited instinct, a sort of throwback.

Still, we must account for the extraordinary effectiveness of this proceeding as used against the British authorities.

Why should a dangerous criminal, who openly threatens and countenances revenge by commission of the most serious felonies, be allowed to go free because she chooses to starve herself like an hysterical child in disgrace? If a person who has suffered a wrong at the hands of another commits suicide as a result of the wrong, public opinion and, to an even greater degree, common superstition, have visited upon the wrongdoer the moral responsibility for the death of the injured, even perhaps to the extent of a blood feud. This is the responsibility which the British authorities have sought to escape by yielding to the hunger strike of hysteria. By yielding once they created public sympathy for criminals who, whatever their purpose, were none the less criminals, menacing public safety and public and private property.

F. STURGES ALLEN.

Springfield, Mass., December 11.

HIRAM POWERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a recent number of the *Nation*, my grandfather's Greek Slave receives—in a pleasantly sympathetic manner, let me say—her accustomed funeral oration as a notable achievement of that illustrious but obsolete school of art, the neo-classic. Allow me to ventilate a few ideas on the subject.

Was Hiram Powers a follower of Canova and Thorwaldsen—of those artists who, to quote Short's "History of Sculpture," "made no attempt to realize nature afresh," and abandoned that "personal standpoint which alone gives an art the highest value"? I believe not, for, said Hiram Powers, "The human form is infinite. It is the image of God. I have found that, do my best, there was always a better in nature. Once knowing this, I have hesitated, and sought to find it, and this is the way to fame." True, Mr. W. J. Clark, jr., in his "Great American Sculpture," tells us that the artist deceived himself in this: thought himself working from a human model, I take it, when he was really working from a Greek marble. This argument cuts the knot at once, not even a wire knot could withstand it; but to eyes accustomed to the Hiram Powers portrayed by Hawthorne and Mrs. Browning what a strange new Hiram Powers does it reveal! To the eyes of an old lady of my acquaintance it brings a twinkle of kindly fun not unlike that, I fancy, with which her father once gazed down at a young visitor who was telling him that "really, Powers, your work is very good indeed." No, the keen, bright eyes of the American artist did not deceive him. They were often bent in reverent admiration on the masterpieces of Greece, and doubtless not without profit; but much oftener and much more reverently they were bent on "the image of God," just as he said.

But, Mr. Clark assures us, the artist's intentions really matter very little; his works speak for themselves. Really? Does Powers's Faith, for example, claim very close kinship with Canova's? Has the Greek Slave been sharing Venus's luxurious bath? I know, here we have the classic drapery, here we have the nude—the very canons of art which Canova expounded to Napoleon. Are not these conclusive? As for the drapery—which Powers by no means always used—Bartolini himself "felt a repugnance to contemporary costume." As for the nude, is Rodin a neo-classic? Is the general impression produced on the beholder by Powers's works one of academic subservience to form for form's sake? Let us see how the artist's contemporaries were impressed. Said one, in the *Union Magazine*, comparing the Greek Slave with the Medici Venus: "I have spoken of the want of sentiment in the Venus. The form is beautiful, but the face is confessedly insipid. The Greek slave is clothed all over with sentiment; sheltered, protected by it from every profane eye. . . . The chasteness in these [Powers's] statues is strongly contrasted with the usual voluptuousness of the antique." "It is less a mortal than a spiritual body," commented the *National Intelligencer*. "If we look in vain for the intense and passionate grief of the Niobe," said the *Democratic Review*, "it is because she is sustained by a more spiritual and exalted faith." Not form, then, but spirit; and the artist meant it should be so. Said the New York *Tribune:*

> Mr. Powers seeks to found in sculpture the school of Humanity. He would carry into his art that divine spirit which since the advent of Christ has been moving among men. The supreme element in all his works—as we have reason to believe—and in the Greek Slave as we know, is the Human. All this is something unknown to the antique, for the reason that Christianity brought it into the world; it has also been hitherto as little as possible expressed in the whole range of modern sculpture.

Is this not the root of the whole matter? Hiram Powers was not a neo-classic, but something much better; he was one of the strong voices that gave utterance to the earnest, reverential New England of his time. He was convinced that "the moral insight of Swedenborg, the correction of popular errors, the announcement of ethical laws, take him out of comparison with any other writer," and in the language of his art—in his Hope, Faith, and Char-

ity—he testified to his belief. His was the deep love of liberty, the watchword of his age, which spoke in Emerson; and that true priestess of freedom, Mrs. Browning, greeted in the "thunders of white silence" of the Greek Slave his "Declaration of Independence." Was Hiram Powers a neoclassic? Call him a Greek, rather; for he, too, was the believing man who wished to symbolize their gods to the waiting people. CHARLES W. LEMMI.

Simmons College, December 10.

COLOR OF ANIMALS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the *Nation* of August 28 a charming book is reviewed, "The Childhood of Animals," by P. Chalmers Mitchell, and a sentence is quoted from the chapter on Color and Pattern:

> Patterns that we think conspicuous, and brilliant colors that we have tried to explain as warning or advertising, or for purposes of recognition, or as nuptial plumage, may really be for protective or aggressive concealment.

I bring up the point not as a scientist, but, being a painter, the word color attracts me wherever I find it. I find it again in a lecture by C. Hess, delivered before the Gesellschaft Deutscher Naturforscher und Aerzte in Vienna (Verhandlungen, 1913).

It appears that the gorgeous orange and red of deep-water fish can no more be distinguished by their companions—with volumes of blue-green liquid separating them from daylight and the daylight reaching the colored blotches only on the rebound—than a futurist's picture could be made out if hung on the walls of the Blue Grotto. Barnyard fowl, looking through their red and yellow globules of oil, as through a glass darkly, must suffer agonies of Langeweile (from an artist's standpoint); for even the wondrous sheen on the rooster's tail becomes only a muddy mixture of a darker shade than the other golden browns in his plumage. Many other creatures see colors as a color-blind human being sees them—as so many shades of gray. Bees—but I have said enough to fill us with pity for all our left-over ancestors. H. L.

Munich, November 25.

THE FIRST SOUTHERN PRESIDENT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The letter of "G. H." in the *Nation* of November 20 ("Gettysburg, President Wilson, and the United States") contains one remarkable sentence—a part of the quotation from the address of Sir Francis H. Champneys—which reminds me of a similar statement made by a Dr. Hermann Diez in the well-known *Illustrirte Zeitung*, about a year ago (November 14, 1912). The sentence to which I refer runs: "And the proof of that is that the present President of the United States of America is the first Southern person who has ever occupied that position."

Dr. Diez, in his article ("Der neue Präsident der Vereinigten Staaten von Amerika"), discusses at some length the political conditions which were responsible for the election of President Wilson, and gives his readers considerable information about the family, academic and political career, and publications of the new President. And then he makes the startling assertion: "In him, then, a Southerner appears, and, indeed, for the first time in the history of the American Union, at the head of the Government (In ihm tritt also ein Südstaatler, und zwar zum erstenmal in der Geschichte der Amerikanischen Union, an die Spitze des Staates)."

Now, such ignorance of the rudiments of American history on the part of an Englishman, however high in rank, is not especially astonishing; it excites perhaps at most a smile in the casual reader. For we do not expect an Englishman who is not a student of modern history to know much about our Presidents, any more than we (if not Englishmen) expect the ordinary American to know much about the rulers of England before and after the time of George III. But for a real German and a doctor of philosophy, who presumes to give the readers of a journal of such high standing as the *Illustrirte Zeitung* definite and trustworthy information about contemporary American politics and statesmen, apparently to be blankly and blissfully ignorant of the entire course of the previous history of this country, is more than astonishing. W. H. H.

Cleveland, O., December 9.

LETTERS OF H. H. FURNESS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In response to a request that has come to me from many quarters, I have decided to publish a volume of selected addresses and miscellaneous writings of my father, the late Horace Howard Furness, and also a volume containing a selection of his letters. I therefore beg for the use of your columns to ask the correspondents of my late father to be kind enough to send me letters that they may have from him, which after being copied will be carefully returned to their owners. The letters should be addressed to me at Wallingford, Delaware County, Pennsylvania, U. S. A.

WILLIAM HENRY FURNESS, 3D.

Wallingford, Pa., December 15.

Literature

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

The Life of Francis Thompson. By Everard Meynell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $4.50 net.

The fault of Mr. Meynell's book is one which it shares with most of the biography of the day: it is too long. The matter of length is, of course, relative, but we submit that 350 pages is too much for the life of a man who passed most of his days in the cloud land of opium and religious dreams and who, whatever estimate may be placed on his poetry, was in no wise a great personality. Mr. Meynell tells with unnecessary iteration of Thompson's insensibility to the fleeting of time, his vast superiority to the small duties of punctuality, and his ingenuity (like Hawthorne's) in escaping an invitation to dinner. These tricks and habits are in a way essential to a true characterization, but they should have been described and illustrated once for all, instead of being drawn through the book. And there are other errors of repetition.

But if Mr. Meynell has not avoided the reigning prolixity of the day, he has in other respects written a book which stands well out of the ruck by reason of its intimate knowledge and its vivid style. By this time every one knows, who cares to know, that Thompson came up to London with no other possessions but Æschylus and Blake in his pockets and, like De Quincey, with the thirst of laudanum in his veins, and that through a chance contribution to the magazine Mr. Wilfrid Meynell was then editing he was saved by that Catholic gentleman and his wife from the stony streets of London, and kept in the purlieus between civilization and heaven. As the son of that house, and as the intimate friend of Thompson, the writer of this biography has had opportunities that no one else could have enjoyed. In his pages the man and poet is presented to the quick. Thompson himself suffered from excess of reticence to a degree almost painful, and one of his best known remarks is his reply to an evangelist who approached him in Wardour Street. "He seemed to be spinning, like a falling leaf, and tossed by unseen winds of direction. . . . Out of confusion came a voice, 'Is your soul saved?' . . . The mantle of protecting delirium fell away; the voice broke in upon his privacy, threatening his reserves, seeking the confidences of the confessional. 'What right have you to ask me that question?' he replied." The complete revelation of Thompson's physical infirmities in this biography, together with the unsparing portraiture of his soul, might at first seem to lay the biographer open to the charge of violating the poet's cherished sanctity of reticence. But so much was already known and so much more was likely to be conjectured of his habits, that it was better to have the plain truth set down, and Mr. Meynell has furthermore written with such love and reverence for his friend as would have disarmed criticism under any circumstances. The result is that we know this elusive nature as we know few other poets of the past generation—if only it will prevent some clumsier hand from attempting to draw the picture over again! Thompson left voluminous note-books besides other manuscripts and letters; may the good angel of literature strengthen the biographer to destroy them, and so preserve us from that long dribbling out of the dregs of a man's genius which is happening to so many other writers.

We shall not undertake to follow here

the murky path of the poet. Of the most mysterious episode in his life nothing really new is told. In the introduction to a selection of Thompson's poems Mr. Wilfrid Meynell had already indicated pretty clearly the facts that underlay the beautiful lines which had tantalized so many readers:

Forlorn, and faint, and stark
I had endured through watches of the dark
The abasbless inquisitlon of each star,
Yea, was the outcast mark
Of all those heavenly passers' scrutiny;
Stood bound and helplessly
For Time to shoot his barbèd minutes at me;
Suffered the trampling hoof of every hour
In night's slow-wheelèd car;
Until the tardy dawn dragged me at length
From under those dread wheels; and, bled of strength,
I waited the inevitable last.
Then there came past
A child; like thee, a spring-flower; but a flower
Fallen from the budded coronal of Spring,
And through the city-streets blown withering.
She passed—O brave, sad, lovingest, tender thing!
And of her own scant pittance did she give,
That I might eat and live:
Then fled, a swift and trackless fugitive.

Again like De Quincey (who was, so to speak, the pillar of fire and cloud that went before him all the way through the wilderness), Thompson was saved from the last extremity of hunger and exposure by a girl of the London streets. In the purest spirit of charity she gave food and shelter "out of her scant and pitiable opulence," and then, with exquisite grace, hid herself from him as soon as he had found a home, saying, "They will not understand our friendship; I always knew you were a genius." She fled to unknown lodgings, and though sought, could never be tracked. The main facts of this strange and tender story were already known, but we are thankful for the few details Mr. Everard Meynell has been able to add.

The most vivid portrait of Thompson in the flesh is that quoted from the reminiscences of Mr. Wilfred Whitten, who knew him for years as a valued contributor to the *Academy* when that review was edited by Mr. Lewis Hind. No apology is needed for copying out one of Mr. Whitten's paragraphs at length:

A stranger figure than Thompson's was not to be seen in London. Gentle in looks, half-wild in externals, his face worn by pain and the fierce reactions of laudanum, his hair and straggling beard neglected, he had yet a distinction and an aloofness of bearing that marked him in the crowd; and when he opened his lips he spoke as a gentleman and a scholar. A cleaner mind, a more naïvely courteous manner, were not to be found. It was impossible and unnecessary to think always of the tragic side of his life. He still had to live and work in his fashion, and his entries and exits became our most cheerful institution. His great brown cape, which he would wear on the hottest days, his disastrous hat, and his dozen neglects and makeshifts were only the insignia of our "Francis" and of the ripest literary talent on the paper. No money (and in his later years Thompson suffered more from the possession of money than from the lack of it) could keep him in a decent suit of clothes for long. Yet he was never "seedy." From a newness too dazzling to last, and seldom achieved at that, he passed at once into a picturesque nondescript garb that was all his own and made him resemble some weird peddler or packman in an etching by Ostade. This impression of him was helped by the strange object—his fish-basket, we called it—which he wore slung round his shoulders by a strap. It had occurred to him that such a basket would be a convenient receptacle for the books which he took away for review, and he added this touch to an outward appearance which already detached him from millions. . . . He had ceased to make demands on life. He ear-marked nothing for his own. As a reviewer, enjoying the run of the office, he never pounced on a book; he waited, and he accepted. Interested still in life, he was no longer intrigued by it. He was free from both apathy and desire. Unembittered, he kept his sweetness and sanity, his dewy laughter, and his fluttering gratitude. In such a man outward ruin could never be pitiable or ridiculous, and, indeed, he never bowed his noble head but in adoration. I think the secret of his strength was this: that he had cast up his accounts with God and man, and thereafter stood in the mud of earth with a heart wrapt in such fire as touched Isaiah's lips.

In the critical parts of his biography Mr. Meynell is equally full; whether he will be regarded as equally satisfactory, will depend somewhat on the attitude of the reader to Thompson's poetry. In his lifetime Thompson suffered from certain malevolent carpers who accused his friends of puffing his work outrageously. Now, no one who is familiar with the character of Mr. Wilfrid Meynell and Coventry Patmore and their circle will believe that they descended to any improper log-rolling or printed a word about Thompson's work which they did not hold to be entirely justified. But it is true, nevertheless, that the tone of their criticism was sometimes of a kind to suggest that their judgment was a little biassed by their fervor in announcing "the great Catholic poet"; and this enthusiasm was caught by a few other writers for reasons romantic rather than religious. Thus, Canon Sheehan exclaims: "But Francis Thompson, who, with all his incongruities, ranks in English poetry with Shelley, and *only* beneath Shakespeare." Mr. Louis Garvin declares that "The Sonnets [Shakespeare's] are the greatest soliloquy in literature; the 'Hound of Heaven' and 'Sister Songs' together are the second greatest; and there is no third." Mr. Arnold Bennett again thinks that he "has a richer natural genius, a finer poetical equipment, than any poet save Shakespeare." If Mr. Everard Meynell disagrees with these extravagant opinions, there is nothing in his book to show it. He, too, apparently, would place Thompson above Milton—not to mention the other religious poets of the seventeenth century—and only second to Shakespeare. Such wild sentences naturally evoked an equally unfounded depreciation at the time, and their repetition will repel a good many readers of the present biography. Thompson at his best—he has, unfortunately, his worst also—is great enough to need no such absurd laudation.

Mr. Meynell is at his best as critic when he writes specifically of Thompson's place as a mystic. He is right in drawing a sharp distinction between the vaporous, relaxing mysticism of a Maeterlinck and that of the true Catholic poets. He quotes the saying of Mr. Arthur Symons: "The mystic, let it be remembered, has nothing in common with the moralist," and to it opposes the words of one who was "Thompson's nearest exponent": "Mysticism is morality carried to the *n*th power." The distinction is just, and is fair to Thompson; but it is not quite final. There is still the vexing question, how far such mysticism as Thompson's, thoroughly moral though it be, is the voice of the conquering spirit and how far it is merely the anguish and escape from a ruined body. Rather than attempt here the solution of so complicated and treacherous a difficulty we shall close with Mr. Wilfred Whitten's exquisite characterization, which no one who has felt the magic of the poet's more sonorous melodies will deny: "Thompson knew that above the gray London tumult, in which he fared so ill, he had hung a golden bell whose tones would one day possess men's ears."

CURRENT FICTION.

His Father's Wife. By J. E. Patterson. New York: The Macmillan Co.

The excellences of this story are somewhat disguised by a style sedate and homely—at times even ungrammatical—and only commendable for its consistent unpretentiousness. Apart from the mere matter of wording, the story itself is a model of simplicity and cumulative power. Like Hardy's "Return of the Native," it is a tragedy in which environment fills the classical rôle of an implacable fate. The scene is Foulness, off the Essex coast—an island at high tide, at ebb-tide connected with the mainland by passable roads. It is a land of dull and level aspect over which a gray and envious spirit seems to preside. A superstition is cherished among the inhabitants that this "spirit of the island"

is inhospitable to ambition and pride of achievement, and that whoever among them prospers unduly above his fellows is sure to be overtaken by some mysterious fatality before he can pass on the fruit of his labors to his children.

This oracle, significant of the temper of the island people, is fulfilled in the case of Aaron Rugwood. Honest, hearty, masterful, happy in his acquisitions and a large generosity in which pride had no small share, his airs of local great man soon bred malice in his neighbors' hearts. Yet it was his marriage to his young ward Barbara, raising the unnatural barrier of rivalry in love between him and his only son, that completed his spiritual ostracism. Nothing could be truer or sadder than the way in which the growth of this passion and the slow recognition of its presence by each of the unhappy three are described. And it is hard to say which one most strongly enlists our sympathy—the young wife who so bravely pitted her loyalty against her love; the son, tormented and purposeless, hiding a burning heart under his dreamer's melancholy; or middle-aged Aaron, desperately striving to fight down his jealousy and the overwhelming consciousness of his isolation. The book leaves us with an abiding impression of truthfulness and a genuine respect both for the author's understanding of his material and for his dramatic intelligence.

The Valley of the Shadows. By Francis Grierson. New York: John Lane Co.

This is not a novel in the sense of a continued romantic narrative. It is a book of miscellaneous reminiscences of ante-bellum days, which the author has chosen to cast, for the most part, in the form of fiction. Mr. Grierson's father was an English settler on the Illinois prairie in the late fifties. Slavery was already the great issue all over the country; the fear of change was in the air. Even the little prairie community to which the reader is first introduced was beginning to substitute politics for religion as its chief emotional stimulus. This community and its typical figures are described with a good deal of vividness, though diffusely. Negro fugitives appear from time to time on their underground road to Canada, and the slave-catcher and his bloodhounds are seldom far behind. It is the Lincoln country; we see the issue between North and South, and even more distinctly between freedom and slavery, more and more identified with the opposing figures of Lincoln and Douglas. The author is not at his best when he gets to a crisis. The actual meeting in the famous debate between the two champions is a tame affair in his rendering of it, despite a liberal use of adjectives. He fails to get the swing and the atmosphere of the occasion.

The later chapters carry us to the outbreak of the war, when the Griersons were living in St. Louis, and had the best of chances to see war in the making. Young Grierson acted as page to Gen. Fremont during his stay in St. Louis. A good deal of space is given to an account of Fremont's expeditions in the Far West, and one chapter recounts the raid of Gen. Grierson, a cousin of the author. The book contains a good deal of first-hand information about the conditions of American life at the moment of the great crisis. The illustrations in color by Evelyn Paul are of uncommon merit.

Molly Beamish. By H. de Vere Stackpoole. New York: Duffield & Co.

Mr. Stackpoole apparently set out to give us a light sketch of Irish eighteenth-century society, its wit and adventure. His success is doubtful. The only hint of Irish wit which Mr. Stackpoole has succeeded in bringing out lies in a marked addiction on the part of everybody to introduce all remarks with a never-failing "Faith," as well as in a particular optimism on their part in the presence of the bailiff. As to the amateur gentleman of the road, he had no sooner taken a purse than he threw it back at the white, babbling face, and rode off. Of course, they pursued him, and naturally he came for aid to a beautiful Irish girl, who offered him a hiding-place. Of course, he fell in love with her at once, and to prove his devotion offered to assist her in her difficulties—for she had difficulties of her own. She, too, had taken, not to the "road," but to society. And, Faith! her father had been trying to keep up social appearances on no money at all, and now the bailiff had come; and society would discover their poverty and give them up; and buxom Molly would then not meet the Marchioness of Blagdon at the home of Lady Dexter; and, Faith! she did so long to see her (all in one breath). Molly did go to the party, and was snubbed by everybody, when the door opened and the highwayman entered, introducing himself as the Marquis of Blagdon—the husband of the social lion had died, and this was his heir. And, Faith! he led fair Molly home in triumph to the welcoming arms of the attending bailiff-butler.

The Maid of the Forest. By Randall Parrish. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

In those days when the Indian roamed the forests of the West, where now is Ohio, led by the renegade, Simon Girty, only the strength and heroism of the soldiers and woodsmen saved the country to civilization. Joseph Hayward was one of the little less than common type of soldier and woodsman combined, and in one of his perilous expeditions he was aided by René D'Auvray, a French-Indian half-breed. Their remarkable adventures in the almost trackless woods are told by Randall Parrish in "The Maid of the Forest." Hayward's feats of strength and endurance seem almost beyond belief, yet there were giants in those days; men who never knew fatigue or fear. There are few dull moments in the story.

ANOTHER VOLUME OF SVEN HEDIN'S TRAVELS.

Trans-Himalaya, Discoveries and Adventures in Tibet. By Sven Hedin. With 156 illustrations from photographs, water-colors, sketches, and drawings by the author, and four maps. Volume III. New York: The Macmillan Co. $4.50 net.

In this third volume Dr. Sven Hedin concludes the narrative of his latest explorations in Tibet and the Himalayas. Starting from the source of the Indus and the lofty plateau round the Manasarowar Lakes, which were so fully described in the last preceding volume, he carries us down the long valley of the Sutlej, through regions hitherto very little known, to Nakunda and Simla, in British territory. Between the earlier and the later parts of the account of the actual travelling there are interposed several chapters discussing the reports of previous explorers and presenting a sort of scattered history of the discoveries made in the wild, lofty, and dreary country, where the Indus, the Sutlej, and the Tsang po (which in its lower course we know as the Brahmaputra), all rise near one another. These chapters contain interesting notices of Andrade, the first Jesuit explorer of Tibet, in the seventeenth century; Tieffenthaler, another Jesuit; Moorcroft; Csoma Sandor, of Körös, the famous Hungarian scholar, who went out to find the original home of the Magyars, and of many other travellers; and they discuss in detail the different conceptions of the mountain structure of this part of Asia which geographers had formed. The discussion is in parts rather confused, and the details could not be examined here without too great an expenditure of our space. We must reiterate the expression of our regret, conveyed in our notice of the last two volumes of Dr. Hedin's book, that he has chosen to describe the mountain ranges north of the Sutlej and the Tsang po as "the Trans-Himalaya," for, according to the usage of English geographers, and indeed of geographers generally, such a term is naturally used to describe a Region, *i. e.*, the region beyond the Himalaya, and is not a convenient description for a mountain range or series of ranges. There is, of course, no native name for this range, or series of ranges, just as there was originally no single name for the mountains we call the Alps, or for those commonly, if incor-

rectly, called the Carpathians, or for the long mountain mass which forms the backbone of Norway. A general name has to be invented, as the names "Carpathian" and "Dovrefjeld" were invented, and Dr. Hedin has quite as much right as any one else to propose a name; but it should not be one which to ordinary apprehension suggests a vast region and not a mountain chain.

Those parts of the present volume which trace the course of the author's wanderings are scarcely so interesting as was the narrative of his discoveries in Central Tibet, and his account in Volume II of the sacred mountain Kailas, and his adventures in navigating the Manasarowar Lake. A good deal of what he tells us here about Lamaist priests and monasteries differs but little from what we heard in the earlier volumes; and though the descriptions of the savage scenery all along the course of the Sutlej are striking, they are less novel than those of the great Tibetan plateau. The long and narrow gorges of the rivers that descend through this region to unite, after traversing the Punjab in the great Indus, are extremely deep and narrow, but we are fairly familiar with their character from the books of English travellers, from Thomson and others downward. Perhaps the most dangerous passage which Dr. Hedin had to encounter was that at the village of Poo, where a wooden cantilever bridge, erected to span the Sutlej by English engineers, had collapsed just before the expedition to Gartok in 1904 of Capt. Rawling and Major Ryder. Dr. Hedin and his party had to cross the tremendous gorge through which the river foams on a cable of wire strands stretched between the stone piers that had supported the bridge, the fall of which had been due not to bad design, but to the fact that the timber, obtained in the neighborhood, had proved exceptionally brittle. In the Himalaya, as in the Andes, where the bridges that cross the deep cañons are usually constructed of bamboo poles, these crossings are the most nerve-testing experiences the traveller has to encounter (pp. 368 to 374).

A good many interesting notices of Buddhist rites and customs find place here and there in the narrative, and one chapter is dedicated to an account of the discussions that have gone on regarding the similarities of the forms and ceremonies and the monastic system of Tibetan Lamaism and of Buddhism generally with those of the Roman Catholic Church. Every one who travels in Buddhist countries is struck by these resemblances, and many hypotheses have been invented to explain them. Dr. Hedin, who seems to have been attacked in some quarters for having in his earlier volumes dwelt on the fact, here defends himself by quoting many Roman Catholic writers, including Father Huc, the famous traveller, and Cardinal Wiseman, who have done the like, and who have found therein evidence of a powerful influence exercised upon the Buddhists of Tibet and China by Catholic missionaries in the Middle Ages. One of the oldest of the authorities whom he quotes, Father Georgi, attributes the resemblances to the wiles of the ancient heresiarch Manes. Others ascribed them to the action of Satan himself. The whole subject of the evolution (out of the teachings of Sakya Muni and of the traditions regarding him) of Buddhist forms of worship and the hierarchy of Lamaism, is an extremely curious one, but with it Dr. Hedin does not himself attempt to deal. He may certainly be acquitted of any intention to wound any religious susceptibilities, for many others before him have made the same comparison.

The book abounds in illustrations, but we should have been glad of a map on a larger scale of the upper Sutlej regions. Perhaps this is reserved for a volume to follow, containing the scientific results of the expedition. Such a map would, however, have been helpful here, for on that which we find at the end of the present volume the author's route is by no means easy to follow.

A Traveller at Forty. By Theodore Dreiser. Illustrated by W. J. Glackens. New York: The Century Co. $1.80 net.

For various reasons, Mr. Dreiser's grand tour was postponed beyond the fame of three novels and the age of forty. It is an age at which, without much abatement of enthusiasm, open-mindedness begins to be possible, and understanding is quickened by a sense of the swiftness of the years. As to open-mindedness, it was already Mr. Dreiser's forte, and the trip gave him abundant opportunity to open his mind still further. In England and France he was personally conducted by an admirable gastronome and manager-general. Except when he slipped the noose, Mr. Dreiser was chiefly limited to disillusioned England and dissolute France. In Italy, Switzerland, Germany, and Holland he went his own gait and took his impressions a little easier.

In the pursuit of knowledge Mr. Dreiser showed enterprise. His London contacts were carefully arranged, but he managed to quiz a street-walker on his own account. At Paris such investigations were naturally part of the programme. Into all his observations Mr. Dreiser carries a keen, quiet curiosity that is pretty close to sympathy. There is an odd reverence about what can only be described as prying tactics. The style is fumbling and uneven, glancing at things, quitting them, and returning for a new try. The dialogues, which might irreverently be called "heart to beart" talks, are of a queer baldness and rawness. We have to do with either the complete absence of literary technique or with a rather special technique which is hard to classify. Since the chapters are undeniably interesting and the passing people often vivid, the effect obtained with the hesitant, half-nonchalant manner which is familiar to readers of "Sister Carrie," we may suppose that a special technique is involved.

As a matter of fact, we have to do with an attitude and a style allied to Russian realism. Absence of prepossession, desire to move with the material, an almost mystical respect for all expressions of temperament—one who has these qualities in high degree may hope to achieve a myopic humanitarianism. This, indeed, is Mr. Dreiser's personal note. He adores temperament in all its phases. A hot-headed and violent labor leader is admirable, so is a winsome degenerate of the Paris cafés. Temperament he will have, if only retrospectively. How otherwise explain the lugging in of Lucrezia Borgia at many pages of length?

Now, this kind of myopic humanitarianism makes an excellent observer for certain men and matters. It would be hard to make more of Parisian café life than Mr. Dreiser has made. There is just the right blend of sympathy, with detachment. Most chroniclers of the theme are cynical—which Mr. Dreiser never is—or sentimentally fulsome, or morally scornful.

But certain visions, rather worth while in their way, are denied to the myopic humanitarian. So far as knowing the France that was and is the fertile mother of great ideas, the new Hellas of the world of letters, Mr. Dreiser might just as well have stuck to Broadway. Again, his notion of the great art patrons of Florence is that they were "ambitious, struggling, vainglorious men." The element of taste and discipline that made these patrons true fellows of the great artists is ignored, for the sake, of course, of a fuller display of temperament. In short, distinction of any sort, especially intellectual distinction, eludes this sort of approach. Distinction is not casual, and may not be casually apprehended.

Mr. Dreiser, both in his novels and in these travel sketches, is perhaps quite logically the foe of distinction, except in its aberrations. Distinction means hardness and discipline, restraint of temperament. Too much distinction would destroy utterly Mr. Dreiser's favorite world. For resolving the undistinguished flux into its palpitating human elements he has a rare gift. If he is less than the great Russians whom he recalls, it is because of smaller moral grasp. His readings of life stop at a sense of flux and a ready compassion. His subjects are chosen as fluid and

pathetic. Of humor there is nothing in him, and next to nothing of philosophy. The less meaning there is in a person or an incident, the better he treats it. He prefers it should have no meaning. Let it be a casual reverberation of temperament, and for his purposes it is all the better.

It is a peculiar art, for the artist is both in and out of his material; difficult to locate. That the art has an odd fascination, almost hypnotic in its way, is undeniable. Yet the perusal of this singularly open-minded book awakens in at least one reader a keen desire for prejudice, conviction, point of view. All narrow stable sentiments gain a new impressiveness after sufficient reading of Mr. Dreiser's patient, languid phrases. Why are Mr. Glackens's illustrations so refreshing in the setting of Mr. Dreiser's prose? Because they have sardonic humor, are brusque and superior. Their incisive, prejudiced touch leaves Mr. Dreiser's universal sympathy with a maundering aspect. The word is too harsh, but it does emphasize both the quality and the defect of his point of view, and naturally of his literary procedure.

Lollardy and the Reformation in England. By James Gairdner, C.B. Vol. IV. Edited by William Hunt. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3 net.

The present volume, the fourth of the series, completes the life-work of Dr. James Gairdner, who died at the age of eighty-four in November, 1912. Beginning life as a clerk in the London Record Office at eighteen, he continued in that service for fifty-four years. As an editor his work has been of the highest value, and has been recognized by scholars with gratitude. It was not until after his retirement from the Record Office in 1900 that he began to devote himself with the same energy that had marked his editorial work to the task of historical composition on a large scale. The result is seen in his "History of the English Church from the Accession of Henry VIII to the Death of Mary," 1902, and in the four volumes of "Lollardy and the Reformation." It is evident to any reader of this product of his latest years that Dr. Gairdner believed that he had, as his editor says, "a special work to do, almost a message to deliver." As a lifelong editor of documents, he employed, of course, the method of documentary demonstration, but gave thus only another illustration, if another were needed, that documents can be made to tell a story pretty much according to the intentions of him who uses them. Dr. Gairdner's purpose has been clearly set forth in notices of the former volumes (*Nation*, Vol. LXXXVIII, p. 537; Vol. XCIV, p. 367), and need not be repeated here.

It is clear that the present subject, the first year of good Queen Mary's reign, was especially welcome to the author. His method is not essentially changed, but this volume is more readable than the others, partly, doubtless, because it has a central figure to hold the narrative together and somewhat to check that diffuseness which made the reading of the former volumes a rather difficult task. Dr. Gairdner's problem here is to show the exceeding difficulties that beset the hapless Queen as she entered upon the heritage of Edward VI. He represents her as a rather timid, gentle soul, firm only on one point: that she personally would stand fast by the ancient religion and would attach to herself as counsellors only those who were in sympathy with this purpose. But where among Englishmen were such trusty advisers to be found? The answer is to be read in the completeness with which she threw herself into the arms of foreigners. "She naturally looked more for counsel and guidance to her cousin the Emperor, who had befriended her in past troubles and whose advice came to her now through experienced and well-chosen Ambassadors." "Was it wonderful, from this point of view, that Mary trusted the Emperor's very able Ambassador far more than any of her own councillors?"

This is the keynote of the whole story. Dr. Gairdner does not quite approve of the Spanish marriage. He refers to it, gently, as a misfortune for England; yet it does not rouse him to any vigorous denunciation such as he displays whenever he approaches the subject of "Edwardine religion." He would rather that Mary should have married in England or not at all; but he has all charity for her perturbed spirit, which could not be at peace until she had thoroughly redeemed England from heresy and schism. He has no sentiment about the poor princess Elizabeth, frightened half to death by her summons to the Tower, nor for the godly Gospellers who were now silenced as their opponents had been by "Edwardine" tyranny. All his sympathy is for the defenders of the old religion and all his contempt and ridicule are reserved for the—no doubt often loud-mouthed—critics of that unholy compact by which state and hierarchy combined had once held England in bondage.

In fact, with all this bandying back and forth of documentary evidence, we do not get forward one step towards a real understanding of the subject. The thing that really mattered was not whether one side or the other were the nicer in its methods or the sounder in its appeal to law, but that great, deep movement of English life and thought that constituted the true Reformation. Of this whether in the present or in the previous volumes of Dr. Gairdner's work we have very little trace. Only by way of implication, in his denunciations of every popular movement, his horror of violence except by way of repression, his contempt and distrust of all piety that was not regulated by apostolic ordination, we get glimpses of a world of passionate feeling, which might long be repressed, but which sooner or later was sure to find expression in achievements and institutions that are the glory of the English race.

Notes

The following volumes will be issued next month by Stokes: "The Soul of Life; or, What Is Love?" a novel by David Lisle, and "Royal Auction Bridge with Nullos," by R. F. Foster.

Rand, McNally & Co., of Chicago, have brought out among their Christmas books this year a selection of "Grimms' Fairy Tales," with attractive illustrations by Hope Dunlap.

Two books promised this season by George W. Jacobs & Co. are Prof. Frederick A. Ogg's "Life of Daniel Webster" and Thomas Martindale's "Hunting in the Upper Yukon."

Chatto & Windus announce a limited edition of Boccaccio's "Olympia"—the Latin text with a modern rendering by Prof. I. Gollancz—in commemoration of the six hundredth anniversary of the poet's birth. "Olympia," it will be recalled, is Boccaccio's lament over the death of his little daughter, Violante; it suggests the contemporary English "Pearl," of which it has sometimes been said to be the source.

The one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation of Brown University will be celebrated in the week beginning Sunday, October 11, 1914. The historical address will be delivered by the Hon. Charles E. Hughes.

A valuable summary of facts throwing light on the commercial possibilities of South America is given by W. S. Tower, of the University of Chicago, in the December *Bulletin* of the American Geographical Society. The population, productive areas, the transportation facilities, and the relations with other countries are considered as the principal factors. The opening of the Panama Canal, he believes, will weaken the hold of New York on South American trade. It now has more than two-thirds of the total receipts and nearly seven-eighths of the total shipments.

A late addition, but a very pleasant one, to the holiday books of the season, is an edition of E. V. Lucas's "Open Road" (Holt), with illustrations in color by Claude A. Shepperson. Of all the anthologies Mr. Lucas has made this "book for wayfarers" is, perhaps, the most delightful, and for those who follow the road in the comfort of their library chair this larger form of the book is thoroughly appropriate.

Dutton has reissued "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft," by George Gissing, which were first published in 1903. Gissing pretended here to be merely the literary executor of a late friend, who, af-

ter many years, spent largely as a hack writer, had inherited a competence, retired to the country, and jotted down the impressions which form the present volume. But it is known that the book, in no small measure, embodies Gissing's own experiences. Those who enjoy the quasi-philosophical essay in which nature is used for background will be glad to know that new editions of this exquisite book are still called for.

The reader to whom falls, in the course of his year's work, the reading of many new books, is now and then refreshed by coming upon a book written from the shoulder or from the heart, and declining to range itself in any of the familiar categories. Such, in an unpretentious way, is "The Mulberry Tree" (Dodd, Mead), by Winifred James. It is neither a book of travel nor a collection of familiar essays, but rather a miscellany written apropos of a nine months' voyage to, and sojourn in, the West Indies. The title derives from a fallen tree on which, as a child, the author first adventured in fancy upon the world's highway. She does not profess to have seen anything in Jamaica or Haiti or Panama that anybody with ordinary eyes and intelligence might not have seen, nor has she attempted to "do" those places in the tourist sense. For the tourist, especially the American tourist, she has a horror; and her description of a party taking possession of Jamaica from a New York boat is characteristic:

> Old, young, lean, fat, trim, dowdy; assured slips of girls who sauntered about as if they held the bag that held the universe; corsetted mammas, all shoulders and bust and no hips, sitting their chairs like the little short-legged, painted figures that drove the toy tin carts of childhood, and looking on with the sharp, alert gaze of watching birds. Cynical children with long legs and short socks who seemed to be stoically putting up with things; way-back fathers who came out of their fastnesses with a full purse, a great bewilderment, and a full determination to pay no more for anything than it was worth and not knowing in the least what it *was* worth. Young men with padded shoulders, enormous trousers, and bulgy-toed shoes tied with sash ribbons; spinsters out in their middle age to know the world; all, except the cynical children, sworn as one man to see the most that could be seen and do the most that could be done in the time, all looking out for information with the same intentness as lizards look for flies, all with the same awful intelligence and the same nerve-destroying voices. To hear 468 American tourists talking together is like sitting out in the sun with your eyelids cut off. I know, because, although I have never sat out in the sun with my eyelids cut off, I have listened to 468 American tourists talking.

Let us hasten to say that this observation was taken on our traveller's first day in Jamaica, and that during the months that follow the persons of whom she speaks most warmly are the Americans who, in all places and seasons, have risen to prove themselves serviceable as friends and delightful as companions. The villain of the book, if there is one, is a lone Englishman, who, intrenched behind his nervous self-esteem, and his copy of the *Times*, darts fierce glances at a world which always threatens to intrude.

"The Man with the Iron Hand" (Houghton Mifflin), by John Carl Parish, is the first of a series of "True Tales of the Great Valley," to be drawn in substance from the immense store of narrative left by the early French explorers of the Mississippi Valley and put into accessible form in recent years by the editors of "The Jesuit Relations." Dr. Benjamin F. Shambaugh is the general editor. The hero of the initial volume is Henry de Tonty, who was for a time the follower and friend of La Salle, and remained on the frontier in close relations with the natives long after his more famous leader's death. We call him the *hero*, but right here a difficulty inherent in the plan of the series makes itself manifest. Though the aim is to write history and not fiction, the form of title chosen is sure to whet the youthful appetite for a well-connected tale of stirring adventure, with De Tonty steadily in view as the chief figure. But the documents do not tell the story in quite that way, and a certain feeling of disappointment is almost inevitable.

In "The Spirit of Paris" (Macmillan) Frankfort Sommerville contrives to impart not a little charm and freshness to a well-worn theme. Possibly his assertion that the series of sketches forming the volume are written "in the French style" might be questioned, but at least they are not written in the painfully familiar style of the American who has spent some time abroad and returns burning with the desire to immortalize his impressions in print. Mr. Sommerville's concern is not with the monuments, but with the life of Paris, and he has caught and is able to convey something of the lightness and verve that give a zest to existence there. His talk is of Parisian men and women, of the café, the theatre, the first nights, the *midinettes*, the fashionable dressmakers, the artists and their models. Some of the sketches read like fiction, notably the account of the artist who paints nothing but Salomes and the very charming little vignette entitled Arlette's Second Life; but the author informs us that they are all real studies from life. It is unfortunate that the publisher has not seen fit to make the binding and paper of the volume equal in merit either to the author's text or to the twenty attractive illustrations in color done by half a dozen French artists.

Mr. Robert J. Shores displays his diverting sense of incongruity by entitling his volume of essays "New Brooms" (Bobbs-Merrill). "New brooms sweep clean," we learn in childhood, but our author would smile enigmatically at the mere suggestion of thoroughness. He is irresponsibly discursive and whimsically entertaining in his remarks. He is all men. Now he is a philosophical cook who writes to the "Editor of the *Idler*" on the true value of cooks and other unallied topics; now he is Percival Pigeonbreast, a hotel "sponge," who illuminates the Editor on the usefulness of that apparently undignified avocation. Indeed, one would rather like to be the Editor of the *Idler* if he receives other letters as quaintly perverse in their points of view as the twenty-nine here printed. They cover a wide range of interests in our metropolitan life, from "Is Chesterton a Man Alive?" to theatre programmes in "On a Certain Condescension in Fashion Writers," or such general matters, always treated in a strictly personal way, as "The Abuses of Adversity." The essays are very unequal in their cleverness, but a fair notion of the far from Johnsonian style of this most recent of Idlers may be gained from a passage in "Sartor Psychology" on prison reform:

> Though it will be a great step forward to dress these convicts like decent citizens, yet this is hardly enough. There must be a corresponding reform in their occupations and employments. There is certainly something incongruous in the thought of a man clad in a frock coat and a silk hat breaking stones with a hammer. Such a thing must appear bizarre even to the dullest of these unfortunates. To keep them at such labor would seem as if we were making sport of them. It would therefore be advisable to devise for each inmate of our prisons some employment which will be in keeping with his clothes and, at the same time, congenial and respectable. Here is a man, let us say, who has been convicted of larceny. We will make a promoter of him. Here is another who has been sentenced for gambling. He would make a good broker.

Some of the best essays in English on the principles and purposes of education are found in "Essays for College Men" (Holt), chosen by Norman Foerster, Frederick A. Manchester, and Karl Young, of the University of Wisconsin. The first is President Wilson's Phi Beta Kappa address at Harvard on "The Spirit of Learning," a plea for the reorganization of college life so as to give scholastic and intellectual pursuits a larger opportunity in the social life of the institution. This is followed by President Meiklejohn's inaugural address, which is increasingly recognized as one of the ablest defences of humane studies and the cultural college. Catholic toleration is exhibited in the selection of the other twelve essays in the volume. There are several chapters from Newman's "Idea of a University," some of the famous deliverances of Huxley on scientific education, Matthew Arnold's American lecture on "Science and Literature," and addresses by Tyndall, John Caird, and Frederic Harrison. Such a collection may be found useful, both in courses in college English and in the study of educational principles.

In "Holland of the Dutch" (Scribner) Demetrius C. Boulger furnishes a good deal of information useful to the general reader, rather than specially to the tourist. For the book is not a guide or a volume of impressions. He attempts to set forth in business-like fashion the facts of Holland's principal activities—her commerce, law, education, army and navy, her colonial empire, agriculture, art, and literature. To the accounts of these is prefixed a brief historical introduction, and there are chapters on customs and amusements. Statistics constitute no small portion of the book and are so arranged as not to be dull. It will surprise many a reader to whom the struggle with Spain is the outstanding fact of Dutch history, to read that nearly two-thirds of the present population are Catholics; but few who know a Dutch landscape will doubt that the country possesses above a million milch cows. We suppose that the author went directly to Government reports for his figures and that they are to be trusted. Yet the very limited knowledge of the language which he frequently reveals makes one uneasy as to his accuracy, and in certain instances it appears that he must have relied on French sources. So he writes

"Mooi Holiande" and gives Gallic forms of some of Vondel's characters. If "slius," p. 54, may bo regarded as a misprint for *stuis*, other errors leave one less charitable. In speaking of Marken, that now tourist-infested and spoiled island, Mr. Boulger says that foreign visitors sometimes go there "because it is one of 'the dead cities of the Zuider Zee,' but the islanders give them no encouragement to come again." To speak thus of Marken and to pass by unnoticed that shrine of artists, Volendam, argues nothing short of gross ignorance.

Unusually broad-minded in its view of many so-called "heathen" customs is W. Barbrooke Grubb's "A Church in the Wilds" (Dutton). It is a story of years of labor in the establishment of a Church-of-England mission among the savage Indians of the Paraguayan Chaco. The same author published in 1911 an account of the life and the customs of the Lengua Indians of Paraguay under the title "An Unknown People in an Unknown Land." While his former book will always be more popular than the present volume, to the student of the problems of race development both are significant. Owing to his philosophical temperament and to his intimate acquaintance with many tribes of Indians in their wildest state, Mr. Grubb's observations are always valuable. It is characteristic of the author and refreshing to the reader to find a missionary arguing in favor of allowing the Indians to dress as their ancestors dressed. Had more missionaries done this, there would be less chance for the ravages of white men's measles and other diseases to be laid at the door of the enforced adoption of "civilized" dress. A score of unusual and very interesting pictures and the chapter on folk-lore give the volume a stronger appeal for the anthropologist than missionary works usually have.

At the same time, Mr. Grubb's book may be highly recommended to those who have taken any interest in the subject of Protestant missions in Latin-America. Frequent criticism is made of the policy of maintaining proselyting Protestants in the cities of South America which are already under the powerful influence of the Catholic Church. No such question arises in the Chaco. The Catholic Church, since the expulsion of the Jesuits in the latter part of the eighteenth century, has undoubtedly neglected its duties towards the savage tribes of this region. Mr. Grubb has worked there in the same self-denying spirit of the early Jesuit pioneers, who thought nothing of living lonesome lives among the wildest Indians. His story sets forth in plain, simple language, unbiassed by sect or dogma, the results of one of the most striking pioneer missionary enterprises of modern times. The modesty of the man who has faced death in numberless ways during a considerable part of his life is strikingly brought out in the following paragraph:

> Nothing of note occurred during these three months, with the exception of an attempt to poison me, and the stealing of my food by Thlamosâmap, who laid the blame on a dog, and was promptly accused by his own son of being himself the culprit. But the burning of my hut, together with all my belongings, caused me the most inconvenience, for I was reduced to the unpleasant necessity of dressing in simple Indian garb for over a month, which won me the name of "Tâthnawn-lamum" ("The man who looked well, decked with beads")—a name which I still bear in that district.

Theodore Winthrop's "The Canoe and the Saddle" has been reissued in handsome gift-book form, with splendid colored plates, by John H. Williams, Tacoma, Wash. A likeness of Winthrop has been taken from a photograph of the time, and the familiar one, hitherto given by other publishers in a fine engraving, is presented in a poor line-cut. The work was first published in Boston in 1862. It is an interesting record of travel in California and in Oregon and Washington in 1853-4. We find in its pages humorous and sympathetic descriptions of the Indians, incidents of the woods and river, anecdotes of following a dim trail through the dense forest, sketches of uplands and valleys, and one superb glimpse of the white peak of Tacoma mounting above green trees.

In regard to Winthrop Mr. Williams has added little that is new except for "a number of passages and, indeed, several brief letters," which were omitted both by George William Curtis in 1862 and by Mrs. Johnson in 1884. Yet he has connected Winthrop's narrative with authentic history of the regions traversed and has scattered through the book, in footnotes and in illustrations not formerly used in this connection, many interesting cross-references. Indeed, we wish that some one would do for Winthrop's Panama records of 1852-3 what Mr. Williams has done here.

But Mr. Williams's edition is often careless in matters of detail. He states that he has followed the "original text," when as a matter of fact he has followed Curtis's editing. Why, for example, does he not say "flirted with the buxom thirteenth of a Boss Mormon" in the closing passage, instead of using the emendation of "chatted," which we have seen pencilled on the original manuscript, in a hand other than Winthrop's—probably Curtis's? In some places, following Curtis, he has cut or omitted whole passages. We could find other faults. He refers only once to Winthrop's celebrated novel "Cecil Dreeme," and then he spells it "Cecil Dreame" (p. xxv). He says he is informed (p. xxvi) that Curtis did not know Winthrop to be an author when he wrote the sketch of his life, in spite of indisputable opposite evidence in the sketch itself, which appeared August, 1861, and in spite of the earlier appearance in June and July of other military sketches. And the present reviewer has seen a manuscript letter from Curtis to C. E. Norton, July 3, 1861, which proves the contrary to Mr. Williams's assumption. An editor should seek corroboration before publishing. It was not, as Mr. Williams says (p. xxvi), the "closing incident" of "John Brent" which is supposed to have prevented earlier publication of that novel, but the incident of the death of Don Fulano, suggestive of anti-slavery idealism and showing the rescue of a "fugitive slave." The route indicated on the map (p. 228) is not well explained, and the authority for the picture of the "Duke of York" (p. 9) is not given at all. Nor do we like his reference to the "large circulation" of "The Canoe and Saddle" (p. 315), which except for "Life in the Open Air" was far and away the poorest seller of all Winthrop's books.

In "Chapters at the English Lakes" (Macmillan) Canon H. D. Rawnsley adds one more volume to his studies of that charming region. The present collection is of more than usual variety. Some chapters are brief renderings of the author's personal impressions of the district in cherry time or during the skating season. Others are accounts of battles fought and won to preserve some ancient remains. Three give us archæological lore, one paper even venturing back into the dim æons of geologic change, but always addressing the public of literary rather than scientific pretensions. Four of the chapters deal exclusively with the literary associations. The ones on John Wordsworth and Coleridge are carefully worked out from diaries, letters, and poetical references. The two on Charles Dickens are much more gossipy, one of them dealing more extensively with Angus Fletcher, who at various times acted as cicerone for Dickens, than with the exuberant novelist himself. For one who wishes to spend several weeks in the Lake District the little volume would be a very pleasant companion or propædeutic.

The recent Book of the Boone and Crockett Club contains more than its title, "Hunting at High Altitudes" (Harper), would indicate, since it comes down to sea level in an interesting chapter on the Elephant Seal of Guadalupe Island, and still other portions are not concerned at all with the question of elevation. The body of the book is a collection of papers which might well be styled Memoirs of the Boone and Crockett Club, nearly 250 pages dealing with the bear-hunting experiences of the well-known ex-Confederate Colonel, William D. Pickett, on the headwaters of the Missouri, from 1876 to 1883. In much shorter chapters Daniel M. Barringer tells of three days' hunting in "the Old Rockies," and George L. Harrison, jr., of ibex shooting in the Thian Shan Mountains. The remainder of the book is rather miscellaneous, but of interest for its exposition of the really notable services of the Club not merely to the cause of the preservation of game animals and birds, but to the cause of "conservation" in its broadest sense. The moving spirits in the formation of the Club were for the most part men already interested in the finding of means to check the reckless destruction in progress, and the Club proved the agency required to combine their efforts and push them to the point of protective legislation, with machinery for its enforcement. It is worthy of note that Alden Sampson, whose vigorous protests against the Hetch-Hetchy bill are well known, was at one time secretary of this Club. Its influence was strong, if not indeed decisive, in procuring the legislation necessary to rescue the Yellowstone National Park from the schemes of exploitation which had threatened it for ten or fifteen years after its establishment. The Club was also active in the establishment of our forest reserve system and in promoting the idea of "game refuges," such as have been established in various States. From its action also originated the New York Zoölogical Society, through the efforts of which the Bronx Zoölogical Park was instituted, and which was entrusted with the management of the New York Aquarium in 1902. The chapter which relates these and similar services of the Club has been print-

ed before, in separate form, but has had no wide circulation and is well included here. Readers who know the facts will readily excuse Mr. George Bird Grinnell, the chairman of the Club's Editorial Committee and editor of the present volume, for the pride with which he refers to its aid in the passage of the bill placing migratory birds under the care of the Federal Government, a measure originating with one of its most prominent members, the Hon. George Shiras.

In literature Mme. Récamier continues to exercise the perennial fascination which was hers in life. The unique quality of the recently translated study ("A Great Coquette"; Brentano's) lies in the fact that the charm seems to have aroused a violent negative reaction in the temperament of her latest biographer, M. Joseph Turquan. Good men, and men personally disinterested (Michelet among others), have before now questioned the absolute spotlessness of this angel and "saint" of the Abbaye-aux-Bois. The reviewer confesses that to him there has always been something cloying about her excessive affectation of the color of lilies. It suggests the vulgarity of that English princess who was so solicitous that others should call her the Virgin Queen. M. Turquan, however, as if he had himself been foiled, with the ill-concealed malice of one who, even against his will, must vent his *dépit amoureux* writes, not so much about, as against her who was so strangely fond of men of letters if not of literature. Indeed, M. Turquan would even deny that she was fond of men of letters; he would have it that she merely allowed, or, rather, invited, men of letters to become fond of her. It pleases him to emphasize the scandalous story which others have only hinted at, to the effect that Récamier was not her husband but her father. He insists upon what has always been known, that she was of plebeian origin, and likes to taunt her with the fact that she had not spent her youth, as a *grande dame* should have done,

A regarder entrer et sortir les duchesses.

It is a mistake to believe that it was Mme. Récamier who reigned supreme in her salon; it was Ennui. That salon was half cathedral, half mortuary; there J.-J. Ampère became mummified, and the whole secret of its unique distinction lies in this, that nowhere have people ever taken so much pleasure in allowing themselves to be bored. This thesis is very well presented by one who has an unusually wide anecdotal experience of her time and who in practice at least accepts that old definition that history is organized gossip. In spite of the author's plausibility we must still ask why should she have been able to pervert, nay, even completely invert, human nature? The expense of spirit is here wasted, and M. Turquan plainly overdoes. One may be a very honest woman, if we dare modify Molière, and not make people enjoy being bored. This is a far more difficult art than living blamelessly or loving literature with an undying passion. The judicious must still believe, therefore, that she, who, when her youth already lay behind her, could for thirty years amuse the "unamusable" Chateaubriand and captivate the unwilling and so wary Sainte-Beuve, must have possessed other titles to distinction than an unusual command of the insipid language of flattery, the memory of a pretty face and figure, and an uncommon intellectual shallowness. To make so sweeping a condemnation of Mme. Récamier amounts to denying taste to the French literary world of the Restoration and the July Monarchy. But if M. Turquan's presentation is altogether one-sided, it is none the less interesting. He gives us what will perhaps be the last first-hand gleanings from oral tradition about an important figure in French social and literary history. It is to be regretted, therefore, that so catchpenny a title should have been given the book, and that the publishers should have allowed it to be translated by one who, among other gross ineptitudes, can bestow upon the gentle heroine "the smile of command" (*sourire de commande*).

The fourth volume of "The Legends of the Jews," by Prof. L. Ginzberg, has been issued by the Jewish Publication Society of America. As previously pointed out, this series of volumes collects, for the first time on so extensive a scale, all the Jewish legends about Bible characters, not alone from rabbinical works, but from Hellenistic literature and even from the Church Fathers. Professor Ginzberg refers for his notes and references to the forthcoming final fifth volume, till the appearance of which it would be impossible to appraise his contribution critically. But even as it is, his control of his sources, the ingenuity with which he has dovetailed together the various versions of the legends, and the wide extent of his researches are sufficiently evident. The present volume deals with the Biblical characters outside the Pentateuch. It is characteristic of Jewish reverence for the Law that, while it took the three preceding volumes to cover the legends relating to the patriarchs and the other heroes of the five books of Moses, only this one volume was found necessary for the characters of the rest of the Old Testament. Among these, Joshua, David, Solomon, and Elijah stand out most prominently and are each the subject of a separate chapter. Solomon becomes a Haroun Alraschid in Jewish legend, and the few verses which relate to his *rencontre* with the Queen of Sheba are expanded into a whole series of adventures. Elijah, too, becomes a popular hero in later Jewish thought, especially as the forerunner of the Messiah. The last chapter deals with Esther, around whom the folk-fancy of the Jews has lingered with special luxuriance, the only dramatic entertainment arising independently among them in the late Middle Ages being connected with her name. Dr. Ginzberg's learned work is an important contribution to the study of the Haggadah, or legendary development of the Biblical narratives among the Jews, and, when completed with the necessary apparatus, will form a valuable source for the development of the interpretation of the Bible by the people among whom it took rise. Incidentally, it may be added, it is excellent reading and would doubtless serve as seasoning for sermons both among Jewish and Christian clergymen.

At the end of this year will be published in Paris a volume entitled "Mélanges Bémont," in commemoration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of Professor Bémont's career as a university teacher. The contents will be entirely the work of his former students of the Ecole des Hautes-Etudes, at the Sorbonne, and will have to do with the history of England, whose politics and institutions have long been M. Bémont's specialty. Among these papers is the hitherto unpublished Journal of the siege of Louisburg in 1758, found in the archives of the French Colonial Office by the talented specialist on French colonial subjects, M. Léon Jacob, who holds degrees in letters and law from the University of Paris and a diploma for superior studies in history and geography, and who is also a laureate of the Institute. M. Jacob has published several monographs, one of them being a study of the effect of the Panama Canal on the French colonies. His Bémont contribution consists of some fifty folio sheets of manuscript and is unsigned. But the context shows that the author was an officer of the little French garrison at Louisburg. It forms part of the collection of "Fortifications de l'Amérique Septentrionale," composed of documents, maps, plans, etc., relating to Louisburg, among which is another account of the siege, also unpublished, the official report of Marquis Desgouttes, who commanded the French naval forces. M. Jacob's monograph affords several curious glimpses of the military customs of those days. Thus on June 17 we are informed that "the general commanding the enemy sends the wife of our Governor a present of two pineapples," and we learn the next day that "Mme. de Drucour responds to the gift of the English general by sending him a French officer with some bottles of Bourgogne." But under the same date appears this line: "The English have captured one of our frigates and have sailed it by us so that we can see it." On July 6 the English Admiral proposes to the French Governor that he shall choose in an out-of-the-way corner of the town a refuge for "the ladies," which he promises "shall be specially respected." And the chronicler makes this very just comment: "It is impossible to conduct war on either side in a more courteous fashion."

Dr. James MacAlister, for twenty-two years president of the Drexel Institute in Philadelphia, died at sea on Thursday on the steamship Caribbean, bound from New York to Bermuda. He was born in Glasgow, Scotland, in 1840, and ten years later came to the United States. After graduating from Brown University he attained prominence as a superintendent of education, both in the West and East. He was the author of several books on educational topics, among them "Manual of Instruction in United States History and Civil Government," "Manual Training in the Public Schools of Philadelphia," "Art Education in the Public Schools," and "Manual of Primary Instruction."

Science

The Putnams, as American agents of the Cambridge University Press, will soon put forth two new series of scientific books; the first will include works coming within the field of psychology, and will be edited by Dr. C. S. Myers; the other, under the general editorship of P. Abbott, will be a

technical series dealing with applied science.

Bird-Lore for November-December contains, in addition to articles upon different birds and field notes, the annual reports of the Audubon Societies and field agents. From these reports two facts stand out prominently. The one is that the year is memorable for the passage of the most important and far-reaching measures for the conservation of bird-life that have ever been enacted. The great and widespread influence exerted through the introduction of bird-study in the schools is the other; 53,157 children have been enrolled in the Junior Audubon Classes during the present year.

There is only one blemish in F. W. Oliver's "Makers of British Botany" (Putnam), namely, the portrait of Sir Joseph Hooker, which is given on an absurdly large scale. The portrait could have been reduced to the same scale as the others in the volume, much to its advantage and to the general attractiveness of the work. The treatise comprises a set of lectures upon British botanists, prepared with care and with a good sense of proportion by experts in the different portions of the field of botany. To these formal lectures the editor has added a few other communications of an equally high character, and thus the whole ground is well covered. The general result is impressive. It compels those who have regarded the work done in the schools of the Continent as alone worthy of citation, to revise their opinions. Every student who has carefully examined the recent advance in British botany will be glad to have these records of the earlier triumphs in form so convenient and authoritative.

An attractive little volume, entitled "The Airman" (Lane), by Capt. C. Mellor, R.E., should prove of more than usual interest to those who follow the progress of aeronautics. The author is an English army officer, who, while on leave of absence from his foreign command, obtained at the school of the Farman brothers at Etampes an ordinary *brevet*. This amounts to little more than a certificate (obtainable in from three to four days to as many weeks, according to the weather) to the effect that the holder is duly qualified to continue his more serious training as a pilot. The *brevet* is not given, however, until the pupil, unassisted, is capable of manipulating his machine in flight, of describing a series of figures of eight, and of attaining an altitude of at least fifty metres. But to obtain the much-coveted *brevet militaire* a difficult series of practical and theoretical tests is prescribed requiring service of several months in the French army. The experiences of Capt. Mellor, now thrilling, now dull, were recorded from day to day during his stay of four weeks at Etampes. His book is written in the form of a private diary, in which are combined frankness and impulsive narrative; the following description of his first flight is typical:

> The Maurice [the type of machine in which he learned to fly] is provided with a double control, which permits the pupil to grasp a pair of handles on the control bar by putting his arms under those of the pilot from behind. There is also a second pair of footrests working the rudders. I am not permitted on this occasion, however, to touch the controls. I am merely to watch the pilot and see what it feels like. Well, off we go—straight into the wind. We run more and more smoothly, and I am uncertain as to when we leave the ground. We skim along near the ground, rising very gently. Suddenly we shoot up a steep hill in the air. I wonder if it is all right—we seem to be climbing so rapidly. Then we flatten out and go horizontally for a hundred yards or so; then another shoot up, and another later on, which makes one's heart jump into one's mouth. The rush and press of air are terrific. My chest seems to be getting stayed in and my ribs feel inclined to give way. I have difficulty in exhaling. The smallest opening of the nasal valve seems to give too much air. My blood rapidly becomes super-oxygenated, and I experience a feeling of exhilaration.

The writer does not subscribe to the popular belief that aviation is "flying in the face of Providence," and contends that its dangers are considerably less than those of mountain climbing. The volume contains a brief introduction by Maurice Farman, a few well-chosen illustrations, and an appendix in which are given the rules governing the granting of various certificates in aviation, including those of the Royal Aero Club Special, and the French *brevet militaire*.

Prof. Alfred George Compton, formerly head of the department of physics at the College of the City of New York, died Friday, in his seventy-eighth year; he was born in London, England. He entered the City College in 1849, the year it was founded, and immediately after graduation became a teacher in this institution, remaining from that time on its faculty until his retirement in 1911. Professor Compton was the author of "First Lessons in Metal-Working," "The Speed-Lathe," and "A Manual of Logarithmic Computations."

Drama

THE STAGE VS. THE DRAMA.

The feud between playwright and theatre manager is of long standing, and perhaps eternal. Shakespeare, who was both dramatist and manager, in the famous prologue to "Henry V" affirms vigorously the inadequacy of the stage, and inferentially the superiority of the play:

> Can this cockpit hold
> The vasty fields of France? or may we cram
> Within this wooden O the very casques
> That did affright the air at Agincourt?

This subordination of stage effect to the recitation of the lines has prevailed until recent times. Unquestionably, texts have always been handled cavalierly to suit the whim of managers or the capacities of players, but until the breaking up of the stock companies about a generation ago the play got at least equal consideration with the individual actor and the staging. Where the stock company survives, respect for the play still is found. At the Odéon I have frequently heard in not too long an evening two comedies and a tragedy. Such a feat was possible because the waits averaged two minutes. Naturally, the scenery and properties were of the simplest—just enough to indicate the place and to dispatch the business. What counted was the sharp rendition of Molière's action and dialogue and the eloquent declamation of Corneille's sonorous vèrses.

In such a theatre one breathes the air of the golden age of the European drama; but such theatres to-day are mere survivals, supported not by popular favor, but by state or private subsidies. The modern theatrical trend is distinctly anti-dramatic, an exaltation of the stage as such against the play. Hence Huntly Carter's book,* "The New Spirit in Drama and Art," is misnamed. Drama barely appears in his survey. He does, however, give a comprehensive account of the modern theatrical ferment as it may be observed in London, Paris, Berlin, and Leipzig, and perhaps more significantly at Vienna, Budapest, and Moscow. In all he describes the activities of nearly a score of art theatres. As a chronicler he is enthusiastic and eminently uncritical. Whatever is new and sufficiently odd attracts him; he labors under the prevailing delusion that the arts must evolve. This biological analogy will hold when two plays or pictures unite to form a younger artistic unit, not sooner. However, Mr. Carter provides a sufficiently vivid and accurate résumé of the uneasiness and striving for novelty that shows itself to-day wherever the art of the theatre is taken seriously. It will be my task to seek the common spirit that underlies these apparently diverse endeavors.

I.

In shortest words, the new theatrical tendency is almost exclusively scenic, and generally anti-dramatic. Its most significant and most successful achievement is the revival of the dance, not as an incidental *divertissement* to the play, but as the play itself. The world-wide vogue of the admirable Russian dancers, the acclaim of Professor Reinhardt's pantomimes, are capital instances in point. The sudden popularity of the one-act piece is another indication of restlessness and of discontent with the traditional forms of the drama. Moreover, in its more significant phases the scenic movement is resolutely anti-realistic, here agreeing with the parallel drift in painting and sculpture, and here once more parting company with both the contemporary and the classic drama. Before following these several lines of interpretation and considering the value of the new solutions, it may be well to inquire how the drama was deposed.

On the one hand, the drama was smothered by elaborateness in stage setting, with the exaggeration of the star as a contributory cause; on the other,

**The New Spirit in Drama and Art.* By Huntly Carter. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. In quarto, fully illustrated.

by the narrowing of the drama as literature implied in modern ideas of the right construction of a play. Whether or not the opera inherited its ornate furnishing from the court masque, is a matter of antiquarian curiosity. In any case, it was apparently the opera that early in the last century forced upon the theatre the most cumbersome scenery and accessories. Wagner is the central figure of the movement, but before his time the tendency was pronounced. In 1835 Eugène Delacroix admired the "magnificent moonlight" in Bellini's "I Puritani," and took the pains to note the pictorial method at length in his journal. Wagner naturally marked the high point in scenic elaborateness and realism. He has not really been surpassed. His perspective audacities in "The Flying Dutchman" and "Lohengrin"; his forests, caverns, and celestial bridges in the "Ring," his interiors as in the Wartburg of "Tannhäuser," his public squares in "The Meistersinger," have tyrannized the imagination of managers for two generations. In England Irving added to the tendency a somewhat pedantic and archæological exactitude, in which Sir Herbert Tree has loyally continued. In America Augustin Daly contributed the coquetry of a collector, setting his scenes when possible with properties of the period represented. Sardou made the spectacular piece international. So was lovingly but ignorantly wrought the gorgeous funeral pall of the drama. Scenic profusion became a substitute for well-balanced companies. Besides, where many intervals of nearly half an hour were involved, a great play simply could not be run off with that continuity which is of the essence of every artistic effect. Imagine a symphony of Beethoven with long intervals between the movements! To restore continuity, the circular stage has been contrived, but the true remedy is at once simpler and more drastic. What we need is not elaborate settings more swiftly changed, but simpler settings and fewer. Thus Professor Reinhardt's sumptuous pantomimes are not in the direction of reform, but of reaction. They have meaning chiefly as the last logical step along scenic and realistic lines. He has perceived that a spectacle of sufficient ornateness and dramatic tension requires no lines. The moving-picture theatre is repeating the demonstration with world-wide and impressive success.

To say that the drama has suffered from the logical over-sharpening of its own ideals is at first sight a paradox. Yet I believe that one might pretty definitely date the decline of the drama both as literature and as theatrical value from Eugène Scribe's famous doctrine of the *pièce bien faite*. It is about eighty years since he threw off the phrase which has affected all modern dramaturgy. The well-made play must have a closely knit and logical action with utmost economy of dialogue. Naturally all digressions, including all incidental poetry, are forbidden. The soliloquy becomes an anachronism. Everything must move swiftly to a satisfactory climax with the logical *dénouement* hard on its heels. No principle of relief or variety is tolerated. Dramaturgy becomes a form of dialectic. Powerfully reinforced by the mature work of Ibsen, the theory of the well-made play has been exemplified inexorably by Hervieu and Becque in France and by Pinero in England.

The doctrine has produced some excellent plays. Its weakness is that it proclaims all the acknowledged masterpieces of the acting drama to be ill-made. Under the strict rule, Molière, a constructor of the neat sort, would come off hardly better than the notoriously loose-jointed Shakespeare. A graver defect of the theory was that the well-made play turned out to be sadly epbemeral. Some thousands of *pièces bien faites* have had their day, but after eighty years there cannot be said to exist a modern repertory. Clearly the difficulty is that the well-made play is made well in respect only of a particular moment and a peculiar audience. Times change and with them audiences, and the well-made play of to-day, with its precise adjustments to our present sensibilities and prejudices, is likely to seem merely old-fashioned to our wiser sons and daughters. Possibly, what Scribe regarded as poetical surplusage and lumber was, after all, the unconscious appeal of the playwright from a particular audience to posterity, a denial of that relativity within which great drama has ever been reluctant to confine itself. Here I am not raising the vexed question of the literary drama. It is important for the well-being of the theatre not that plays should be masterpieces of literature, but merely that they should last long enough to provide a standard repertory and withal a sound tradition of acting and setting. But the well-made play has signally failed to do this, and therein its bankruptcy is revealed. Between the smothering of the play under scenery and the reduction of dialogue to explosive ejaculation, between the star and the long run, opportunities for education in acting have been curtailed, tolerable declamation has become exceptional, personal charm or beauty has made theatric intelligence superfluous.

II.

All remedies for the evils described above may be comprised in two main categories: first, simplification of the setting and rejection of bad theatrical conventions; secondly, the reform of the star system through a potent and enlightened stage-managership. Both remedies look towards the reform of what we may call the stage picture. Simplification has taken two roads: one somewhat archæological, as in the revivals of Mr. Benson and Ben Greet, another quite abstract and modern, as in Gordon Craig's recent settings and in the representations of the Künstlertheater at Munich. In most cases, significantly, the point of departure has been Shakespeare. So it may be well by a brief comparison between the Elizabethan and the modern stage to suggest what the problem of the stage picture is.

The stage of Shakespeare presented no picture in the modern sense. Shakespeare's despairingly humorous choruses for "Henry V" show plainly that the only possible and tolerable picture must be evoked by his lines in the imagination of the audience. His stage projected several feet into the pit, so that most of the time the actors were among the audience. No illusion of setting was possible. The actor was deprived of glamour and driven back upon the elemental devices of expressive action and fine declamation. Behind the stage was a narrower portico with a curtained door. Indeed, it is probable, though not certain, that the entire portico could at need be curtained off. Above the portico was a practicable gallery. With this meagre and fixed setting all places of a Shakespearean play could, with a little good will on the part of the audience, be sufficiently suggested. The projecting fore-stage was any large public place. Let us say, indifferently, a square in Verona, the ballroom of the Capulets, a street and a churchyard in Verona, a street in Mantua. The space under the gallery was at will a room in the Capulet palace and Juliet's chamber. The central curtained door admitted, according to circumstances, to Friar Laurence's cell, or to the tomb of the Capulets. The gallery was, of course, Juliet's balcony. All that the dramatist required was an indication that the place was large or small, indoors or out, on the ground level or high. When ambiguity arose, as it did but rarely, the lines set the audience right. Only the indispensable properties were used, and these had to be carried on and off in view of the audience. This still is occasionally done in the classic French theatre without giving offence. The actors had, with trifling exceptions, to come on and go off without the aid of the curtain. So cruel a condition must have made for a stately and commanding port. In résumé, there were no stage pictures in the sense of illusionary inscenation, either of particular plays or particular acts or scenes of any play. Or better, the actors were like statues set on a broad base before a fixed and impressive architectural background. The conditions were not unlike those prevailing in the Greek theatre and the requirements upon the actor were sim-

ilar. It was a sculptural, not a pictorial, arrangement.

If the Elizabethan stage was sculptural, the modern stage is at least in intention pictorial. The proscenium arch constitutes a definite boundary or frame, within which the picture is composed. The lighting from the front gives brilliancy to the picture. By drops and flats any setting can be simulated. A well-painted back, such as Mr. Belasco presented in the last act of "The Girl of the Golden West," may open up miles of land and sky. Modern illuminants make it possible to reproduce the most fugitive and poetic phases of lunar or solar light. Mr. Daly provided in "The Midsummer Night's Dream" a moonlight that holds its glamour after nearly thirty years. On penalty of long waits, to be sure, properties can be multiplied *ad libitum*, mechanical devices of all sorts make the ghost an horrific plausibility and permit the bodily presence of the chariot race. A whole range of incidents that a Shakespeare could only describe may safely be put on in any country theatre. In fact, the pictorial apparatus of the modern stage seems absolutely perfect, and yet all the more enlightened managers are bothering about the stage picture. What is the difficulty? Simply that the actor cannot effectively be fitted into any pictorial scheme which requires more planes than a foreground and a remote distance. To the eye the actor diminishes inappreciably within the range of up and down stage. He belongs, and is in proper scale, only in a foreground which has no middle distance. Anywhere else he is too big for the picture. The false ingenuity of decorators multiplies flats and makes the stage a tunnel. No real effect of depth is attained. The actor merely dwarfs the scenery as he retires from the footlights. No actor can gradually approach from a distance or gradually withdraw. You may describe his going or coming, but if you present him in the flesh, the more you complicate stage perspective, and the more intermediate objects you introduce to express farness, the more you emphasize his palpable and ridiculous nearness. You cannot safely set him against any back scene supposed to be a hundred yards away. You must crowd him to the wings on penalty of his spoiling the picture. Against a very near or a very remote background you may set him with impunity. Of course, I am aware of the heroic attempts to defeat stage limitations in the ascension of the soul of the Flying Dutchman, and in the gradual coming of Lohengrin in his swan boat. But without the music both effects would be ridiculous—as theatrical effect Little Eva's apotheosis is really more tolerable—and Lohengrin's advent invariably strikes me as mildly absurd, despite the most enchanting music imaginable.

In short, the stage picture is in one plane as regards the actors, and in two at most as regards actors and scenery. Which comes to saying that the art of the stage is still not a pictorial but a sculptural art. A good deal of the recent reform of inscenation in England, Germany, and Austria has been in the way of recognizing this fact and clearing away the rubbish between the stage front and the background, with the frank perception that the actor has no abiding place in the intermediate regions. At all times the classic theatre has unconsciously obeyed this law. And some recent effective designs show a return to it. The scene already cited from "The Girl of the Golden West," and the island setting for "The Admirable Crichton," are examples. How compatible these limitations are with spacious and romantic effect, Gordon Craig's designs for Ibsen's "Vikings," or, better yet, for Laurence Housman's "Bethlehem," show convincingly.

III.

A reform which clears off the canvas and papier-maché atrocities from the stage is wholly good, yet I doubt if we have yet reached a new rule of simplicity. For an audience that really loved the drama, the sparse and austere realism of the French state theatres would serve every purpose; but the modern audience cares much for stagecraft and little for drama. No purely archæological reaction is likely to succeed. Salvation is not through abolishing the curtain and restoring the apron stage. Nor do some of the boldest new experiments seem to have the necessary universality. Gordon Craig's stage settings, based on simple geometrical repetitions, are the most worthy of attention in this class. He works with uniform series of massive rectangular columns, which may be set close or far, in pale or solid, simulating a grandiose architecture or merely forming a pattern to be artfully illuminated. The effects which he obtained upon his little model stage at Florence were delightful. They depended on right setting of the columns and upon lighting which shot the uniform pale buff of the columns with the most varied and charming complementary tones of blue or violet. Since then Mr. Craig has proved the entire practicability of what I may call the basaltic idea by thus mounting "Hamlet" at Moscow. I feel sure that he will continue to produce fine designs in this geometrical mode, as he did in his earlier mood of simplified realism. But the method seems to be too subjective for general application. It is, however, much in the air both in painting and stage setting. The Austrian and Hungarian managers work very much in Mr. Craig's fashion, but without his strenuous consistency and abstractness. The whole movement will at least impose a systematic and disciplinary principle of theatrical design.

Personally, I am surprised that the experiment has not been more frequently tried of giving the old poetical plays without specific setting. A mere back-cloth of verdure tapestry or the like has sufficed admirably for the play of "As You Like It." Other Shakespearean plays might require a few specific back-drops, the stage itself remaining frankly an architectural enclosure which becomes out-of-doors, or in, according to the clue afforded by the back-cloth. A modern audience of the sort that will go to Shakespeare at all would readily accommodate itself to such conventions. The settings should be made intrinsically handsome, but decorative rather than realistic. Once established in the classic repertory, it seems to me that the policy of a decorative simplicity would invade the modern field. Merely a reasonable economy would require the manager to use generalized decorative settings whenever he might, and specific and realistic settings only when he must. Such flexible opportunism would expedite performances and regain continuity of effect, would permit the giving of classic plays entire, would make for a freer modern dramaturgy, and relieve the pedantic oppression now imposed on the stage by the well-made play.

IV.

On theatrical reform through ideal managership, just a word. The idea of an omniscient régisseur remains permanently attractive—one who holds that unruly member, the player, in the hollow of his hand; one who is the ideal and reverential interpreter of dramatic masterpieces, the tireless overseer of the minutest details of action, declamation, lighting, decoration. Mr. Craig, who adds to the expansiveness of the creative artist much of the ruthlessness of the abstract logician, has long dallied with this notion of the ideal régisseur, eventually finding it bankrupt, for the good reason that the actual actor is often ignorant and almost always hopelessly insubordinate. There was a moment when Mr. Craig, despairing of the actor, had recourse to the puppet. The puppet is tractable, and, as for the declamatory part, any manager may hope to engage an accomplished and even docile reciter for the text. I think no one who saw the puppets in action on Mr. Craig's tiny stage found the idea ridiculous or their presence otherwise than piquant and charming. Indeed, aside from being mechanically controllable, puppets have distinct advantages over flesh-and-blood actors. All perspective illusions are possible with them. Mr. Craig could deploy an army upon a distant horizon and countermarch it in middle-distance before presenting the chieftain down stage. The whole di-

lemma of the middle-distance is readily solved by the puppet manager. I have touched on this clever experiment, first, because it reveals quite concretely the limitations of the ordinary stage picture, next because I feel that the puppet theatre contains unutilized possibilities. But despite the puppets, and their more formidable allies, the dancers, pantomimists, and figurants for the cinematograph, the theatre will be redeemed by the actor and the manager, or not at all. By a détour we are once more confronting the problem of the régisseur.

Common-sense clearly suggests that we must, while accepting broadly the conditions and limitations of stage-managership, endeavor to improve those conditions or make of those limitations sources of strength. The theatrical art necessarily deals not in absolutes and unities, but in happy compromises and approximations. Something of this relativity there is in all the arts, but it dominates peculiarly in those arts in which the creator is not sole performer and interpreter. To carry over from such unmediated arts as sculpture, painting, and poetry the requirement of a unified and absolutely original impression—to require this of such mediated arts as music and acted drama is an obvious solecism. And precisely the so-called infidelity of musician, actor, or conductor to the artist's original intention—an intention which is only matter of surmise after all—may result in illuminating the play or score from novel points of view, may legitimately enhance the masterpiece through sensitive and reverent interpretation. That the régisseur may recover power usurped by the actor, that stage-managership may increasingly assume the responsibilities of a fine art, we must devoutly hope.

V.

Reviewing broadly the new theatrical unrest, it seems valid, notwithstanding its aberrations, in its consistent antagonism to petty realism. It strikes at an admitted evil, and provides a remedy. But the final simplification of the stage is not likely to he achieved along Mr. Craig's lines of austere symbolism, nor yet by the more bizarre and decorative methods pursued in Austria-Hungary. A degree of naturalism the theatre can hardly dispense with. Excessive devotion to the dance and to pantomime are probably transient and merely incidental phases. The stage cannot long afford to repudiate or minimize the drama. On the contrary, reform is likely through a new entente between the stage and the drama. We need perhaps not exclusively the literary play, hut at least some literary plays, and, above all, liberation from the well-made piece cobbled together to match the passing whim of indolent and surfeited playgoers. Hauptmann, Rostand, Barrie, have been good risks even for modern managerdom. There is naturally money in appealing to the haser side of the playgoing puhlic; there is also money with self-respect in appealing to its better side. So far as the modern movement seeks emancipation from mere fuss and glitter, it is full of promise. It is likely to provide a stage stripped of trumpery and cleared for action. Such a stage, however, must overcome a stubborn predilection for mere gorgeousness. The brunt of the reform must he borne by a few far-seeing managers, and these must be supported by the friends of the new movement. Once tided over their beginnings, theatres thus organized should prosper. Freed from the burden of speculative salaries and costly mountings, the new-style régisseur would have distinct advantages. Very likely he would have imitators when the commercial managers realized the folly of competing with the cinematograph in naturalism, with the music hall in splendiferousness. Indeed, the present formidable rivalry of vaudeville and the moving-picture show may rather sternly direct the theatre towards its finer traditions as the very condition of survival.

F. J. M., JR.

Mr. Clayton Hamilton will hring out ln January, through Holt, hls "Studies ln Stagecraft."

Johnston Forbes-Robertson played Othello for the first time in this country in the Shubert Theatre on Monday evening and acquitted himself of that difficult task with more success, perhaps, than was generally expected. His characterization, of course, was marked by lntelligence rather than robustness. Even ln the opening scenes his Othello savored of the court rather than the camp, exhibiting a suave and courteous dignity and to Brabantio a most tender and compassionate patience. In the oratorical passages, such as the address to the Senate, he was entirely satisfactory, although even here the absence of all suggestion of martial or rugged force was felt. He was most completely satisfactory, perhaps, ln the scenes in Cyprus in the second act, when he showed picturesque qualities as the devoted lover of the fair Desdemona and as an energetic and efficient officer in time of broil and battle. His rebuke of Cassio was exceedingly effective. In the succeeding acts, as the victim of Iago's lntrlgue, he was extremely felicitous in marking the effects of the first gradual inroads of suspicion upon faith, but he falled ln giving real tragic expression to the storms of jealous rage and despair which finally possessed him. In these great crises the physical effort was morc eloquent than the emotional utterance. But the impersonation was ln many respects a remarkable one and was especially interesting ln its earliest and latest phases. Unfortunately his support was of very indifferent quality. The Iago, S. A. Cookson, in trying to be entirely natural became wholly dull and lnefficient, and Gertrude Elliott played Desdemona without sympathy or insight. The stage management was excellent, but the general standard of the acting was low.

The name of Sydney Grundy's new play, which will soon be produced in London, is "World Without End." Fred. Kerr will produce the piece and sustain one of the leading parts in it, that of a judge whose experience of life has taught him to temper justice with mercy. Among other important characters in the picture are the governor of a jail and his wife, formerly a nurse, who has left at least one momentous incident in her past unrevealed to her husband.

Alan Campbell will begin his managerial venture at the London Globe with a four-act play called "The Night Hawk," by Lechmere Worral and Bernard Merivale—the latter a nephew of the author of "All for Her" and "The White Pilgrim."

The Incorporated Stage Society, of London, starts its fifteenth season with the production of a new four-act play, entitled "Change," by J. Q. Francis, a new dramatist. To the piece was last year awarded the prize of £100 offered by Lord Howard de Walden for the best original Welsh play by a Welsh writer.

"Mr. Wu," the new play at the London Strand Theatre, appears to be a pretty highly seasoned bit of melodrama. Mr. Wu is a Kowloon Mandarin, a blend of Oriental duplicity and ferocity and Oxford culture. When his beautiful young daughter falls a victim to the impetuous suit of Basil Gregory she disappears from public view. Then Basil also vanishes, and when his father threatens Wu with a revolver, he suddenly finds himself completely in the Chinaman's power. Wu then demands a private interview with Mrs. Gregory. He lnforms her that his daughter is dead, having paid the price of her shame, and that her son will soon be dead also, unless she, his mother, will sacrlfice her own honor to save him. Mrs. Gregory tries to poison herself in a cup of tea, but Wu—who is as polite as he is relentless—insists upon drinking with her, and, having sipped, dies quickly ln horrible convulsions.

Wilfred Sheridan writes as follows to the London *Times:*

In referring to an lmpending sale at Sotheby's, you wrote of the "original manuscript" of "The School for Scandal" as being among the items to be sold. I think lt may interest the public to know that the original manuscript of "The School for Scandal" ls at my home at Frampton Court, Dorchester. My grandfather, who was Sheridan's grandson, had this original MS. laid down and mounted with a specially printed text. There are, as I know, several stage copies in existence. One of them, in my possession, ls annotated by Sheridan; possibly the one advertised may be something of this kind.

Stanley Houghton, a prominent young playwright, died last week at Manchester, England. "Hindle Wakes" and two short plays, "Fancy Free" and "The Younger Generation," by Mr. Houghton, have been given in this country. "Hindle Wakes," which was produced ln New York on December 10, 1912, went upon the road a few weeks after its first appearance. In spite of its somewhat cold reception, it was recognized as a powerful piece of realism, and the young playwright was regarded as one who had a big future before him. The

setting of the play was Lancashire, and the characters spoke a broad Lancashire dialect. "The Younger Generation" was produced at the Lyceum Theatre this season, with Grace George in the cast.

Music

"*Hänsel and Gretel*": A Guide to Humperdinck's Opera. By Lewis M. Isaacs and Kurt J. Rahlson. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1 net.

Opera Stories. By Filson Young. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Stories of the Operas. By Ethel Shubert. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Co.

Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde." By Oliver Huckel. New York: Thomas P. Crowell Co. 75 cents net.

Opera and Drama. By Richard Wagner. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. Two volumes.

Twenty years have elapsed since Engelbert Humperdinck surprised the world with an entirely new kind of opera—a German fairy-tale amalgamated with the Wagnerian orchestra. At first thought this seemed a ludicrous mésalliance. As the authors of the guide to "Hänsel and Gretel" remark:

> The same method which Wagner devised as an accompaniment to the passions of Isolde and the woes of Brünnhilde is here employed to give musical utterance to the playfulness and the trifling griefs and fears of Hänsel and Gretel. The heroic side of the Valkyries is painted in colors no more brilliant than the broomstick ride of the Witch. The incongruity between means and end is glaring. Yet, wonder of wonders! the inconsistence made, it is forgotten in the all-pervading charm and sincerity of the work.

Inasmuch as this opera was an immediate success, its popularity spreading like wild-fire all over Europe, it should seem as if a guide to its beauties were superfluous. Yet, while the opera makes an immediate appeal to everybody by its emotional melody, it contains a wealth of detail that escapes the casual listener; and it is to call attention to these subtle merits that the guide was written. The story is told in full, the leading motives, twenty-six in all, are given in musical type, and the ingenious use made of them is fully explained. Special emphasis is placed on a misunderstanding which in some minds has prevented Humperdinck from getting all the credit due him. His occasional use of a borrowed folk-song has misled these persons into the belief that none of the music is wholly original. The four folk-songs used by him are named in the guide. It is altogether an excellent little book, which should find its place on the shelf next to the guide to Humperdinck's "Königskinder," by the same writers.

Filson Young's collection of opera stories includes "Hänsel and Gretel." The other operas in it are "Faust," "Carmen," "The Magic Flute," "Don Giovanni," "Aïda" "Madama Butterfly," "The Bohemians," "Cavalleria Rusticana," and "I Pagliacci." The writer's method consists in telling the plots of the operas as short stories without reference to the acts and scenes in the opera—a method which has its advantages. Ethel Schubert, on the other hand, follows the usual way of telling the plot, step by step. The forty-six operas chosen by her are those usually sung now at American opera houses or exploited on the singing machines. The composers are arranged alphabetically, and a few biographical facts precede the description of each one's operas, or opera; for of the twenty-four composers included, no fewer than fifteen are represented by only one opera. Of Massenet's, two are given. The omission of "Manon" is explained as being due to the fact that "Puccini's opera, 'Manon Lescaut,' tells the same story as Massenet's, and is now more frequently sung"—which is not true. Of Wagner's operas, ten are included.

Oliver Huckel has his own way of Englishing Wagner's operatic poems, putting the stage directions into blank verse, together with the poetic lines. That his way has its admirers may be inferred from the fact that his "Tristan and Isolde" is the ninth of Wagner's operas thus treated by him. Mr. Huckel looks on this poem as the high-water mark of Wagner's genius. His book is printed in black-letter type, with red heads, and half a dozen full-page illustrations or scenes in the opera.

That Wagner wrote, besides a dozen operas, the same number of volumes of prose works, not to speak of his letters, which make another dozen or so, is well known. The most important of his treatises on music is "Opera and Drama." Of this there are now two good English translations—one by W. Ashton Ellis, and another and better one by Edwin Evans, sr., a splendid specimen of the translator's art, which even those will do well to consult who can read the original; for Wagner's treatise, as printed in German, is "one unbroken sea of prose-matter." Besides doing this into idiomatic English, Mr. Evans has provided chapter headings, section and subsection headings, as well as subdivision of paragraphs, with numbers and separate titles for each, thus making it a much more helpful book than the original. The table of contents takes up twenty-one pages and serves not only as a guide, but an appetizer; with its aid any one can in a moment satisfy his curiosity as to Wagner's opinions on the relation of music to poetry; the aria as springing from folksong; the ballet as springing from the folk-dance; limitation of the poet's means of expression; Mozart and Mendelssohn compared; Rossini's bid for popularity; the chagrin of Rossini at Meyerbeer's success; omnipotence of melody; religious music as operatic material; Beethoven's great inspiration; Beethoven's mistake; degradation of modern opera; terminal rhyme and conversational speech; the womanly relation of the tonal language to dramatic art; and a hundred other topics.

The latest biography of Wagner is by John F. Runciman. The peppery London critic evidently does not like "Parsifal," but for the other works of Wagner he has the utmost admiration. Even in the "Flying Dutchman" he finds "pages which Wagner never afterwards surpassed." Wagner's first wife "ought to have married a pork-butcher." His opinion of Wagner's character is summed up in these words: "He was one of the noblest, most generous men that have lived. There is not a mean trait in his character."

Ernest Newman confesses that he has treated Wagner's love affairs in detail in his forthcoming life of that composer, which will be his third book on Wagner.

"Richard Strauss," writes a correspondent,

is a well-nigh all-convincing apostle for his own music, and after conducting with splendid success a number of his works in Karlsruhe recently, he went over to Vienna, where, at the head of the Tonkünstler Orchestra, he gave a concert which must have made him realize how firm his hold has become in the Austrian capital on a large contingent of the musical community. He gave a stirring interpretation to his latest opus, the Festival Prelude, written for the opening, a few weeks since, of the new *Concerthaus*, which originally had been heard in a far less authoritative and impressive manner.

Art

Mr. H. Inigo Triggs, whose works "Formal Gardens in England and Scotland" and "The Art of Garden Design in Italy" are well known, now publishes a book on "Garden Craft in Europe" (Scribner), which treats the development of design from early times to the rise of the English Landscape School. The illustrations—largely from such old records as paintings and illuminated manuscripts, or the less ancient sources of the collections of engravings—show the famous gardens of Europe as they were, or as they were designed to be, before they were overlaid with more or less incongruous subsequent additions and changes. Of the design of the present day the book says little, because, the reader is led to suspect, Mr. Triggs does not find much good modern design that is not merely an echo of former work. This may fairly be said of modern Italian work and of much French work, but modern English design is quite as good as the average work of the same scale at any previous time.

For the sake of the completeness of the general survey, Mr. Triggs's book goes over what little we know about ancient gardens in Europe and the gardens of the Middle Ages. Except for some excellent illustrations from old breviaries and similar

sources, however, he brings little new contribution to the subject. German and Austrian gardens, which are treated briefly, are of course of little value to the lover of garden beauty. They are apt to be copies either of English or of French styles, and are not nearly so well conceived as their prototypes. On garden design in the Netherlands, however, Mr. Triggs has much that is interesting to say. The painstaking, rather uninspired style of the low countries, fanciful sometimes to grotesqueness, but always with a feeling of homely usefulness and practicality, is well set forth by the illustrations, most of which will be new to the ordinary reader. Of the Spanish gardens, too, there are excellent illustrations, with original plans of the Generaliffe and the Alcazar. Good pictures of Spanish garden design are for some reason rather rare, and these are therefore the more valuable. This book gives a more general view of the whole field of garden design in Europe than is found in any other one volume. The illustrations are excellent, some of them are new. The text is a running description of the places illustrated, not attempting the difficult task of differentiating styles of design or tracing their changes to their sociologic causes.

Dr. Anton Hekler's quarto volume on "Greek and Roman Portraits" (Putnam) contains in its 311 good "half-tone" plates an admirable selection of the chief examples of portraiture which have come down to us. On the last two plates the illustrations are from coins, the rest are from marble statues and busts; and nearly every important museum in Europe, and not a few private collections, have furnished their quota. In this country the museum in Boston has afforded illustrations for nine plates, two each being given to the so-called Menander there, to the fine head of Augustus, and to the extraordinary terra-cotta head of an aristocratic Roman—a portrait that recalls in a startling manner the older generation of Boston's citizens. Those who know the fine examples of portraiture which have been acquired in the last few years by the Metropolitan Museum in New York will regret that a selection from these could not have found a place in the volume. The book is provided with an admirable "List of Illustrations," which includes for each portrait the bibliography that is essential, and tells what parts are restored. There is also an "Index of Places," with references to the catalogue numbers of the several museums, and a list of the most important works on antique portraits.

An introduction of 42 pages precedes the portraits, and furnishes a guide to the student in using them. This part also of the book shows the author to be well acquainted with the material of his subject, and reasonable and cautious in his attribution of the portraits to individuals. But the discussion is marred by a subjective sort of art criticism, too common in Germany, by more or less verbiage, and sometimes by a curious use of words (*e. g.*, "brazen" for bronze, "enframed in" for framed in, "selfless" for unselfish, "importunate," page 21, apparently for inopportune, etc.). We quote a few rather typical remarks: "The face is no longer the wonderful instrument on which all the spiritual faculties may sound their harmonies"; the Greek method of representation insisted "on the dynamics of spiritual life"; "Greek art essayed in particular to deal with the physiognomical problem which arises from the conflict between the strenuous, steadfast human intellect and an erratic, meteoric natural talent"; "we are conscious," in looking at a portrait of Cæsar, "of a tragic presentiment which veils the face like a thin autumn mist shrouding a heroic landscape." We may doubt also whether "crude realism" is a good term to apply to Ionic art, and whether Euripides really is the "greatest of Attic poets." In the spelling of proper names there is considerable inconsistency: Aristotle appears as Aristoteles; Alexander has the English form, though Menandros has not; in general *k* is not transliterated by *c*, yet Sicyonian and Anticythera occur. In spite, however, of some marked defects in the introductory essay, it rests on much careful and thorough study, and this essential excellence will overbalance many faults of detail.

"Personal Recollections of Vincent van Gogh (Houghton Mifflin), by Elizabeth du Quesne van Gogh, is, as its title implies, an intimate memorial. One gets the softened but sufficiently clear picture of a fine mind prematurely consumed by its own unreasonable energies. The moody lad, incapable in practical concerns, spasmodically the evangelist and the artist, early suffered a mental breakdown through overstudy. A perilous emotional tension is in all his painting, as well in that produced in lucid intervals as in that coming from the asylum at Arles. Through needlessly offending his kinsman, Mauve, Van Gogh threw away the chance of an education in his art. Native affinity drew him to Claude Bernard and Gauguin, luminists and extreme individualists. Without adequate knowledge of form or respect for the tradition of painting, he blundered strenuously along the lines laid down by Cézanne. Maximum color and establishment of his forms by color alone were his aims. The blare of his color and the potent distortion of his strokes suited his anguished emotion. His case is one in pathological æsthetics. His note is keen, individual, distinguished, but his ecstasy is that of delirium. The tortured contours and strident colors of his flower pieces have every mark of perilous hyperæsthesia. His sister's Recollections, though the notorious tragic incidents of Van Gogh's career are suppressed or mercly suggested, help one to understand the man. For him personally nothing but a profound compassion is in order; for his art, steadfastly responsive to the exaltation of his mood, admiration is due. Certain rarely explored corners of emotional experience he has revealed with power and with complete sincerity. But the artistic aberration that makes a leader of Van Gogh deserves the severest condemnation. Successful revolutions in art are not led by half-trained mad men, even when they happen to be geniuses. The distortions and exaggerations which were a morbid but perfectly sincere expression of Van Gogh's personality, are meaningless and disgusting when coldly adopted by his imitators. His art is very special, intense, and limited. It is very appealing, but one should yield to the appeal with a full sense that this art is abnormal and eccentric; a pitiful tragic flower, unique and without power of reproduction. For the Post-Impressionist view of the matter the reader may be referred to a brief preface by A. B. Davies and a critical introduction by Katherine S. Dreier, who is also the translator. Her plea gains no force from spelling Cézanne with an *s* and Giorgione with three i's—or is this a rebuke to prevailing oppressive literalism? The publishers have made the book attractive with orange boards as cover and many illustrations.

Hermann Faber, an artist and etcher, who was known for his etchings of animals and illustrations for standard medical works, died last week at his home, in Germantown, Pa. He was eighty-one years old. During the Civil War he served as artist on the Surgeon-General's staff of the United States army, under Gens. Barnes and Woodward. He also illustrated the United States medical record of the war. Mr. Faber was born in Germany, and came to this country in 1854.

Finance

THE NEW HAVEN RAILWAY'S DIVIDEND.

On Wednesday of last week, the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railway Company, which had paid dividends uninterruptedly since its organization in 1872, and which, as lately as last year, paid 8 per cent. per annum, passed its quarterly dividend. The action was taken by the new management which was placed in charge of the property when Mr. Mellen, as a result of the long campaign against the alleged extravagances of his régime, gave up the presidency. In Wall Street, the news created a profound impression; it has been reflected, not only by a violent break in New Haven's shares, but by declines in the great majority of other railways.

The suspension of the dividend would have been an incident of comparatively slight importance in the finances of most other railways, but, with a company whose stock has for forty years been the refuge of New England's thrift, the natural reliance of bequeathed estates and little savings, it was a very personal calamity. Much has been said, by way of moralizing over the event, and most of it was beside the point. People who ascribe all mishaps of railway finance to Government regulation have been telling the public how the rate restriction caused the New Haven's troubles. People who cannot conceive of any financial calamity without some thieving capitalist as the cause of it have been calling for vengeance on the robbers of the company. Neither has grasped the meaning of the episode.

As a matter of financial history, the present New Haven situation is a mournful landmark of the financial ideas and theories which gained such extraordinary vogue in 1901. Sober-minded people, who think that half the world

is mad to-day, with its New Ideas in social and political philosophy—its "feminism," its "eugenics," its courses in public schools on "white slavery" and "sex hygiene," its "direct legislation," its "recall of judicial decisions"—ought once in a while to remember that the high finance of a dozen years ago was quite as mad, and with very similiar delusions. Where our social philosophers of to-day would have us make over human nature for the purpose of their experiments, our financial philosophers of a decade ago would have had us abolish the old rules of credit, of trade, of business prudence, and of intrinsic values.

Both of them looked with supreme contempt on the teachings of experience. Just as the delusions of 1913 base themselves on the principle that to make a community well behaved you should discard all conventionalities and loosen all restraint on conduct, so the delusions of 1901 were pivoted on the theory that the way to make a man or a corporation rich and prosperous was to throw to the winds the old-fashioned maxims of financial prudence, and increase his debts indefinitely. Few companies fell more notoriously under the scope of this experiment than the unfortunate New Haven.

The promoters of that theory seemed to imagine that the way to end the inconveniences of competition was to buy up every competitor at any price he asked. If his enterprise was a worthless one, pay him what a prosperous company was worth; if it was a going concern, pay him the price of a Golconda mine. Load your own company with mortgage debt to do it, and trust to luck for the outcome. The New Haven Company was made to buy up trolley lines at the trolley promoter's figure, and connecting railways at whatever price was set by the astonished seller—all this with the absolute certainty before the eyes of the New Haven management that none of the companies combined through this wild extravagance could ask any more for its transportation services than before. The end of such a policy was foreshadowed from the day when it was adopted. With an enterprise less soundly bulwarked by previous conservatism and natural advantages than the New Haven was, it would have come long before it did.

Considered in the light of that perfectly well-known period of American finance, it is pretty safe to say that nothing will be gained to-day by railing at "Government restriction" or by starting on the trail of the Money Devil. What is necessary for the New Haven is that which has already been done with many other corporate victims of the hallucinations of that period—the undoing, as soon as prudent forcsight will permit, of the mischief which this decade inherited from the decade before it, and the reversion to the principles of sound finance and sober common-sense. This is the path which the New Haven's new management is taking. Contrary to a very prevalent view in Wall Street, the task is not one of destruction, but of reconstruction, with a view to a happier future.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Akins, Zoë. Papa (Mod. Drama). Kennerley. $1 net.

Albalat, A. Comment il faut lire les Auteurs Classiques Français. Paris: Armand Colin. 3.50 francs.

Austin, B. F. How to Make Money. Rochester, N. Y.: Austin Pub. Co. 25 cents.

Baldwin, E. C. Our Modern Debt to Israel. Boston: Sherman, French. $1.25 net.

Barbey, Frédéric. Suisses hors de Suisse—au service du Roi et de la Révolution; (documents inédits). Paris: Perrin. 5 francs.

Beaunier, André. Les Idées et les Hommes. Paris: Plon. 3.50 francs.

Becque, Henry. The Vultures, The Woman of Paris, The Merry-go-Round: Three Plays (Mod. Drama). Kennerley. $1.50 net.

Bérard, Victor. La Mort de Stamboul Paris: A. Colin. 4 francs.

Betz, Frederick. Aus der Jugendzeit: Selections, edited with notes. Boston: Heath.

Bliard, Pierre. Les Conventionnels Régicides (documents officiels et inédits). Paris: Perrin. 5 francs.

Brunot, Ferdinand. Histoire de la Langue Française des Origines à 1900. Tome IV—la langue classique (1660-1715)—1ère partie. Paris: A. Colin. 18 francs.

Butler, Samuel. Alps and Sanctuaries. New, enlarged edition. Dutton. $2 net.

Carter, J. G. A. The Sunset Road. Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.

Cartwright, Julia (Mrs. Ady). Christina of Denmark, Duchess of Milan and Lorraine (1522-1590). Dutton. $6 net.

Célarié, H. Petite "Novia"—une Française en Espagne. Paris: A. Colin. 3.50 francs.

Champion, Pierre. François Villon—sa vie et son temps. 2 vols. Paris: H. Champion.

Chinard, Gilbert. L'Amérique et le Rêve exotique dans la Littérature Française au XVIIe et au XVIIIe siècle. Paris: Hachette. 3:50 francs.

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1913.

The Week

Between Mr. Mann, Republican leader in the House of Representatives, and Speaker Clark, who took the floor to reply to his "calamity" talk the other day, honors are even. Mr. Mann draws a harrowing picture of poverty and unemployment in Chicago, and declares that "the President and the other side of the House," instead of doing something to relieve the situation, are pursuing the "fatuous policy that they talked about on the stump." Mr. Clark, then rising to reply, makes one point which, it must be admitted, is highly effective. Mr. Mann had pointed to the soup-houses and bread-lines brought in by the calamity of Democratic rule, and had declared that nothing of the kind was known in the panic year of 1907; whereupon Mr. Clark neatly counters as follows:

> The gentleman says there were no soup-houses in 1907. In that year I made a speech here, and quoted a whole lot of this kind of stuff which he has been quoting here to-day. Republican soup-houses was my theme on that occasion.

This candid reference to his own buncombe of the past is well enough as a reply to Mr. Mann's buncombe of the present; but why introduce a fresh bit of buncombe by throwing out dark suspicions that the present depression, or the talk about it, is part of a Republican conspiracy to destroy the country's prosperity?

> Frank G. Allen, plough manufacturer of Moline, Ill., is to be the standard-bearer of the new Progressive party for United States Senator in the campaign of 1914. This was decided to-day at the State conference of the Moose men.

But how can a mere conference, even though it be composed of the wisest men in the party, decide upon a nominee for office? What are primaries for? At the very time when these Illinois leaders of the Progressives were acting like reactionaries, the Progressives in the House of Representatives at Washington were calling attention to "the fact that reform of the National Convention does not touch the fundamental difference between the Progressive and Republican parties, and that in all probability Presidential candidates hereafter will be nominated, not by conventions, but by a direct vote of the people." Isn't what is good enough for a Presidential candidate good enough for one who is running for the Senate? Yet we read that in Ohio, too, the Progressives are to hold a conference early in January "to take steps to put a complete ticket in the field in the campaign for State offices next November."

Few thought that President Wilson might veto the Hetch-Hetchy bill. When it passed both houses of Congress by emphatic majorities, its becoming a law was generally taken for granted. In signing the bill, which he says he examined with care, Mr. Wilson gives a statement of his reasons for approval. These may be strong enough to have prevented him from exercising the veto power, and we raise no doubt of his having done what he sincerely thought to be his duty. A President does well to hesitate and be sure of his ground before setting up his judgment against the deliberate vote of Congress. But an argument for not vetoing the bill after it is passed is one thing, and the argument against voting for the bill while it was pending is quite another. The latter is the argument which the champions of the integrity of the national parks urged, and they need not now withdraw anything they have said. President Wilson, without naming him, plainly alludes to Mr. Gifford Pinchot as one of the great advocates of conservation who have yet favored the Hetch-Hetchy invasion of the Yosemite. But this only shows how careful a man like Mr. Pinchot ought to be, lest his deserved authority be misused. And in this particular case it has been more than intimated that Mr. Pinchot was willing to give up Hetch-Hetchy in order to induce San Franciscans to be more favorable to the general policy of conservation.

The dissolution of the great telegraph and telephone combination presents three points of cardinal interest. In the first place, it is conclusive evidence that the feat can be done—a thing that has been denied over and over in regard to cases of similar nature. This conclusion is distinctly emphasized by the fact that the dissolution was effected by friendly understanding between the company and the Attorney-General; for in order to satisfy Mr. McReynolds as he has been satisfied, it may be assumed that the practical effectiveness of the scheme of dissolution was fully made out to his mind. In the second place, it is impossible to look upon the latest development in the series of great merger-dissolutions otherwise than as a link in the chain of legitimate consequences of the memorable decisions of the Supreme Court, during Mr. Taft's Administration, in the Standard Oil and Tobacco Trust cases. And finally, as an indication of the immediate temper of the time, the affair has very much the look of a manifestation of desire on the part of the Wilson Administration for peace and not turmoil between Government and business.

Two alternatives are suggested in the annual report of the Interstate Commerce Commission for the "persistence" of train accidents, "leading always to the same harrowing results." Either "a great majority of these deplorable railway disasters are unavoidable, or there exists a widespread lack of intelligent and well-directed effort to minimize the mistakes of employees in the operation of trains." For, the report says squarely, "All of the mistakes noted above are violations of simple rules, which should have been easily understood by men of sufficient intelligence to be entrusted with the operation of trains." The Commission goes even further. "The evidence is that in the main *the rules are understood*" (our italics). But in many cases "operating officers are cognizant of this habitual disregard of rules, and no proper steps are taken to correct the evil." Has the Commission ever heard of one James O. Fagan and of his showing up of the attitude of labor unions towards attempts by railway managers to enforce discipline? Does the Commission know that one great railway was recently threatened with a strike because it proposed to take "proper steps to correct the evil" of avoidable accidents?

A country proud of such achievements as Col. Gorgas's ought to be sensitive to

the charge made by Professor Sedgwick, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, that most of our city and State health boards are "incompetent and inefficient." His speech echoes opinions expressed at the recent dedication of the medical buildings of the University of Nebraska. Speaking there for the West, as Professor Sedgwick has just spoken for the East, one scientist remarked that "trained experts are nowhere more seriously needed and unfortunately more difficult to secure than in the field of public health." Professor Sedgwick reminded the cities that they did not spend time or money enough on experts in bacteriology, municipal hygiene, and sanitary engineering. Professor Ward asserted that the State and other universities did not make adequate provision for training such experts. But both pointed to the same need. If the cities and States wake up to demand trained men, the laboratories will turn them out.

The Boston grand jury, which has reported that it had not found sufficient evidence to warrant the indictment of any one for responsibility for the deaths of twenty-eight men in the recent lodging-house fire there, makes another statement of a kind that occurs with almost monotonous regularity in the story of such calamities. The insufficiency of the fire escapes had not missed the attention of the inspectors of the Building Department, and an order had been issued to the owner, six weeks before the disaster, to supply additional means of escape in case of fire; but nothing had been done about it. It is often stated that there is not a sufficient number of inspectors in our cities; but the trouble lies deeper. One inspector, under a system in which strict and stern enforcement of orders prevails, is more to the purpose than five inspectors with a lax execution of the law.

To discussion of the many-sided problem of education in the South a proposal for compulsory education in Virginia has made a contribution of great, if indirect, encouragement to workers against child labor. Of the 600,000 children in Virginia, only 400,000 ever see the inside of a public schoolroom. Those who defend the present district-option system of passing on enforced schooling base their arguments on the higher taxes involved in a change; the root of the matter being the inveterate prejudice against compulsory education of the negro. It is highly encouraging to find papers like the Richmond *Virginian* defending the proposal. Deducting from the 200,000 the children in private schools and those above fourteen, the *Virginian* estimates that only the cost of educating 60,000 would be added to the present burden of the schools, and asks if that is too great to be assumed at once. The child-labor law in Virginia fixes the age limit at fourteen, and not at twelve, as in most Southern States, and the palpable evils resulting from idleness are behind the agitation. If to the children of a State is given leisure to study, facilities must follow.

Sixteen years of experience with the indeterminate-sentence law in Indiana show, according to the Board of Charities of that State, that of every hundred prisoners paroled, fifty-seven do as they agree and are discharged from supervision, twenty-six violate their parole, the sentences of six expire during the parole period, so that they are automatically discharged, two die, and the remaining nine are under supervision at a given time, "reporting" regularly. An interesting portion of the statement is that dealing with the financial aspect of the system. The earnings of these prisoners during the time they "reported" totalled more than $2,000,000. Their expenses amounted to $1,700,000. Hence, instead of costing the State $172 a year each, as does the average prisoner, these paroled men and women made their way and had savings of about $50 each. It is pointed out that "indeterminate" is a somewhat misleading designation, as the sentences served must fall between the minimum and the maximum terms prescribed by statute for the crime committed. The parole boards at the various institutions have wide latitude both in granting pardons and in withdrawing the liberty of persons on parole.

Mrs. Inez Milholland Boissevain and Mrs. Alva E. Belmont, by their interposition in support of the "white slave" moving-picture films in this city, are helping to identify the cause of woman suffrage with the advocacy of exhibitions of that character. Qualify it as they will, their attitude will be taken by sober people, and, we believe, will be justly taken, as indicating a desire for the undiscriminating exploitation, before general audiences, of subjects the handling of which in that manner is full of danger. The presumption that this mischief vastly outweighs any good that may be accomplished is so strong that the most weighty and convincing evidence is required to overthrow it. Certainly no one will regard Mrs. Belmont's *ipsa dixit* as constituting such evidence. That she thinks the drawing of miscellaneous crowds to such an exhibition as the police have been endeavoring to suppress a "mighty service" of which "future generations will reap the benefit" will be held perhaps to throw fresh light on the quality of her reasoning powers.

"Agitation," we read, "for celebrating the tercentenary of the Pilgrims' landing, and for a world's fair, began in 1909. It was felt that unless something was done to inform the world of New England's claim upon the year 1920 some other community might preëmpt the date." In this is tacit admission of the hampering multiplicity of international expositions. If Panama were to profit by Yankee shrewdness, she might soon proclaim that in 2214 will be held a fair celebrating the tercentenary of the Canal's completion. The case parallels the hurried announcement of the scholar that he has selected a certain spot in the domain of knowledge for a book, and warns all others off. But is it not possible that Plymouth's ambition overleaps itself? Of late, there has been a tendency to deny the necessity of world-wide participation in all world's fairs; from which we might assume the possibility of two existing simultaneously—perhaps not side by side, but in different hemispheres.

The recall has been invoked in Orangeburg, S. C., against the Mayor and a Councilman, who are charged with being "temperamentally unfit" for their positions. This is an illuminating commentary upon the assurance which advocates of this device often give us, that the recall will be resorted to only in cases of real importance. If the present attempt in Orangeburg fails, why not start another petition for a recall election, upon the ground that the clothes

of the Mayor and the Councilman in question are not of a suitable color or cut for occupants of the offices they hold? Perhaps Orangeburg is democratic enough to entertain a petition setting forth that these officials part their hair in the middle, or are a bit fussy about their ties. The Columbia *State*, while having its doubts about the desirability of making temperamental fitness an issue, reconciles itself to this election by the consideration that it may call the attention of the people of South Carolina to the existence of the recall as an essential part of the commission plan of government. Unless the recall is occasionally resorted to its value will deteriorate. This is, indeed, a point that must not be overlooked. Why not insure attention to it by providing that if no one voluntarily invokes the recall, it shall be the duty of the Corporation Counsel to do so at least as often as every third year?

Huerta's generals have taken a leaf out of the book of Pancho Villa, by enlisting the services of a press agent. The Constitutionalist commander has always given notice of his strategic moves several days ahead. It is true that he has usually followed up his advance notice by attacking in quite a different place from the one designated and in a manner not at all outlined in his "release" copy. This is poor newspaper ethics. The efficacy of the method is undeniable, however, and is acknowledged by the other side. Thus, in response to Villa's explicit statement of his plans with regard to the advance from Chihuahua on Mexico City, comes a detailed strategic plan from Gen. Mercado, in command of the forces which recently evacuated Chihuahua with extraordinary celerity. Mercado now announces that he will immediately proceed to retake Juarez and Chihuahua, and by interposing himself between the rebels and their base of supplies sound the death-knell of the revolution. Whether an army that felt itself too weak to hold a fortified city against the enemy is now strong enough to retake that city, together with other cities designated, is open to question. It would need a first-class press agent to make the thing seem probable.

The "heroism" of Lieut. Forstner, who struck a lame cobbler of Alsace over the head with his sabre, has been rewarded with a sentence of forty-three days' imprisonment. This is the minimum penalty provided for such offences. As evidence at the court-marial proved the Lieutenant's allegation untenable that he had drawn his weapon in self-defence, it had no choice but to find him guilty. The outcome of the trial must be satisfying to the outraged population of the disaffected provinces. It indicates the willingness of the higher officers in the German army to do the honorable thing. Had the offence committed by the Lieutenant been a really grave one, had he killed the cobbler and followed this up by slaughtering a few bystanders, doubtless the penalty would have been something more than the minimum imposed. But with the necessity of keeping the rabble in a proper attitude towards their superiors, so that the latter will not be under the painful necessity of rebuking "wild game" now and then, even the Alsatians must see that it would not do to be too hard upon a high-spirited young officer.

The difficulty of stamping out the duel in Germany is made plain by a recent occurrence in the army. It seems that a first lieutenant in one of the crack Guard regiments was retired a couple of years ago on the ground that he was unfitted for a military career by reason of the lack of the "power of decision" necessary in a military officer. The facts in the case have now been made public as follows: This officer notified his superior officers that because of conscientious scruples he could not subscribe to the doctrine of the duel. He was besought by a group of officers to change his mind. He yielded to them sufficiently to withdraw his protest, but the next morning his religious convictions resumed their sway, and he again notified the authorities that he stood by his position. They promptly retired him for indecision of character, which they carefully explained had nothing to do with his attitude towards duelling. They maintained that a man who could change his mind twice in twenty-four hours had not the force needed to make decisions in military emergencies. The case has attracted a great deal of attention in Berlin, and is likely to be discussed in the Reichstag.

Cardinal Rampolla's retirement from the office of Papal Secretary, just ten years ago, may have been partly out of disappointment at his failure to be chosen as successor to Leo XIII. But since Rampolla's election had been prevented by the veto of Austria, which presumably was well-inclined to the choice of Cardinal Sarto, it would have been difficult for Rampolla to carry on the Papal foreign policy under the new Pontiff. The Cardinal's sympathies were with the Western Powers as against the Triple Alliance. Under his successor, Merry del Val, the controversy between the Vatican and France, for some time under way, was sharply accentuated, and resulted, within two years, in the enactment of the Separation law, the after effects of which are still visible in French political life. In Spain and Portugal, too, the Vatican has suffered reverses more or less severe since the passing of Cardinal Rampolla from power. In his failure to reach the Papal throne were once more exemplified the dangers that beset a personality strong enough to make enemies and not strong enough to ride down all opposition.

It now seems certain that it is the intention of President Yuan Shi-Kai to dissolve the Parliament at Peking. The step may be regarded as only a temporary setback to the cause of representative government in China. It is a form of reaction which other nations have witnessed and which would seem to be almost inevitable in the evolution of parliamentary institutions. For Yuan Shi-Kai, facing the obstruction of the representatives from the southern provinces, the move may be of immediate expediency. But it is also one fraught with danger. The revolutionists of the South have been furnished with an excuse for another uprising. The hatred between the North and the South is a permanent factor on which those who oppose the rule of Peking can count. Sun Yat-Sen, the head of the recent uprising in the South, has made it plain that the struggle will be carried on. Under China's loose system of provincial government and in the absence of a formidable standing army, there will always be local centres of discontent, and, when the opportunity offers, insurrection. Instead of attempting the extremely difficult task of allaying the historic enmity between the Chinese of the North and the South, Yuan Shi-Kai has preferred to put in force repression.

THE BANKING AND CURRENCY LAW.

The cloud of dust with which partisan or professional misrepresentation had so long surrounded the Banking and Currency bill has suddenly blown away, and the public recognizes the measure for what it actually is—one of the most remarkable achievements in sound constructive legislation of our time. We do not so characterize it merely for the purpose of echoing the belated enthusiasm of those critics who, until the passage of the law had become inevitable, refused to perceive anything of the good that was in the bill. Still less do we dispute the assertion—the last stand of the purely destructive critics—that cordial approval of the act has been made possible largely through the amendments of the past two weeks. On the contrary, we wish to-day to express our own emphatic judgment that the result is most remarkable, for the very reason that the effort at currency reform began under such weighty handicaps, and that sober and statesmanlike deliberation has swept them so effectively away.

About every great fiscal measure of the past half-century, in this country, has been made up of a bundle of compromises with the faction of unsound finance. The Specie Resumption Act was a notable instance of the process; the Silver Purchase Act was chiefly a surrender to such influences; the Gold Standard Act of 1900 was enacted only after reiterating the legal-tender proviso for Government paper money. That the present law goes to the statute books without a single compromise of this sort, on any vital part of the working machinery of the bill, is therefore a most exceptional result. That it should have been the work of the party which, barely a dozen years ago, was captured by Populistic leaders and committed to depreciated money—by a party in whose deliberations, during the six months' Congressional debate upon the bill, the theories of inflation have repeatedly found angry and defiant assertion—makes the issue at least a landmark in the history of American politics.

No one is likely to deny that the credit for this achievement lies in great degree with President Wilson, to whose firmness, persistency, and unfailing tact has been largely due the defeat of ignorant and factious opposition within the party. Mr. Wilson's prestige must in justice be divided with the Chairman of the House Committee, Mr. Carter Glass, whose thorough knowledge of the subject, obstinate refusal to yield to the fads and fancies urged by influential public men, and constant readiness to accept intelligent criticism of his bill by the banking community, kept the true ideal of the proposed legislation unswervingly before Congress and the people. Only with Tuesday's publication of the text of the new measure did those critics who still withheld approval, because the Senate amendments had dispensed entirely with requirements of an actual cash reserve in vaults of individual banks, learn that Mr. Glass forced the conference committee to restore that safeguard. By no means least of all, credit for the practical machinery of the measure belongs to ex-Senator Aldrich, the general theory and framework of whose own plan for banking reform—patiently and, in our judgment, patriotically shaped by its author during a long examination of the subject—have been incorporated in the act.

There are sections of the law which are copied nearly verbatim from the Aldrich bill; and the reason is that the wording and purport of those sections could not be improved on. But the act is none the less distinctly superior to the Aldrich plan—not only because it has successfully avoided that plan's politically impossible expedient of a single central bank controlled by private banking interests, but because certain grave and positive evils in the Aldrich bill have been removed. The present act compels no one to accept the notes except the Government; in this it stands with the National Bank Act. The Aldrich bill, like the Silver Purchase Act of 1890, forced their acceptance for all, except the exclusively gold payments, by the Government—a long step towards legal tender. The Aldrich bill would have made the new notes, at once and under all circumstances, lawful money for use in bank reserves; the conference committee on the present act rejected even the Senate's proposal for a tentative and discretionary use of the notes for such purposes.

We have said, in commenting on the conference amendments, that there are some provisions left which ought to have been struck out. This is true, we think, in a high degree, of the introductory language of the note-issue section, wherein it is declared, as it was in the first draft of the bill, that the notes are to be issued "for the purpose of making advances to the Federal reserve banks, . . . and for no other purpose." Our opinion, ever since we first referred to this declaration, six months ago, has been that, considered merely as a statement of facts, it is untrue. The notes, to be sure, are "issued," in a technical sense, by the Government to the regional banks; their issue differing in this respect in no wise from the manner in which the present national banknotes are assigned to individual banks. But it follows from this very comparison that the new notes will no more be "advances" by Government to banks than are the national banknotes, and no one was ever foolish enough to describe our existing banknote circulation as such an operation.

Since, then, a condition is declared to exist which palpably does not exist, it follows that, so far as regards its bearing on actual operation of the law, the declaration is a mere dead letter. The real evil in it is the possibility that at some future date it may be cited as a precedent for the actual issue of Government paper, as a loan to private industry. Its incidental evil has been the handle which the futile declaration gave to critics like Mr. Vanderlip and Senator Root, in their contention that the measure created fiat money. To believe that absurdity, it was necessary first to believe the absurdity which the bill itself declared.

We are confident that the general public will appraise this undoubted defect at its proper value, and will recognize that it neither does nor can injure the practical efficiency of the new provisions. Meantime, such reservation of judgment as still exists among competent students of the Banking and Currency Reform bill will properly converge on the standard to be fixed in the naming of the national board.

REPUBLICANS AND THE FUTURE.

There has doubtless been some exaggeration in describing as a great "crisis" the situation which confronted the National Republican Committee last week in Washington. It has been said that their decision would be big with the fate of their party. The party itself has been

pictured as standing, at this juncture, between two worlds, one dead, the other powerless to be born. In all this there is more rhetoric than cold analysis. Yet it is not to be denied that much importance attaches to the deliberations and conclusions of the Committee. This is shown both by the eagerness with which the meeting was looked forward to and the general sense of disappointment at the result. The Committee may say that too much was demanded of them. But both the demand and the regret that it was not fully met are clear indications of the feeling that the Republican party, after a life of sixty years, had reached a turning-point in its history.

The decision of the Committee was frankly opportunist. There was the proposal of a special National Convention next year, to take the work of party reform vigorously in hand. This was rejected, but a series of State Conventions are to be asked to ratify the work of the Committee. That work itself is neither one thing nor the other, but a little of each. It does not strike at the root of unfair representation in the Convention; but it lops off a few branches. The South is to lose some eighty delegates, but will still be, on the basis of the actual Republican vote cast, grossly over-represented. On the other hand, the unreserved acceptance of the primary laws in all the States, coupled with the agreement to shear the National Committee of the power to "go behind the returns," and seat or unseat delegates after contests have been argued before it, will go a long way towards placating many hostile to the old régime. Evidence of this is furnished by the acquiescence of such men as Senator Borah and Gov. Hadley.

All this, however, relates only to party machinery. How about the pulse of the machine? What driving impulse, what new outlook, what inspiring issue, came out of this gathering of Republican leaders in Washington? Here we put the finger upon the real source of disappointment with the proceedings. It was hoped that some promising step would be taken towards winning back the Progressives to their old allegiance. There was also the expectation that a strong lead would be given as to the future policy of the party; some lines marked out on which the Democratic Administration could be successfully attacked; a cry raised to which the country could be rallied. But all this was left hanging. It may be that the Committee thought it wiser to leave measures of conciliation between Republicans and Progressives to be worked out quietly in the separate States, as they are actually working out in Indiana and Michigan and elsewhere. But as to thrilling appeals, or hailings of inspiring leaders, the difficulty was fundamental.

Their lack was made light of by the ingenuous Senator Smoot. "Issues," he cried, "what other issue do we need than mills closed and men out of work? And why deplore our dearth of leaders when all that we have to do is to rail at the blunders of the leaders on the other side?" This is not a very exalted sentiment, but it undoubtedly meets with temporary applause. That the Republican party stands to profit, to an extent, by the inevitable reaction against the party in power, is as certain as anything in politics can be. But there is scarcely an entire platform in that. A great party ought to be able to show that it has some other reason for existence than the desirability of having a club with which to beat over the head the men who are in office. The United States is still a good country to "bet on." In fact, intelligent foreign opinion just now favors the idea that this country is in better shape to face the existing world-wide financial depression than is either England or France or Germany. The check here ought to be slighter and the recovery more prompt. But whether it come soon or late, the expectation of business disaster is a mighty poor diet for a national party to feed upon.

Washington correspondents depicted the almost pathetic groping by the party of moral ideas for a moral issue. Such an issue could have been found if the spirit of its birth-year, 1856, still burned within its bosom. In that case, it would have done something to deal, not with the over-representation of the negro vote in the South, but with its suppression. All that class of ideas, however, seems to have gone bankrupt in the Republican party. It could not even assert, with any effect, its later grandiose programme of a strong central Government, with legislation for everything and control of everything; for the old States' rights party has gone Republicans several better. But a political party is one of the toughest animals, and the hardest to kill, known to natural history; and the mere fact that the Republicans are to-day so obviously without definite plans and forceful leadership, does not at all prove that the party may not, before many months, pull itself together and enter upon a new period of power and usefulness.

BURLESON'S HAPPY THOUGHTS.

When Postmaster-General Hitchcock came out with a sudden declaration in favor of Government ownership of the country's telegraph system, it was presently made perfectly plain that President Taft was unaware of this feature of the Postmaster-General's report, and he expressly repudiated the proposal. It seems in the highest degree improbable that any such situation existed in relation to Postmaster-General Burleson's recommendation of the same step, in his report made public last week. There can be little doubt that President Wilson had been in touch with Mr. Burleson regarding the matter, and that the discussion of it was not inserted in the report without the President's assent. But it does not in the least follow that he wished to be understood as committed to the scheme. Only a few days ago, another member of the Cabinet expressed himself with a good deal of freedom on another large matter of Governmental policy; but the country has not taken Mr. Redfield's exposition of his views on Trust legislation as indicating any practical purpose on the part of the Administration, at least for the immediate future. All the indications are that, after a preliminary ripple of more or less excitement, the country will settle down to the opinion that the President's assent to the raising of the Government telegraph question by Mr. Burleson was given merely with the idea that there would be no harm in throwing out a "feeler" on the subject.

Indeed, an examination of the way in which Mr. Burleson presents the matter should suffice, on general principles, to class his recommendation rather in the category of vaguely conceived plans for the future. He introduces it in immediate sequence to, and in the closest possible connection with, his statements concerning the fiscal results of the parcel-post undertaking. That this had long been a general desideratum, that it has supplied a public convenience, and

that it is destined to become far more useful in the future, nobody denies. But it is certainly premature to pass upon the question of the degree of its profitableness. Mr. Burleson simply says that "it is expected that after the allowance of proper compensation to railroads for all service rendered there will come annually hereafter, as the result of the development of the parcel-post service, an increasing surplus." But waiving this point, there is between the addition of the parcel-post business to the previous similar operations of the Post Office and the taking over of the enormous plant and organization of the telegraph and telephone system a difference so vast and so vital that to make a simple inference from the result in the one case to the result in the other is almost ludicrous. And yet Mr. Burleson gravely sets it down that "the successful operation of the parcel post has demonstrated the capacity of the Government to conduct the public utilities which fall properly within the postal provision of the Constitution."

In one sense, of course, the conclusion here stated by Mr. Burleson is entirely true, whatever may be thought of his argument. It required no demonstration, by means of the parcel post or otherwise, to show "the capacity of the Government to conduct" the telegraph and telephone system. Everybody knows that if the Government were to take over that system, the system would go. The question is one of better or worse, of cheaper or dearer, of politically desirable or politically undesirable. It is by no means admitted that the Post Office performs its present functions with anything like the perfection which is to be desired. In some important particulars, its service is notoriously behind that of the best European post offices. As to the cost of the service, it must always be remembered that interest on the cost of the great plant of the Post Office Department in the shape of buildings and land is not reckoned as part of the annual outgo of the service as a whole; and as regards a special addition like the parcel post it requires the most conscientious, as well as the most careful, computation to determine how much of the general "overhead" charges should justly be assigned to it before a conclusion can be drawn. It must be recognized, on the other hand, that in the event of the absorption of the telegraph and telephone lines there would be a possibility of very great saving through consolidation of the two services; though against this must be placed an increase of expenditure, to which it would be difficult to assign a limit, caused by the comparative laxity of administration and liberality of compensation to be expected under Government ownership. Nor is the question of perfection of service, as indicated by comparison of European Government systems with American private-corporation systems, a matter to be lightly dismissed.

Whenever this vast scheme may seriously be brought before Congress, with the Administration for its sponsor, the public will have a right to expect that its recommendation shall be accompanied by an exhaustive, competent, and judicial examination of all phases of the problem. The total absence of such examination may be regarded as indicating that no such practical purpose exists at present. Nevertheless, we can but regard the utterance as untimely and unfortunate. A radical revision of the tariff had just gone into effect. A far-reaching reorganization of our banking and currency system was about to be instituted. Business is, owing to a number of causes, some of them of world-wide range, in a condition of great sensitiveness and of considerable depression. There is a time for all things, and this is not a time for injecting into the situation unnecessary elements of doubt. It is this consideration which is supposed to govern the President in the purpose generally ascribed to him to let Trust legislation alone for the present. If such is his feeling, it is evidently desirable that there shall be no needless disturbance of the public mind concerning the prospective attitude of the Administration. If he desires the country to have a period of rest during which the two great measures enacted at his instigation may have a chance to work out their results, Cabinet officers should not be permitted to create the impression that other big issues may be crowded close upon the heels of those which, for the past twelvemonth, have absorbed the attention of the country. If we are to have a rest, let us have a rest.

THE VOLUNTEER ARMY BILL.

The passing by the House the other day of the long-pending bill prescribing the methods to be pursued in raising a volunteer army was erroneously described as giving the President power to call out 200,000 men, while the suddenness of the House's action was attributed to the Mexican emergency. Undoubtedly, this may have had something to do with it, but the Senate plainly does not recognize that any crisis is at hand, for three weeks have passed and there is no expectation that it will act on the bill in haste. Probably it will not even take it up until well into the new year. When it does, it will merely act on legislation long urged by the War Department and proposed when nobody foresaw trouble in any quarter.

From this it does not follow that the bill is unimportant. It is important, if only because it radically alters the historic volunteer policy of the United States in various particulars. By it there is an effort to remedy the defects of the volunteer army of 1861-65, as well as others developed in 1898. It extends Federal control over the organization of volunteers to a degree which in 1861 would have been regarded, even in the North, as a serious invasion of States' rights, or at least the politicians' rights to appoint officers. Needless to say, it fixes no limit as to the number of volunteers the President may call out. The Washington correspondents who telegraphed the 200,000 figure could as truthfully have said that an army of a million was in contemplation because of Mexico. The bill merely prescribes how the President shall raise an army of volunteers *after* Congress has given him authority and has determined the number. Primarily, he must follow the procedure of the regular army, whose laws, orders, and regulations will be binding upon either the militia called into service or the volunteers. All three kinds of troops are to be on an exact parity as to organization and rights, no distinction being made even in the composition of courts-martial, which, differing from those of the past, may be composed of militia, volunteer, and regular officers without restriction.

The men of the volunteer forces are to be taken "as far as practicable" from the several States and Territories in proportion to their population, as here-

tofore. It is in the appointment of officers that we have a radical change, for these are all to be appointed by the President, subject to confirmation by the Senate. The officers from a State will perhaps be suggested to the President by the Governor of that State, but the President does not have to accept them unless he sees fit. He may appoint every single volunteer colonel from the regular army, for instance, for the bill permits the appointment of four regular officers to each volunteer regiment. Morcover, officers are not hereafter to be commissioned as belonging to any regiment, as, for instance, the First Massachusetts or the Tenth Connecticut, but will be appointed as captains or lieutenants or majors of Massachusetts or Connecticut volunteer infantry, so that they may be promoted according to seniority in the entire branch of the volunteers in which commissioned, and transferred from one regiment to another at will. Indeed, it is not clear that the old State titles will be preserved; so far as this bill is concerned, there is nothing to prevent every regiment's being called "The ——— Regiment of United States Volunteer Infantry." Commonsense will, however, doubtless dictate the retention of the State designations so that local pride and the spirit of emulation may be cultivated. The great point is that under this bill the President can prescribe the qualifications for officers and, if he chooses, exclude politicians like William Jennings Bryan when they aspire to be colonels without military knowledge.

Still another break with the past which will appeal particularly to our Civil War survivors is the provision requiring the establishment of a recruiting battalion for each regiment, to remain at home in order to drill and forward to the regiment men to make good the losses at the front. There was no greater military mistake in the Civil War on the part of the Federals than the recruiting of their armies by new regiments. Instead of being reinforced, the veteran organizations at the front were allowed to shrink to almost nothing. Sometimes a State would forward recruits if the regiment persisted in demanding them. Far more often the regiment was allowed to dwindle away. Thus the Twentieth Massachusetts, one of the bravest regiments that ever fought, took 243 men into battle at Gettysburg (where they lost 127), and similar figures testified to the fidelity of the First Minnesota and many other veteran organizations. Brigades were frequently half the size of a full regiment; yet as late as the Wilderness campaign, new regiments which had never heard a shot fired were placed in line of battle with officers as inexperienced as the men. The politicians liked the system for the patronage it created, and the army paid the price.

Every volunteer soldier, hereafter, will be enlisted for the entire war. There will be no more three-months or three-years men, if the bill passes; but it expressly stipulates that all volunteers are to be promptly mustered out as soon as the imminence of war passes or the war itself ends. Needless to say that the President will also appoint all staff officers of volunteers, including the quartermasters and the medical officers on whose efficiency so much depends, and this ought to insure the selection of as competent men as can be obtained. On the whole, the bill marks a distinct advance. There are things in it about which there will be two opinions, of course, as for instance whether under its provisions the regular army will not be robbed of too many of its officers at the beginning of hostilities in order to benefit the volunteers. But providing as it does a modern machinery to be used only in the event of war and replacing antiquated enactments, it is in principle unobjectionable.

TEN YEARS OF THE AEROPLANE.

With true dramatic sense Orville Wright chose the tenth anniversary of the now famous flight over the North Carolina sand dunes to announce that the real problem of the aeroplane today, the question of automatic stability, is on the point of solution. Improvements in mechanical invention do not always come from the hand of the original inventor. Yet it will seem eminently fit if the problem of making flight in a heavier-than-air machine normally safe should be solved by one of the men who made flight in a heavier-than-air machine normally possible. The achievements of the aeroplane need not be rehearsed in detail. We have travelled far from the first successful experiments at Kitty Hawk. The European seas have been forded by the aeroplane. The land area of Europe has been criss-crossed from north to south and from the Atlantic to St. Petersburg. The Alps have been surmounted, and altitudes higher than the tallest of Alpine peaks have been attained. The aeroplane omnibus has carried nearly a dozen men with safety. At the present moment an ambitious airman is on his way from Paris to Australia by way of Indo-China and the East Indian land bridges. The conquest of the Atlantic is predicted for the near future.

But it has been a process of development not devoid of vicissitudes. With continuous improvement in the gasolene motor, the radius and lifting power of the aeroplane have advanced rapidly. The element of safety has not kept pace. It is a regular feature of the day's news that the story of another triumph of airmanship in the matter of distance covered or altitude attained, or a difficult bit of navigation accomplished, should be followed by another of the disasters such as have marked the past year. In the public mind the question has remained whether the achievements of the aeroplane are not, after all, the achievements of specially qualified or exceptionally daring navigators. This suspicion is justified, though only in part. In reading the almost daily record of aeroplane mishaps, one must keep percentage in mind. In relation to the number of airmen now plying their trade and the air-mileage covered, it may probably be shown that the ratio of accident is decreasing. Nevertheless, the fact remains that, because of defects in the aeroplane and because of our ignorance of the laws of the medium it moves in, the element of accident is always present; and the expert is hardly more immune than the novice. The marvellous feats of a Pegoud are no guarantee that disaster will not overtake him in the course of a comparatively simple flight.

In one respect, the aeroplane, like its rival the dirigible, has failed on the whole to justify the first confident predictions. And this is in regard to the part that acronautics was to play in revolutionizing warfare. The idea of aerial navies has fascinated the public mind; and more than the public. The zeal with which the Governments of Europe have gone in for airship construction would seem to run counter to our

statement. Germany and France both claim the supremacy of the air, according as the dirigible or the aeroplane, on which they have staked their respective hopes, comes to the front in the news of the day. At the present moment, for instance, the succession of disasters that has befallen Germany's giant Zeppelins has created an unmistakable reaction in favor of the heavier-than-air machine. But it is to be noted that the expert military partisans of neither acroplane nor dirigible are over-sanguine in their claims. The popular conception of aerial Dreadnoughts battling in the blue behind skirmish lines of aeroplane destroyers is not entertained on the General Staffs. As yet, the only service expected of the new military arm is that of reconnaissance.

And even in that field it is doubtful whether aeroplane and dirigible in the present stage of their development imply sweeping changes. A great European war would supply a thorough test. But in such military operations as have witnessed the participation of the aeroplane or the dirigible, their achievements have not been remarkable. The fact that bombs thrown from Italian airships have scattered a horde of Tripolitan tribesmen is of little meaning. A modern army equipped with high-elevation artillery might easily dispose of an airship raid. Skilful rifle fire has been shown to be effective in at least one instance, by picking off the aeroplane pilot on the wing. The wars in the Balkans were by no means slight affairs. Yet the only recorded achievement of the airmen was around Adrianople, where a Bulgarian navigator was described as encircling the city; but at a speed that would hardly make his observations of great value to the commander in the field. In general, one is inclined to think that the stress laid on reconnoitring in the air is exaggerated. A modern war on a large scale is not likely to be decided by superior information. Wireless, the field telephone, and the older systems of military signalling have reduced the possibility of secrecy to a minimum.

Nor does it fail to be gratifying that this stupendous human invention should not first be turned to the uses of slaughter. Orville Wright has stated his belief that the aeroplane will soonest come into use as a mail-carrier in sparsely settled regions devoid of railways. The aeroplane, for one thing, to be of practical value, must have its chain of stations, where it can take on supplies and make repairs at leisure; a condition hardly attainable under the stress of a military campaign. It is not at all impossible that before we see navies battling in the air we shall see aeroplanes crossing the Sahara along established routes and on something like schedule.

CAN THE "FOOL" BE REVIVED?

Though Shakespeare even in comedy gave the "fool" only a minor part, he seems to have felt with Jaques that for pure fun "motley's the only wear." After his day the fool fell into disuse; and if he may be said to have been revived at all, it has been at the hands of Bernard Shaw. But Shaw, for all his excellent nonsense, has taken the fool too seriously and made a hero of him. It would not be difficult to show that several of his leading characters embody the spirit of Touchstone, Feste, and others of that merry company. This is what must be meant when it is charged against Shaw that his personages, though seemingly versed in the ways of human nature, have no sense of emotional values. Like Touchstone's brain, theirs are as dry as the remainder biscuit after a voyage. Both sets of characters pretend to chaffer in the dry light of reason, where mere feeling never enters, and on the surface they are expert logicians. If Touchstone could convince the shepherd offhand that polished manners were an ample passport to the court, Mr. Shaw takes a whole play—his latest, "Galatea"—to snow that the acquisition of a refined pronunciation of the English language is all that is needed to make a duchess of a flower-vender, and an M.P. of a garbage collector. If the fool in "All's Well" can invent a specious justification of the unfaithful wife, Shaw constructs another play, "Man and Superman," out of a similar process of reasoning.

Some might wish, indeed, that Shakespeare had given greater latitude to his fools, but he at least kept on the side of safety. There is, in any case, an excellent chance for something approaching the Shakespearean fool on the stage to-day. The difficulty with Shaw's way is that, being so elaborate and pretentious himself, he is met by equally elaborate and pretentious arguments to prove that he must be fooling. But the true fool, by admitting himself a fool, is disarming, and despite his protests may chance to earn a reputation for profundity; just as in "Lear" the fool seems sometimes to be the only sane person on the stage. Our present American conditions are ripe for just such a minor personage, as may be seen by glancing at the usual method of dramatic satire. Suppose eugenics to be under fire. The ingredients of the play would be sure to be in part as follows: The son of a right liver would display a marked tendency to rakishness, after the manner of the traditional clergyman's son; and the marriage of an All-American centre rush with the intercollegiate woman champion at high jumping would be blest by a son who at the final curtain would perish of nervous exhaustion. The play might awaken laughter, but, with others, it would excite a still greater zeal than exists at present for statistics. Now, any drama which sets its opponents running to the refuge of figures is bound to be futile. What is needed both for the pure fun of the thing and to make eugenic faddists uncomfortable, is small doses of shrewd logic delivered by a character with whom it is impossible to take offence.

The American stage seems peculiarly suited to some such equivalent of the Shakespearean fool as we have in mind. For our audiences have sufficient homogeneity to catch the casual satire. Owing to the fact that everybody reads the newspapers, and the newspapers publish everything, top gallery and orchestra circle have much the same knowledge of current events and are not far separated in respect to tears and laughter. At present, the typical American's conception of comedy is largely shaped by so-called musical reviews, the spirit of which has affected the comic parts in even dignified plays. Every one knows what the humorous specialties are. The courtesies of subway life, the integrity of the political boss, the casulstry of the married man supposed to be passing the evening at his office, the politest ways of selling gold bricks, the severe but vulnerable father, are grist to the comedian's mill. In so far as the compass of his part is concerned, he corresponds well enough to the fool. He is an on-and-off-the-stage character, and often has no more lines than, say, Touchstone.

But he is a clown, not a fool, expert in clever tricks of countenance and intonation, and usually is also something of an athlete. He is dexterous in broad slap-stick humor, but knows nothing about the dry wit which was the fool's stock in trade. Owing to the wide influence of these musical comedies, wit, strictly so-called, has almost disappeared from the American stage.

Yet to many wit, properly administered, would seem to be about the best antidote for the super-optimism and gush enveloping many of the modern movements of which the stage should take account. Here is an admirable opportunity for the smart essayists who in increasing numbers are presuming to deal summarily with contemporary life. When they take to writing plays, as every one does, instead of spinning their wit out thin through the full career of a hero, let them concentrate it upon a minor character to serve as a sort of chorus. It is a character which should allure them. For the fool would also furnish them with an excuse for employing that modicum of cynicism which is the salt of wit and wisdom. Such a personage, if well contrived, could unquestionably be introduced with profit in light comedy and, once successful there, would quickly find his way into worthier drama. It would be something of a distinction to be the first to adapt the Shakespearean fool to modern American conditions.

RECENT GERMAN FICTION.

The schoolmaster plays a conspicuous part in contemporary German letters, not only as a type of frequent occurrence in drama and fiction, but as a writer of both. Hermann Stehr, the Silesian, is one of the most interesting personalities among the authors that have graduated from the schoolroom. His stories have much of the spiritual and the imaginative quality of his compatriots, Carl and Gerhart Hauptmann, with an indefinable individual flavor all their own. His latest book, "Geschichten aus dem Mandelhause" (Berlin: S. Fischer), is typical of his manner. German folklore has so frequently associated the tailor's trade with eccentricity, that Stehr could not quite get away from that preconceived notion, and has made his hero a very curious representative of his kind. But the interest really centres in his son, the child that had cost his wife her life, and that the lonely man adores as her precious legacy. The boy has inherited from his mother a morbid sensitiveness and the gift of song, from his father the tendency of weaving strange fancies and dreams. The widower and the motherless boy are taken care of by a deaf-and-dumb woman, who after some years of faithful service awakens in the emotional tailor a belated love-desire. He plans to make her his second wife, but the boy's singing keeps alive the memory of the first and troubles him; and when the boy is forbidden to sing, he pines away. Then the paternal love of the man asserts itself, and the innocent temptress is sent away. As the woman with her bundle leaves the house, the tailor is reverently bending over a chest in the garret which contains some relics of the dead wife. At this moment there comes from the room below the voice of the boy, who had long been silent on his invalid couch, bursting forth into a song which seems like the call of a new life and a brighter future for both. The mystic atmosphere of the land that bred Jacob Böhme hovers over the book and exercises a haunting spell upon the reader.

The latest novel by Arthur Schnitzler, "Frau Beate und ihr Sohn" (S. Fischer), has an absorbingly strong plot and a powerful psychological interest. The heroine, widowed at an early age, has a son who has just come to manhood and is infatuated with a former actress, from whom the mother is determined to separate the youth. But while she is devoting herself to this mission, she experiences an awakening of the love instinct and weakens at the plea of a college friend of her boy. A third young man plays the part of a Mephisto in this complicated dramatic situation. The characters are all of the world that Schnitzler knows so well and has familiarized us with in his plays and novels, and are drawn with his usual clear, firm touch; the actress is an especially sympathetic figure. When Frau Beate realizes that she is no better than this woman and discovers that her name, too, is lightly treated by the young men, she finds herself involved in a hopelessly tragic conflict, for which there seems to be only the conventional dramatic solution—expiation by death.

Traugott Tamm is not a well-known author, but one possessed of distinct merit. "Die Hingstberger" (Munich: Albert Langen) is a story with a very pronounced physiognomy. The call of the city has come to a little community in the heather-grown plains and has brought discord and distress to many a home. Young Jes Ole follows the lure, and out of the peace and the quiet of the paternal homestead drifts into the tumult of the sea-port. He makes many mistakes at the beginning of his commercial career and becomes involved in a love affair which threatens to demoralize him, but he issues as victor from the emotional conflicts and the economic struggles of his youth. Although his individual fate is the centre of interest, the charm of the story is largely derived from the animated background against which it is relieved: a city life full of color and light, of sharp contrasts, and dramatic interests. But its most commendable quality is its wholesomeness.

Ernst Weiss is a young Viennese writer, whose first work, "Die Galeere" (S. Fischer), is a most remarkable specimen of that analytical fiction which seems irresistibly to haunt the generation of German intellectuals, whose work responds to the demand for a scientific reading of life and for a close welding of life and letters. The hero is a young scholar engaged in study of the Roentgen-rays and haunted by the vague fear that their powerful influence upon the human tissues may produce fatal changes. Absorbed in his work, he does not notice, until it is too late, that he himself is the victim of that destructive force. The gradual decline of his mental powers is a rather depressing theme, but it is relieved by elements of conventional romance which lend a wider human interest.

Gerhard Ouckama Knoop is one of those authors who have always a surprise in store for their readers. He has no formula, no model that he faithfully observes in the construction of his stories. Each of his books has its own individual character and makes the impression of a rare spontaneity. His "Nadeshda Bachini," "Die Hochmögenden," and "Aus den Papieren des Freiherrn von Skarpl" are as widely apart in matter and manner as possible; and his latest book, "Unter König Max" (Berlin: Egon Fleischel & Co.), is again as different from its predecessors. He revives in this book the old Munich of the mid-century, and on the thread of the narrative, which is concerned with the experiences of men and women of the aristocracy and of the middle class, whom the exposition tempts to engage in mild speculation, he traces the gradual changes in the city's physiognomy when the newer parts are settled by foreign newcomers. The note of humor which enters into his sympathetic attitude towards his characters is especially charming; he succeeds in awakening in the reader a genuine interest in the ups and downs of their existence and in their mild emotional experiences. Glimpses of aristocratic and of "bourgeois" interiors, conversations suggesting the intellectual tastes and pursuits of the period, incidents which show the almost insurmountable barrier that separated the castes in that good old time, combine to make a very vivid and fascinating picture of the Munich that is no more. The book is such a novel and striking achievement that one is curious to see what the next development of the author will be.

A woman writer who is recently attracting attention has gone far back into the mediæval history of Munich. "Die tolle Herzogin" (Egon Fleischel & Co.), by Nanny Lambrecht, is a story of Jacobe, a Bavarian princess of unusual beauty and of extraordinary personality, who figures largely in the more intimate chronicles of the Bavarian court. She had given her first love to one beneath her, had been married to a hopeless idiot, Prince Johann Wilhelm of Jülich, and was murdered, a victim of political intrigue, in the palace of Düsseldorf. There she still goes about, as the "woman in white," bearing in her hand her own head with its glory of golden hair: a story which fired the imagination of young Heine and has since lost little of its human appeal. The author tells it not in the impersonal manner of ordinary historical fiction, but in a haunting impressionistic style, rich in color and quivering with the emotional intensity and the passionate pulse of the heroine's tragic life.

It seems a doubtful venture to-day to write a new book about Schiller, but Walter von Molo has undertaken the heroic task of writing not only one book, but a trilogy of novels about the poet who is as dear to the German heart as ever. The first story, "Ums Menschenthum," appeared about two years ago, and dealt with Schiller's earlier life. The second, under the title "Im Titanenkampf," has just been published (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.), and covers the period in the life of Schiller which begins in Bauerbach, the home of his friend, Wolzogen, and ends in Darmstadt after the first and unsatisfactory meeting with Goethe. The poet was at that time absorbed in the fate of his "Fiesco," "Kabale und Liebe," and "Don Carlos," and harassed and worried beyond endurance by his struggle for a living. The author has not idealized his Titans, but draws their portraits with a well-tempered realism and an occasional touch of robust humor. Only one figure approaches caricature: Charlotte von Kalb, whose unfortunate nervous temperament and unhappy infatuation for Schiller make the impression of being cruelly overdrawn.

Max Geissler has a singular preference for places remote from the noisy highways of modern traffic and favoring a moderate pace of life which is of the past rather than the present. "Die Herrgottswiege" (Leipzig: L. Staackmann) is set in such an environment and has a peculiar touch of good old-fashioned romance. For it begins with a gypsy couple, the only foreigners in the village, selling their homestead to a poet who has taken a fancy to it and going out into the world to satisfy their racial "Wanderlust." The poet transforms the old house with the walnut tree before the door into a beautiful country residence. But the bride whom he brings to the valley with the curious name which gives the story its title, does not share his love of rustic quiet and solitude, and unable to adjust themselves to each other, they separate. Upon this conflict is built the simple plot of the narrative, which is mainly concerned with the hero's life, when he is once more alone in the dear old house. The character of this man stands out in strong relief against the background of the life he has chosen; he is a character that does not need the world. The wife, on the contrary, is of the type that drifts through life in a restless quest for some vague happiness which no man can give her; for the mysterious artist whom she joins and who does not appear until the end of the book, is also deserted by her. The simple country-girl who eventually becomes the mistress of the old house is drawn with much sympathy. But the main charm of the story lies in its wholesome open-air spirit and in its lyric passages.

Enrica Handel-Mazzetti, who some years ago created a great stir by her much-discussed story of the Thirty Years' War, "Die arme Margret," has written a Viennese society novel, which is not without a touch of Tendenz. For the heroine of "Brüderlein und Schwesterlein" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.) is a young girl brought up in a convent, and while she is still wrapt up in the pious sentiments instilled in her immature soul by the Reverend Mother, brutally thrust upon the marriage market by her own mother who wishes to join a title to her husband's millions. This well-worn theme is handled with a virile strength and a dramatic intensity which were already apparent in the author's earlier book, and are bound to leave a profound impression. The courtship of the girl by a nobleman, bankrupt in morals and purse, is offset by the touching friendship between her and the son of the janitress whom she had known since her childhood. There are other episodes revealing the appalling corruption of the girl's own family, of the society about her, of the whole world in which she is to live, yet the plot hangs well together and there is no evidence of padding. The characters are drawn in sharp, strong outlines, like those of an old woodcut, and the total impression left by the book is a picture of cruel power.

The apothecary has long been a figure much favored by German novelists, for in the small towns he is invested with a mysterious authority and comes next in rank after the pastor and the doctor. That Ernst Zahn, the Swiss writer, who is particularly lucky in his portrayal of quaint types, would sooner or later hit upon an apothecary, seemed a foregone conclusion. "Der Apotheker von Klein-Weltwil" (Stuttgart: Deutsche Verlagsanstalt) is the story of a man who has lived in the great centres of the world, has travelled much, and settles in the little Swiss town where he has inherited the pharmacy of his uncle. A philosopher with a touch of world-wise cynicism, he enjoys for a time to be the onlooker in the human tragi-comedies played upon this little stage; and he himself is an actor, a *deus ex machina*, who pulls the wires and shifts about the figures. Interesting characters they all are: the old assistant who served the uncle before him, the aged parson, the factory-magnate with the two sons, whose widely different temperaments are the cause of much sorrow to the mother, the housekeeper whom the hero has brought with him, and the women of the village with whom he becomes acquainted. The book has a charm faintly suggesting memories of Wilhelm Raabe.

A. von Ende.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

If to be born in New York and to write and publish stories in London be sufficient qualification, then Charlotte Lennox is entitled to a place among the early women novelists of America. But her memory is now only preserved by her association with Johnson, in a friendship warm and sincere which gave her writings the occasional advantages of his friendly pen.

She was the daughter of Col. James Ramsay, who was Lieutenant-Governor of New York, where she was born in 1720. Her colonial experiences could not have been very extensive, as she was sent to England in 1735, and married in 1748, or thereabouts, for little seems to be known of either her marriage or her husband. That he was not a mere phantom we know from his recorded presence at the famous all-night sitting held in the spring of 1751 at the suggestion of Johnson to celebrate the approaching issue of Mrs. Lennox's first novel. Sir John Hawkins, who had never before stopped up all night, and was plagued by toothache, was one of the score of guests, and tells us that Johnson's face in the morning at five "shone with meridian splendor, though his drink had been only lemonade." He invested Mrs. Lennox with a crown of laurel, invoking the Muses in strains which Hawkins has failed to report. Also it may be noted that the apple-pie provided by Johnson for the supper at the Devil Tavern was decorated with bay leaves.

Her later writings included a play which ran for but one night and some translations from the French. She was a great favorite with Johnson, who helped her in various undertakings. What would present-day readers say to the incident in her "Henriette," where two young ladies meeting for the first time in a stage coach propose to swear eternal friendship to each other? Her "Shakespeare Illustrated" was perhaps the first effort to show the sources used by our great dramatist. Her varied literary work, including the editing of a ladies' magazine, did not bring her riches and she died in poverty in 1804.

The most famous production of her pen was "The Female Quixote," which appear-

ed in 1752, and perhaps owed most of its success to the courage with which it challenged comparison with "Don Quixote." There is a measureless distance between Miguel Cervantes and Charlotte Lennox, and any comparison of the real Quixote and the imitation is impossible. Lady Bella, "the female Quixote," is the daughter of the Marquis of ——— and has been brought up in the country, where her father, a disappointed politician, avoids society. She has lost her mother, and has grown up with a mind filled with the nonsense of the tedious and long-winded romances of Scudéry and La Calprenède. But apart from regarding the absurd incidents and ridiculous speeches of the "Grand Cyrus" as models for life and conversation, Lady Bella is held up for our admiration as a marvel of good sense. The modern reader will, for the most part, regard her as lacking in courtesy, and loquacious and conceited beyond endurance. Mr. Selvin has made a remark about Pisistratus—

"You are mistaken, sir," said Bella, "if you believe there was any truth in the report of his having wounded himself; it was done either by his rival Lycurgus, or Theocrites; who, believing him still to be in love with the fair Cerinthe, whom he courted, took that way to get rid of him. Neither is it true, that ambition alone inspired Pisistratus with a design of enslaving his country: those authors who say so must know little of the springs and motives of his conduct. It was neither ambition nor revenge that made him act as he did; it was the violent affection he conceived for the beautiful Cleorante, whom he first saw at the famous baths of Thermopylæ, which put him upon those designs, for seeing that Lycurgus, who was not his rival in ambition, but love, would certainly become the possessor of Cleorante, unless he made himself tyrant of Athens, he had recourse to that violent method, in order to preserve her for himself."

Thus Lady Bella. Every man she sees is either a "ravisher" bent on her abduction or a prince in disguise desirous of marrying her, and she will listen to no explanation of the incidents out of which she constructs these imaginary plots. And she is proof against the mortification of the disclaimers from supposed suitors. Her cousin Glanville, who, with her father's approval, wishes to marry her, has a sorry time in sometimes attempting to humor her romantic whims, and in sometimes endeavoring to convince her of the folly of her vagaries. Because Clélie in the romance swims across the Tiber, Lady Bella throws herself into the Thames at Richmond, and does not succeed in reaching the opposite bank, but is picked up in midstream, and in the fever which follows is convinced of the folly of taking her heroine too literally. One agent in this conversion is the confession of a rival suitor of the little comedy by which he had made her believe that Glanville was another name for Ariamenas and that he had been guilty of the crime of endeavoring to obtain the hand of the Princess of Gaul at the same time that he was so vainly courting Lady Bella. Of such skimble-skamble stuff is the "Female Quixote" composed.

Dr. Johnson supplied the dedication to the Earl of Middlesex, who it may be hoped paid handsomely in cash for the compliments bestowed upon him. How much further did Johnson aid the young lady in this book? The Rev. John Mitford in two essays which appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for August, 1843, and January, 1844, suggested that the closing part of the book came from his pen, and the authoress seems to give a hint of extraneous aid when the last chapter is described as being in her "opinion the best chapter in this history." Mr. Austin Dobson, in "Some Eighteenth Century Vignettes," has included one of Charlotte Lennox, but he does not enter into the question here discussed.

A higher critic might easily imagine that Charlotte Lennox had brought her MS. of the last chapter, with its compliments to Richardson and the author of the *Rambler,* to Johnson, and he, seeing it to be somewhat lame and impotent, had written round it the account of the discussion between Lady Bella and the grave Divine, in which she is finally convinced that Scudéry is not an infallible authority on classical history and that the speeches and actions of the heroine La Calprenède cannot be adjusted to the details of eighteenth century society without serious damage to life and limb.

The style of this last chapter is distinctly Johnsonian, and has a virile touch absent from the rest of Charlotte Lennox's fiction. The hint given by Mitford has not been followed up and is therefore worth noting for a new generation of Johnsonian critics and collectors. WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

Correspondence

THE MEXICAN LEADERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: "The justice of the cause which Francisco Villa represents," to quote from a recent editorial article of the *Nation,* is a phrase that will probably strike as queer any and every American possessing first-hand knowledge of conditions in northern Mexico. Is it possible that the *Nation* believes that a cutthroat of twenty years' standing is in the field in behalf of legitimate, constitutional government? Has the *Nation* allowed itself to be humbugged by that silly shibboleth, *constitucionalista?*

What are the facts of the case? Mexico has a population of about 14,000,000 people, of whom 2,000,000 are whites of Spanish descent. The remainder, 12,000,000, are the original inhabitants, Aztecs, Zapotecs, Toltecs, Mayas, etc., commonly called peons. Not more than 10 per cent. of these peons can read or write. In culture they range all the way from the savage Yaquis and Coras to the useful and trustworthhy *cargadores* of the towns. The average peon is mentally a child and morally a savage. Compelled by a strong Government to adapt his conduct to the standards of civilized life, he is a useful and generally contented member of the community; but the minute the compelling pressure is removed, he relapses into his primitive savagery.

Villa, Zapata, Orozco, *et al.* are simply savages of superior intelligence. They are not taking up arms for the purpose of furthering clean, honest government, equal rights, incorruptible judiciary, abolition of the spoils system, universal suffrage, and representative, republican institutions. On the contrary, they take the field because that affords them an opportunity to murder, rob, and torture. They make no pretence at civilized warfare; they descend on a hacienda or pueblo, run off the stock, steal everything they can lay hands on, murder and mutilate the males and violate such women and girls as appeal to their savage lust. The only class that is exempt from their ravages is the *pelado* who has nothing more than a few handfuls of *frijoles* and *maíz*—on the well-known principle of *vacuus viator cantabit.*

Nor are they upheld by any class of the people or by any secret society, as formerly in Naples and Sicily. They rob, butcher, and torture anybody and everybody that falls into their clutches, regardless of sex, age, religion, politics, and nationality. They are out for loot and nothing else. They are not fighting for a purer, better government; they are fighting against any and all sorts of government. Government that protects the weak against the poor, secures to every man the fruit of his labor and self-denial, that hands out absolute justice—all that is anathema to them and always has been. Those people never built a railway, factory, or a dock, never irrigated a desert or reclaimed a swamp. They never constructed anything. But they might have been found years ago hidden in a lonely defile ready to pick off the *arrieros* of a pack train from the mines, skulking in the dead of night to rob a ranch or waylay a solitary traveller. They are still at their ancient trade, only on a larger scale.

And that is the class of man that the *Nation* is upholding. VÁLGAME DIOS!

Chicago, December 15.

[We have given no certificate of character to Villa. Many revolutionary movements have not been fastidious about their agents.—ED. NATION.]

THE INVENTOR OF THE STEAMBOAT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your review of the new book, "Robert Fulton, Engineer and Artist" (*Nation,* December 4), calls to mind that full justice was never given to Fulton by English writers. The Britannica says that the first practical steamboat was built in 1802 by Symmington, and tried on the Forth and Clyde. In the small American school histories full credit for the invention of the steamboat in 1807 is given to Robert Fulton.

Probably few persons really know who invented the steamboat, although all the standard American authorities, including Webster's Dictionary and Appleton's Encyclopædia of Biography, tell the truth in simple terms. Webster says: "John Fitch, American Inventor, Steamboat." Appleton's tells the whole story, which can be verified by the patent proceedings before the New York State Legislature. The Committee reported that "the steamboats built by Robert Fulton [in 1807] were the patent of John Fitch, in 1791, and that Fitch had the exclusive right." This is a decision of record, and cannot be controverted.

In 1785 the idea of propelling a boat by steam came to John Fitch. He wrote:

I was ignorant that a steam engine had ever been invented. The propelling of a boat by steam is as new as the rowing of a boat by angels.

On July 27 he wrote to the Speaker of the Pennsylvania Legislature:

I am of the opinion that a vessel may be carried six, seven, or ten miles an hour by the force of steam, and believe it will answer for sea voyages. Should I suggest that the navigation between this country and Europe may be made so easy as shortly to make us the most popular empire on earth, it probably, at this time, would make the whole very laughable.

In October, 1788, thirty passengers were taken by his boat twenty miles from Philadelphia to Burlington in about three hours. Later, it ran ninety-one miles in one day, and became a regular passenger boat. This was nineteen years before the "invention" of the Clermont from Fitch's plans. The *New York Magazine* of August 13, 1790, said: "Fitch's steamboat really performs to a charm." It went from 2,000 to 3,000 miles that summer on regular passenger runs. A larger boat, the Perseverance, was built, but was damaged by storm. Stockholders would not put up more money. Fitch was ruined. In 1793 he went to France at the solicitation of the United States Consul at L'Orient. But France was in the midst of the Revolution, and Fitch left his valuable drawings with the Consul, and went to England. In 1794 he worked his passage home. In 1796 he ran a steamboat on Collect Pond, the site of the present Tombs Prison, New York. He returned to Bardstown, Ky., where he had taken up small lands. He found these squatted upon, and he committed suicide.

Robert Fulton was in Philadelphia in 1785, and must have known about Fitch's steamboat. Fulton was in Paris from 1797 to 1804, and visited Mr. Vail, the United States Consul, who had Fitch's drawings. Mr. Vail said: "I lent Mr. Fulton all the specifications and drawings of Mr. Fitch, and he kept them several months."

All the above evidence is a matter of record, easily to be obtained by the English writers who give all the credit to Symmington, and by the popular American writers who think that Robert Fulton invented the steamboat. Fulton should have great credit for his perseverance in working up Fitch's plans to commercial success. Yet one cannot help thinking that if English writers believe we wrongly put forward Robert Fulton as the "inventor" of the steamboat, they have the right to claim successful priority by five years, for Symmington's boat was a good one. But John Fitch's boat ran three miles an hour faster than the famous Clermont, and did it about twenty years before the Clermont was built. HERBERT JOSEPH FITCH.

New York, December 18.

A CORRECTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In my Bibliophile paper of the life of Napoleon, in the *Nation* of December 11, the statement is made that the Indiana State Library has only a typewritten copy of the book. The librarian informs me that the copy now in the Library "is intact to page 241, and from there on a few pages have been added in type."

The original statement was taken from a personal letter written by a man who seemed in a position to know, and so care was not taken to verify it, as should have been done. H. M. KINGERY.

Crawfordsville, Ind., December 15.

OPERA AT MUNICH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As an Englishman who has resided permanently in Munich for the last eight years, I am extremely interested in the discussion in your columns about Munich as a town with "good second-class opera." You may be interested to hear that above 79,000 Americans visited Munich in the last twelve months, of whom no fewer than ten thousand attended the Wagner Summer Festival at the Prince Regent's Theatre. At every performance 50 per cent. of the audience were Americans. If your contributor is correct in his surmises, these ten thousand Americans did not know what they were doing and should have stopped away. No, sir, Munich is not a "one-horse town," and the opera given here is not second-class, however much other interested cliques may affirm.

DR. MAURICE L. ETTINGHAUSEN.

Munich, November 19.

[The *Nation* of September 25 said, in support of the new venture in popular opera at the Century: "Among New York city's five millions there must be Munichs and Budapests and Milans and Dresdens; large population groups, that is, of honest provincial taste, who, if they followed their natural inclinations, would be happy with second-class opera (*i. e.*, opera without such highly paid singers as Caruso) and a second-class seat at a good play."—ED. NATION.]

A QUESTION OF ICONOGRAPHY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Will you spare me space to ask help from your readers on a point of iconography? I desire to know if any one can supply an instance in authenticated Italian painting of the Three Persons of the Trinity represented identically alike, without distinction or difference. This occurs in a small portable altar-piece at the Metropolitan Museum labelled "School of Siena." Your readers will recall, doubtless, at once the leaf painted by Jean Fouquet in the "Hours of Etienne Chevalier" at Chantilly, and probably also the great Coronation by Enguerrand Charenton at Villeneuve-les-Avignon (which was shown at the Paris Exposition of French Primitives in 1904), for which the contract prescribed: "En cet paradis doit être la Sainte Trinité et du Père et du Fils ne doit avoir nulle difference," and there are other instances, of course, in French art. In this little triptych in New York the Three Persons are seated at a table, indistinguishable in dress, gesture, and face. The Pietà, on the same panel, strongly recalls that now in the Louvre, which comes also from Avignon. In addition to these reminiscences of work done in the South of France, it has others of the art of the North of Spain—of Catalonia. The accomplished curator, however, is quite positive in calling it "Tuscan." The subject of Catalan art is new and far from sure, but all the more matter for study, and if this small altar-piece should prove to come from Catalonia (and a good deal of evidence seems to point that way) and not from Siena (which the quality of the design makes to my mind improbable), it would immediately become more interesting and perhaps more valuable. My own immediate and practical interest lies in the iconographical significance for a little manual that I am working on.

G. G. KING.

Bryn Mawr, December 19.

OLD FRENCH WORDS IN ENGLISH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A careful rereading of "Gargantua" in the edition of Rabelais now in progress of publication by the Société des Etudes Rabelaisiennes has brought to my attention a fact sufficiently commonplace, but illustrated with peculiar vividness in this text. I mean the number of words more or less current in sixteenth-century French that have quite disappeared from the vocabulary of to-day, yet survive in modern English. To a certain extent, this is noticeable in authors even of the seventeenth century; I associate it especially with Molière and La Fontaine; but it is of far more frequent occurrence in Montaigne and more frequent still in Rabelais. The philological notes in the new edition are, if anything, too numerous; but it is a pity that, by doing away with a few of the voluminous illustrative passages from other authors, the editors did not find room to call attention to the survival in English of various words that are now obsolete in French. Such notes would be of special interest to cultured Frenchmen, most of whom are doubtless unaware of the existence of such forms in our tongue. As a linguistic phenomenon it is partly analogous to the traces of older forms left in the language of this country that have disappeared in England. I say "partly," for in some cases the English word has come not from the French, but directly from the Latin.

I have noted upwards of fifty such words in "Gargantua" alone. I find, among many more, *paragon, remembrée, remembrance* (which survives as late as La Fontaine), *translatay, haste!* (=faites hâte), *pine* (= épingle), *perturbé, phantasme, contemptible, oust* (Eng. host, an army), *route, temple* (= tempe, the sides of the head between forehead and ear), *espies* (= espions; the old word is found in J. J. Rousseau; query: English influence?), *conventz* (= convents), *mute* (=muet), *depopulé, le bon tour* (=le bon office, Eng. a good turn; the old locution is found in La Fontaine), *hoirs* (= héritiers; the old word survives in jurisprudence), *manequins* (here the French and English words are alike from the Dutch; the one has been taken and the other left), *clere* (cf. Eng. clerestory), *librairies* (= bibliothèques; the change in meaning is not grasped by the clerks in the French departments of various New York shops; they speak glibly of the "Library Champion," the "Library Conard," etc.).

I have notes by me of many more words, but the above will serve as examples. One hopes that in the volumes of "Pantagruel" the editors will throw light upon certain words by consulting an English dictionary. SAMUEL C. CHEW, JR.

Lakeville, Conn., December 18.

Literature

ALFRED NOYES.

Collected Poems. By Alfred Noyes. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. 2 vols. $3 net.

Now that Mr. Noyes's poetry has been collected into the compass of a pair of volumes, it is comparatively easy to see the reason of his reputation and popularity among those who are still seriously disposed towards poetry. In an eminent degree Mr. Noyes voices the inherent romanticism of his age. The eighteenth century was not a romantic age; nor in the ordinary sense of the term was the later nineteenth century—it was rather a realistic or naturalistic one. But the very close of that century and the beginning of the twentieth have seen a remarkable revival of romantic feeling. And, singularly enough—or perhaps not so singularly, when we think of it as a reaction from the preceding æstheticism of one kind and another—it has thrown back, for its inspiration, to the great age of romantic barbarism. At least it has the same cult of violence and force as the glorious old romanticism of Elizabeth, beside which that of Wordsworth, Coleridge, and even Shelley seems tame and refrigerated. Rebellious as the latter was, it wanted the tremendous Titanism of the original Prometheans. In particular it lacked the grandiose conception of nationalism, imperialism, and world-domination combined with a lust of adventure, expansion, and power. For this reason it is not astonishing that, moved by a revival of the same spirit, Mr. Noyes should have looked to the elder age for his most characteristic themes and motives, as in his "Drake" and his "Tales of the Mermaid Tavern."

To be sure, Mr. Noyes was not always quite as he appears in his later and maturer work. His final position is the result of a gradual development. In the beginning he seems, like most young poets, to have been more or less seduced by the witchery of his craft. In this sense he was influenced, as was only natural, by the decadence of the nineteenth century. He, too, was not quite guiltless of dabbling in *l'art pour l'art*, with an admiring eye to Baudelaire, de Banville, and Gautier. A few of his lighter pieces also, as in "The Flower of Old Japan," are oddly, almost whimsically remindful of Gilbert and Sullivan. Or, again, he recalls Stevenson, the least Elizabethan of all men. Some of these things, as preserved in the collection, have come to seem singularly pretty, effete, and *fin de siècle* in comparison with the current fashion:

All along the purple creek, lit with silver foam,
Silent, silent voices, cry no more of home!
Soft beyond the cherry-trees, o'er the dim lagoon,
Dawns the crimson lantern of the large low moon.

But on the whole, and in spite of these deflections, it is towards the Elizabethan theme and motive that he is inevitably borne. Even his weaknesses have the same general character: he is inclined to diffuseness, lack of economy, extravagance of resources. Most of his lyrics would be better if they were more compact and sudden. He flows and eddies and swirls around his subject. He writes too readily and too much. Of itself his style is naturally expansive and in so far epical. And it is, no doubt, for that reason that his later and narrative poems are the most successful.

Nevertheless, he differs in some important respects from his prototypes—if such they may be called. In the first place, as is true of almost all reactionaries, there is an elegiac or nostalgic note clearly perceptible amid all the martial and heroic clangor of his music—the sensible regret of a past that, when all is said and done, is dead forever and can never be restored and but feebly imitated:

Marlowe is dead, and Greene is in his grave,
And sweet Will Shakespeare long ago is gone!
Our Ocean-shepherd sleeps beneath the wave;
Robin is dead, and Marlowe in his grave.
Why should I stay to chant an idle stave,
And in my Mermaid Tavern drink alone?
For Kit is dead, and Greene is in his grave,
And sweet Will Shakespeare long ago is gone.

Where is the singer of the Faërie Queen?
Where are the lyric lips of Astrophel?
Long, long ago their quiet graves were green;
Ay, and the grave, too, of their Faërie Queen!
And yet their faces, hovering here unseen,
Call me to taste their new-found œnomel;
To sup with him who sang the Faërie Queen;
To drink with him whose name was Astrophel.

This is a very different thing from the profound Elizabethan melancholy, with its desperate loathing of life and its voluptuous gloating on death; it is at once more deliberate and self-admiring.

And then, again, with all his imperialism, there is a kind of sentimental humanitarianism about him, which is of a later age, too. It is a sentiment which finds perhaps its clearest expression—of all places—in the prologue to the American edition of "Drake":

England, my mother,
Lift to my western sweetheart
One full cup of English mead, breathing of the may!
Pledge the may-flower in her face that you and ah, none other,
Sent her from the mother-land
Across the dashing spray. . . .
Sweetheart, ah, be tender—
Tender with her prayer to-night!
Such a goal might yet be ours—the battle-flags be furled,
All the wars of earth be crushed, if only now your slender
Hand should grasp her gnarled old hand
And federate the world. . . .

Over all this earth, sweet,
The poor and weak look up to you—
Lift their burdened shoulders, stretch their fettered hands in prayer:
You, with gentle hands, can bring the world-wide dream to birth, sweet,
While I lift this cup to you
And wonder—will she care?

As a matter of fact, the eighteenth century was the originator of two humanitarianisms, though we usually think of but one in connection with it. There was the rational one represented by Voltaire, which recognized an intellectual kinship among human beings through the bond of a common reason and morality or discipline. And there was a sentimental one, like that of Rousseau, which put all men upon a common level by virtue of a common nature—a nature subject to the same sensibilities and passions. It is the latter that has descended to us. To-day man is no longer unique, as he is a reasonable being, as he has a mind and a conscience and can be depended upon to think and to behave on a rational principle; this is no longer his mark and character separating him from animal and thing. Rather, he is all of a family as he reacts to similar sensuous and emotional stimuli; and he is affiliated with other animals on the same grounds—as well as with the insensate objects to whose stimuli he responds. He is no longer one of an aristocracy of mind; he is one of a democracy of impulse, whose strongest appeal is that he is the passive sufferer of a like fate with ourselves and the perishable universe. And it is this sort of sentimental humanitarianism which seems to combine with Mr. Noyes's romanticism, as in his "Rank and File," and give to it, as to our age, much of its peculiar character:

Drum-taps! Drum-taps! Who is it marching,
Marching past in the night? Ah, hark,
Draw your curtains aside and see
Endless ranks of the stars o'er-arching,
Endless ranks of an army marching,
Marching out of the measureless dark,
Marching away to Eternity.

See the gleam of the white, sad faces
Moving steadily, row on row,
Marching away to their hopeless wars:
Drum-taps, drum-taps, where are they marching?
Terrible, beautiful, human faces,
Common as dirt, but softer than snow,
Coarser than clay, but calm as the stars. . . .

Hints and facets of One—the Eternal,
Faces of grief, compassion, and pain,
Faces of hunger, faces of stone,

Faces of love and of labor, marching,
Changing facets of One—the Eternal,
Streaming up thro' the wind and the rain,
All together and each alone.

To be sure, in spite of his popularity, Mr. Noyes does not express all the ferment of his period. There is still a lingering of naturalism in our time—the sheer brutality of romanticism so admirably expressed by Mr. Masefield and differing from the Elizabethan in that it fails to be dominated by heroic ideas. On the whole, the age of Elizabeth was heroic and romantic; on the whole, ours is romantic but not heroic. Mr. Masefield is realistic and brutal, and expresses a part of us; Mr. Noyes is sentimental and humanitarian, and expresses another part of us. The great poet of the age, for whom we pretend to be looking, will express both, if he ever arrives; he will be at once sentimental and brutal and realistic and humanitarian.

CURRENT FICTION.

Dirk: A South African. By Annabella Bruce Marchand. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

This is a story of a little Boer *dorp;* for all that, it is a novel in the great Victorian tradition. No one can read it without being reminded of Thackeray, of Meredith, and most often, perhaps, of George Eliot. But it is in no sense imitative of anything but life; it owes less to any of these masters than "Joseph Vance," for instance, owes to Dickens. It covers a period of some thirty years, ending in the eighties. Against the background of the mountains and the *veldt* it gives a lovingly minute and truthful picture of the life of the little village of Groenvallei—the farm, the kitchen, the *stoep*, the church, the general store. It presents with large sympathy and shrewdness and occasional keen irony a numerous and surprisingly varied group of characters.

In many novels, though the scene be nominally in London, the leading characters seem to be by themselves, cut off from the world in a corner of nowhere. Dirk van Rooyen in Groenvallei has the advantage of growing up among very real and substantial human beings. As a child he sees his family ruined by Niemeyer, the unscrupulous *lappie-smous*, or peddler; his older brothers go to the bad, and his father and mother die broken-hearted. To take vengeance upon Niemeyer becomes the great passion of his life, and he educates himself with an eye single to this end. But he falls in love with Fanny, the good and gentle daughter of his enemy, a woman of the type that Fielding and Thackeray worshipped. It is strange to meet her among the pert and sophisticated heroines of to-day, strange and most refreshing. We shall not anticipate the story of Dirk's career, drawn this way and that by the two great motives of his life. It is enough to say, as Dryden did of a greater book, that here is God's plenty.

The Spider's Web. By Reginald Wright Kauffman. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

Mr. Kauffman's shrill voice rises a note or two during this number; there is danger, or hope, that in time it may attain a pitch no longer perceptible to the human ear. But doubtless the superman will have finer sensibilities. This is, it appears, the last of a group of four novels, planned by the author as long as four years ago, and artfully put forth, one by one, without intimation of their real character as a "cycle." Public and publishers, he had noted, were afraid of cycles. Nor, the question of method confronting him, did he think it advisable to approach his audience by means of art. "I did not want to produce the effect of a work of art; I wanted to produce conviction of truth." "The superimposing of one human being's will, or the will of any group of human beings, upon any other's, is the Great Crime." Modern society is determined by such superimposition. Our economic system is based upon it—and is the villain of the cycle.

In the first three novels, "The House of Bondage," "The Sentence of Silence," and "Running Sands," the artificial compulsions of society upon the relation of the sexes are chiefly dwelt upon. Whether because they eschewed art, or because they contained a good deal of salacity, the books soon had many readers. Possessing their negative merit—it is certainly not a work of art—the present story lacks the positive appeal of its predecessors. There are only two or three bits of nastiness in the book. Its range is wider, it attempts to carry the theory of social compulsion to its logical conclusion. Luke Huber, the hero, comes to New York from the provinces, with the aim of reforming that city. He discovers that the city, and the whole country, is in the grip of a money-power which he at first identifies with one man, but in the end sees to be a system. He tries to battle with that power, is made the head of a "reform" party—and presently finds himself alone.

The discovery that even the Church bows down to Mammon is the final stroke. Luke Huber is converted to disbelief as others are converted to belief. He "comes to see the sin of compulsion exerting itself against humanity in all the powers that conduct modern society; in the ownership of men and things; in our entire system of production and distribution, and in the creatures and ministers of that system: Government, Politics, Law, and what passes by the name of Religion." This is not precisely new doctrine, and we suspect that it can be made fresh and living in fiction only by the employment of that art which Mr. Kauffman so conscientiously and successfully avoids.

The Desire of the Moth. By Maxwell Gray. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

An insubstantial title for a solid and thoughtful book. Though reduced to average bulk by the use of rather small type, it is considerably longer than the average novel. Ronald Leith, the hero, belongs to a class rare in fiction. Sixty years old when the story opens, he is introduced to us as a bank clerk, unfitted by nature for his position, who has failed of promotion and is about to be superannuated. He has a commonplace wife considerably his junior, and a daughter who is the apple of his eye. We see him, sensitive and of fine grain, buffeted by life and bowed down by the losing struggle against poverty. But he is a man with an unusual past, and his past suddenly reasserts itself in two ways, one material and one spiritual. A faithless friend, whom he had trusted and rescued from disgrace, dies and leaves him a large legacy. As a young soldier, he had been passionately in love with Beatrice della Rovesca, the daughter of a noble Italian family. Her apparent betrayal of him into a Sicilian ambush from which he barely escaped with his life has darkened his whole view of the world. By an accidental discovery in an old letter, he learns that she had really been faithful and had tried to warn him. Under the stimulus of these events he quickly regains his former resourcefulness and spirit.

The style of the book is elaborate and allusive, at times slightly reminiscent of Meredith, though it lacks both his brilliance and his obscurity. Occasionally the narrative is overweighted with description. But in the main the author handles a complicated plot and a large group of characters with notable vigor and skill; and the strong and appealing figure of Ronald Leith finely dominates the story.

Mascarosc. By Gordon Arthur Smith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

A troubadour set out to sing the glory of God and love and to sow a seed of happiness in the hearts of all. He came at length to the castle of Gavarret, and was there made welcome for his song. But the seed that he sowed spread too quickly, and ere long all were possessed of the malady of love. The Lady of Gavarret accordingly lost her heart to the troubadour, who accepted it not, as his own was pledged to Mascarosc, a maiden of the woods. The lady's mother re-lost hers to a tiny page; the kitchen-maid became enamoured of the guard, and all rejoiced in their affliction. More-

over, the fair Lady of Gavarret would not be outdone, and she gave her heart to the Lord of Gavarret's chief rival. But the Lord of the manor was jealous of the happiness of all, and determined to destroy it. So he drove Aimar, the troubadour, from his castle. Not until Heaven intervened to punish the wicked Lord and permit happiness to his Lady, could Marlatz of Arc storm the castle and kill the wicked Lord.

IN PRAISE OF SPAIN.

Royal Spain of To-day. By Tryphosa Bates Batcheller. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $5 net.

Few Americans are bold enough to venture a motor tour through Spain. Still fewer can boast of such a journey made in the company of a princess of the blood royal. Mrs. Tryphosa Bates Batcheller, of Boston, however, braved the rough roads of Spain, taking as her guest the Infanta Eulalia, best known to Americans through her official visit to the Chicago World's Fair of 1893. Other members of the party were an efficient chauffeur, an inefficient ladies' maid, and F. B., who plays an unobtrusive rôle as signer of checks, purchaser of gasolene, and filler of the thermos bottles. For the infanta must have her five o'clock Ceylon with unfailing punctuality. She takes it, we are told, without sugar and cream.

Such a trip, taken by such a company, was sure to result in interesting experiences, raw material for a 600-page book of travel. At Barcelona the self-willed infanta seems to have shocked her American friends by excessive democracy. Every native of that city, as all the world knows, is a potential thrower of bombs, yet Eulalia insisted upon strolling on the Rambla, and under such circumstances every promenade became a thrilling experience. Happily, the infanta succeeded in maintaining her incognito, and all went well, barring a few unfortunate experiences at hotels. All these vicissitudes of travel she bore with perfect good-nature, and only twice lost her royal temper: once when the Governor-General of Granada wanted to take her to church instead of to see the gypsies, and again when the maid ruined a favorite parasol. But what lady will have the heart to blame her for this? Not Mrs. Batcheller, who assures us that she herself would have spoken much more harshly under the circumstances. Subsequently, the same offending maid was lost, just as the party was preparing to board a train. Eulalia displayed on that occasion a truly royal readiness of decision: "Let us go. I am sure she will have the sense to come on later."

At Granada the incognito was lifted, and the author knew the bliss of being pressed into service as a lady in waiting. The trip henceforth assumes an official character. At Jerez, Eulalia had an enviable experience. It seems that one wine merchant of that city has the custom of dedicating a cask of sherry to each member of the royal family at birth. The infanta must needs drink out of her especial cask, although had she still been incognito she would have preferred her Lipton's. But how confront her with the compromising date, 1864, which that cask all too plainly bore? Spanish gallantry was not at a loss. The 6 was inverted, and at a stroke Eulalia was rejuvenated by thirty years. But how the wine must have suffered!

Later the pilgrims reached Lisbon and were royally entertained by King Manuel and his family; F. B. also received an invitation. The year was 1910, and nobody dreamed of the wretched republic which the future had in store. The author found King Manuel most sympathetic. Lisbon was only a foretaste of what was to come in Madrid. Eulalia hurried away to Paris. Would one believe it? She was soon to become a grandmother. But she remembered her American friends with numerous letters of introduction, which admitted them into the innermost penetralia of Madrid society. The author had many opportunities to meet King Alfonso, Queen Victoria, Dowager Queen Cristina, the Infanta Isabel, and others. Again, Mrs. Batcheller's impressions of royalty were pleasant. Alfonso is not only King of Spain, but "King of Hearts to every Spaniard." He is handsome and robust. Cameras are not to be believed if they say the contrary. This admiration was reciprocated. Royalty repeatedly praises the author's books, her singing, her charities. One by one the great attached themselves to her chariot wheels. Each member of the courts of Lisbon and Madrid presented her with an autographed photograph. These are reproduced, together with fulsome compliments to the recipient, which sometimes accompanied them. As a narrative of successful lion-hunting, "Royal Spain of To-day" might well arouse the envy of a Roosevelt.

Besides the record of the automobile trip, the book contains detailed descriptions of the places visited and much historical information, some of it incorrect. The Spanish Republic followed the brief reign of Amadeo, and did not precede it, as stated. Deceased authors like Pascual de Gayangos, Juan Valero, Menendez y Pelayo, and Pereda should not be numbered among the living. The illustrations are profuse and beautiful. The cover is especially attractive. The design is taken from an old missal in the cathedral of Toledo.

The Granger Movement: A Study of Agricultural Organization and Its Political, Economical, and Social Manifestations, 1870-1880. (The Toppan Prize, 1910-1911.) By Solon Justus Buck. Cambridge: Harvard University Press.

The Granger Movement embraced several farmers' organizations, of which the Patrons of Husbandry, or the Grange, was only the oldest and most striking. The movement began at a time when much was said about the power of organized labor, and its rapid success rested on the belief that the agriculturists, if well organized, could dictate terms to other classes. The Patrons themselves disclaimed political purposes, but they were not able to separate themselves entirely from political matters. Probably their insistence on non-political activities weakened the order materially. Other organizations appeared which avowed an intention of righting farmers' wrongs by the ballot, and they had a rapid popularity. It took ten years for the movement to run its course, although it still survives, chiefly in the East, as a society to promote agriculture. It had a strong influence on the Farmers' Alliance, which arose in Texas about 1880 and spread throughout the South, and which found a parallel in the National Farmers' Alliance, a very powerful society in the Northwest, a few years later. These organizations kept alive the spirit of unrest until it passed into the Populist movement of 1892-1896. Its later history is known of all.

The movement is, in its nature, very complex. Several societies must be studied separately, State by State, each in several phases of activity. Dr. Buck has met this task with great industry and conscientiousness. He has left no side of the subject untouched, and he has sought minute facts in a multitude of difficult sources. His book is written according to the standards of our best academic schools. It is scholarly and scientific. If it is, meanwhile, confused in presentation, one must remember the great difficulty an author would have to make a monograph on such a subject either interesting or vivacious. The subject demands, also, severe and impartial judgment. The Granger Movement in all its phases was the centre of bitter controversy. City dailies and the East generally derided it and denounced its purposes. The farmers viewed their opponents with suspicion and made exaggerated charges. Between these warring sides the historian must draw the fair line of truth. To draw such a line is not an easy thing in this day, when present politics are concerned with the conduct of railways, Trusts, and capitalists generally. In this respect the author deserves all praise. He is not without sympathy for the farmers, but he

discusses their position dispassionately. He does not countenance the assaults on the capitalists. The movement is treated impersonally and with due sense of the trend of the age towards a larger social control of the means of production.

Three features of the monograph demand special mention. The first chapter is a good summary of rural conditions in the North and West in 1870, and it must prove very useful to students of social history. Chapter vii, Business Co-operation, is a valuable study of what is, possibly, the largest, and for a time the most successful, experiment in co-operation in our history. How great the experiment was may be seen from the fact that in Iowa alone in 1873 the Grange did business amounting to $5,000,000, and contended that in doing so there was a saving of 15 per cent. on family supplies purchased and 20 per cent. on agricultural implements. These results were so satisfactory to the Grange that it went into manufacturing, and became bankrupt. And there appeared the weakness of coöperative business; for no sooner did the tide run the wrong way than the farmers dropped the enterprise; and it was not possible to raise $25,000 in stock in order to put the State agency on a safe basis. Another good feature of the book is the wealth of bibliographical material to which the student is referred. It embraces public documents, State and national, a large number of local agricultural papers, and many secondary works. Such material must be useful for any one interested in the history of our rural classes.

Chicago and the Old Northwest, 1673-1835: A Study of the Evolution of the Northwestern Frontier with a History of Fort Dearborn. By Milo Milton Quaife, Ph.D. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. $4 net.

The title of the volume is misleading, for Mr. Quaife has in reality written a monograph on the first Fort Dearborn and the Chicago Massacre of 1812, and has added to this a sketchy prologue of the preceding century and a half and an epilogue in better proportions to bring the history of Chicago down to 1835. Since the value of the work depends on his study of the history of the first Fort Dearborn, which occupies with the appendices two hundred and five pages of the four hundred and thirty-six pages of narrative, consideration should be first of all given to this part.

In this monograph we have one of the most careful studies in Western history that have ever been made. To the solution of the difficult problems, Mr. Quaife has brought a mind well equipped and has proved himself an indefatigable seeker of sources. Besides possessing patience, he has proved himself an impartial critic well trained in the theory and practice of his science. His essay is the first critical study of the most romantic episode in the history of Chicago. One interesting account of this massacre is, of course, well known—that written by Mrs. Kinzie, a connection by marriage of one of the important actors in the event. Naturally enough, Mrs. Kinzie drew her husband's ancestor as an heroic figure and depicted those opposed to him as weak. So important has the narrative of Wau Bun been in the historiography of Chicago that Mr. Quaife felt obliged to make a most careful examination of its trustworthiness, and his conclusions, which are printed in Appendix ii, where all the sources are critically estimated, are as follows:

> The evident inability of the author to state the facts correctly is manifest throughout the work. It abounds in details that could not possibly have been remembered by Mrs. Kinzie's informants; in others that could not have been known to them; and in still others that could never have occurred. Undaunted by the absence of records, Mrs. Kinzie repeats speeches and dialogues verbatim, as she, apparently, conceived they should have been recited.

Mr. Quaife has been able to reconstruct the story of the massacre by patching together the scraps of information from other sources. For the first time the action of Capt. Heald in evacuating the fort and destroying the arms is proved to have been justified. He was acting in accordance with Gen. Hull's order, which left him no discretion in the matter; and Mr. Quaife has demonstrated that Capt. Heald behaved throughout the whole affair in a manner befitting an officer. The important passage of Hull's order reads, in a more precise form than that given by Mr. Quaife, as follows: "It is with regret I order the Evacuation of your Post owing to the want of Provisions, only a neglect of the Commandant of Detroit [?]. You will therefore Dest[roy] [?] all arms & amunition, but the Goods of the Factory you may give to the Friendly Indians who may be desirous of Escorting you on to Fort Wayne & to the Poor & needy of your Post." This order was responsible for the later disaster. When the garrison and citizens with their wives and children had passed out of the fort, they were attacked by a powerful body of Indians, and there occurred the terrible massacre.

Kinzie, who has been almost universally upheld as the hero of the event, is here shown to have been a trader seeking his own interest. It may be that Mr. Quaife's sketch is not entirely free from bias, itself. For instance, there was no particular need of emphasizing the fact that John was in the habit of getting intoxicated, for in his day that particular form of indulgence was the most popular pleasure among gentlemen. Mr. Quaife also writes: "During these years (close of the eighteenth century) Kinzie was, of course, in league with the enemies of the United States," whereas a more proper statement would be that Kinzie was at the time a citizen of Great Britain. Yet Mr. Quaife makes no use of certain doubtful testimony which points to Kinzie's serving the British during the War of 1812, although a possible case might have been made against him.

A few minor criticisms may be passed on this part of the volume. The author has shown carelessness in small details. In his transcription of Heald's letter, which is also given in facsimile, he creates a paragraph where there is none; and fails to show that the word which he evidently is correct in deciphering as "destroy," a reading most important for his interpretation of the whole episode, is not clear and is at least open to question. In some cases he makes a probable assertion, and then uses it later as a proved fact, as when he guesses—for it is nothing more than a guess—that a Mr. Tanner was assisted at the Chicago portage by a Frenchman named Ouilmette, and then later uses this possible episode as a proof of Ouilmette's goodness of heart. Another kind of mistake is due to his lack of knowledge of the general conditions in the West, and an illustration is found in the case of the characterization of this same early Chicago citizen, Ouilmette, who is said to have been "possessed of more thrift than the typical frontier French habitant of this period." With a wider knowledge of the French habitant in Missouri and elsewhere, he would not have made such a comparison.

The epilogue of this monograph is a running sketch of Chicago down to 1835. This part requires little attention from the reviewer, as it is in general acceptable, although Mr. Quaife does not write here as a master. One chapter deals with the fur trade, and is a good example of the author's excellence and limitation as an historian. When he treats of the factory system of the United States, particularly in its Chicago aspects, he is on the firm ground of his own knowledge, but his lack of special knowledge of the trade as carried on by the Canadian and St. Louis fur companies is painfully evident.

The prologue should never have been attempted. In only one of the five chapters, which, to paraphrase a classical saying, are too short for a treatise and too long for an introduction, could Mr. Quaife qualify as a specialist. In these he runs over a long period of Northwestern history, using a few well-known but not always authoritative books as his guide, and one wonders whether his errors of omission or commission are the more numerous. Imagine a history of the Old Northwest which skips nimbly over the period of

British occupation in two pages and a half!

The first chapter of the prologue is devoted to the history of the Chicago portage. Here Mr. Quaife did have special knowledge, for he was employed as expert historian by the defendants in a lawsuit over the question of the navigability of the Desplaines River, which was regularly used by the fur traders for one hundred and fifty years in passing from Lake Michigan to the Illinois and Mississippi Rivers. The chapter shows the result. He has written a brief for the defendants, and the style employed is that of a brief. Like a lawyer, he has suppressed important information and magnified less important, so that he makes out a very pretty case; but it isn't history.

Notes

The Index of the *Nation*, July 1 to December 31, will be printed with the issue of January 1.

Announcement is made by Henry Holt of "Leaders to Our Western Sea, a Story of the Growth of These United States from the Alleghenies to the Pacific," by Frederick Samuel Dellenbaugh, explorer and artist.

G. E. Stechert & Company announce for publication in January a Life of President G. Stanley Hall, of Clark University, prepared by Dr. Louis N. Wilson. The book will be illustrated and will contain a complete bibliography of Dr. Hall's published works. Dr. Wilson has been associated with President Hall since the foundation of Clark University, and dedicates the book to the alumni.

Prof. Leo Wiener's translation from the German of "The Education of Karl Witte" will be published by Crowell at an early date.

In January Houghton Mifflin will bring out "In Freedom's Birthplace," a work by John Daniels, dealing with the development of the negro in Boston. Somewhat later in the year the same house promises Mary Heaton Vorse's "The Heart's Country."

The Medici Society announces the publication of the third and final volume of the Riccardi Press "Canterbury Tales."

A number of religious book are in preparation by Longmans, Green & Co., among them the following: "The Life in Grace," by the Rev. W. J. Carey; "Paradise, a Course of Addresses on the State of the Faithful Departed," by Canon E. E. Holmes; "Pastor Futurus," by the Rev. Dr. John Huntley Skrine; "God's Coöperative Society," by the Rev. Charles L. Marson, and "Thesaurus Fidelium," compiled by Carmelite Tertiary.

In the second portion of the library of the late Edward Dowden, which was put up at auction last week, were several interesting items. There was the "Polimanteia," 1595, which contains the second known mention of Shakespeare. It is a unique copy containing the author's name in full, William Covell, and not William Clerke, as usually supposed. There were also contemporary manuscripts of Donne's poems, and some of his sermons, and the original proof-sheets of De Quincey's essay on "The English Mail Coach."

Mr. Arnold Haultain, who as literary executor is preparing a second series of Goldwin Smith's letters, will be grateful for the use of any letters by Smith which were not included in the first series published last spring. Communications addressed care of the Bank of Montreal, No. 47 Threadneedle Street, London, E. C., will be gratefully acknowledged.

To the new edition of Thomas Hardy's works, Harpers have added a volume of short stories which have not hitherto been collected in book form. While these tales naturally do not represent the great Hardy of "The Return of the Native" and "Tess," they are well worth preserving.

If for nothing else one might read through Prof. John MacCunn's "Political Philosophy of Burke" (Longmans) for the succession of splendid quotations; and, indeed, their number and richness may bring some little surprise even to the reader who accounts himself pretty familiar with his Burke. Professor MacCunn's own style is, naturally, not of the ornate character of Burke's, but it is a genuine and refined style and offers an admirable setting for the quotations. The book, however, is no mere collection of striking passages. Professor MacCunn uses these rather as the structure of an admirable exposition of Burke's ideas. He has a profound respect for his author, and by nature, it is evident, a deep sympathy with the philosophy of the "Reflections," the "Appeal," etc., but at the end, when he summarizes the subject and shows Burke's relation to, and value for, the present, he writes and criticises as one thoroughly immersed in the current conceptions of democracy. The final point at issue is Burke's theory of a "natural aristocracy," which he accepts, and Burke's feeling that the only way to make sure of the existence of such an aristocracy is through the controlling power of prescriptive rights, with which feeling he totally disagrees. To discuss the issue as thus raised by Professor MacCunn would take us too far afield for our present purposes. We may only indicate two points which he neglects and which, to some readers at least, will seem of vital importance. He is aware of a certain conflict between Burke's profound sympathy for the lower strata of society and an insistence on the exclusion of them from the active body politic. But he does not explain how this conflict arises in part from the fact that Burke's philosophy, implicitly at least, is based on the seventeenth-century distrust of human nature, while in some ways he was deeply influenced by the eighteenth-century trend of humanitarianism. Still more vital is Professor MacCunn's failure to exhibit the character of the "natural aristocracy," which, as he thinks, must arise from the general prevalence of democracy. His theory calls for a very different meaning for the word "aristocracy" from that which it had in Burke's vocabulary, yet he does not explain this difference.

A large amount of labor has gone into the making of "The Book of the Epic, the World's Great Epics Told in Story" (Lippincott), by H. A. Guerber. The author has given summaries not only of the main epics of western Europe, but of Balkan, Persian, Indian, Japanese, and Chinese works, together with brief facts of literary history. For the summaries alone, undistinguished as their style is, many a student will be grateful; they should serve as a most convenient work of reference. Take, for example, such a complicated and, it must be confessed, often confused poem as "The Faërie Queene." Even the few mortals now living who have read it through cannot hope to keep the order of its incidents clearly in mind, and without the help of a detailed résumé might require no small amount of time trying to discover some desired portion. The introductions furnished by Mr. Guerber will be read with caution. Because of the necessity of compressed statement he has had at times to generalize without qualifications in matters which are extremely complex and indeed doubtful. In certain cases he has accepted unfounded rumors, as when he states dogmatically that Tasso was imprisoned solely because of his love for the sister of the Duke of Ferrara. Elsewhere he espouses a mere theory, asserting, for instance, that "Beowulf" was composed in Sweden and later reworked in England. Speaking of the origins of Arthurian romance, he implies that Gildas and Nennius collaborated. In general the author furnishes dates, but it would have been well if he had done so in connection with all the works and authors mentioned. He might also, to advantage, have drawn up a bibliography of the approved books of very general compass bearing on his subject.

To most readers Elizabeth Berkeley, wife of the sixth Lord Craven and afterwards of the Margrave of Anspach, is known as the friend of Horace Walpole whose eccentricities at once annoyed and amused that loyal correspondent. If her portraits do not flatter, she was indeed "The Beautiful Lady Craven," as A. M. Broadley and Lewis Melville entitle their new book (Lane); and if her original memoirs told the truth, as they most emphatically do not, she was an innocent and much-abused creature. The "Autobiographical Memoirs" were first published in 1826, when the author, then the Margravine of Anspach, was in her seventy-sixth year. She had been sent away by her first husband, Lord Craven, for reasons good and sufficient; she had wandered over Europe with various friends and protectors; had conquered the Margrave and after the death of his wife married him; and now, in the coolness of age, rich, and externally rehabilitated, she had settled down in England with the open attempt to win her way back into proper English society. She succeeded in getting about her a brilliant if somewhat miscellaneous circle, despite the coldness of her kinswoman, Queen Charlotte. The most amusing feature of the present publication is the contrast between the facts of her life as narrated by Messrs. Broadley and Melville in the long introduction which occupies half of the first volume, and the romance of her life as she paints it. She was herself not an ill writer, though without brilliance, and her memoirs have a certain historical value in their presentation of men and places of the day, for her

chief instrument of falsification was the simple expedient of leaving things out. The editors have added footnotes which considerably enhance the value of the work. There are also many illustrations, derived in part from Mr. Broadley's great collection of manuscripts and prints of the period.

No fearsome man would attack such a subject as "American Ideals, Character, and Life" (Macmillan). Possibly Mr. Hamilton Wright Mabie would not have attacked it if he had not been appointed the first exchange lecturer from the United States on the Carnegie Peace Endowment. He wished to do for our country what Dr. Inazo Nitobe did for Japan in "The Japanese Nation: Its Land and Its People," a series of lectures delivered in this country on the same foundation. This book of Mr. Mabie's is of course the series of lectures he delivered, chiefly before university audiences, in Japan. To do this subject justice one should possess not only wide and accurate information, but unusual powers of insight and analysis. The author's long connection with a well-known periodical has made him familiar with several sides of American life, but it does not appear to have singularly endowed him with the critical powers just mentioned. His attempt "to sketch with a free hand and in large outline the development of the American people" does not result in a very illuminating interpretation of the American spirit. Three whole chapters are devoted to the course of our literature. As a history, they are too short. As an explanation of present America, they are not so written as to reveal our heart and soul. The writer's familiarity with the field has led him astray from the purpose of the lectures. Political America, on the other hand, which, for a Japanese audience, one would suppose the most interesting and significant feature of our national life, the feature best fitted to exemplify the American ideal, is confined to one short chapter of general description. Our industrial activity, which is surely in some respects typical and unique, receives only sporadic consideration. One feature of American ideals Mr. Mabie has emphasized not unduly—our interest in education, the pervading belief in its efficacy from colonial times. So far as the book has a central conviction, this side of our idealism supplies it.

Mr. Mabie declares that his addresses were delivered to audiences "of unusual intellectual alertness." It will take a similar reading public to follow with interest the printed form. The statement of ideas is prevailingly abstract and general. Concrete details and illustrative examples are consistently omitted. No contentious judgments or sharp outlines for the mind to hang to, no color or imagery to stick in the memory, are employed in explaining what is one of the most intangible of subjects—the nature and controlling spirit of a vast people.

Henry Bradley adds to the "Oxford English Dictionary" the section SEVERAL—SHASTER (Clarendon Press). Therein is an article running above eighteen columns on the unruly verb "shall," which goes far towards justifying the Dogberryian dictum that "to be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune, but to write and read comes by nature." "Not one Londoner in a million," wrote the accurate Macaulay in 1837, "ever misplaces his *will* and *shall*." Oh, to have descended from a pure line of Cockneys! "Perhaps no Scot," says the *Daily News* in 1891, "ever yet mastered his 'shalls' and 'wills.'" In certain cases "shall" is sternly proclaimed a shibboleth. "In the first person, *shall* has, from the early Middle English period, been the normal auxiliary for expressing mere futurity. . . . (To use *will* in these cases is now a mark of Scottish, Irish, provincial, or extra-British idiom.)" In the history of certain other cases, however, there is consolatory matter for dwellers in the provinces and men of Scotch-Irish extraction; there are precedents various enough to make even the infallible Londoner sigh for the iron dogma of the schoolmaster. From a literary standpoint the most interesting discussion in this section is on the word "shard-born" or "shard-borne" in "Macbeth," III, ii, 42. Tollet in the eighteenth century said that this epithet of the drowsy-humming beetle meant "born in dung," but his interpretation has been generally rejected in favor of the explanation that "shard" means the "hard wing cases" on which the beetle is "borne," and the editors of the Clarendon Press Shakespeare, for example, say that Tollet's reading is "unquestionably wrong." Mr. Bradley, with the support of fresh instances of "shard" meaning "dung," maintains that Tollet was unquestionably right. If the Tollet-Bradley interpretation stands, posterity, reading in entomological works or in the "Hiawatha" of Longfellow of the beetle's "shining shards," will be entitled to a learned smile.

Some of the "low" words from this hemisphere will bear more investigation than they are receiving. Americans who have heard all their lives the word "shack"—a rough cabin or shanty—will be surprised to find the first recorded example dated 1881 (New York *Times*). "Shack"—meaning "to go after, as a ball batted to a distance"—is explained and illustrated only by definitions taken from two American dictionaries. To the writer of this note, "shag" would more accurately represent the sound heard on the "diamond" in the cry, "Shag it!" He is familiar, too, with an unnoticed intransitive use of the word, as, for example, in "Let us *shag* into town"—meaning to go on foot.

Mr. Bradley traces the word "shark" from the year 1569, when Sir John Hawkins's men brought one of the tribe to London, and he duly illustrates the figurative senses in such phrases as "loan shark," "land shark," etc. But he entirely overlooks the admired and rehabilitated "shark" known to the American college world: primarily, the student who devours and digests learning with ease (not to be confused with the successful "grind"), and, secondarily, one who excels in any line of activity. With his mind fixed on the notion that a figurative "shark" is a fraudulent rascal, what would an Oxford editor make of our college stories? Cf. Richard Holbrook in "Stories of the Colleges," 1901, p. 94: "'II'm,' laughed Jarvis, 'you're a real shark'"; also, Williams College "Class Book," 1903, p. 29; "'Dido' is a Math. shark of the first water."

On no account should "A Leisurely Tour in England" (Macmillan) be opened at the first page of chapter i, and thence perused conscientiously from cover to cover. The method of reading should be modelled on the sketch map of the author's tour, in which the red line that marks his progress has neither beginning nor end; that is to say, the book should be picked up in a leisurely hour, opened at random, and read for so long as leisure and inclination serve. The author, James John Hissey, has a fair list of books to his credit, all dealing with the same subject, tours of England undertaken with the assistance of various kinds of vehicles. The means of progression chosen for the purposes of the present volume was a small automobile, which, as Mr. Hissey sagely remarks, "is an excellent servant, though in truth a bad master," and each day's journey was made without any definite end in view. His tour took him from Eastbourne on the south coast of England to Aberdovey on the west coast of Wales. He avoided large towns, travelled generally along by-roads, stopped for contemplation or conversation, and made detours whenever the spirit moved him, and at the end of the day noted down in gossipy style what he had seen and done and heard. With but little alteration the present volume, of nearly 400 pages, consists of these notes, illustrated with photographs and sketches by the author. It is a very pleasant book to read, full of the author's personality and prejudices. There is a genuine love for beautiful scenery and beautiful architecture; above all, for what is old and mellowed. Mr. Hissey avows himself "no politician," but it is a safe guess that never in his life has he voted for other than a Tory candidate of the truest blue, for the sight of a disused windmill instantly impresses him with the desirability of putting a tax on flour. One point in the narrative should be noted for especial gratitude: the automobile in which the tour was made is kept severely in its place as a means of progression only, and is not allowed, in the modern fashion, to obtrude itself as a character in the story.

The Selden Society, acting upon its recently declared purpose of issuing yearly when practicable an extra volume supplementing the regular series of the Year Books, has sent to its members two numbers for the year 1913 (London: Quaritch). The first of these, Vol. XXVIII, contains select Charters of Trading Companies, the other, Vol. XXIX, the Eyre of Kent, 6 and 7 Edward II, volume three. The volume of select charters has the text of forty-one grants to companies, ranging in date from 1530 to 1707, all of which are to be found upon the Patent Rolls in the Public Record Office. These grants include incorporations of merchants trading abroad, of companies for plantation, mining, fishing, insurance, and water supply, and for the manufacture of starch, soap, salt, saltpetre, paper, linen, tapestry, and silk. Thus the volume can be used as a kind of documentary appendix to Scott's "Joint Stock Companies to 1720." The editor, Cecil T. Carr, has contributed a useful introduction, the most novel feature of which is the close relation revealed between the trading companies, as joint stock undertakings, and the gilds and municipalities of earlier times. As the trading company which

crossed the water, with its charter and a majority of its governing body, and settled the colony of Massachusetts was an incorporated joint stock organization, it is evident that many of the institutional features of early New England history were derived from the customs and practices of the mediæval gilds of England. Mr. Carr is not the first to point out this connection, for others have suggested the probability of such an origin, basing their belief upon points of resemblance and other matters of internal evidence. But he is the first to show the continuity of the connection from the liveries of London, through the corporation of the Merchant Adventurers, to the trading company, and thence to the companies for plantation in Virginia, Bermuda, Massachusetts, and Old Providence.

The new volume of the Year Books is the eighth in the general series, and the third of the Eyre of 1313-1314. It continues the volumes issued in 1909 and 1912, by adding the reports of civil actions under the remaining titles alphabetically arranged from Mortdancestor to Variance. After an analysis of the cases in the volume, the editor, William C. Bolland, discusses at some length in his introduction the important light which one of the cases throws on a cryptic remark of Glanville's to the effect that the assize of Mortdancestor did not lie in respect of burgage tenure because of another assize which governed such lands and tenements. This assize, which Pollock and Maitland could only guess might "still be lurking in the archives of our boroughs," Mr. Bolland has discovered, though he is still unable to write its history. It is the assize of Fresh Force. Curiously enough, the name borne by this writ had no equivalent in French or Latin, being written "Fresheforce" in the one and "Frisca Forcia" in the other, in this respect differing from other writs in English law. Other cases in the volume furnish many interesting, if somewhat trivial, details of value for social history. Such, for example, is the item that a hare was valued at but half the amount of a rabbit, or to be more accurate a cony, as the term "rabbit" up to the early years of the seventeenth century was confined to the young of the cony. The cheaper rate at which the hare was held was undoubtedly due to the dislike felt by the richer classes for the hare as an article of food and to their preference for the flesh of the cony. Burton in his "Anatomy of Melancholy" bears witness to this dislike when he characterizes the hare as "black meat, melancholy, and hard of digestion," breeding when eaten an "incubus," and causing "fearful dreams." As other mediæval writers testify to the same belief, it would be interesting to know whence such a remarkable view of the gastronomic effects of eating hare's meat arose.

Capt. Henry Francis Brownson, soldier, author, and lawyer, formerly of New York city, died at his home in Detroit, on Friday. He was born at Canton, Mass., in 1835. He was graduated from Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., and was admitted to the bar in 1856. Previously he had studied in Paris and at the University of Munich. For gallant service in the battle of Malvern Hill he received the brevet of captain. Capt. Brownson was the translator of "Love of Mary" from the Italian; of Balmes's "Fundamental Philosophy" from the Spanish, and Tarducci's "Life of Columbus" from the Italian. He was the author of "Religion of Ancient Craft Masonry," "Faith and Science," and "Equality and Democracy."

The Rev. Thomas Kingsmill Abbott, librarian of Trinity College, Dublin, and a noted scholar and writer, died in that city on Thursday of last week. He was born in Dublin in 1829, and was educated at Trinity College, where he was professor of moral philosophy, 1867-72, of Biblical Greek, 1875-88, and of Hebrew, 1879-1900. He wrote many books, both scientific and religious, among them being "Elementary Theory of the Tides," "Do This in Remembrance of Me," and "Sight and Touch: An Attempt to Disprove the Berkeleian Theory of Vision."

Science

Aristarchus of Samos, the Ancient Copernicus: A History of Greek Astronomy to Aristarchus, together with Aristarchus's Treatise on the sizes and distances of the sun and moon. A new Greek text, with translation and notes. By Sir Thomas Heath, K.C.B., F.R.S., sometime Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. New York: The Oxford University Press.

This admirable piece of work makes the classic writings of Aristarchus accessible for the first time in English, following by many years the new editions of Cleomedes, Geminus, Simplicius, and, others in the galaxy of the Greek astronomers. Sir Thomas Heath connects the origin of his book with an expressed desire of his old school-fellow, Professor Turner, now Savilian Professor at Oxford, whose interest in Aristarchus we can well understand was greatly enhanced because an early predecessor in the Savilian chairs, John Wallis, had in the latter part of the seventeenth century the honor of bringing out the *editio princeps* of the Greek text of this author. It is not, however, this text on which the present translation is based, but on the oldest and by far the best of all the ancient MSS., bearing the date of the tenth century, and known to scholars as *Vaticanus Græcus 204*. On a photograph of this beautiful MS. Sir Thomas has mainly relied, because "it seems to be the ultimate source of all the others, and so much superior that the others can practically be left out of account." An entire chapter is devoted to the history of text and editions, and Sir Thomas Heath is no novice in these lines, having previously done, among other editions, the works of Archimedes (1897) and Apollonius of Perga (conic sections).

Prefatory to the Greek text and his *vis-à-vis* translation, Sir Thomas has given an extended and luminous presentation of the cosmology of the Greeks, beginning with the pseudo-mythical astronomy of Homer and Hesiod, wherein celestial recurrences regulated the affairs of life; and Thales of Miletus, with whom the history of Greek astronomy properly commenced. This is followed by critical estimates of the brilliant but erroneous philosophy of Anaximander, who nevertheless drew the first map of the inhabited earth; of Anaximenes and his unique conception of the stars fixed upon a crystal sphere as in a frame; of Pythagoras and the spherical earth at the centre of all things, the planetary motions being independent; of the crude speculations of Xenophanes of Colophon, and the childish notions of Heraclitus of Ephesus; of the startling innovations of Parmenides and his flaming wreaths; of Anaxagoras of Clazomenæ, the first to promulgate the true doctrine of the moon, its phases, and eclipses; of Empedocles of Agrigentum and his theory of the motion of light; of the abandonment of the geocentric hypothesis by the Pythagoreans, Philolaus in especial, and the reduction of the earth to the status of a planet like all the others known to the ancients out to Saturn, as elaborated by Schiaparelli in his "I Precursori di Copernico nell' Antichità," together with a discussion of their fancied harmonies of the spheres. The Atomists follow, especially Democritus of Abdera, whose astronomy, although himself an able mathematician, was so weak as scarcely to be able to stand by itself; then Œnopides of Chios, who discovered the obliquity of the ecliptic; Plato, whose idealistic system as set forth in the "Timæus" is analyzed, with a presentation of the elusive system of the "Republic," which is blended with myth and only in the remotest sense helpful to modern astronomical theory or conception; Eudoxus of Cnidus and his theory of concentric spheres elaborated by Calippus of Cyzicus; and Aristotle, who attempted to render this conception practicable, but with whom the number of concentric spheres grew to something in excess of four dozen without the mechanical absurdity appearing to trouble any one.

Plato and the all-embracing cosmic philosophy of Aristotle are set forth at great length, and no less the conceptions of Heraclides of Pontus, the first to maintain that the earth turns round on its axis daily, and that both Mercury and Venus travel round the sun as a centre—the same Heraclides for whom Schiaparelli sought to claim anticipation of the heliocentric theory really due to Aristarchus Gruppe, too, was guilty of a somewhat flighty attempt to set up Plato as precursor of Copernicus.

Coming now to Aristarchus, we find him a pupil of Strato, the disciple and successor of Theophrastus. Observations by him, quoted by Ptolemy, show him to have been an elder contemporary of

Archimedes (B. C. 287-212). Indeed, it is in the "Psammites," or "sand-reckoner," of Archimedes, a strange treatise in which he sets a superior limit to the number of grains of sand it would take to fill the universe, that we find the only extant account of the heliocentric theory of Aristarchus, save, perhaps, a reference or two in the "Doxographi Græci" and another in Plutarch's "De Facie in Orbe Lunæ."

While it is accepted as an undoubted historic fact that Aristarchus originated the idea of the earth's annual motion round the sun, his hypothesis cannot have received much recognition; indeed, but one philosopher, a century later, Seleucus of Babylon, appears to have taught this theory, in combination with that of the earth's turning round on its axis once each day. And its simple truth appears to have been disregarded for seventeen centuries for very sufficient reasons. In the first place, Hipparchus, contemporary of Seleucus and successor of Aristarchus, who is often called the father of observational astronomy, reverted to the earth-centred system; and he was followed by Ptolemy, whose "Almagest," based in large part on the observations of Hipparchus, became the acknowledged astronomical Bible of the centuries. So the weight of these great names sealed the fate of the heliocentric system; likewise of its author, who was the last astronomer among the Greeks or any other nation to attempt seriously to ascertain the physically true system before Copernicus.

Besides this we must remember that the laws of natural philosophy were wholly undeveloped, and that the Ptolemaic tables of the celestial motions continued through the Dark Ages, and even later, to be competent to predict the positions of the heavenly bodies with about the same order of precision as it was possible to observe them in pretelescopic days.

But Aristarchus will possess equal interest for astronomers of every age because he made the first truly scientific attempt to solve the problem of the sun's distance; and his ingeniously simple method is strictly without error, although it led him to a highly erroneous conclusion. Aristarchus was keen enough to see that just at the moment of the moon's quartering, when she is exactly dichotomized, lines drawn from her centre to the centres of sun and earth must make an exact right angle with each other. In consequence of the moon's slow and stately motion round the earth, and the ragged character of her surface, a very practical difficulty arises in observing the precise time when this phase happens: a difficulty which is still very much of an obstacle. In working up the geometric proof, Aristarchus reaches the definite result that "the distance of the sun from the earth is greater than eighteen times, but less than twenty times, the distance of the moon from the earth." (Prop. vii, p. 377). Although we now know that the sun is, not 19, but 390, times farther away than the moon is, to Aristarchus must none the less be accorded the highest praise for this attempt, which failed then because the observational data on which it rests were necessarily crude and inexact. His style is thoroughly classic, and his demonstration is worked out with the utmost rigor which the Euclidean geometry permitted.

Sir Thomas Heath's book abounds in references to the ancient writers not only, but also to the modern literature on the philosophy of the Greeks, particularly in French and German, with helpful translations and quotations. But his book does not end with Aristarchus: he appends a chapter concerning improvements made by later Greek astronomers upon Aristarchus's estimates of sizes and distances, especially dealing with Eratosthenes and the first direct measurement of the earth's dimensions on scientific principles; and concerning those of Hipparchus, critically investigated by Hultsch, and of Posidonius of Rhodes, who, although a meteorologist, came vastly nearer the truth about the sun's distance than did any of his contemporaries.

Sir Thomas Heath's "Aristarchus" is provided with an ample and excellent index, and as a masterpiece of critical research and scholarly presentation leaves little for any future English student of the Greek astronomy to do.

Drama

Henry Holt & Co. hope to issue early in January "The Continental Drama of To-day, Outlines for its Study," by Barrett H. Clark.

The dramatic censorship in England is an institution that lends itself readily to ridicule, and in "Censorship in England" (London: Palmer), Frank Fowell and Frank Palmer have ridiculed it to the top of their bent. The book is written frankly from an ex-parte standpoint, but from the very violence of their antagonism to the censorship the authors have come near to spoiling their own case. Despite one's doubts of the institution, in reading these pages one is almost tempted to rise in defence of that much-abused individual, the censor. Only a confirmed cynic could believe that the gentlemen who have held that office in recent years have been so deplorably lost to sense of shame as the authors would give us to understand. Moreover, while cordially agreeing that the public is a more satisfactory censor of the drama than an autocratic individual of possibly blameless life, but of undistinguished intelligence, one suspects from many passages in this book that the reason why the authors wish the stage to be free and untrammelled is primarily in order that plays reflecting the particular aspect of feminism that has been unpleasantly conspicuous during the present theatrical season in New York may be exploited without let or hindrance. Another flaw in the book is the entirely gratuitous attacks upon religion and ministers of religion. We are told that the church has "consistently and indiscriminately denounced" the stage, a statement which, at the least, is altogether too sweeping; and that "if the church had produced an army of social workers and not talkers, such phases of that [the white slave] traffic as are curable would have been cured ten years ago," the fact being, of course, as is generally known, that the church has produced a very considerable army of social workers in this particular field.

Apart from blemishes of this kind and a general tendency to extravagance of statement, Mr. Fowell and Mr. Palmer have done their work well. Their research into the history of the office of Master of Revels, in which the censorship had its origin, has been extensive and conscientious; the story is well told, and its recital is enlivened by a number of racy anecdotes of censorial peculiarities. In more recent times the movement for the abolition of the office of censor is fully described; the proceedings of the Royal Commission of 1909 are carefully analyzed, and its findings given. The whole subject is more thorny than might at first sight appear, for the principle of the censorship has the support of the majority of theatrical managers, whose views are entitled to consideration. For them the licensing of a play is a guarantee that the performance will not subsequently be interfered with by the police. Hence the conclusion of the Commission, that application for a license should be optional, seems a reasonable compromise, and it is regrettable that no action has as yet been taken by Parliament to give effect to the recommendations of the Commission. Even so, however, the compromise would be at the best a *pis aller*. That the morals of Great Britain would not be seriously imperilled by abolishing the institution is, we agree with the authors, sufficiently proved by the fact that music halls in England, which do not enjoy the benefit of the censor's paternal supervision and are constrained only by public opinion exercised through the box office and the police, have improved in tone during the past thirty years quite disproportionately to the advance made by the legitimate theatre.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton rightly calls his "Magic" (Putnam) a fantastic comedy. This quality constitutes its chief merit as a bit of literary composition and its essential weakness as drama. Beginning in a strain of whimsy, it drifts into an apparently serious discussion among representatives of religious faith, scientific agnosticism, blatant materialism, speculative mysticism, and muddle-headed indifferentism—with hints of a possibly tragic issue—and finally ends with a transparent evasion which leaves the reader or spectator in complete doubt as to the intent of the play or the meaning of its author. The framework of the plot is fresh and ingenious and the dialogue full of point and sparkle. The

arguments, pro and con, if containing nothing new, are exceedingly well put. An easy-going duke, of most elastic principles, has two wards, a niece, who believes in fairies, and a nephew, who has been educated in America, and believes in nothing but business facts. In the whole family there is a taint of insanity. To amuse the niece, the duke hires a conjurer, who poses before the young woman as a magician and is regarded by her as a supernatural being. The nephew ridicules the conjurer offensively, derides his tricks, and angers a scientific doctor and a clergyman by crude professions of atheism. Finally, the conjurer confounds the bumptious youth by changing a distant red light, the doctor's lamp, into a blue one, and the youth is so bewildered by the seeming miracle as to be in danger of permanent insanity. The doctor declares that his only chance of recovery lies in an explanation of the mystery. For a long time the conjurer refuses to give this because no one would believe him. Finally he confesses to the niece, with whom he is in love, that in his pursuit of spiritualistic studies he has unwittingly fallen into the power of evil spirits whose existence he had doubted, and that it was by their aid he had performed his trick. Manifestly, he says, it would do no good to tell the sick man such a story as that. He might have added that it was not a tale that would appeal to a modern audience in contemporaneous drama.

Mr. Chesterton evidently found himself confronted with a dramatic crux, of his own invention, beyond his ingenuity to solve. To dodge it, he makes his repentant conjurer, after prayer, discover a rational but untrue explanation of the phenomenon—which, however, is not given—whereby such senses as he had are restored to the raving youth and everybody is supposed to be satisfied. To crown all, the duke's niece takes the conjurer for her husband. It was scarcely worth while to elaborate so much pretentious debate as a preliminary to such a lame and impotent conclusion. The general implication seems to be that fraudulent imitations of miracles suggest the possibility of real ones, and that there may be more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in your philosophy. This on the surface is a tolerably safe proposition, but it does not get much support from a comedy like this, which is suggestive not only of fantasy but of insincerity. There can be no doubt that the conjurer, if he believed in them, ought to have stood by his demons. When he shuffled, the whole fabric of the drama, as drama, collapsed.

Mabel and Edith Taliaferro, under the management of Joseph Brooks, will appear in "Young Wisdom," a comedy by Rachel Crothers, at the Criterion Theatre on Monday, January 5, "The Man Inside" ending its run on January 3. This is their first season as joint stars. "Young Wisdom" is in three acts, and deals with some advanced ideas held by two young women.

Charles Frohman has decided upon Monday, January 5, for the commencement of Maude Adams's New York season. On that night, in the Empire Theatre, she will be seen for the first time in J. M. Barrie's "The Legend of Leonora," his first long play since "What Every Woman Knows."

The London Criterion Theatre company, headed by H. V. Esmond and Miss Eva Moore, will begin their season at the Garrick Theatre on Wednesday, January 7, presenting as their first piece a farcical comedy, "Eliza Comes to Stay," with the entire company which performed it at the Criterion Theatre, London. Mr. Esmond will act other plays while in New York. Probably his second will be "The Dear Fool." Miss Eva Moore (Mrs. Esmond) was formerly the leading lady of the St. James's Theatre, London, where, with George Alexander, she created important parts in many plays that were afterward seen in America. "The Dear Fool" had a recent trial in Edinburgh.

One of the most valuable gifts ever bestowed upon an actor is about to come upon the London market. This is the beautiful set of silver ornaments "Presented to Charles John Kean, F.S.A., by many of his fellow-Etonians, together with numerous friends and admirers among the public," on March 22, 1862. The presentation was made by Gladstone, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, at the St. James's Hall, Piccadilly. There are nine pieces of silver in all, the principal one being a large vase embellished with scenes from various Shakespearean plays produced by Kean at the Princess Theatre. Two other large pieces represent figures from "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and "The Tempest." The designs were made by H. H. Armstead, R.A. (1828-1905), and the trophy, which was valued at the time of presentation at 2,000 guineas, was executed by Hunt and Roskell.

Music

Memoirs of an American Prima Donna. By Clara Louise Kellogg. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 net.

"Too clever to sing well" is an expression attributed to Mme. Maeterlinck. Clara Louise Kellogg is convinced that there is truth in it as well as sarcasm. "Wonderful voices," she declares, "usually are given to people who are, intrinsically, more or less nonentities." She herself is obviously an exception; for until thirty years ago she was one of the most admired singers on the operatic stage, the leading European critic of her time, Dr. Hanslick, of Vienna, going so far as to call her "the only one to compare with Patti"; yet she has just given to the world a book of her reminiscences which indicates, among other things, that she owed her successes quite as much to her brains as to her voice. It is an interesting book, from cover to cover, presenting vivid pictures of life on the operatic stage of America and Europe from the year 1861, when she made her début in New York, to the time of her retirement from the stage, shortly after her marriage to her manager, Carl Strakosch, in 1887.

When she began her career, the belief was still current that America could not produce great voices or artists. The girl whose name is legion to-day—the girl who aspires professionally—was almost unknown at that time, and artists, instead of being lionized, were looked at askance. Miss Kellogg's difficulties were increased by the fact that she was regarded as an intruder by the Italians, who, up to that time, had had a monopoly of the operatic stage in America. "Who is she," they would say indignantly, "to come and take the bread out of our mouths?" Overcoming all these obstacles, she was acknowledged a full-fledged prima donna at the age of nineteen, and Europe soon endorsed her successes at home. "She has only one fault," wrote a London journalist: "If she were but English, she would be simply perfect.' The dreaded Chorley found her, though so young, "a thoroughly accomplished singer." He admired her perfect enunciation of the words, her graceful figure, her countenance full of intelligence, and the dramatic ability which she had displayed from the beginning—to such an extent, indeed, that Edwin Booth wanted her to give up singing and go on the dramatic stage, while John Wallack, Lester's father, after hearing her in "Fra Diavolo," exclaimed: "I wish to God that girl would lose her voice!"

Miss Kellogg, though of New England stock, happened to be born and brought up in South Carolina, and her first impressions were of negro music. She has not yet got over her love of the banjo, which fascinated her as a girl, and thinks it a thousand pities that the genuine negro minstrels, in whose performances were all the essence of slavery, and the efforts of the slaves to amuse themselves, have passed away. The first great prima donna she heard, when still an infant in arms, was Jenny Lind; she remembers the day clearly. Ere long she became one of the guild. The most interesting pages of her memoirs are those in which she gives pen pictures of the other great singers she was thrown with, among them Patti, Nilsson, Lucca, Titjiens, Ilma di Murska, Josephine de Reske, Sembrich, Marie Roze, Minnie Hauck, Cary, Nordica, Maurel, Faure, Santley. For Mme. Nordica her admiration was and is particularly great. "Her breathing and tone production are about as nearly perfect as any one's can be, and, if I wanted any young student to learn by imitation, I would say to her, 'Go and hear Nordica and do as nearly like her as you can.'" There is some exaggeration in what she says in her elaborate estimate of the voice and art of Patti (p. 130), concerning whom she remarks that "she has allowed herself few emotions. Every singer knows that emotions are what exhaust and injure the voice. She never acted; and she never, never felt."

Of particular interest is a chapter

on the royal concerts at Buckingham Palace for which Miss Kellogg was repeatedly engaged. She seems slyly to poke fun at the whole thing. It is rather surprising to find her not particularly enthusiastic over the Parisian theatres, which she thought "very limited and disappointing." She found the French "most obstinate, one-ideaed," especially when she was trying to force on them ideas of her own in acting French parts. An operatic manager said to her: "I think that Mademoiselle will make a mistake if she ever tries anything new!" Whatever the French may have thought of them, Miss Kellogg's ideas about the interpretation of the two most popular of all French operas, "Carmen" and "Faust," are among the best things in her book.

Music is by no means the sole theme of this entertaining volume. Miss Kellogg met many prominent men of letters, including the brilliant Boston galaxy in the days of Lowell, Holmes, and Longfellow, and she records some of their sayings. There are also reminiscences of war-time scenes, during which the opera that drew and aroused most enthusiasm was "The Daughter of the Regiment." One gets a vivid idea of life in Russia from her narrative of her own experiences in St. Petersburg. She had an interesting correspondence with a Japanese artist, some of whose letters she prints. But music is never out of sight for more than a page or two. She met some of the great composers, including Gounod and Verdi, with whom she once breakfasted. Among the actors she met was Henry Irving, who told her what he knew about music, which was not much. Her chapter on opera in English, which she was the first to attempt successfully, is of interest at the present moment.

The Schirmers have printed separately nine numbers (including the exquisite Madrigal) from Victor Herbert's latest comic operetta, "The Madcap Duchess." The same publishers have issued "Six Chansons Galantes" from the repertory of Maggie Teyte. They are selections from the comic operas of Grétry, Méhul, Isouard, Dalayrac, and Dezède.

The Imperial Opera in Vienna is spending $32,000 in staging "Parsifal."

A Venetian composer named Francesco Malepiero has received a prize for the best opera offered by Rome. Fifty-five manuscripts were submitted.

A "magnificent folly" is what a French critic calls the operatic venture at the Théâtre des Champs-Elysées. The manager made the mistake of supposing that because there was a temporary craze for Russian dancing and opera, there was a demand for a permanent company. The result showed average receipts of $400, while the expenses were $1,600 a night. The writer concludes that no opera is possible without a subvention. The Paris Grand Opéra and Opéra Comique get respectively $160,000 and $60,000, yet are kept going with the greatest difficulty. At the end of a recent season the Opéra authorities had to acknowledge a loss of $40,000.

Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" has been used as the basis of an English opera by the novelist, E. F. Benson, and the composer, Napier Miles. It was produced a few weeks ago by the opera class of the London Academy of Music. Speaking of his opera to Robin H. Legge, of the London *Telegraph*, Mr. Miles said:

> During the years in which I was composing the music of the opera, I spent many weeks in the old lighthouse cottage on the top of Lundy at the edge of the cliff, with no land to the west of me nearer than America, hut with the Somerset, Devon, and Cornish coasts lying to the south, so that I hope that I have not only soaked myself in the atmosphere of the place, hut been able to get some feeling of the sea, the sky, and the sunshine into the music; that, at least, was my aim.

Mr. Miles believes strongly in the folksong movement, and he knows of at least two folksong operas in preparation.

Art

THE WINTER ACADEMY.

The winter exhibition of the National Academy of Fine Arts is wonderfully well hung this year, and those of us who remember the crowded walls it displayed this time last year are more than satisfied with the improvement brought about by showing fewer works in a more dignified and impressive manner. It seems a pity, however, that a National Academy should be restricted for lack of room, and with each recurring exhibition the hope still springs that the apparently spasmodic and certainly oft-repeated agitation for better quarters will ultimately attain the desired result. That the efforts in this direction have so long been futile is surprising when it has been so easy in the opulent years of the last two decades to get liberal assistance from a generous public for almost any well-presented cause. The artists themselves are in all probability a great deal to blame for the slowness in bringing about the desired improvement, since many of them encourage the public to assume the attitude that the Academy is an antiquated affair that has outlived its usefulness and been supplanted by the one-man exhibition at the dealers and in the studios.

The age of the institution must be granted, but only as an unquestionable advantage and reason for its continuance, since in times past many artistic reputations have been established by it, and a good part of the history of American art is interwoven in the records of its annual exhibitions. And now, in spite of gibes and the tendency to regard the Academy as moribund, its passing could undoubtedly be stayed and its usefulness revived and extended if it were to have proper space for adequate exhibition. Its need seems to be—judging by similiar exhibitions in other countries—a large central room, or rooms, for sculpture, with many smaller ones adjoining; in these last could be shown, as one-man exhibitions, the work of established Academicians, who by their presence could confer honor upon the Academy and, at the same time, receive fresh recognition from the community. Moreover, this kind of exhibition does away with the jarring juxtaposition of the canvases of artists whose vision and interpretation are different or opposed; and also removes the temptation to speak in terms of paint more forcible than the occasion warrants, in order to be heard from the crowded Academy walls.

In the meantime, the present showing in the rooms sums up sixty-three Academicians, fifty-seven Associates, and two hundred and thirty-one non-members, which certainly indicates that for one reason or another members are not vitally interested this year.

Scanning these pictures with the recollection of the recent joyous recovery of a very famous picture fresh in mind, the query occurs to me: if one of these paintings should disappear would there be any deep emotion for the lost canvas? Could not a neighboring one take its place as well, or perchance the artist paint a duplicate without hesitation or ado? Which is, after all, no more than a way of acknowledging that Leonardos are rare at any period of the world's history, and that the work of these artists is not profoundly moving or specially necessary to any one's happiness. Nevertheless, though it may not widen the vision or give that exquisite pleasure that comes from the realization of independent thinking adequately expressed, the exhibition as a whole emphasizes how astonishingly well these finely trained, clever, and discriminating artists put themselves upon canvas.

Richard Miller's nude is a case somewhat in point. The white draperies on the chair, the deep opalescent colors of the robe of the standing figure, the reflections in the mirror, the jewel case, and the one bright red flower held against the black hair of the nude figure, combine to make an interesting color setting for the firmly modelled flesh with its pearly shadows and delicate pink tones; but beyond these qualities it does not go, and leaves the feeling that an artist who has the skill to compass so much should have the power to see and express far more.

Of course, all the subjects that usually appear in the exhibition are represented this year, and among them the marines are noticeably interesting. Ritschel's Rocks and Breakers (to which the Carnegie prize is awarded) is full of the power and sweep of the incoming tide in the deep waters of the Pacific Coast; Howard Russell Butler's glorious

Day, Maine Coast, brings suggestion of the freshness and freedom of north-shore air and water; Hayler Lever is a new name that is brought to notice by the strong pure color and poor construction of his picture, entitled Smeaton Quay, St. Ives; Emile Carlsen's decorative Sky and Ocean gives the gentle roll of billows under the summer heavens. Childe Hassam's two pictures are of sea and shore in resplendent sunlight, with the interest of figures besides, but his Diana has taken a most uncomfortable pose as to her uplifted arms and a most firmly planted one as to her feet. It is hard to believe that she could ever extract herself from that pool.

Elsewhere there are not so many snow scenes as sometimes, and the excellence of those that do appear has no element of the unexpected in it, since this is the sort of thing Scofield and Redfield have done extraordinarily well before to-day. Redfield arrests and holds the attention more in his other picture —Between Daylight and Darkness— which shows a wide sweep of New York buildings, with myriads of electric lights shining forth across the mystery of a great city, in the fast settling gloom of approaching night.

Among the other landscapes there are many more than can be mentioned that deserve recognition for sincerity of purpose and honest study of nature; as, for example, William Coffin's two admirable pictures in which saturated atmosphere and cloud shadow on the drenched fields are simply and effectively shown. Bruce Crane manages to put poetry and simplicity into his landscapes, and there is a quiet sincerity about Van Laer's November Afternoon that brings the gaze back to it with increasing appreciation. On the other hand, Daniel Garber's more pretentious work does not grow in favor with greater familiarity; perchance there are mannerisms and repetitions that call for back-to-nature study as a necessity, even for romantic and semi-decorative landscape.

In a class by itself is the Waterfall, by John Sargent, loaned for this exhibition. The view of the frowning granite cliffs that he has painted with so much power and significance kindles the desire to see how he might interpret that elusive chasm of many moods and difficulties—the Grand Cañon of the Colorado.

In figures, there are the Indians by Couse, by Blumenschein, and by Sharp. The first seems over-sophisticated and sentimental; the second is a good decorative composition, with an attractive detail in the shape of a shy Indian child; and the third is not very interesting, and probably never would have been at all if Couse had not done it, or its like, first. Another figure that attracts in the way of disappointment is Hawthorne's Widow. The gloom of her bereavement has settled upon her garb and background and rendered them quite lifeless, while her eyes are dull with a far-away stare, not unfamiliar in Hawthorne's pictures.

The portraits of children by Lydia Field Emmet are finely executed. Especially The Good Little Girl pleases, with her innocent self-satisfaction, and the detachment of her figure from the background is an unobtrusive but extremely able piece of painting. Another portrait to be mentioned is that of Mrs. Irving Wiles, by her husband, which wins the Proctor prize, with easy, decided brushwork, good textures, rich blacks, and clear flesh tones and shadows.

In sculpture Paul Manship is the recipient of the Helen Foster Barnett prize, for his archaistic group, The Centaur and Dryad; and, incidentally, all of the nine small pieces he is now exhibiting are the subject of much comment for their originality and charm. This attention is but the renewal of the interest his work commanded last winter in the exhibition of the Architectural League, just after his return from his three years in Rome. His style is an odd mixture of freedom and conventionality. There is a largeness in his manner of handling a solidity, and thoroughness in his modelling, an elimination of non-essentials, and a consequent massiveness of appearance, that is very impressive. In spite of the smallness of his figures, they are more statuesque in effect than much larger forms of more complicated treatment. His freedom and his modernity are expressed in the important parts of his work—there he gives no hint of reversion to archaic forms; but in the details, of hair and ornaments, or in the setting of an eye that can only be seen in front view though the figure is in profile, he gives the archaistic touch, which may be a pose; but, if so, is an allowable one, and piquant, but is by no means vital for the real excellence of the work. The restraint and beauty of his vase—Greco-Egyptian in design and in decoration—is most admirable; the little figure of Spring Awakening is instinct with life and joy down to the very toes, and if the head, with its archaistic rings of hair and slanting eyes, offends, it could be knocked off, and still the figure would express gladness; and the Portrait Statuette might be a full-sized woman, it is so simple, dignified, and stately. The world seems all before this young sculptor, still somewhere under thirty-five, according to the terms of the Barnett prize, and we may see him doing yet greater things, for which he has the foundation well laid. At any rate, it may be noticed his work is not in any way influenced by Rodin—so long the young sculptor's aim and idol; rather, I should say, he is of that newer school of sculpture, more simplified and architectural in its tendencies and represented by Maillol, the Frenchman, and the semi-English Epstein. L. S.

Chotscho: Facsimile-Wiedergaben der wichtigeren Funde der ersten königlich Preussischen Expedition nach Turfan in Ost-Turkistan. By A. von Le Coq. Berlin: Dietrich Reimer (Ernst Vohsen). 130 marks.

On the ground-floor of the Royal Ethnographical Museum at Berlin, just behind the Schliemann collection of Trojan antiquities, are now to be seen the original paintings, statuary, and some of the manuscripts which Professor von Le Coq brought with him from Chinese Turkestan. The present volume, handsomely illustrated with 75 plates, of which 45 are colored, deals especially with the most important mural paintings, the paintings on canvas and on silk, the lesser arts, and the excavated sites, whereas the manuscripts, of which there are more than thirty thousand, are publishing elsewhere.

In the introduction of eighteen pages our author sketches in a fascinating manner the history of the journey from Berlin to the Turfan Valley, and then gives, with illustrations and ground-plans, a description of the discovered sites. Of these, the most important is Chotscho, or Kucha, as the English write it, sometimes also called Idikutshari. After this introduction there follows a full-page description of each plate, in which the author only too seldom attempts an interpretation of the pictures. Indeed, he interprets only one of the large mural paintings (text to pl. 23), though many of the others certainly illustrate legends either of the predecessors of Gautama Buddha or of the god himself.

The first to excavate systematically in East Turkestan were the Russians, under Dr. Klementz, in 1898. Later Dr. Stein made excavations for the English at Khotan in the Tarim Basin, southwest of the Turfan oasis. During the winter of 1902 Professor Grünwedel and Dr. Huth made an expedition to the Turfan Valley and discovered a large sacred precinct of Buddhistic monasteries and temples at Idikutshari (Chotscho), dating from the ninth century of our era. Professor Grünwedel made plans of the buildings and drawings of the mural paintings, but he did not attempt to remove the pictures. The expedition of Professor von Le Coq, the chief results of which are published in the monumental work before us for review, covers a period of almost two years, 1904-1906, not counting the journey. Much of his time was spent in cutting the paintings from the walls and carefully packing them in boxes for exportation to Berlin, thus preserving forever what would otherwise have been soon destroyed. At present he is again

excavating in northern Chinese Turkestan.

The earliest inhabitants of this country were probably of Iranian stock, though other Indo-Germanic tribes may have lived there. As it appears from the finds, their architecture, art, and religion did not come from China, but from Persia and India. Peaceably, side by side, there lived in the Turfan Valley Uighur Tartars, Buddhists from India and China, Nestorian Christians from Syria, and followers of the Persian Mani. About 700 A. D. Turkish-speaking Buddhists, the Uighuri, the first among the Turks to acquire a high grade of culture, are found in possession of the country. The influence of the Syrian Christians had already been felt in the seventh century, whereas in the middle of the eighth century the Manichæans were so influential that many of the Uighuri were converted to their religion. This brought renewed Persian influence into the land, and accounts for the strong influence of Persian miniature-painting seen in many of the pictures discovered by Professor von Le Coq. The Uighuri reached their zenith during the next hundred years. Their power was brought to a sudden close, according to our author, in 843. Later there was a partial restoration of Chotscho lasting until the end of the fourteenth century, when Islamism gave the final death-blow to this unique civilization. After that time it was no longer the meeting-place of nations and of tongues.

The mural paintings are in tempera on plaster or mud smeared over the adobe walls of the buildings. The figures, often life-size, were first sketched in outline. Occasionally a stencil was used, as in the Lamaistic art of to-day. Then the drapery and other details were painted with a bold stroke and the outlines retouched. Especially charming are the floral designs and tendrils that fill the field. The great skill shown in distributing the pictures over the wall-space at the disposal of the artist was evidently an antique inheritance. The grouping often reminds one of the Gandhara art of India. The subjects are altogether religious in nature.

Stone sculptures are rare and are found only in the shape of small pillars with reliefs of Buddha. The most common material was sun-dried mud, covered with a white slip and then painted or gilded. This material was used even for colossal statues of Buddha, standing, sitting, or reclining. The heads of the statues are usually made from moulds, many of which have actually been found. It is significant for the interpretation of the wall-paintings that the sculptures in a room are intended to form a part of the picture; thus the statue of Buddha often has its attendant figures painted on the wall.

The decorative sculptures and the paintings belong to the same period as the erection of the buildings, the oldest about 600 A. D., the youngest not later than 1400. These dates also hold for the movable objects, such as paintings on canvas and silk, the miniatures on paper from books, the wood-carvings and the objects in bronze, terracotta, and leather.

The colored plates in Professor von Le Coq's book are masterpieces of modern technique, and faithfully reproduce the originals. He is to be congratulated on this scholarly piece of work, which will serve as the basis for all future investigation along these lines. Perhaps the most valuable result of the German expedition is the discovery of the missing stepping-stone by which Græco-Indian art advanced across Asia to China and Japan.

Walter Hawley's "Oriental Rugs, Antique and Modern" (Lane) covers familiar ground, but with more thoroughness than any previous English work on the subject. When a book must treat the entire field from the earliest examples to the commercially made carpet of to-day, the distribution of space becomes difficult. It seems to us that Mr. Hawley has been judicious in this regard. The delightful Saracenic rugs, which are perhaps erroneously ascribed to Damascus, should have had something more than bare mention; more attention, too, might well have been given to saddle-bags and pillow mats. Doubtless such subjects were sacrificed to the need of classifying a great number of weaves. Mr. Hawley's peculiar contribution is a close analysis of the weave. Early connoisseurs have stood chiefly on the knotting and the pattern. Mr. Hawley shows very interestingly that discriminations otherwise difficult may readily be made by studying the relation of warp to weft as revealed by the back of the rug. It all depends upon the pulling of the double knot and the tension of the weft-yarns. If the weft be left loose, it encases the warp regularly like a tube; if the weft be drawn tight, the warp is drawn in at each crossing and virtually disappears. Each knot, whether Ghiordes or Sehna, is cast on two strands of warp, in what sailors would call hitches. According to the knotting, the two warp threads may lie parallel with the plane of the rug or one may be pulled up above the other. This produces characteristic effects on the back of the rug, and these habits of the loom are singularly persistent in given localities. This well-made book is in the large quarto form familiar through Mumford's classic work. There are eleven full-page color plates, beginning with the Ardebil carpet, and eighty half-tone cuts. Especially useful are the diagrammatic tables of typical border stripes of the various weaves. As a working treatise for collectors and rug-buyers generally, it seems to us the best now in the field.

Architects, designers, and interior decorators will welcome "Louis XVI Furniture" (Putnam), by Seymour De Ricci. It is said to be the first entire volume devoted to the so-called "antique" style, which in the later years of Louis XV abruptly supplanted the rococo manner, and which took its name from the succeeding monarch. The story of the evolution of the style is told in some 360 pictures, arranged in series so as first to show a number of complete interiors from Paris (including Versailles and Fontainebleau), the French provinces, Switzerland, and Germany; then isolated decorative panels, mantel pieces, and doors; and finally various individual pieces of furniture. A short introduction to the pictures indicates that the author is thoroughly sympathetic with the Louis XVI work and not very fond of the preceding *rocaille*. "A body of artistic conceptions," he writes, "based upon an absence of all symmetry had, in its very essence, something outrageous; such an excess of eccentricities, despite all the talent of its protagonists, Slodtz, Caffieri, and Meissonier, could not endure; it only lasted as long as it did thanks to the artisans whose prudence, when executing their work, considerably tempered the uncontrollable ardor of the designers." The nature of the reaction from rococo to neo-classicism is illustrated by several instructive citations from eighteenth-century documents not generally familiar. The book was printed at Stuttgart; it is not free from typographical errors.

Excavations are proceeding at Ostia under the direction of Prof. Dante Vaglieri with interesting results. On the site of the Forum and on the east side of the Temple of Vulcan the remains of shops constructed of tufa have been found, and at a lower level other shops of the oldest town of Ostia on this site have been detected. The wooden pavement of these buildings may be inferred from the charred remains of beams which are still preserved. Professor Vaglieri argues from this discovery that the shops which once stood in the Forum at Rome were also of wood and of similar construction. At present he is excavating a large building, also in the Forum, which it is hoped will prove to be the Basilica.

Finance

THE COUNTRY AND THE BANKING BILL.

Beginning a week ago to-day, after a fortnight of uncertainty and declining prices, the New York stock market suddenly began to rise. With the advance, activity in trading increased; at the beginning of this week, after the largest business in two months, prices of many important shares were up 5 points or more, and what Wall Street calls the "undertone" of the market seemed to be altogether changed. This reversal of form did not occur in response to anything in the financial news. The Wall Street money rate had, to be sure, declined; but as against this stood the week's signs of disturbance on the European stock exchanges.

The single overnight news development, between Wednesday's closing and the opening on Thursday, was the agree-

ment of the Senate Democratic caucus, at Washington, on several changes in the Banking and Currency bill in line with conservative opinion. With the making of these changes it became evident that the bill was on its way to immediate enactment. During last week's rise on the Stock Exchange Wall Street ascribed the buying to this news.

Having gone to the conference committee of House and Senate—where further amendments of a conservative nature were incorporated—the bill is now a law. It will presently be in active operation, and the certainty of the early introduction of the new banking and currency machinery makes it important now to ask, What will be its longer effect on the finances of the country? The Wall Street market may have risen because it believed that the "rediscounting plan" would relieve our money tension; or because an irritating uncertainty of legislation would be out of the way; or because it expected currency inflation; or, quite as possibly, because of some other reason unconnected with the bill. But what of the real outlook?

Of the effect of the new law in at least one direction, there is no doubt whatever. That it will altogether abolish financial panic is not in the least to be expected. Human nature, excesses of speculation, and abuse of credit would have to be abolished first. But the precise phenomena of 1907—the grasping by each of our 25,000 banks at the other's reserves; their suspension of cash payments because of the hoarding of currency; and, finally, the open market premium on all kinds of currency and the issue of emergency paper money—would not be possible.

In a similar panic outbreak, under the new system, every individual bank in each of the four or eight banking districts would at once apply to its regional central bank for the necessary currency. To get this currency, in whatever sum it needed, it would tender its own commercial paper holdings to the regional bank, which would rediscount such offerings, open a book credit against them, and allow the individual bank, on the basis of that credit, to obtain and pay out notes issued at once through the regional central bank.

The next point of interest would be, just how the system probably would work in the autumn "harvest demand." We should no longer have the mountain of re-deposited country bank reserves in Chicago and New York, against which interior banks draw cash by the tens of millions, with the familiar resultant loan contraction. The country bank would tender its merchants' paper for rediscount at its regional institution, and thereby establish an enlarged reserve. It could then expand its loans. When it came to getting the requisite supplies of currency for paying the farm-hands and providing the till-money of country stores in the active season, it would draw, as against that credit, either the present small notes of Government currency or the new reserve notes.

When the farm-hands have been paid off, and both the "autumn re-stocking" and the "holiday trade" completed, five to ten millions in currency per week will come back, under the present system, to the New York banks from the interior. Under the new system, a country bank, with its customers paying off their loans and its deposits swelled by return of currency from the channels of retail trade, would naturally reduce its own liabilities to its regional central bank. This it could do by sending to that central bank not only the superfluous reserve money in its vaults, but the notes similarly returned from circulation.

All this would leave two serious questions open. Under the new provisions, the reserves of the individual banks are much reduced, and a good part of the prescribed reserves may consist of the proceeds of its own commercial paper, rediscounted at a central bank. Would this mean so great facility for increasing loans, and so little of the old-time "rope to the balloon" (which the larger cash reserve requirement provided), as to encourage undue expansion, not of the currency, but of credit? This is perhaps the most difficult of all points on which to make confident prediction. It is, however, just this problem which every European central bank has had to meet, and they have met it through the raising of the official bank rate for rediscount, whenever private banks were spreading out too far.

But this very fact draws attention to the second uncertainty. Would the management of our regional banks be quick to adopt such policy, if they saw that the member institutions were encouraging undue speculation? Our great city bankers have not been in all respects noted in the past for the pursuance of a money-market policy which was based on putting up discount rates with the open purpose of checking and obstructing a speculative movement, based on expanded credit. Still, with the new banking system will come new responsibilities, and a bank directorate which deals with banks alone is something different from one which deals with powerful individuals.

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Bhartrihari, The Satakas or Wise Sayings of. Translated from the Sanskrit by J. M. Kennedy. Boston: Luce & Co. $1.25 net.

Burroughs, John. Studies in Nature and Literature. (Riverside Essays.) Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 35 cents.

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Caldwell, William. Pragmatism in Idealism. Macmillan.

Carlyle's French Revolution. 3 vols. (Nos. 23, 24, 25 Bohn's Popular Library series.) Macmillan. 35 cents each.

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Condon, Amasa S. A Handful of Flowers with Sprays of Evergreen. Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.

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Cromer, Earl of. Political and Literary Essays. Macmillan. $3.25.

Crowninshield, F. B. Cleopatra's Barge: The Story of George Crowninshield's Yacht on a Voyage of Pleasure to the Western Islands and the Mediterranean, 1816-17. Boston: D. B. Updike. $15 net.

Dixon, J. K. The Vanishing Race: The Last Great Indian Council. Doubleday, Page. $3.50.

Economic Club of New York. Year Book, Vol. III, containing the Addresses of 1912-1913.

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From Contemporary Sources, selected and arranged in three volumes. Vol. I, Narrative Extracts. Longmans. $3 net.

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Knowles, Joseph. Alone in the Wilderness. Boston: Small, Maynard. $1.20 net.

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North, S. N. D., and R. H. Simeon Northb. Boston, Mass.: The Arms Co.

Burlingame Public

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Pearce, J. I., jr. Heart's-Easo and Hawthorn; Myrtlo and Rue; The Strange Caso of Eric Marotté. Chicago: The Author. $1.50 each.
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Phillips, H. A. Art in Short-Story Narration; The Plot of the Short Story. Larchmont, N. Y.: Stanhope-Dodge Pub. Co.
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Questions of Public Policy: Addresses delivered in the Page Lecture Series, 1913. New Haven: Yale Univ. Press. $1.25 net.
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Richards, H. E. The Panama Canal Controversy: A Lecture. Oxford University Press.
Rich, Hiram. Leaves on the Tide, and Other Poems. Boston: John S. Lockwood. $1 net.
Ross, Robert. Forty-three Drawings by Alastair. Lane. $12 net.
Rothert, O. A. A History of Muhlenberg County. Louisville, Ky.: J. P. Morton & Co.
Salusbury, John, and Chester, Robert. Poems. Introduction by Carleton Brown. Bryn Mawr College Monographs.
Sampson, J. F. Chronicles of Old Riverby. Boston: Sherman, French. $1.25 net.
Shackford, M. H. Legends and Satires from Mediæval Literature. Boston: Ginn. $1.25.
Stobart, Mrs. St. Clair. War and Women. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
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Sumner, W. G. Earth Hunger, and Other Essays. Edited by A. G. Keller. New Haven: Yale Univ. Press. $2.25 net.
Symons, Arthur. Knave of Hearts. 1894-1908. Lane. $1.50 net.
Washington's Farewell Address to the People of the United States. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $5 net.
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Willcox, C. De W. A Reader of Scientific and Technical Spanish. Sturgis & Walton. $1.75 net.
Wilson, E. H. A Naturalist in Western China. 2 vols. Doubleday, Page.
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Zweig, Stefan. Paul Verlaine. Trans. by O. F. Theis. Boston: Luce. 75 cents.

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